

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

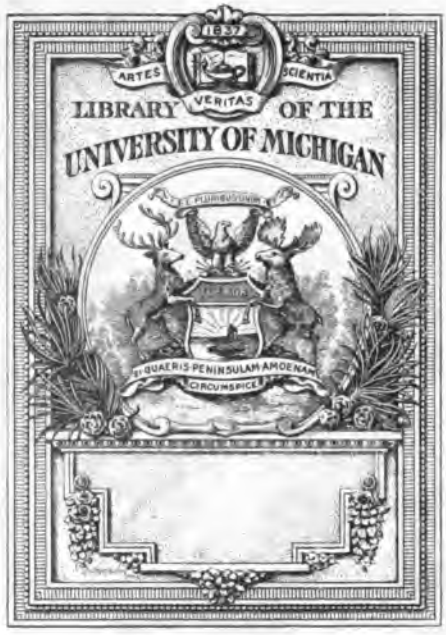
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

RARE BOOK ROOM
AP
101
.P98

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PUNCH



VOL 46

LONDON:

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1864.

Digitized by Google

LONDON
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

Digitized by Google



(A CHAPTER FROM THE HISTORY OF THE FUTURE.)

THE Confederates having put down the Federal Rebellion, the American people had time to look round them, and consider how they could best reform institutions which had worked somewhat imperfectly. The executions of BUTLER and of JAMES GORDON BENNETT had tended to conciliate all parties, and the work of restoring good humour was completed by the publication, on the part of the ex-President, MR. LINCOLN, of a delightful volume, containing all the facetious anecdotes with which he had successfully met the various Federal disasters. MITCHELL and MANHATTAN having been judicially drowned in one mud-cart, and the fanatic war-preaching clergymen of all denominations, together with ninety-five per cent. of the newspaper writers, having been embarked in the old man-of-war, the *Nemesis*, which was then carefully scuttled off Point Comfort, there was little left to do in the way of punishment.

North and South being unanimous in regard to the necessity of a new constitution, Conventions were held, and the first step was to abolish universal suffrage. The next was to exclude from the vote all Irishmen, Germans, British Insolvents, and other voluntary and involuntary refugees. A further process of filtration disfranchised all war-contractors, telegram-manufacturers, stock-jobbers, liquor-vendors, and all persons who had ever assumed any of the nicknames of party. A property and education test was established, and a very tolerable electoral body, representing Honest America, was thus obtained. It was then seen that if a re-union of the States were possible, it could only be under a King, who must not be an American.

Like the eyes of the millions of pigeons who, in one of MR. FENIMORE COOPER'S stories, were suddenly brought down by the discharge of a cannon loaded with small shots, the eyes of all the Americans were suddenly upturned, and they rested on HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE GRAND DUKE PUNCH.

A Deputation from America crossed the Atlantic, and without waiting to comb its hair, or to be introduced by MESSRS. ADAMS, SLIDELL, and IRA ALDRIDGE (the North, South, and Coloured Ambassadors), entered The Presence.

"Guess, Highness, as you're the King for our money," began the Honourable WASHINGTON GREENBACK; "so order the smartest crown and fixings as can be *pro*duced, and state date for your crownation, yes, Sir."

"On the part of the Old Aristocracy of the New World," said the Honourable RICHMOND COTTONPOD, "I offer Your Royal Highness the opportunity of founding a dynasty that shall transplant the tree of chivalry into the rich soil of Columbia."

"Iss, Ighness, you berry good King, you outrageous good King, you dam good King," said the Honourable

POMPEY QUASHIBUNGO (slightly plagiarising from MR. CHARLES READE), "so you unliminate yourself out of dis here, and come and be pointed with werry best Macassar, yup, yup."

The temptation was one which few mortals could have withstood. KING OF AMERICA, with a domain of 2900 long miles by 1730, or 2,963,666 square ones, and with 30,191,876 (and a quarter, including TOM THUMB) of subjects. A despot, too, with a despotism untempered even by epigrams, for the article is not manufactured in the New World. Happily, for England, PUNCH is not Mortal.

He dashed away a tear, brighter than any of the 2783 diamonds in the diadem of his beloved Queen, cleared his voice with an effort and a Cayenne lozenge, and, after a pause, uttered one word:

"SHAN'T!"

His voice and language were courteous, but it was felt that his purpose was adamant. The Honourable MR. GREENBACK was going to spit, but remembered where he was; the Honourable MR. COTTONPOD muttered the shadow of the ghost of an oath; the Honourable MR. QUASHIBUNGO kicked out his foot at TONY, and was incontinently bitten where the calf of his excellency's leg should have been.

"My duties are Here," said DUKE PUNCH. "But, Gentlemen, your King is There."

He pointed to a tall, vigorous, gaunt person who had accompanied the Deputation, unaccredited, and who had been silently listening to the proceedings.

The WEST strode forward, in the person of a powerful Backwoodsman, with the eye of an eagle and the muscle of a gladiator; but there was a dash of humour in the strong fellow's face, too.

"I ain't much of a figure for a crownd and garter, Old Hoss, but I calculate as you 've smashed the nut this time. These chaps ain't made no great count of me up to now; but now 's my turn, and may be they 'll knuckle down, or I 'll have to take off my coat."

"State your claims more graciously, my powerful friend," said DUKE PUNCH. "I believe that in the fresh and vigorous West will be found the Arbiter who should take America in hand, and the sooner he does it the better. Gentlemen, a slight banquet awaits you in the next apartment. Let us go in and drink to the prosperity of your Country, and to the dynasty of your King."

"But I 'd like to be judgmatical, Old Hoss," said the new Sovereign; "and if you 'd any bit of a book with the trew principles of a King's trade wrote out plain, you might loan it a fellow."

"It is yours," said H.R.H., smiling, and presenting his

Forty-Sixth Volume.



Digitized by Google

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1864.



THE CALENDAR. 1864.

January xxxi Days.

1	F	Circumcis.	17	S	2 S.af.Epip.
2	S	Sunt.Sh8m	18	M	Prisca.
3	S	2 S. af. Ch.	19	Tu	Watt b.
4	M	S. s. 4h 2m	20	W	Fabian
5	Tu	[O. Ch. D.	21	Th	Agnes
6	W	Epiphany	22	F	Vincent
7	Th	Ramsay d.	23	S	Pitt d.1806
8	F	Lucien.	24	S	Septag. S
9	S	Nelson's fu	25	M	Cs. S. Paul
10	S	1 S.af.Epip.	26	Tu	Brazil disc.
11	M	Hil. Tm. b.	27	W	[1859
12	Tu	S. s. 4h 13m	28	Th	Prescott d.
13	W	Cm. t. T.b.	29	F	S.C.7h 46m
14	Th	Oxf. L.T.b.	30	S	S. s. 4h 43m
15	F	[1809	31	S	Seagar. S.
16	S	B. Corunna			

February xxix Days.

1	M	Hilary T. s	16	Tu	Burke exc.
2	Tu	Purf. Cand	17	W	EmberWk.
3	W	S. r. 7h39m	18	Th	S. r. 7h12m
4	Th	S. s. 4h52m	19	F	[1855
5	F	Agatha	20	S	Hume died
6	S	Priestley d.	21	S	2 S. in Lent
7	S	Quinqu.Su.	22	M	[d. 1799
8	M	M.Q.S.bhd.	23	Tu	Reynolds
9	Tu	Shrove Tu.	24	W	Matthias
10	W	Ash Wed.	25	Th	Wren d.
11	Th	[d. 1860	26	F	T. Moore d.
12	F	W. Napier	27	S	S. r. 5h.53m.
13	S	(C. L.T.dv.	28	S	3 S. in Lent.
14	S	1 S.in Lent.	29	M	S. s. 5h37m
15	M	Luther d.			

March xxxi Days.

1	Tu	St. David	17	Th	St. Patrick
2	W	S. r. 6h45m	18	F	Ps. Lou. b.
3	Th	S. s. 5h43m	19	S	Ox. Lt. T. s.
4	F	S. of Men-	20	S	Palm Sun.
5	S	[elns 1851	21	M	[SpringQ.s.
6	S	4 S.in Lent.	22	Tu	[d. 1829
7	M	Perpetua	23	W	A. Weber
8	Tu	[1866	24	Th	[Good Frid.
9	W	Blesin nuce	25	F	Lad.D. Ass.
10	Th	[prop 1842	26	S	Dk.Cam. b.
11	F	Incens. Tax	27	S	Easter Sun.
12	S	St. Gregory	28	M	Catesa
13	S	5 S. in Lent	29	Tu	S. r. 5h44m
14	M	Byng shot	30	W	[Ox.E.T.b.
15	Tu	[1861	31	Th	S. s. 6h30m
16	W	Dr. Kent d.			

April xxx Days.

1	F	Ca. E. T. b	16	S	B. Ciontarf
2	S	S. r. 5h35m	17	S	3 S. af.Eas.
3	S	Low Sund.	18	M	Granard d.
4	M	S. s. 5h37m	19	Tu	Alphonsc
5	Tu	Nap. abd.	20	W	Abernethy
6	W	Old Le. Da.	21	Th	[d. 1831
7	Th	Fr. Leop. b.	22	F	Odessa bom
8	F	[1859	23	S	St. George
9	S	Firefl. due	24	S	4 S. af.Eas.
10	S	2 S. af.Eas.	25	M	Mark Pre.
11	M	Canning b.	26	Tu	[Alice b.
12	Tu	Young d.	27	W	Gibbon b.
13	W	[1857.	28	Th	[1737
14	Th	Prs. Beat. b.	29	F	S. r. 4h37m
15	F	East. T. b.	30	S	S. s. 7h20m

May xxxi Days.

1	S	Rogs. Sun.	17	Tu	Talleyrd. d.
2	M	[S.Ph.&Ja.	18	W	EmberWk.
3	Tu	S. r. 4h30m	19	Th	S. r. 4h 4m
4	W	S. s. 7h20m	20	F	S. s. 7h56m
5	Th	Holy Thur.	21	S	[Tr. Tr b.
6	F	[Ascen.Da.	22	S	Trin. Sun.
7	S	B. Cesalaw	23	M	[1819
8	S	Sun. af. As.	24	Tu	Q. Vict. b.
9	M	East. T. s	25	W	Pres. Heth.
10	Tu	[Hil.Qs. D.	26	Th	Corp. Chris.
11	W	Chatham d.	27	F	Acre 1799
12	Th	[Ox.E.T. s.	28	S	R. Mantua
13	F	Con. E.T.d.	29	S	1 Sun.af. Tr.
14	S	Ox. T. T. b.	30	M	S. r. 3h54m
15	S	Whit. Sun.	31	Tu	S. s. 8h 2m
16	M	B. of Alma.			

June xxx Days.

1	W	S. r. 3h50m	16	Th	Wat Tyler
2	Th	S. s. 8h 6m	17	F	St. Alban
3	F	Harvey d.	18	S	H. Waterloo
4	S	[Boniface	19	S	4 Sun.af. Tr.
5	S	2 Sun.af. Tr.	20	M	Qu. Vic. As.
6	M	Caipen tha.	21	Tu	Com. Tm. b.
7	Tu	Dep. 1848	22	W	[Proclam.
8	W	Lou. Nap.s.	23	Th	[Rids. Day
9	Th	7 Dps. sent	24	F	Can. E.T.s.
10	F	[to Tower	25	S	[Jos Hay.
11	S	Barnabas	26	S	5 Sn. af. Tr.
12	S	3 Sn. af. Tr.	27	M	S. r. 3h47m
13	M	Trin. T. s	28	Tu	Qu. Vict. Cr.
14	Tu	B. Marsge.	29	W	St. Peter
15	W	[1800	30	Th	S. s.8h18m

July xxxi Days.

1	F	S. r. 3h49m	17	S	8 Sn. af. Tr.
2	S	S. s. 8h17m	18	M	Shaclock d.
3	S	6 Sn. af. Tr	19	Tu	Petrarch d.
4	M	Virginia de	20	W	Margaret
5	Tu	Oxford Act	21	Th	R. Burns d.
6	W	Old Mid. D.	22	F	Magdalena
7	Th	Thos a Bec.	23	S	Day d. 1534
8	F	S. r. 3h55m	24	S	9 S. af. Tr.
9	S	Oxf. T. T. s.	25	M	St. James
10	S	7 Sn. af. Tr.	26	Tu	St. Anne
11	M	[1859	27	W	[Paris1830
12	Tu	Villefranca	28	Th	Revolu. in
13	W	D. Orleans	29	F	S. r. 4h21m
14	Th	[b. 1842	30	S	S. s. 7h49m
15	F	St. Swithin	31	S	10 S. af. Tr.
16	S	Berenger d.			

August xxxi Days.

1	M	Lammas	17	W	Boulton d.
2	Tu	S. r. 4h27m	18	Th	Ld. Holbhd
3	W	S. s. 7h42m	19	F	Tr. Q. Cov.
4	Th	Calais tok.	20	S	S. s. 7h10m
5	F	[b. 1844.	21	S	13 S. af. Tr.
6	S	Pr. Alfred	22	M	Black-Cock
7	S	11 S. af. Tr.	23	Tu	[shoot. b.
8	M	Canning d.	24	W	St. Bertholo
9	Tu	Dryden b.	25	Th	Watt d.
10	W	Lawrence	26	F	L. Philippe
11	Th	Hil. Qu. D.	27	S	[d. 1850
12	F	Genoa sh. b.	28	S	14 S. af. Tr.
13	S	Old Lemm.	29	M	John Bap.b.
14	S	12 S. af. Tr.	30	Tu	S. r. 5h11m
15	M	Assumpta.	31	W	S. s. 6h46m
16	Tu	S. r. 4h48m			

September xxx Days.

1	Th	Part. sh. c	16	F	Jam. II. d
2	F	S. s. 5h16m	17	S	Lambert.
3	S	S. s. 6h20m	18	S	17 S. af. Tr.
4	S	15 S. af. Tr.	19	M	B. Poitiers
5	M	Comte d.	20	Tu	[Emb. Wk.
6	Tu	Colbert d.	21	W	St. Matth.
7	W	Kunersdrf.	22	Th	Aut. Qus.
8	Th	Na. B.V.M.	23	F	[com.
9	F	Sebastopol	24	S	S. Butler d.
10	S	[exp. 1855	25	S	18 S. af. Tr.
11	S	16 S. af. Tr.	26	M	St. Cyprian
12	M	[b. 1759	27	Tu	Algiers
13	Tu	Gen. Wolfe	28	W	S. r. 5h55m
14	W	Wellington	29	Th	Mich. Day
15	Th	[d. 1852	30	F	S. s. 5h33m

October xxxi Days.

1	S	Cm. M.T.b.	17	M	Etheldreda
2	S	19 S. af. Tr.	18	Tu	St. Luke
3	M	S. r. 6h 6m	19	W	Keeller d.
4	Tu	S. s. 5h29m	20	Th	B.Navarino
5	W	Placidus	21	F	Trafalgar
6	Th	Faith	22	S	Edge Hill
7	F	[1754	23	S	22 S. af. Tr.
8	S	Fielding d.	24	M	Webster d.
9	S	20 S. af. Tr.	25	Tu	St. Crispin
10	M	Oct.M.T.b.	26	W	Danton b.
11	Tu	Old Mic. D.	27	Th	[St. Jude
12	W	S. s. 5h11m	28	F	St.Sim. and
13	Th	Edw. Conf.	29	S	S. r. 6h51m
14	F	B.Hastings	30	S	23 S. af. Tr.
15	S	Murat shot	31	M	S. s. 4h33m
16	S	21 S. af. Tr.			

November xxx Days.

1	Tu	All Saints	16	W	Erskine. d.
2	W	All Souls	17	Th	Hugh, B. L.
3	Th	S. r. 7h	18	F	[1826
4	F	S. s. 4h32m	19	S	Hncy died
5	S	Gunpowder	20	S	26 S. af. Tr.
6	S	24 S. af Tr.	21	M	Pres. Roy. b.
7	M	[Leonard	22	Tu	Cecil. 1840
8	Tu	[b. 1841	23	W	St. Clement.
9	W	P. of Wales	24	Th	J.Knox d.
10	Th	[Half Q.D.	25	F	Mich. T. s
11	F	St. Martin	26	S	[Pr.M.A.b.
12	S	Baxter b.	27	S	Adv. Sund.
13	S	25 S.af. Tr.	28	M	S. r.7h42m
14	M	Lisbnitz d.	29	Tu	S.s.3h 52m.
15	Tu	Macbeatus	30	W	St. Andrew

December xxxi Days.

1	Th	S. r 7h46m.	17	S	Oxf.M.T.s.
2	F	S. s. 3h52m	18	S	4 S. in Adv
3	S	Bloomfd. b.	19	M	S. r. 8h 5m
4	S	2 S. in Adv.	20	Tu	[Slovtst. D.
5	M	Mozart d.	21	W	St. Thomas.
6	Tu	St. Nicholas	22	Th	Wm. Qu. b.
7	W	Flexman d.	23	F	Jos II. abd.
8	Th	CBV Mary	24	S	Beddoes d.
9	F	Grousesh.e.	25	S	Christ. Day
10	S	Chalmers d.	26	M	St. Stephen
11	S	3 S. in Ad.	27	Tu	St. John
12	M	S. s. 3h49m	28	W	Innocents
13	Tu	Lough	29	Th	S. r. 8h 8m
14	W	Pr. Cons. d.	30	F	S. s. 3h48m
15	Th	Kosh. Wk.	31	S	Sylvester
16	F	Cs. M.T.s.			
17	S	4 S. in Adv			

Digitized by Google

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1864.

OUR GROWLING BARD.

PRELUDE.

We live in changes, which imply
Improvements, as some men assert.
I change my money, and my shirt,
But that the world improves, deny.

Revered old *Punch*, accord me space
In this your royal Almanack:
For, through the Months, I hope to smack
Improvement on its insolent face.

I.

We ride in railway cars where gas
Flares bright, that he who rides may read:
Why, let the blockhead, but, indeed,
A railway reader is an Ass.

The Public's eyes are dimmed and wrung
From reading when they didn't ought,
And penny wisdom's dearly bought
At price of eyesight lost when young.

Ornamental Water. — The most ornamental is that which has the most wavy curls playing round a quantity of pretty little ducks.

The Impertinence!—The reason why ladies' watches are made of the diminutive size they are, is because time is generally such a very small object in a lady's eyes.



THE SENSATION NOVEL.

Clara. "Yes, dear. I've got the last one down, and it's Perfectly Delicious. A Man Marries his Grandmother—Fourteen Persons are Poisoned by a young and beautiful Girl—Forgeries by the dozen—Robberies, Hangings; in fact, full of Delightful Horrors!"

OUR GROWLING BARD.

II.

A wire is touched by female hands,
(That ever like to do with sparks)
And lightning flies with your remarks
To distant friends in foreign lands.

The foreign clerk, with smirk serene,
Transcribing what you deemed so plain,
For *Jane has wedded Thomas Grane*
Writes *June has wetted Turnham Green.*

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

Jan. 2. Day breaks at 8·2. That is certainly very late for day to break—but never too late to mend. The days get out soon enough, and the ticket of leave men too soon.

Jan. 11. Plough Monday. Farmers mind your ploughshares, and Capitalists, look to your shares in the lines intended to plough up London.

Feb. 2. *Candlemas Day and St. Blaise.* As the laundress justly remarked, Blase's comes natural next to Candlemas Day.

Feb. 17. Ember Week begins. Now 's your time for 'taters all hot.

A Beauty to draw us with a Single Hair!—A Scotch Countess, whose ringlets we may say without hesitation, are decidedly several *nuances* stronger than what is politely called auburn, is always priding herself, on belonging to the *hair-red-itary* peerage.

THE SUN IN "THE SIGNS."

ARIES.

Bright Phœbus at *The Ram* ascends his car,
But first partakes of something at the Bar.
His rays illumine ale of amber, old,
Or turn a pewter-pot to burnished gold.

A Commercial Truth.—Money, like a boot, when it's light, is extremely trying.

STREET MORALS.

Friend Cackles, doubtless, knows a lot,
His sentiments are very fine,
But 'twill be best to see him not,
When you are hurrying home to dine.

Definition.—The capability for describing from personal experience the highest points in a mountainous region, is called, a Top-ographical knowledge.

THE SUN IN "THE SIGNS."

TAURUS.

Glorious Apollo now has reached *The Bull*,
Where he pulls up, and takes another pull;
Earth's signs arrest the driver, passing by:
So do the public-houses of the sky.

The First Law of Nature—*and more especially at a Theatre on the first night*—is Order.



Hard-riding Young Lady. "Cut Miss Georgina down that time, I fancy, and have got into the same Field with Gus!"

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1864.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

March 7. The feast of *Perpetua*, that is *Judy* by conjunction. *Punch* for ever!

March 21. *Benedict.* The name of this Saint means blessed, and is often used to signify a bridegroom. Why do we never hear it applied to a husband who has passed his honeymoon? A youth may be supposed to have the lot of Benedict in view when he declares that he'll be blest if he ever marries.

A STANZA FOR SPRING.

See, now reminded by the weather,
The birds work hard their nests to feather;
And thou, my son, think not of rest,
Till thou hast feathered well thy nest.

USEFUL FAMILY RECIPE.

To Stuff a Heir.—First catch your heir: then invite him to your table, and stuff him with all the good things that you are able. In pressing them upon him do not be rebuffed, and if your heir be young he will soon be nicely stuffed.

Q. If the Clerk were to burn a pastile in church, what would be the effect?

A. The congregation would be incensed, and the parson in a fume.

A Contradiction in Terms.—The very bluntest observations are often pointed.

Substitute for Eau Sucrée.—Take a quantity of slush, and sweeten it with charcoal.



BOARD AND LODGING!

Landlady. "Yes, Sir, the Board were certinoly to be a Guinea a Week, but I didn't know as you was a-going to Bathe in the Sea before Breakfast and take Bottles of Tonic during the day!"

A GROAN FROM THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR.

M.P. when he gets on his legs should bear in mind that the standing order demands conciseness, and he should, therefore, trip lightly over the heads of his argument. In this respect the orator of St. Stephens may take a hint from the *coiffeur* of a National School, who having heads to dispose of with all possible despatch, is not particular to a hair, but cuts it short.

A STORY FROM SUFFOLK.

Hodge to the Squire's once went to dine,
And drank his fill of beer and wine.
Next day, being asked how he had fared,
Says he, "D'yow know I summut stared
That arter guttlin' soup an' fish,
An' wenson in a silver dish,
Plumpoodden, an' sich things as these.
They browt me in plain bread and cheese!"

Chesterfield's Advice to his Newly Married Son.—Never interrupt ladies when speaking,—you may hear of something to your advantage. If there is any exception to this rule, it is perhaps where one of the interlocutors is your mother-in-law.

Facts in Physics.—A bashful gentleman happening to meet in the street a lady of his acquaintance for whom he entertained a budding affection, suddenly lost his head and dropped his eyes. The case has been referred to an eminent surgeon.

OUR GROWLING BARD.

III.

Go, pose yourself, and do not laugh,
The lens is hid, the trick is done,
And in a brace of shakes the sun
Has fixed you in a Photograph.

"Well, he's not handsome, in the least,"
Say those to whom your portrait 's shown,
Though in your wife's eye, and your own,
You're rather a good-looking beast.

A favourite dish of the wild animal hunter, Gordon Cumming, is *Saucissons de Lyons.*

THE SUN IN "THE SIGNS."

GEMINI.

Delius to feel the call of thirst begins
Again, and checks his cattle at *The Twins;*
The Jove-born Chicken and Ledsean Pet
Detain him o'er a pint of heavy wet.



El'erly Lady. "But I must really beg that you will tell me your Fare. I cannot be supposed to know your Business!"
Cabby. "Well, Mum—I don't think we shall fall Hout.—Let's say, Three Bob and a Kick!"

Digitized by Google

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1864.

HINTS ON HOUSE-HIRING.

BY A CLOWN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

When you see a house to let, knock at the front door, and, when the cook or housemaid opens it, chuck her underneath the chin, or prod her in the ribs, saying with great tenderness of feeling, "Karrrrrrrck!" Then fall violently in love with her, and at once demand a kiss, telling her "O Mareary, I loves yer to substraction!" If she declines to let you kiss her, twitch off her white cap and stick it on your head, and then make faces at her till she screams and runs away, of course leaving the front door open. You may then enter the house, and, if you find it empty, take immediate possession, and show your right to do so by smashing all the furniture and flinging it out of window. Should the rightful owner show himself, and seem inclined to make remonstrance, pitch a pillow at him, or cover him with flour, and, when he is half blinded with it, hit him in the breadbasket. If a policeman interfere, pick his pocket of his truncheon and hit him on the head with it: or if you prefer it, draw a sword from somebody and cut off the policeman's head with it. Then you may live happy in the house that you have hired, until the ghost of the policeman comes at night to haunt you.

Superfluous Philanthropy.—The idea of imparting polish to Japan is like that of carrying coals to Newcastle.

Medical Mythology.—Anæsthesia is the daughter of Chloroform.



LONDON CREAM. THE PRODUCE OF WEST-END DAIRIES.

Cook. "Do you call this Cream? Why it's Thinner than Milk!"
Milkman. "Oh, all it wants is well Stirring up.—The Cream's at the Bottom!"

CONS FOR CIVIL SERVICE CANDIDATES.

1. Why should you never expect to find hot *Curaçoa* in a Quart Pot?

Because it would be the last common multiple (mulled tipple) in the greatest common measure.

2. What is there extraordinary in the Rules immediately following Proportion!

That they are infractions (in Fractions.)

[*We beg to suggest these specimens of the "Art of ingeniously Tormenting," for the next Report of the Civil Service Commissioners.*

STREET MORALS.

Vile is the smell those cookshops spread,
Yet, Swell, keep down that nose, you know,
Thy bank may break, thy aunt may wed,
And thou come dining for a Joe.

Horological Thought.—You can stop a Clock, at any moment, but you cannot stop a Watch. The same remark, my brethren, applies to the stopping the talk of a Man, and of a Woman. He is a great, coarse, ugly machine, but you can silence him. She is a beautiful, fragile, jewelled thing—but she will run on until she stops of herself.

Useful Family Recipe.—*To Pluck a Goose.*—To do this you have only to send your goose to College, and the chances are that, when he is examined, you will find him plucked.

OUR GROWLING BARD.

IV.

An angel wife whose hand has spilt
A previous husband's blood: a son
Whom strychnine helped to heirship: one
Or more such types of household guilt
Are household study now. A smudge
Of gore, or else the Tale's a bore.
Improving! Yet was never more
Employment for my lord the Judge.

Ethnological.—The language of the Bosjesmans is supposed to be a dialect of Bosh.

THE SUN IN THE SIGNS.

CANCER.

Sol's handsome trap lo standing at *The Crab*,
As oft below we see a Hansom Cab.
Thy son, Latona, baits his horses here,
And has another quantity of beer.



THE NURSERY FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB.—THE FIRST MEET OF THE SEASON.

Master Robert (log.). "Here, James, just stand by that Bay Filly.—She's rather Fresh this Morning!"

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1864.

OUR GROWLING BARD.

V.

Saint Martin, idly called Le Grand,
Sends me twelve postmen every day,
With twelve deliveries. I may say
My knocker's never out of hand:
I think the system very wrong.
And often wish Saint Martin kicked,
Why does he tease me, and inflict
Loquacity the whole day long?

USEFUL FAMILY RECIPE.

To Dish a Bore.—Invite your bore to dinner, and as an additional inducement for him to be sure to come, just drop a casual hint that you intend to have some turtle. This you will be careful to forget to order; and if you tell your cook to send up nothing in its place, and then let your bore sit down to a cold shoulder of mutton, with no pudding to follow, you may rest assured that he is very nicely dished.

A Luminous Appearance.—Sparkins, stooping over the candle, set his head in a blaze. Larkins told him that he made a regular meteor with his hair o' light.

Gastronomy.—The term Gastronomer was originally applied to M. Soyer, on account of his gas apparatus in the Reform kitchen.

Note of the Month.—*May* 23. Night all twilight. "O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!" Half-and-half is a seasonable beverage.



REAL TRAGEDY.

Old Party (proprietor of nasty yapping Pet Dog.) "Oh, Policeman! my darling Flo just bit that Horrid Man's Leg, and he has hit him with his Cane."

THE SUN IN "THE SIGNS."

LEO.

The Bright One's next stage at *The Lion* ends,
And, while his reeking steeds the ostler tends,
Mine host makes haste to serve his brilliant guest
With some of that home-brewed of his—the best.

STREET MORALS.

Those crossing-sweepers are a pest,
We've paid, in rates, for what they do,
Give one, give all. You'll find it best
Never to give one single *sou*.

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

(ADAPTED TO CIRCUMSTANCES.)

Canny Scotchman visiting London for the first time.

Oh, where! and oh, where! is that wily Cabby gone?
He's gone to get some change, and I hope he won't be long.
And it's "Owe!" for to part with my money I was wrong.

Hic Jacet Veritas.—Truth lies in a well. No wonder then that although Philosophy calls so loud for it no answer is received; for if Truth lies in a well, who can truly affirm, that it hasn't kicked the bucket?

Poetical.—The Poet Drayton describes *Queen Mab's* chariot as drawn by gnats. This, say uncertain Commentators, is the first instance on record of a gnatty turn-out.

The Iron Racehorse.—An Express Locomotive may be called the High Metall'd Racer.

Confusion of Races.—So gross is the dishonesty prevalent on the Turf, that even the sporting gents decline to back the favourite at Epsom, as they say, for fear the Derby should turn out a hoax.

A Fact for May Meetings.—An uncommonly zealous Missionary proposes to send out a cargo of Richmond Maids of Honour to wean the Fans of the Interior of Africa from Cannibalism.

Electrical Science.—It is well known that the domestic cat, if rubbed in the dark, will emit sparks of electricity. This kind of lightning on a small scale is only a *brutum fulmen*.



THE DOG-DAYS!

1st *Fancier.* "Now isn't he, Georgie!—for Breed and Shape and Make, the most lovely little creature!"
2nd *Ditto.* "Well, dear, he certainly is very Handsome, but to my taste my little treasure Puggy is Perfection, and so Affectionate!"
3rd *Ditto.* "Did they praise the other Dogs?—Little Charlie was a Darling; he was, he was, he was!!!"

Digitized by Google

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1864.

USEFUL FAMILY RECIPE.

To Clean White Kid Gloves.—Soak them in boiling water for a fortnight, taking great care that the water is kept always "on the boil." Then make a good lather with brown Windsor soap and beeswax, and wash your gloves with it until you have reduced them to a pulp. Put them in a stowpan and keep them gently simmering on the hob for a month or two, then stretch them to your shape, and hang them up to dry. Perfume them with turpentine and a dash of assafœtida, and your gloves will be quite clean and fit for ball-room use.

QUEER QUERIES.

Ought a pair of trousers which have been obtained on credit to be legally regarded as breeches of trust?

When a man happens to speak with a quiver in his voice, is it right to think his speech an-ar-row-minded one?

Would a promissory note which is made payable at sight be a legal tender to an inmate of a blind asylum?

An Emblem Improved. — A symbol, commonly supposed to represent Eternity, is the Serpent with its tail in its mouth. This is a mistake. The Serpent with its tail in its mouth more truly represents Economy, as it makes both ends meet.

An Infallible Specific.—The Universal Vegetable Medicine is a certain cure for inflammation in the eyes of potatoes.



OVER THE WAY—THE INVALID.

OUR GROWLING BARD.

VI.

Arms of precision we desire:
Two millions vanish, melted cash,
And then, alternate, go to smash
Big gun and target, when we fire.

Let 's hope. But here 's a good way too:
Discharge your guns. Amid the smoke
Lay the ships close, then, Hearts of Oak,
Board, slash, gash, hash, and smash Mossoo!

SPIRITUALISM.

When the Magian Home was visiting the Tuileries, it is reported that he caused the shade of the Great Napoleon to appear to his Imperial Nephew. Mr. Home, on being subsequently blamed for extravagance while staying in Paris, replied that, "He had fared very well, since he had managed to make both N's meet."

If a Male Pig took to literary composition, under what signature would he write? None; he would probably use a sheep-pen and remain an Ink-'og.

Strange Superstition. — At Abbotsford a little child's Cradle is shown, not as belonging to the great poet, but as being actually Sir Walter's Cot!

The Traveller's Trouble.—The hardest of hard lines are the contents of *Bradshaw*.

THE SUN IN "THE SIGNS."

VIRGO.

The Virgin's charms our Cynthian's chariot stop,
Again he rests and takes a little drop,
The Hobe of the Tap supplies the glass;
A sympathetic wink rewards the lass.

Motto for a Hairdresser.—Cut and Comb again!

A STANZA FOR SUMMER.

Bright Phœbus, with his face so red,
Now leaves at four his ocean bed:
My son, if thou would'st also shine,
Thou must not lie a-bed till nine.

A Peripatetic Philosopher and Disciple of Old Izaak.—Hookey Walker.

STREET MORALS.

I do not bid you shut your eyes,
Yet if you look at shops, no doubt
Unless you 're most uncommon wise,
You 'll buy what you can do without.

Signor Francatelli has discovered a new method of mashing potatoes: they will be done by mash-inery.



HOW NOT TO DO YOUR DUTY TOWARDS YOUR NEIGHBOUR!—THE ORGAN-GRINDING NUISANCE.

Old Lady (!) "Bother Over the Way! We like the Horgins!"

Digitized by Google

A PLAN FOR LEAP-YEAR.

In the windows of drapers' shops are exhibited ladies' dresses, marked with their prices, conveniently for men who wish to have some idea of what it may cost them to be pulled inside. An improvement on this convenience, for men disposed to marry, would be a similar commercial exhibition of costumes with wearers in them, ticketed with the jointure, settlement, or income which they may demand, individually or in lots. As, for instance, Finest Quality, £1,000,000. Superior, £500,000. Distinguée, £150,000. This Prime Widow at a Great Reduction, and All these Girls at Ridiculously Low Figures. This expedient to effect a sale of goods for which there have been no offers might be resorted to with propriety during a year when the ordinary relations between wooed and wooer are reversed.

PORTRAITURE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—Could a photographer take the portrait of a lawyer who went to him with a *fieri facias!*

THE SUN IN "THE SIGNS."

LIBRA.

Now has the Golden-Haired attained *The Scales,*
A noted House for choice and various ales,
So here awhile his quadrupeds he reins,
And a brown jug of foaming nectar drains.



HOW WOULD IT BE WITHOUT CRINOLINE?—TRY IT FOR 1864!

DIFFERENCES OF AGES IN DIFFERENT SEXES.

A MAN attains his majority at twenty-one, but it is difficult to say when a woman attains hers. There are different terms applied to the two sexes. For instance, whoever heard of a lady spoken of as being "*under* age."

OUR GROWLING BARD.

VII.

FROM France's Claret GLADSTONE takes
The tax, that BULL may fill his skin
With that mean liquid, sour and thin,
Whereby his stomach often aches:

'Twere better we repealed the laws
That hinder us of blessed Beer,
A noble fluid which, I fear,
Will seldom pass our children's jaws.

THEORY OF THE TOILET.—No woman can be plain when she is dressed.

DEMORALISING EFFECT OF PUGILISM.—MRS. GRUNDY says she can't abear that nasty prize-fighting, because it sometimes occasions the employment of Light Weights.

THE NEAREST APPROACH TO THE MILLENNIUM.—If we would only love others one half so much as we love ourselves, what a happy world it would be!

Digitized by Google

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1864.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

An attempt at a Classic Metre in a very small quantity: dedicated to MR. ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE Argument is on this wise, in the first line a Farmer expresses his disgust at the detriment done to his seedlings; a Friend makes him a present of plenty of new potatoes, whereupon he asks his companion to "liquor up." The commencement of line 3 is placed in the mouths of both speakers; first as wine in the mouth of his friend, secondly as an expression of admiration for the quantity of potatoes presented to him in that of the farmer. The next expression ("all in rows") alludes to the plan of arrangement which his servant is following, and this changes into a desire to dress, go out, and do the work himself.

("*Persicos Odi.*")

Pussy cats hate I over my potatoes.
Present sent next me? Fill away, my Crony!
Pretty sack! all in rows. Ah, to look o'er em—
Sarah, my Gaiters!

GENUINE ARISTOCRACY.—The Landed Gentry of England have been censured for pride of birth, and the Farmers for clownishness; but the Fat Cattle Show warrants the former in boasting of their Stock, and also attests the latter's good breeding.



OYSTERS.

Itinerant Oyster-Man. "NOW, THEN—HAVE ANOTHER DOZEN, IF YOU'VE GOT ANY MORE MONEY!!"

USEFUL FAMILY RECIPE.

To make Strawberry Jam.—Take two score of Strawberries, British Queens, if you can get them, and the biggest you can find. Pick them carefully from their stalks, and place them on a clean dessert-plate. Sprinkle them with fine white sugar, powdered in a mortar. Then take a dessert-spoon, and, if you are wise, proceed to eat thirty-nine of them: after which, by simply placing the fortieth in the crevice of an open door, and violently slamming it, you may make jam of your strawberry to your heart's content.

STREET MORALS.

CARTS, cabs, and vans! You'll dash across.
Hear what a Jew said to me once,
"Praps, shir, you'll shave a minit's loss,
And praps you'll be laid up for munce."

AN EXPENSIVE RESEARCH.—Pearls are found in oysters, and oysters rarely cost more than a shilling a dozen, but still it strikes us that a man would have to shell out to a pretty considerable extent, before he could expect to meet with a single pearl.

WHY AND BECAUSE.—Why is a person of an even temper like Greek fire? Because you can't put him out.

OUR GROWLING BARD.

VIII.

FROM Battle-Bridge unto the Bridge
Below the Monument to SCOTT,
(On which they spent a precious lot)
Beneath EDINA'S hog-back ridge,

Ten hours will take us. Are the Scotch
Improved? Have they learnt soberer ways?
Are not their Sundays penal days?
Eat they not haggis, oats, hotch-potch?

ODE TO MY WIFE'S MILLINER.

DEARER to me than I dared to think!
Dearer to me than the flowering Pink!
Dearer to me than many I 've known
Of the little Milliners now full blown.
Ah! When she came for her bill to call,
Then, then I found she was dearer than all.

ADVICE TO COOKS.—Beware of a blazing fire; and don't dress your meat in Crinoline.

THE SUN IN "THE SIGNS."

SCORPIO.

THE vehicle of him that Python slew
The Scorpion hails, arrived as soon as due,
That Scorpion's stingo is its only sting;
He tries it, and declares 'tis just the thing.

FAST AND SLOW.—No fast man now any longer scoffs at a thinking one as a Slow Coach. He calls him a Parliamentary Train.



AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.

Monthly Nurse. "BUT I CAN'T FIND MY BOX, SIR!"
Paterfamilias (furious.) "CONFOUND YOUR BOX! YOU MUST GET IN AND LEAVE IT, AND WE'LL TELEGRAPH FOR IT.—COME! THE TRAIN'S STARTING!"
Monthly Nurse. "OH YES, SIR,—THAT'S ALL VERY WELL. ONLY I THOUGHT AS MY BOX HAS GOT ALL YOUR PLATE AND LINEN IN IT," &c., &c., &c.

Digitized by Google

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1864.

O DID YOU TWIG HER ANCLE?

(A Song to be Encored at any of the Music Halls.)

As I strolled down Piccadilly,
A scrumptious gal I met,
Her name was JANE JEMIMA,
And her hair was in a net:
Her cheeks were red as roses,
Her hat was a porkpie,
And just to show her petticoat
Her dress was held up high.

Chorus—(in which the enlightened audience all join.)

O did you twig her ancle?
Too ral loo ral li do.
O wasn't it galopshus?
Too ral loo ral lay!

[And so on for a score or so of silly, senseless verses, with shouts and shrieks of rapture at the end of every verse.

THE SUN IN "THE SIGNS."

SAGITTARIUS.

The Archer next arrests the drag of day,
So four-in-hand the "Robin Hood" might stay,
Here Smithetus, parched with still recurring drought,
Allays it with a swig of extra-stout.

NOTE FOR THE MONTH.—*Sept.* 1. *St. Partridge* and *St. Giles.* In honour of the former Saint the birds are peppered, and out of respect to the latter, *Giles Scroggins's Ghost* is exhibited by PEPPER at the Polytechnic, and walks the theatres.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN FASHIONABLE LIFE.—When Poverty comes in at the door, the Turkey carpet hangs out of the window.



THE FANCY FAIR.

Eleanor. "YOU HAD BETTER BUY SOME OF MY CIGARS—COME TAKE ONE!"
Young Swell. "A—A—THANKS, NO—I NEVER SMOKE!"
Eleanor. "WHAT! NOT IF I BITE OFF THE END!"

MICHAELMAS DAY.

THE INVITATION.

Come dine with me on Goose-day, Michaelmas;
I've lost your right address, so send at random,
I've got a goose, you can't refuse me, as
"De *Goose*-tibus," you know, "non disputandum."

THE REPLY.

At that day's dinner with you I'll be seen,
Such is the purport of my present stanza;
Sniffing the Goose has made my hunger *Xάν*,
And hunger for your Goose, friend, is my *Answr.*

HEAR BOTH SIDES.

MASTERS and Mistresses are fond of calling servants "the greatest plagues of life." We are extremely curious to know what servants are in the habit of calling their masters and mistresses? Depend upon it, it is something extremely endearing!

FASHION.—A short time ago there was in vogue a head-dress called the sugarloaf bonnet. Young ladies generally considered it a sweet thing.

MEDICAL ECONOMY.—Parents and Preceptors will effect a great saving by recourse to the newly-discovered Family Pills for creating a bad Appetite.

NOTE ON MICHAELMAS DAY.—Geese now arrive at an age of discretion.

THE CUP THAT NEITHER CHEERS NOR INEBRIATES.—The hiccup.

OUR GROWLING BARD.—IX.

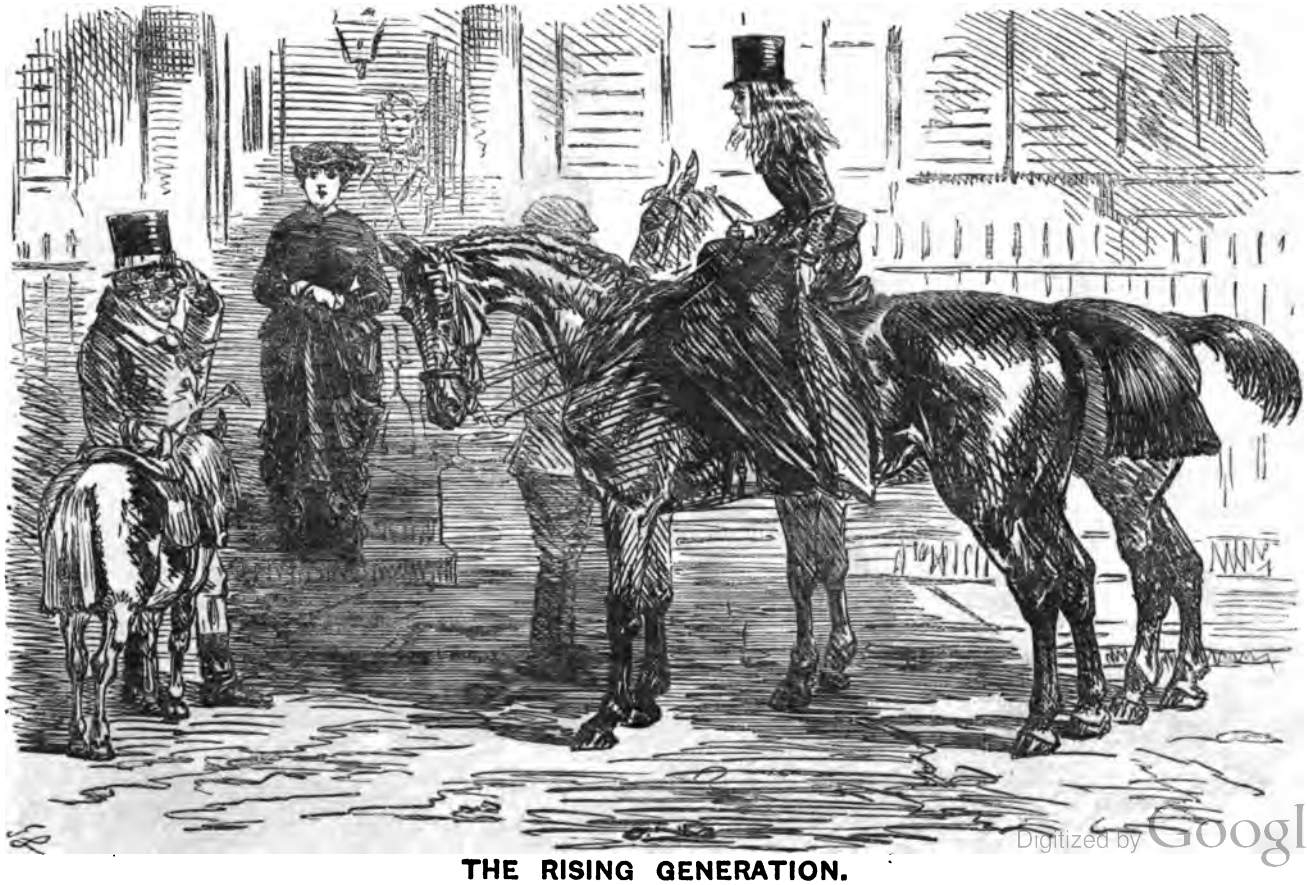
EACH playhouse boasts its hosts of Ghosts,
Raised up by PEPPER, KING, or DIRCK,
Henceforth no fearful foot will shirk
The churchyard dim, or white-armed Post.

Yet are we wiser? Come, declare,
Quack RAPHAEL, or thou, blunderer lame,
MORRIS, who borrowest ZADKIEL's name,
What myriads buy your idiot ware.

UNIVERSAL MUSIC.—A Bank-Note.

A STANZA FOR AUTUMN.

Now ranging o'er the fields, my son,
The sportsman aims the deadly gun;
See thou at small birds never aim,
Or *Punch* will of thyself make game.



THE RISING GENERATION.

Mamma (coming down the steps.) "WHY, CORNELYN! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? MISS ALICE PERCHED ON HER PAPA'S BIG HORSE, AND THE PONY BROUGHT FOR ME!"
Cornelyn. "YES, MA'AM! YOU SEE, MA'AM, MISS ALICE SAID AS YOU WAS RATHER NERVOUS, AND SHE THOUGHT THAT YOU WOULD GET ON BETTER WITH TOM TIT."

Digitized by Google

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1864.

THE GREAT BEAUTY OF PHOTOGRAPHS.

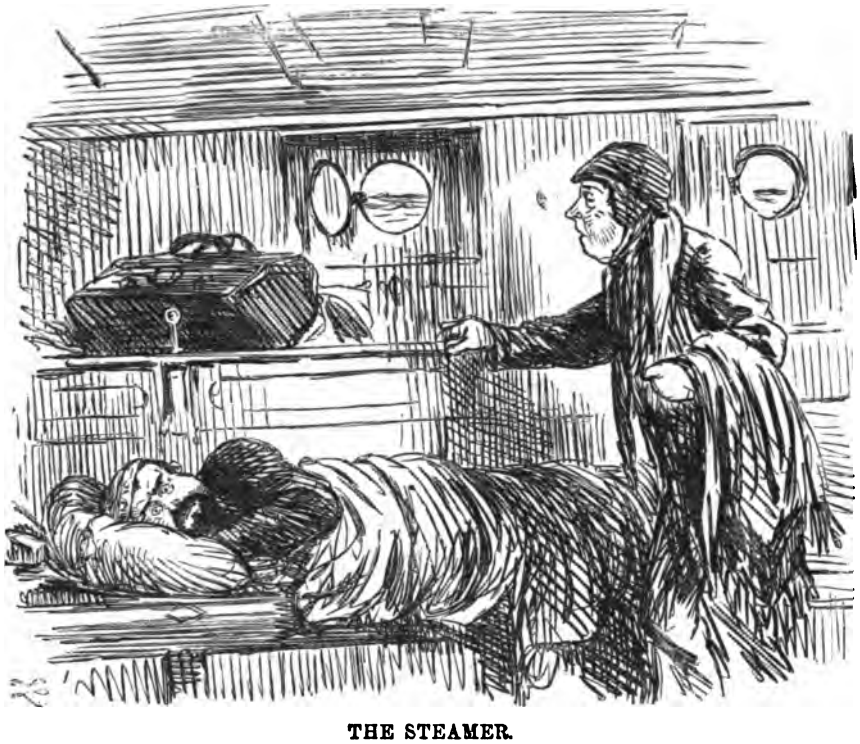
THEIR great beauty is, that they provoke conversation. They furnish innumerable heads for discussion. If the cook happens to be late for dinner (and cooks generally are), they will find how invaluable these new "Heads of the People" are, and what agreeable reading they will supply to even the hungriest, as its illustrated pages present some new feature at every turn. Even an Alderman would forget his appetite in devouring its contents. The amusement, too, is all the greater as it gives one an opportunity of criticising friends, not only to their faces, but behind their backs. A Photographic Album is the most amusing anteprandial friend that a lady could have in her establishment. In fact, no respectable drawing-room is complete without one, at the very least.

RETRIBUTION.

BOLD Chanticleer proclaims the morn,
He used to wake me up at dawn,
Weep, DAME PARTLETT, weep and mourn,
With nice bread-sauce your mate has gone!
So tough was he, so long since born,
He woke me up again next morn.

CURE FOR BALDNESS.—Onions rubbed frequently on the head are said to restore the hair. They will certainly make it grow strong.

A CORDIAL FRIEND.—Old Tom.



THE STEAMER.

OLD MR. SQUEAMISH, WHO HAS BEEN ON DECK FOR HIS WRAPPER, FINDS HIS COMFORTABLE PLACE OCCUPIED BY A HAIRY MOSSOO!

A BALLAD BY A BEDLAMITE.

O COME to the West, love:
Come, jump there with me:
Like cucumbers drest, love,
How happy we 'll be!

Bright thunder and lightning
Thy hair shall entwine,
And we 'll quaff rosy whitening,
And spirits of wine!

So slumber, my darling,
To the West let 's away,
For the crow of the starling
Proclaims it is day.

To the heights of the ocean we 'll
Start a balloon,
Or fly in a diving-bell
Up to the moon!

USEFUL FAMILY RECIPE.

To Remove Corns. — Cut away as much of your corns as you are able, then place your kitchen poker in the fire and, when it is white-hot, apply it pretty freely to each corn in succession, until you feel quite certain that they are all removed.

LITERARY NOTICE.—*Books for every Month.*—The Banker's Book, illustrated with figures. The Butcher's Book,—motto, "The times are out of joint." "Some Suits for a Barrister, with a long account of the Same," by our own Tailor.

NOTE FOR THE MONTH.—*Oct. 25. Crispin.* A Saint of the last generation; a great mender of soles; he showed his humility in wearing highlows. He wrought many wonderful works of heeling, and is said to have predicted Balmoral boots.

OUR GROWLING BARD.

X.

"NEVER so easy as 'tis now
To Correspond," Improvement cries;
I tell Improvement that she lies,
And bellows like a vain old cow.

You write with scratchy splotchy steel,
Your envelope 's a treacherous foe:
Your servants steam its gum, and know
Your love, and what you owe for veal.

A SPORTSMAN'S MORNING COMFORT.—There is no such liquor as your Foxhunter's Early Purl.

THE SUN IN "THE SIGNS."

CAPRICORNUS.

Now has the Laurel-Crowned, at Delos born,
Got on again as far as Capricorn,
The Goat; at which he lingers, just to quaff
A cool refreshing pint of half-and-half.



Jones (who has accepted a mount with the Harriers, because it is all galloping and no obstacles). "OH, YES, LET HIM COME! THAT 'S ALL VERY WELL. WHY, IT 'S LIKE THE SIDE OF A HOUSE."

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1864.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS À L'AMERICAINE.

For a Domestic Anniversary.—The wives of our (shirt) bussums! May they have fingers up to buttons, and souls above them!

For a Social Science Gathering.—The rights and duties of property! May the Income-Tax collector never come upon us for the one; and the Government trust us to maintain the other!

For a Vestry Dinner.—Local self-government! May the hum of the Bumble-bee still be heard in the board-room, and the gold-lace of Beadledom be untarnished by the withering breath of centralisation.

STREET MORALS.

The Cabman, who, about to start,
Asks you "Where 's that, Sir?"
hopes to cheat;
Answer, "Find out!" As straight
as dart
He 'll drive you to the given
street.

SMART SAYINGS.

Grace before meat—as the young lady said when she laced herself too tight to swallow.

"*Après nous le déluge*," as the hard frost observed to the water-pipe.

"*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*," as the tight boot said to the hard-corn.

Talking of dogs, the late Mr. Job Caudle was wont to remark, in his jocular moods, to his children, that Ma's tiffs were utterly destructive of Pa's time.



A CURE FOR THE BAWLING FISH-SELLERS AT WATERING-PLACES.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

The Celebrated Mr. Watkins of Parliament Street, the Photographer has, we hear, accomplished the difficult feat of uniting rapidity of motion with dexterity in portrait-catching. When he was out hunting he managed while leaping a hedge, to take a gentleman who was lying in the ditch underneath. The subject came out strong on the occasion.

THE WAYS OF LIFE.

There 's a right way, and there 's a left way, and there is, also, a middle way. The latter course is apparently the most followed, for meet a dozen people in the course of the day, and the chances are that eleven out of the twelve will if you ask them, "Well, how are you getting on?" instantly reply, "Oh! middling, thank you." There are, one would infer, more middle-men in this world than any others.

PLAIN TRUTHS FOR PLAIN PEOPLE.

Chess is nothing unless it is played on the square.

Small talk is like small beer—a little of it goes a very great way.

Pure milk, unlike the pure truth, is good for nothing when drawn from the well.

You may depend upon it, but no man of the name of Smith likes being joked about it.

Pure Ethics.—Why is a selfish man a good Christian? Because he loves his worst enemy; that is himself.

OUR GROWLING BARD.

XI.

Lest we and Gaul should come to fisticuffs,
Upsprang a Household Guard, the Volunteers,
Some, I admit, are milingtary Dears,
As gushing ladies say, and some are Muffs.

I calculate I like the heroes, some:
But why are they addicted unto swipes,
Why do they all smoke brief plebeian pipes,
And fright cab-horses with the fife and drum?

Domestic Economy.—The best thing you can do with measly pork is to cure it.

THE SUN IN THE SIGNS.

AQUARIUS.

The Waterman brings up the glowing wheels
Of Pœan, whose hot coursers cool their heels;
Himself imbibes, to damp his inward fire,
Barclay and Perkins's or Reid's Entire.



Digitized by Google

PLEASANT PROSPECT.—A DAY WITH THE STAG.

Little T. N. "Shall you take a Single, or Return!"
Friend. "Well, I shall take a Return, because I know the Horse I'm going to Ride,—but you'd better take a Single and an Insurance Ticket!"

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUMS.

(The Questions will be given in our next—if they are wanted.)

1. Because it is an act of negro-man-see.
2. Because they are a pair-o'-little-bipeds (parallelopipeds.)
3. He would say simply "Ink-you-bus."
4. Because the one may be a mealy one, but the other is Amelia.
5. When he went to tell-em-a-cuss (*Telemachus.*)
6. Because the one is a bat and the other is a bat-too.
7. The difference is merely that the one is an-ut, while the other is an-ovel.

USEFUL FAMILY RECIPE.

To make Bread and Butter go a long way.—Take a slice of bread and butter, place it in an envelope and post it to your cousin who is living in New Zealand. If you do this in London and it reaches him in safety, your bread and butter clearly will have gone a long way.

NOTE FOR THE MONTH.—*Dec.* 28. *Innocents.* Winter Baby Show at the Crystal Palace. There are present 100 children whose united ages amount to 100 years.

FROM SMITHFIELD.—At the last Cattle Show a stout farmer whose old-fashioned continuations did not reach to his ancles, was taken up for exhibiting his calves in the street.

UMPH!—Of two hunchbacks of unequal height, which would you select as an arbitrator? The one you'd call the hump-higher.



A WATERING-PLACE PLEASURE.

THIS IS THE EIGHTEENTH OLD FISH FAG WHO HAS SCREAMED AND SHRIEKED, BUT BY NO MEANS THE LAST WHO WILL SHRIEK AND SCREAM, UNDER POOR OLD MR. TOMKINS'S WINDOW.

OUR GROWLING BARD.

XII.

PUNCH cheereth Christmas with an Almanack,
And he is sweet upon it, not a few:
'Tis the most cruel thing that he can do,
So on his head I deal my final whack.

We read the sparkling pages after lunch,
And roar at the engravings. Then how flat,
Stale, and disjointed, sounds the household chat
At Christmas dinner-parties, after *Punch!*

PHILOSOPHY OF COMMON LIFE.

THERE is a depth of policy in the hairdresser's pertinacious question, Try Bear's Grease, Sir? For it impresses the shrewd worldly customer, who looks below the surface for motives, with an idea that the man's anxiety to sell his grease arises from an assurance of its virtues. Every thinking mind discerns that a hairdresser must be interested in the success as well as the sale of a preparation for promoting the growth of the hair. The philosopher, therefore, instead of being irritated by the importunity which thrusts Bear's Grease into his ribs, regards it with complacency as a revelation of human nature, and replies to it, smiling, with "No, I thank you," instead of furiously shouting "Go to Jericho!"

THE SUN IN "THE SIGNS."—PISCES.

LASTLY *The Fishes*, as of course you'd think,
Invite the Driver of the Sun to drink;
And having circled this terrestrial ball
His Brightness orders *Punch* to wind up all.

A STANZA FOR WINTER.

Now Christmas comes: of all the year
The time, my son, to man most dear;
For then, 'mid other costly ills,
He has to pay his Christmas bills.

LEGAL TERMS.

WE often hear the term made use of, "a limb of the law." It strikes us forcibly that it is a mistake. The term intended is not "limb," but "*limbo*;" for that is apparently the end of all persons who are foolish enough to go to law.



Digitized by Google

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.—ALL FAIR IN LEAP YEAR.



William Makepeace Thackeray.

While generous tributes are everywhere paid to the Genius of him who has been suddenly called away in the fulness of his power and the maturity of his fame, some who have for many years enjoyed the advantage of his assistance and the delight of his society would simply record that they have lost a dear Friend. At an early period in the history of this Periodical he became a Contributor to its pages, and he long continued to enrich them, and though of late he had ceased to give other aid than suggestion and advice, he was a constant member of our council, and sat with us on the eighth day from that which has saddened England's Christmas. Let the brilliancy of his trained intellect, the terrible strength of his satire, the subtlety of his wit, the richness of his humour, and the catholic range of his calm wisdom, be themes for others: the mourning friends who inscribe these lines to his memory think of the affectionate nature, the cheerful companionship, the large heart and open hand, the simple courteousness, and the endearing frankness of a brave, true, honest Gentleman, whom no pen but his own could depict as those who knew him would desire.

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

If we wish to "see ourselves as others see us," let us look at *Harper's Weekly*, which thus holds up the mirror to us by a recent New York post:—

"It is to avoid a rupture with the working population that Lord Palmerston has refused to recognise the rebels. He doubtless honestly expects to see the United States destroyed; and calculates that, when that cheerful catastrophe occurs, he will crush out democracy in England. We think differently; believing that we shall succeed, and that our success will lead to more systematic, and at the same time we trust peaceful efforts for the recognition in Great Britain of the rights of labour. Time will show which is right. Meanwhile it is right we should understand that it is to the dread of the British working-men that we owe the present forbearance of the British Government."

Harper's Weekly calls itself a "Journal of Civilisation," and it is quite clear that this title is pre-eminently deserved by a newspaper which prefaces the statement we have quoted by a remark that British workmen are Great Britain's "dangerous classes," and that they are quite prepared for revolution if the Government take any steps to recognise the South. In the case of their so doing, says the *Weekly*—or the Weakly—the throne and aristocracy of England would "crumble in an afternoon," and the civilising influence of mob-law and its concomitants would produce that recognition of the rights of labour to which the Northerners' success against the Southerners will lead. Then shall we see the British workman whittling underneath his fig-tree, with a bowie knife in one hand and a revolver in the other, prepared to make a "systematic" effort to maintain what civilising journals like the *Weekly* call his "rights."

Chorley's Food for Cattle, it is said, produces the most obese effects; but they are nothing to those caused by taking *Punch's* Almanack. "Laugh and grow fat" is an admitted maxim, and the laughter that is caused by a glance at *Punch's* Almanack is, in its quality of fattening, equivalent to eating turtle soup six times a-day, besides taking cod liver oil and oyster patties between meals.

OUR PRECIOUS LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.



ON Saturday last week, in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, MR. THOMAS MORTON RIGG, proprietor and publisher of the *Sheerness Guardian and East Kent Advertiser*, was committed to prison by SIR R. T. KINDERSLEY for contempt of Court, judged to have been committed in criticising some affidavits which had been made on an open ditch at Sheerness, denominated, from being the subject of litigation in Chancery, the Chancery Ditch. The restraint of the Press, after all, is not one of those things that they manage better in France. French Imperialism might even envy British Equity the power of sending a man to gaol for a latitude of remark decided to be criminal by a Judge without a jury.

WHEN TO SHUT THE STABLE DOOR.

MR. PUNCH,

A QUESTION about which a controversy is raised almost as often as a man is sentenced to death, is, what degree of madness entitles a culprit to be acquitted of murder on the ground of insanity? Homicidal monomania, it is said on the one hand. On the other, nothing short of a state in which the madman does not know what he is about.

On both sides this question is argued with much temper and little logic. The disputants sneer and scoff at each other, and call one another names. The party of severity calls the other the love-and-mercy school, and is stigmatised in return as friends of the gallows, and advocates of Jack Ketch.

Now, Sir, I am not one of the love-and-mercy school. If hanging a madman for murder were likely to prevent any sane person from being murdered, though there might be some objection to hanging the madman, I would not press it. I should not mind hanging thieves, if hanging would stop theft, because the cheapest way of disposing of a rogue is to hang him. But then I have no disposition to insist on hanging from a sentiment of manly sternness. Simply consult the public safety, I say. With that paramount object in view, Sir, let me direct your attention to a little point which seems to have escaped that of both the love-and-mercy school, and the destructiveness and self esteem school. This it is, *Mr. Punch*. Is what the doctors call homicidal monomania a fact? Is it true that certain persons, knowing well what they are about, can be actuated by an irresistible impulse to kill? If so, it strikes me that waiting until such persons commit murder, and then hanging them is a very unwise course. Prevention is better than cure, even if hemp is anything of the nature of a cure for murder. If such homicidal maniacs exist out of confinement, it is probable that there are many people going about who ought to be shut up. Thus much I say, although it has no particular connection with plum-pudding, mince-pie, holly and mistletoe, because, while I do not want any other person's throat to be constricted, I am still more unwilling to have my own cut; and would much rather live and let live, and am, Sir,

Your thoughtful reader,

CAVETO.

P.S. If deficiency of the moral sense constitutes madness that may break out in murder, let those who labour under it be shut up too, if madhouses can be built large enough to contain them, and the conscientious portion of the public is numerous enough to master them. I am no Cynic.

Mistaken in his Vocation.

THIS advertisement is from a Dublin Newspaper:—

COOK (French).—A Frenchman wishes for a situation as Cook in a good establishment. None need apply but those who can afford him a person capable of cooking chops and kidneys, as he has a great objection to menial work.

So have we, and for that matter to all sorts of work. But this Frenchman is a Nass. He would delegate to an inferior the most delicate and important work of the kitchen. Any fool can make a *suprême à la volaille aux truffes*, but very few people can cook a chop. We shall not send over and engage this gentleman as our *chef*.

HOUSEHOLDERS TO THE RESCUE!

WHAT ho! what ho! stout Londoners,
Arm, arm against the foe!
The great Steam Giant stalks abroad,
To lay men's dwellings low!
By trench and mine and parallel
The Railway sappers crawl,
Still nearer and more near, till now
They breach each household wall!

Time was the Englishman his house
"His castle" called in pride;
But that was ere the railways ran
Their by-lines far and wide.
Let, teach the invading engineer
That, though the assault be fell,
There still is shot and loophole left,
And battle meant as well!

As from the machicoulis' jaws
Beleaguered men of old
Rained molten lead and pitch and stones
On those who stormed the hold:
Rain on the foe hard type, hard words,
Viale of wrath upset,
And have hot water near, that they
Therein themselves may get.

Suburban villa-holders,
Through shrubbery and lawn,
Say, shall the invading chain-bearer
Stalk till his line is drawn?
Tearing you from your garden-beds,
Laying your flowers *par terre*,
Coming in squadrons, deuce knows whence,
And going, deuce knows where!

What is the villa of your choice,
The villa of your pride,
With tunnels through its basement floor,
And sidings by its side?
Embankments blocking out your view,
A Station, never still,
And through the hours, both great and small,
The railway whistle shrill!

For compensation they may talk:
But trust this word of mine—
Helpless you 'll writhe, if once you let
Them get you in a line:
The man that in "a loop" is caught,
Perforce must come to grass,
While o'er his prostrate property
The dumpy-levels pass!

'Tis not alone each railway gash
Fair nature's front defaces:
Nor that their lines, deuce take 'em, fall
In all the pleasant places.
Were it to serve true public need,
Our rights we might forego;
But for contractors', engineers',
And lawyers' projects, No!

Then up, ye knowing Londoners,
Who smell the burrowing rat,
Combine against the invading lines
That lay men's landmarks flat.
The iron 's hot: strike, e'er 'tis cooled
'Gainst engineers' designs;
It may be men must needs be ruled,
But not by iron lines!

A Demand for an Execution.

COLONEL CRAWLEY has been "honourably acquitted" of the charges that were brought against him in the matter of the unfortunate SERGEANT LILLEY. The Court-Martial system has also been tried, and the result is its being sentenced to death at a very early date. We call upon the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE and the military authorities not to show any misplaced forbearance, but to execute the sentence of justice as quickly as is consistent with humanity. That the System is insane we all know, without any nonsense from mad-doctors, and it is therefore that we call for execution. To spare it would be cruelty to our noble British Army.

THE COBDEN COURT-MARTIAL.



THE Court-Martial of Public Opinion, which has been sitting for so many days to try MR. RICHARD COBDEN, upon the charges below stated, having concluded its inquiry, and having decided upon its sentence, and the latter having been duly referred to *Mr. Punch* for approval, the result may now be published.

CHARGES.

1. That the said RICHARD COBDEN did gratuitously, and without leave had and obtained, interfere in a question which chiefly affected one JOHN BRIGHT, of Birmingham.

2. That the said RICHARD COBDEN did so interfere in a coarse and intemperate manner, bringing unfounded charges against several persons known and unknown, in retaliation for an alleged offence against the said JOHN BRIGHT.

3. That the said RICHARD COBDEN did manifest a desire to degrade the English Press to the level of that of America.

4. That the said RICHARD COBDEN did fabricate an allegation that the English journals are written by a person called "Anonymous," there being no such person in existence.

5. That the said RICHARD COBDEN is in complicity with the said JOHN BRIGHT and a knot of noisy but obscure individuals, to array class against class, and to persuade the illiterate that they are oppressed.

6. That the said RICHARD COBDEN, in similar complicity as above mentioned, desires to arouse the illiterate classes to revolution, in order to a seizure of the lands of the rich and a division thereof among the poor.

FINDING.

The Court of Public Opinion, with the approval of *Mr. Punch*, doth find the said RICHARD COBDEN guilty on the 1st charge, but with extenuating circumstances.

The Court doth find the said RICHARD COBDEN guilty on the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th charges.

The Court doth wholly and honourably acquit the said RICHARD COBDEN on the 6th charge, but considers that he is indiscreet in addressing a certain kind of language to those whom he describes as the most illiterate people in Europe.

SENTENCE.

The Court cannot help taking into consideration the eminent services rendered by the said RICHARD COBDEN in the matters of the Corn Laws and the French Treaty. It also makes allowance for his infirmity of temper, and for a certain petulance and arrogance produced by his having attained public distinction without the usual previous preparation. It is mindful of the fact that his mind has not been cultivated by classical or logical education, as shown by his declaration that one number of a journal called the *Times* was worth "all the works of THUCYDIDES," and his subsequent declaration that he never reads the said journal. Taking all circumstances into consideration, the Court doth pronounce the following sentence; namely,—

That the said RICHARD COBDEN do cause the *Times* newspaper to be regularly delivered at his house, and do regularly read the same (advertisements, begging letters, and epistles from parsons excepted), for one year. That he do discontinue the perusal of his own journal, the *Morning Star*, until that journal of religion and prize-fights ceases to be an imitation of the vulgar Press of America. And that the said RICHARD COBDEN do, at all leisure hours and convenient seasons, try to cultivate a little jollity and good feeling, and a belief that a publicist, even though he writes like a gentleman and not like an American journalist, may possibly be as good a fellow as the said RICHARD COBDEN would have been if he had not been spoiled.

(*Ratified*) PUNCH.

MEM FOR THE MUSICAL.—*The best Overture to the "Tempest."*—ADMIRAL FITZROY'S Signals.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

HERE we are again! revelling in the cakes and ale of jolly old Father Christmas! Begone dull care, and let the memory of past toil and trouble fade away! There was nothing in them. Surely this vacation is a pleasant time, and few enjoy it more than the weary student, who during the foregoing Term, has been expending the midnight oil, wax, sperm, or gas, as the case may be, in mastering that amount of learning sternly required of all those who would assume the bands, strings, gown, and hood of a fully developed Baccalaureus Artium. "None but the brave deserve the Christmas Fare," said my worthy friend Old DOUBLECHIN, the opulent stock-broker, as he ladled out the steaming punch into the tumbler of his nephew, JACK HOPPER the Cantab. Within five minutes after the expression of this sentiment HOPPER'S health was proposed by an esteemed friend of the family in terms that were intended to affect the young man to tears. The youthful object of the toast managed, however, to restrain his emotion, and winked stealthily at me when nobody else was looking at him.

Ask ye why this laudation and jubilation? Is it not written in the chronicles of the *Cambridge Calendar*, how that HOPPER, of Trinity, had taken his degree? Undoubtedly; with this eye from behind a glass have I myself seen it. "My son, Sir," Old HOPPER tells all his old cronies, with paternal pride, "went out in the *Poll*." He has picked up that bit of academical slang from the lad, and not having been at the University himself, has no very clear notions as to the precise meaning of the phrase. "The Governor," observes HOPPER junior to me, confidentially, "knows nothing about these matters. He thinks the *Poll* no end of a swell thing. I haven't told him that I had a near shave for the Third Class; so don't you let the cat out of the bag, there's a good fellow." I am a good fellow, and far be it from me to undeceive the venerable parent.

"How did you do the trick?" I ask of the successful B.A., when we are alone. "You didn't go in for reading?"

"Didn't I, though!" replies HOPPER. "I coached with old WHIPPIT of Caius all the Long and right through the Term."

"WHIPPIN's a good man," I observe, remembering that I myself had been benefited by the services of that eminent private tutor.

"So he is," returns HOPPER, "but MARPITT's a better. He's my Tailor."

"Your what?"

"My Tailor. He made an examination suit after my own design, and a very neat thing it was, specially in pockets. I reduced all my useful knowledge to the very smallest possible characters on circular bits of cardboard. For instance, the leading events in the History of the Reformation were condensed into two cards, each the size of a five-shilling piece. There was, however, a fault which occasioned me some delay and trouble on the first day. I had so many pockets, and so many subjects about me, that I couldn't for the life of me remember where each one separately was situated.

The consequence was, that when a paper on EUCLID was placed before me, there existed some confusion in my mind as to whether his amusing propositions were in my exterior or interior coat pockets, in the secret receptacles of my sleeve-linings, under the strings at the back of my waistcoat, or in an admirably contrived slit concealed beneath the third button of the same garment in front, or in any other part of my dress. Once or twice, when I wanted a translation of VIRGIL, I got hold of the *Beginning of History*, p. 46, and had to return it to its hiding-place. The *Peloponnesian War* was always turning up when not required; and as to the *Usurpation of Peisistratus* and the *Origin of the Greek Colonies*, it seemed to me that I was made up of nothing but information on these historical questions. I got over the difficulty by drawing a plan of my own person, like a surgical figure, marked all over with numbers, and I never had any bother after that.

ORDER OF POCKETS.

1. Beginning of Grecian History to p. 46.
2. Do. of Roman History to p. 102.
3. First and Second Books of Euclid.
4. Euclid finished.
5. Causes of the First and Second Punic Wars.
7. (*First round the corner.*) Virgil, First Half of Fourth Georgic.
8. (*Ditto opposite side.*) Do. Second Half of Do.
9. (*Cuffs.*) Persian Wars. Thermopylæ.
10. (*Do.*) Salamis. Mardonius.
11. Algebra. Solutions of Probable Equations.
12. Arithmetic. Vulgar Fractions. Decimals.
13. History of Reformation, Part I.
14. Ditto. Part II.

It worked admirably. Let us suppose that question 1, was, "Give some account of the Causes that led to the Second Punic War?" Very good. On referring to my plan, there I found it. *Punic Wars*, No. 5, small pocket just over the heart. Out he came, out came the treble power magnifier, and down went the answer as right as ninepence. And so you see what I should advise any fellow to do, who can't cram up in the regular way, is, ——"

But at this moment enters the paternal HOPPER with the avuncular DOUBLECHIN, and the teaching of experience is for the present lost.

Digitized by Google



HAIR-DRESSING IN 1863.

Lady (looking at her watch). "DEAR ME, I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS SO LATE. I THINK, PERHAPS, PARKER, YOU HAD BETTER GO AND DRESS THE YOUNG LADIES' HAIR."

Parker. "OH, MA'AM, I DID THAT THIS MORNING, AND IT 'S ON THE DRESSING TABLE READY TO BE PINNED ON!".

KING CHRISTMAS DISCOURSES THE NEW YEAR.

KING CHRISTMAS comes. Of his approach
Nature reveals no trace—
No frost is on the window-panes,
No snow on earth's green face.
The air is mild: in garden-bowers
I hear the thrushes sing;
And but that boughs are bare of leaves,
We might believe 'twas Spring.

And yet by all his social signs,
I knew King Christmas nigh:
By grocers' shops and tradesmen's bills,
Waits, wassail-bowl, mince-pie,
Plum puddings with the Pantomimes
Upon the boards appear;
And workhouse tables groan, that groan,
Alas! but "once a-year."

But just before her bells rang out
Upon the midnight-hour,
I saw, in dream, King Christmas set,
In a green holly-bower.
In his snap-dragon bowl's blue light
His face looked sad and long,
The while he rocked the infant year,
And crowed its cradle song.

"Sleep, Sixty-four, sleep while you may,
Who knows, what sights await
Thy waking, in the troublous times
That gather at thy gate.
Since angels heralded my reign
With "Peace, goodwill to man,"
More darkly ne'er closed old year's life,
Or new year's life began.

"How can I lift the wassail-bowl,
Where I see blood for wine?
How with my holly's glossy wreath
Blood-watered laurels twine?
How to snap-dragon or mince-pie
Or fair plum-pudding fall,
That seem to speak of mangled limbs,
And shell and cannon-ball?

"How hear the music of the dance
While listing, near and far,
Tumbril and gun and marching host
Of nations bound to war?
How with sweet carols greet thy birth
That op'st thine infant ear
On sentry's challenge, charger's neigh,
And trumpet ringing clear?

"A heavy time hath Sixty-three,
That now departs, lived through,
Across the Atlantic, brothers' hands
Seen brothers' blood imbue.
Seen Russia's heel on Poland's neck,
And Poland, in despair,
Holding vain hands to powers of earth
That turned them from her prayer.

"But sadder sights and bloodier scenes,
I fear, thy youth await,
New year, that fain to joy and love
Christmas would consecrate.
Oh, when will Heaven fulfil the words
With which thy reign began,
And earth intone, o'er buried swords,
'Peace and good-will to man!'"

Digitized by Google



LEAP YEAR.—LIBERTY UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Digitized by Google

EMPEROR NAPOLEON. "EH! NO! REALLY I! WHAT WILL MY WIFE SAY?"

Digitized by Google

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IGNOTUS.—Yes. By the English Law a woman is entitled to dower out of the estates of any man who has ever made her an offer. But she must have registered the offer in the Central Criminal Court, and given notice, verbally, and in open court, to Mr. Justice Wilde, or the judge in divorce for the time being. She is not bound to state the reasons for her rejection of the suitor, but it is well to mention them to the usher, who is a married man.

FANATICO.—You are wrong, and the *Musical World* has misled you. The words of the opera of *Faust* are selected from the writings of Dr. Watts, except the serenade, which was written by Fenelon, and translated by the Earl of Aldborough.

W. B. SIMPSON.—Timbuctoo is an island in the Adriatic, but we do not undertake to answer geographical questions of which a schoolboy should be ashamed.

AN ILL-USED ELECTOR.—Certainly he got in by bribery, and if he did not bribe you, you were very foolish not to insist on your rights. You may call at his London residence, and state your wrongs to his footman, if that will give you any satisfaction. It is scarcely worth while to bring an action.

ASPIRANT.—Your hand-writing is quite good enough for the War-Office, so far as we have seen the autographs of the clerks there. We cannot read it, but that proves nothing. As you ask us to tell you your character from it, we should say that you are a mixture of flippancy and foolishness, with a strong dash of dishonesty, but you may have other defects which are not revealed by your writing. From the crowbar style of your downstrokes, we imagine that you are a burglar. We wish you every success.

HOME FROM SCHOOL.—(E. A.) The first line you quote,

"*To be or not to be, that is the question,*"

is from *Manfred*, but we do not recollect the author of the pretty lines,

"*Inwards, outwards, to the skies,*
Men and beasts throw both their eyes."

Perhaps some of our readers can inform us.

TOUJOURS PERE.—If riding in a second-class carriage really makes you uncomfortable, and you can satisfy a station-master of the fact, the Railway Companies, are compelled, by their Acts, to let you ride in a first-class, for second-class fares. It is done every day.

A PROVINCIAL.—We know of no handy little pocket volume giving you the addresses of everybody in London, except Kelly's Post Office Directory. Ask for the Hydraulic Press edition, which weighs only two tons.

LYDIA P.—There is no law against smoking cigarettes in an opera box, but it is seldom done in the grand tier, or when the Royal family are present.

A PHOTOGRAPHER.—The lady might not have been handsome, and might have been hard to please, but you were scarcely justified in calling her a squinting old peacock with a sandy wig. We are quite sure that no such remarks are ever made by Mr. Watkins, Mr. Mayall, the Stereoscopics, or any other of the high class of photographers. Do you tout?

A POLITICAL STUDENT.—You are quite right. Federal Execution means Mr. Lincoln's intention of executing Mr. Davis. The slight and only difficulties in the way of that process are the facts that Mr. Lincoln has not yet caught Mr. Davis, and that three Confederate armies are in the way. We hardly know what "political text book" to recommend you, but any stationer will sell you small text copy books.

VERBUM SAP.—Our "word" in answer to your "whys" is the monosyllable "Go to Bath and get your head shaved."

A. B. F.—Procrastination is derived from the bed of Procrustes, and means what the pantomime clown means when he says "How do you do to-morrow?" We have no idea what that is.

A LOVER OF THE SWAN OF AVON.—Nonsense. The line is corrected in all good editions. It should stand,

"*Full of strange oaths and bearded like the* Bard,"

alluding, of course, to Gray's Bard, whose beard

"*Streamed like a metaphor in the troubled hair.*"

ADOLESCENT.—We do not think that any person could learn German thoroughly in two hours, but we do not say that the advertiser is a quack, as new methods are discovered every day. It has taken us twenty-two years, and even yet we always prefer asking a friend to order our dinner in Germany, because the last time we boldly ventured on demanding some oysters the waiter brought us treacle.

AMBITIOUS (Yarmouth).—Your handwriting is very bad indeed, and the sentiments you express are worse. We do not think you fit for any situation at all, but get six months at the treadmill, and then write to us again.

SPARTACUS.—The Constitution can be seen in Downing Street on Tuesdays and Fridays, by an order to be obtained at a personal interview with Earl Russell. But if on any other day you lie down on the pavement before the Government offices, and look in at the kitchen windows, you can see some of the machinery at work.

JANE SUSAN V——. (Birmingham.)—You wish to get your boy into the Royal Navy. We do not think you will, for his photograph, which you enclose, represents the ugliest little wretch we ever beheld, and he would frighten the horse marines. As his mother, you may think these remarks harsh and uncalled for, but it is the duty of a journalist to tell the truth. *Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum.*

ADELIGITHA. — A proper person can, without difficulty, get presented at Court. but we do not recommend you to ask her ladyship to perform that office for you until your husband has quite completed the negotiations for getting rid of your pork-shop. As there are no drawing-rooms just now, you will not lose time.

A CITY CLERK.—Always use red ink in writing to any gentleman who is in the Army. It is a compliment to the uniform, and the omission of slight and customary courtesies betokens a vulgar mind.

IVANHOE.—The celebrated novel of that name is a rather highly coloured story of Ivan the Terrible, of Russia. The author's name was Ivanhoff, and he was a bass singer at the Royal Italian Opera.

A GRATEFUL READER.—We are very much pleased at the good opinion you express of us. It happens that we never drink anything but water, but as we have many friends who are more moderate in their temperance, you can send the pipe of wine to 85, Fleet Street. Pay the carriage, or we shall doubt the completeness of your gratitude.

A COLOURER UP.—How many times are we to repeat that a gentleman bows first? Is it in accordance with civilisation to force upon the weaker vessel the duty of deciding whether an acquaintance is to be kept up or not? Bow to every lady you know, and every lady you would like to know.

R. K. P.—The same answer, stupid man. You are utterly wrong about the etiquette of taking wine. It is true that in the higher circles it is now customary to glance at the hostess when you drink, but, by a graceful compromise, you do not distinctly address her, but say, in an undertone, "Here's luck!" It may mean a good wish, or that you are fortunate in partaking of such wine—the latter sentiment is not usually ours when dining with the aristocracy.

A CHAPLAIN is respectfully informed that we do not keep a register of fighting-publicans.

DEJECTED says she sent a carte de visite and stamps to one of the fellows who advertise that they will copy such things, and she has never been able to hear any more about carte or stamps. Shall we give her a note of introduction to the excellent Secretary of the Asylum for Idiots?

NO BIGOT.—We think with you that Don Giovanni would be much lightened, and rendered more in accordance with the taste of the age by the substitution of the dance of *The Ours* for the pedantic minuet, and we know that many theatre-goers are of your opinion. Perhaps some manager will take a hint so eminently based upon observation of popular feeling.

A CURIOUS BLOATER.—We know that the lady was married, and is a widow, but we are unable to inform you whether she drowned her husband or not. You had better ask her, enclosing stamped envelope.

SCRUTATOR.—Thanks for the information. We had not been aware that the word "and" occurs only twice in all the plays of Shakspeare. We have no leisure for verification of the statement, but have no doubt you are right.

AMARYL.—A diphthong may be obtained at any respectable saddlers. It is a thong used for horses in the habit of dipping their ears, and thus showing mischief.

BRIGHT EYES.—As a rule, we decline to promote matrimonial arrangements. We have said so persons about to marry, "Don't," and we agree with Inspector Bucket that marriage is a thing that most people had better let alone. But as you say that you have blue eyes, a good figure, no relations, and £300 a-year, we will mention you at the Clubs. You must not expect too much, when you have so little to offer. Husbands fetch a good price in these days. We might get you a Government clerk, or something of that kind? Can you cook?

ABDIEL WYCHMOUTH.—Read the first part of our last answer. What do you want to marry for? Learn to play the flute. Your photograph represents a person quite foolish enough for that, but not, we should think, foolish enough to marry on £1000 a-year.

HERBERT DE LA TOUR.—We cannot inform you in what year the Great Fire of 1666 happened. Consult the Dictionary of Dates.

AN ADMIRER.—The name of Shakespeare has recently been discovered by a contemporary to be a corruption of Jacques-Pierre, and we consider the derivation the choicest bit of Shakseperianity. But as the immortal James Peter himself says, What's in a name? Aldermen Rose by any other name would equally have been done out of his baronetcy.

APEX.—If you think that we are going to explain the system of Leibnitz and his Monads to you for three pence, you are much mistaken. It took us a week, with our coat off, to get at any idea of the things, and even now—but never mind that. We don't mind telling you that a monad is not anything to eat.

JOHN SHADDOCK wishes to emigrate. We have not the slightest objection, indeed we hate shaddock. But his proposal, that we should "in our elevated faith in human nature," supply him with the means of going, trusting to his "stalwart conscientiousness" to send us back the money, is a proposal which entertains us, but is not one which we can entertain.

MISERRIMUS.—We don't see what you have to complain of. The young lady had accepted you and your presents, but finding that you did not read *Punch*, dismissed you with contempt, and threw your presents out of window. We do not believe that there is a right minded girl in the United Kingdom who would have acted otherwise. The idea of your asking us to intercede!

FIT, NON NASCITUR.—Your poem is sweetly pretty, and original in idea, and we regret we have only room for a verse or two. It is far better than most of the poetry in the periodicals of the day.

TO THE MOON.

"I see thee shining in the sky,
And casting down a silvery light,
Like some fair lamp hung up on high,
To cheer the night.

"So bright thy beam that I can read
The smallest print with perfect ease,
And sweetly falls thy ray indeed
Upon the trees.

"Thou dost not shine when all the earth
Is gilded by the beauteous sun,
But comest in transcendent mirth
When day is done."

We have rarely seen a theme treated with so much freshness, and truth, and power, and we predict for you a high place among the bards of Britain.

A PROVINCIAL IN TOWN.—Since the substitution of the Bronze Coinage for that of Copper, the coins of George III. have greatly risen in value. If you have, as you say, several halfpence of the year 1862, take them to the British Museum and ask for the Coin and Medal Department. The officials will gladly give you seven-and-sixpence for each.

LOVING LOUISA.—His remark seems rude, but as it is, upon reflection, capable of a complimentary interpretation, we think that a truly devoted, affectionate, and ladylike girl, as you describe yourself, should have preferred accepting it in that sense to emptying the dripping-pan over him. Your hand-writing betokens the thorough lady, but "impudent" is not spelt "impident," and there is only one "e" in beast.

A NOBLEMAN.—The best physicians recommend you to allow no day to elapse without washing your face and hands. Some persons wash the latter twice in the twenty-four hours, but we can lay down no rule, all depends on your constitution.

REGINALD.—Quite correct. Rizzio was smothered in the Tower of London for offering to marry Cary Mary, who was beheaded in Berkeley Castle by Richard the First on his return from the Battle of Hohenlinden.

TUNING FORK.—We are obliged by your invitation to set your "comic" lines to music, and present you with the copyright, but we are unequal to the task of doing justice to melody like this:—

THE COVE THAT'S LOST HIS LATCH-KEY.

My spicy gents come list to me.
And I will tell you brief,
How a stunning swell as ever you see
Did come to awful grief.
For precious tight did he come home
And thought he was in Kamtschatky,
'O dear," says he, and gave a groan,
'I've been and lost my Latch-key."
Latch, patch, catch, scratch, match,
hatch, batch.
"And I've been and lost my Latch-key."

It is very clever, as are the other nineteen verses, and we recommend you to take them to any of the Music Halls, at which they cannot fail to be acceptable, being exactly in the style of the great hits at those respectable establishments.

MISS ST. CLAIR OF THE AISLES is a pew-opener, and complains of the meanness of two ladies to whom she gave seats before the sermon begun, but who gave her one shilling only. We hope that it was a bad one, but that the ladies did not know that. We always keep bad money by us for the benefit of pew-openers and box-keepers, extortionists whom we detest.

AN ANGRY OWL.—We can but answer your abuse with a Scotch remark: "Hoot awa!"

B. B. B. Bees don't bark.—ALIQUID. We don't chew tobacco; thanks.—MARIA-MATILDA. Squint, of course you do.—PETER QUINCE. He was right to kick you.—LUCY SPARKLER. Bats are not insects.—A BAD SLEEPER. Soap is not a soporific, but a letter like yours is.—A LOVER OF VIRTUE is at least not egotistic.—KING'S CROSS. Then he had better recover his temper.—VISCOUNTESS. Black lead your stove well, and then rub as if your mistress was looking on.—A SERIOUS HANSOM. If your fare whistles on a Sunday, poke at him with the handle of your whip through your trap, and charge him too much.—A MODEST INQUIRER. Find out, and then you 'll know.—GOSH. Bosh.

ANSWER FROM MISS ELLEN LYTTLE HUMBUG

TO HER COUSIN MISS FRANCES LYTTLE HUMBUG.

Tulip Cottage, Dec. 15, 1863.

MY SWEETEST FAN,

Nothing could have been more welcome to me than your kind and dear letter, you sweet girl. I have read it at least six times in the evenings before I went to bed, and I hasten to answer you a few lines, my dear. Before I turn to the fashions I must tell you that you are quite right in hating that flirty FLORA MACGREGOR. Be not ashamed of hating, dear! O! she is the most deceitful creature I have ever known; and she looks just like a dairy-maid, you are quite right, my dearest and sweetest FAN. And that MR. MACINTOSH with his dry face and his ugly ginger whiskers,—I am sure *no other* girl would have liked to have him for her husband. But, FLORA! And now I'll tell you he wears a wig; but don't tell, and burn this.



You cannot imagine how deceitful that FLORA is. Last Christmas, when we were staying at the Grange, FLORA was invited too, and we girls, even old MISS MEGGY (who would not tell her age at the last Census), used to loop our



skirts as then was the rage, but FLORA would not do so. Now she is so very fat (fair and f—— is she?), and cousin ROBERT, who is a charming fellow with his little black mustaches, found it out. Can you guess, dear, why? What fun we had about it! ROBERT obtained one of FLORA's stockings and filled it with chaff, and then we measured it round the ankle, and it measured 13 inches! Did you ever, dear ——! *I* should be ashamed of myself, if I had such an ankle.



I am so glad you told me of the fashions, for we have not even yet got our new bonnets. Since our Squire's wife went away, we all are sadly lost for patterns. I am going to have a black velvet bonnet with a scarlet feather, FANNY has a brown round hat with two Blackbirds, MILLY a white hat with a little white pigeon.—O! so nice, dear — and AUNT LOUISA, is going to have an amber-coloured bonnet with bunches of plums and little cucumbers. Don't



you think it very nice? I hope you will come to see us a little after Christmas. We think of having two parties, and I have made lots of yule-cakes and mince-meat. Do come, dear, we shall be most happy to see you, for you are such a good-humoured and cheerful girl, and I wish to tell you some other things about FLORA MACGREGOR; and burn this, dearest FAN, and give my love to your dear Mamma, to JULIA, LYDIA, and LILLY, and believe me to remain, ever your most affectionate and loving cousin and friend,

ELLEN LYTTLE HUMBUG.

P.S. We have the washing-day, so I shall hear some more news. Can you send me a nice pattern for a tight sleeve, dear?

DO YOU WANT LUXURIOUS WHISKERS? If so, you had better purchase *Punch's Almanack*. Do not stop to ask us why, but run at once and buy it, or you may be too late, and some one else may grow the whiskers that you court.

UNSEASONABLE FESTIVITIES.

OUR Yankee friends (if they will condescend to let us call them so) appear most thoroughly inclined to spend a merry Christmas, judging by the following account of their festivities, which appeared the other morning in the *New York World*:—

"Irving Hall is already engaged for dances five nights in the week, from the present writing until the 18th of February. Prominent among these is the Ball given by the Hebrew young men on Monday evening; the Evacuation Ball, on the night of the 25th, by the Marion Hose Company; the Thanksgiving Ball, on the night of the 26th, by the shipwrights of this city; the Hebrew Ladies' Bikam Cholon Society's Ball, December the 2nd, usually one of the most brilliant balls of the season; the Ball of the Young Men's Catholic Association, on the 14th of December; the Ball of the Caledonian Club, on the 12th of January, the finest Scotch Ball of the season; the Biennon Coterie, also a very elegant affair, occurring annually on the 25th of January; the grand New England Ball, on the 4th of February, beside very many others of less prominence."

We learn, besides, that at the City Assembly Rooms, "upwards of fifty balls" will enliven this unusually festive season. Among them our attention is especially directed to—

"The 'Longshoremen's National Benevolent Association Ball, on the 25th; the Steam Boilermakers' Benevolent Association, on the 30th; the Machinists' Union Protective Society's Ball, on the 2nd of December; the Ball of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, on the 8th of December; Ball of the Thistle Benevolent Association on the 10th of December; Ball of the 5th Regiment National Guard on the 22nd of December—one of the most magnificent affairs to take place during the season; on the occasion of this Ball a military temple, composed entirely of muskets, and reaching from the floor to the ceiling, will be erected in the centre of the grand ball-room; the Father Mathew Temperance Ball on the 30th of December; the grand costume and character Ball of the Liederkranz, to occur on the 2nd or 3rd of February, and to surpass any previous efforts."

At the Father Mathew Ball we presume that the refreshments will be thoroughly teetotallish, and that not even a brandy-ball will be by any means procurable. So that here, at all events, there will be none of the "intoxication" to which this paragraph alludes in its concluding sentence:—

"The Apollo Rooms are engaged for dances for upwards of eighty nights, reaching to the 1st of April. In fact, all the public halls are engaged for every night to the end of February, and some of them far into April. Private balls and parties were never so numerous, and as for theatres, they were never so thronged. It is quite safe to say that this winter will see twice the money spent on balls, parties, theatres, opera, and dresses to attend them of any former season in the metropolis. This state of things cannot last always. The intoxication the country is now labouring under will be followed before long by a season of profound depression."

Considering the war in which the country is engaged, one might have guessed that rifle-balls and cannon-balls were thought of in New York just now a good deal more than dancing ones. Judging by the gaieties which are at present going on there, one certainly would fancy that the ladies of New York were most of them Knownothings, in respect of knowing nothing of the bloodshed that is near them. They can surely have no friends or relations in the army, or they would hardly cut their capers while those dear to them perhaps are lying dead upon the battle-field, and the news thereof may come just in the middle of the ball.

Punch loves a merry Christmas, and enjoys nothing so much as seeing young people enjoy themselves. But if *Punch* were far from home, and fighting for his country, he would scarcely find much pleasure in thinking that his girls were capering in ball-rooms at the time when he perhaps was lying dead, or dying, with a bayonet between his ribs or a bullet through his brain.

THE PANTOMIMES OF THE WORLD.

THE sort of entertainment now in course of performance at all the principal theatres presents many points of analogy to the tricks that serious fools are actually playing in earnest in both hemispheres.

When the clown burns the legs of the pantaloon and others with a red-hot poker, he must remind every observer, who is endowed with the organ of comparison, of MOURAVIEFF and DE BERG torturing Polish captives to wring confessions out of them. What are the Russian generals but truculent zanies perpetrating extravagant cruelties with the knout and the stick, and perhaps the rack and the thumbscrews, and the boots to boot? And what a regular clown's trick it was of the Muscovite Governor to have a man hanged before his pardon could reach him, lest he should reveal the torments which had been inflicted on him. "Hang him, or else he'll say we've been cruel!" What a hint for MR. BOLENO!

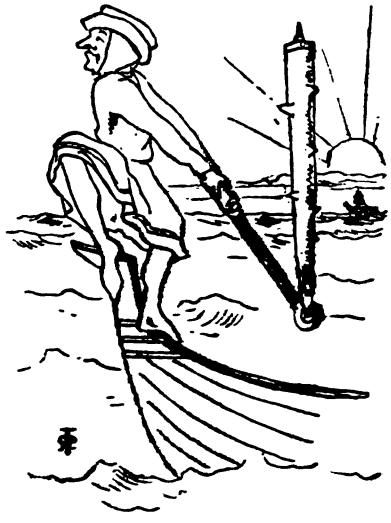
The incendiary shells which GENERAL GILMORE is pitching into Charleston are hideously like the fireworks which are let off on the stage, and the carnage in both Poland and America seems represented by the people who are knocked down and pelted with turnips, cabbages, carrots, and other vegetable missiles. The plunder that goes on is dramatised by clown and pantaloon in their division of the spoil of fishmongers' and pork-butchers' shops.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the clowns who play with the red-hot poker in the pantomime of real life will burn their fingers.

Digitized by Google

"CHAMBERS (NOT) LET OFF."

SHAKSPEARE.



IN a recent case, before MR. DIVORCE-JUSTICE WILDE, a gentleman admitted that he occasionally joked with his wife about the pretty faces in *Punch*—"chaffed" was the military party's word. On this, MR. MONTAGU CHAMBERS, who was against him, was good enough to say that "a man who chaffed his wife out of *Punch*" was just the person to be guilty of certain atrocious conduct that was imputed. When SERJEANT PARRY, the other day, was making the Court roar with fun against poor CHAMBERS, the Serjeant described him as "all behind his age." We incline to think that this must be so. Perhaps he cannot read anything but legal manuscripts. At any rate it is clear that he does not read *Punch*. For if there is one title that *Punch* is prouder of than another it is that universally conceded to him, of the Friend of Woman, the most beautiful lessons as to behaviour to Woman drop a gentle dew over his sparkling diamonds, and he invariably holds up Woman as the Superior being. CHAMBERS had better retire to his Chambers, and study *Punch*. It may improve him in many ways, and tend to sharpen his forensic wits. For he lost the cause in aid of which he was unfortunate enough to utter the above ridiculous speech, and serve him uncommonly right.

HISTRIO ANGLICANUS.

THE mock-monk who goes about calling himself "Brother IGNATIUS" on Sunday evening last week made his appearance in character, and preached in the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Munster Square, Regent's Park; "a Church," says a reporter of the reverend mimic's performance, "celebrated for some time for its ultra-ritualism." The service which preceded the monologue delivered by Brother IGNATIUS was sung to the music of real Vespers; and the account of the evening's entertainment already quoted presents the following picture of MR. IGNATIUS'S make-up as a friar:—

"During the service Brother IGNATIUS sat in the chancel seats appropriated for the use of the priests, vested in his gown of serge, with cowl and sandals; and though, as a monk, he has of course received the tonsure, yet it was noticed to be much smaller than that of the monks in the Romish Church."

By way of apology for his tonsure, if necessary, Brother IGNATIUS would perhaps plead that it is only a little one. As is his tonsure, so, we may imagine, are the rest of his monastic accoutrements, the rope's-end with which he disciplines himself, the knots in it, and the hairs of the hareskin, or "dickey" of camel's hair such as pencils are made of, which may be conjectured to do him duty for a horsehair shirt. Indeed he appears to be a monk travesty on a small scale altogether; the miniature mime of a friar: for, in continuation of the foregoing account of him, we read that:—

"He is small of stature and apparently under 30."

The following slightly altered language of a juvenile poem may be not inapplicable to Brother IGNATIUS:—

There was a little man,
And he had a little fun,
So fantastic was the life he led led led,
He went to Church, and played
The monk in masquerade,
'Twas thought that he was touched in the head, head, head.

Little Brother IGNATIUS, in short, seems to be engaged in making a display which may be described as the whimsical personation of a member of the regular Romish Order of Fratres Minores.

And it Does Look Like it.

SOMEBODY says, that judging from appearances, the National SHAKSPEARE Committee seems to think that the most appropriate tribute to the author of the grandest of Scotch tragedies is a Great Mull.

THE TWO MESSAGES.

Condensed for the inhabitants of Countries where Time is an object.

LINCOLN.

ENGLAND is behavin' right,
So indeed is France:
Money ain't by no means tight;
And our troops advance.
In Arkansas and Tennessee
The Union banner waves,
Maryland and Mis-sou-ree
'S ejecting of their slaves.
Near one hundred thousand blacks,
Free, are in our ranks,
Lots of others making tracks:
For All we offer Thanks.
To such as will submit to us
I promise Pardon free,
Except to DAVIS (who 's a cuss)
And friends of high degree.
But till they own me King and Lord
Nor set me at defiance,
We 'll pound away, for in the Sword
Must be our Main Reliance.

DAVIS.

England is behaving ill,
So in fact is France,
Showing towards the North good-will,
Viewing us askance.
Treating the blockade as good,
Though it 's no such thing,
Stopping English friends who would
Succour to us bring.
Latterly we licked the foe,
Made the beggar fly,
Now we 've had an awful blow,
But we won't say die.
When we first began the fray
O, we little thought
North would fight in such a way,
Which it didn't ought.
Still we 'll fight, while we can show
A man to pull a trigger.
All our hope 's in pluck, you know,
And Unabating Vigour.

TRULY AWFUL.

FALSE Quantities in the Westminster Prologue! Well, if the world has the assurance not to come to an end after that, it is a world of which the less said the better. We should as soon have thought of hearing bad English from MR. GLADSTONE or good from ALDERMAN SIDNEY. In the name of THUCYDIDES and all his works, let MR. COBDEN bring this fact before Parliament even before he impeaches any editors or anybody else. Talk of illiterate masses, after this. We have not been able to eat more than two pounds of plum-pudding at a sitting since we read the awful fact. We presume, of course, that the school has finally broken up. If we had eleven hundred sons there we would take nearly all of them away, and flog the others twice a week till further notice. We cannot trust ourselves to write on such a subject.

Naval News.

THE great advance which our Admiralty has made in the art of navigation is not thoroughly known to the tax-paying public. In the hope of making people more ready to receive the tax-gatherer, we subjoin a line which we have just cut from the *Edinburgh Courant*:—

"We understand that the British Fleet is going to Madrid."

"THE GLASS OF FASHION."

OUR Theatrical Managers, who adapt MESSRS. PEPPER and DIRCKES' patent to dramatic purposes, find their best authority in the greatest of Dramatists himself, who distinctly states that the first object of the Stage is to "Hold the Mirror up to Nature."

THOSE WHO ARE BLEST WITH AFFLUENCE should spend a portion of their wealth in buying *Punch's Almanack*, and distributing it among their poorer fellow-creatures, who otherwise might only see it in shop windows. A thousand pounds or so, if expended in this way, would give a great deal of amusement to a number of poor persons, and would prevent the pavements being blocked up as they are before the *Punch* Office in Fleet Street, and wherever else the *Almanack* is publicly exhibited.



SHOEBURYNESS.

Captain Limber, R.A. "HAVING PLACED OUR BURSTER AND PREPARED OUR PERCUSSION FUZE, WHICH YOU REMEMBER, EXPLODES BY THE SIMPLE FALL OF THE NEEDLE—WE PROCEED TO * * * *"

[PROFESSOR DABBLES *quite sees that the Artillery is a Service of itself, and having an appointment at the Megatherium, hurries off by the Train.*

THOUGHTS ON THE NEW YEAR.

BY WILLIAM BARLOW.

Lo!! another year hath ended,
Numbered with the changeless past.
Will my clothes, if they are mended,
Through another twelvemonths last?
Since when last I sought a tailor,
Longer 'tis than I can say;
Yet these garments must grow staler
Ere for fresh I'll choose to pay.

Faded cloth will hold together,
Due repairs preserve old suits;
But, though skill will clout shoe-leather,
Oh, how soon we wear out Boots!
Ah! what art avails to cobble
Uppers, cracked and full of holes,
Though we may contrive to hobble
On and on by cure of soles?

Here's a hat, which hath exuded
Pinguid ooze by length of wear;
Of its nap 'tis all denuded:
Hats as well as heads grow bare!
Our corporeal forms, obeying
Not our own, but Nature's will,
Year by year go on decaying,
But our clothes go faster still!

Good for years, yet this old raiment
May outlast this mortal clay,
May I so have no more payment
To provide for new array!
They must spare, whose means are slender,
What they best without can go;
That which grieves me to surrender,
Least of all, is outward show.

Food and liquor cheer and cherish
Us in passing through this Vale,
Yield us pleasure whilst they perish,
As, for instance, beef and ale.
Unconsumed apparel shields us
Best against sharp atmosphere;
Its consumption no good yields us,
Only costs so much a-year.

"AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOUSE IS HIS CASTLE."

Is it? Well, in feudal times it may have been; but now-a-days assuredly we cannot so consider it. If the Englishman at least be a resident in London, he certainly can scarcely call his house his own, and, in point of mere stability, it would clearly be sheer mockery to view it as his castle. What with Railways and Main Drainages and Holborn Valley Elevations, his house is anything but being in the least degree impregnable, and may be taken and demolished without a chance of his preventing it. Indeed, if the Railways are allowed to go on knocking down our houses about our ears much longer, we poor Londoners will hardly have a roof to cover us; and we shall have to advertise that London is removed to the middle of Salisbury Plain, or the interior of Africa, or somewhere else where we can live secure from town "improvements."

"BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER." All who wish to be so should purchase *Punch's Almanack*, which quickly removes freckles, gives a lustre to the eye, changes red hair into black or brown, whichever is preferred, and imparts the bloom of youth to the ancientest of cheeks. One trial will prove the fact; or, if you find it won't, buy another *Almanack* or two, and try again.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of



The Rev. Oriel Bland (who has come to perform the duty for an absent friend, at a small Country Church). "I SUPPOSE A HYMN IS SUNG IN THE USUAL SIMPLE MANNER."

Clerk. "OH DEAR NO, SIR; WE HAVE A VERY EFFICIENT CHOIR OF SINGERS, BESIDES THREE VIOLINS, THREE FLUTES, A CLARINET, ACCORDION, HORN, AND MY BASS FIDDLE; AND WE SING FOUR HYMNS, BESIDES CHAUNTING THE PSALMS AND LITANY; WE KNOW MOZART'S TWELFTH SERVICE, AND TO-DAY WE PERFORM PURCELL'S TE DEUM AND JUBILATE, BESIDES OUR USUAL ANTHEM; AND, SIR, YOU NEED NOT TROUBLE YOURSELF TO READ THE BELIEF, FOR WE SING THAT TOO; AND, SIR, WOULD YOU PREFER OUR TUNING-UP FOR THE LAST PIECE DURING YOUR EXORDIUM OR AT THE BLESSING, FOR MY BASS FIDDLE WILL DROP HALF A NOTE DURING SERVICE, AND——" [*The Rev. O. B. turns pale and asks for a Glass of Water.*

THE HOUSEHOLDER'S VOICE CONDUCTOR.

A VOICE Conductor, constructed after an old pattern, but on a new principle, has just been patented. Instead of being similar in form and size to a miniature ammonite, and small enough to be carried in the waistcoat pocket, it resembles in shape, and exceeds in dimensions, the good old ear-trumpet of our grandfathers and grandmothers, and approaches the magnitude of such an acoustic instrument as would suit the character and purposes of a deaf sovereign in the introduction to one of those intellectual performances which at this season constitute the principal attractions at the theatres. The use to which his Pantomimic Majesty would apply his ear-trumpet would be principally that of beating his courtiers about the head with it. That for which a Voice Conductor has been designedly fabricated on a scale of exaggeration, is different. The Householder's Voice Conductor as it is named by its inventor, is intended to be carried to the Clerkenwell and Central Criminal Court, by householders who may have the misfortune to be summoned away from their businesses and the bosoms of their families to perform the useless functions of Grand Jurymen at the Old Bailey and Middlesex Sessions. The householder who has had the wisdom to provide himself with this ingenious contrivance, should apply it to his ear with conspicuous alacrity whilst the jury-list is called over, and, when the jury are to be sworn, he should get close to the clerk who administers the oath, and insist upon thrusting the Voice Conductor against his mouth. By thus attracting the attention of the presiding Judge, he may happily succeed in obtaining his discharge; although, to be sure, the Judge may justly consider stone-deafness itself to constitute no impediment to the discharge of that limited duty, for the farce of whose performance the necessity of attending to be cooped up in a filthy place, and brought into contact with disgusting brutes, is imposed upon the Middlesex Grand Juryman.

A PANTOMIME MEDLEY.

AIR—"*Billy Patterson.*"

Solo. 'Tis at Covent Garden at this merry time,
Chorus of Children. Oh, PYNE and HARRISON!
Solo. St. George and the Dragon is *their* Pantomime.
Now I tell ye,
Now I tell ye,
That splendid Prince! I see
Him smiling now on me,
Of course the "He",'s a "She."
And then the Sceneree!
The PAYNES on hobbies ride;
From laughing at their fun,
You'll have pains in your side.
Chorus of Everybody delighted. Oh, PYNE and HARRISON!

Solo by Paterfamilias. At Old Drury Lane we must all of us show.
Chorus of Enthusiastic Juveniles. Oh, F. B. CHATTERTON!
Solo. Where *Sindbad the Sailor* is really a "Go."
So I tell ye,
So I tell ye,
A child, a baby wee,
Plays very cleverlee
The Old Man of the Sea,
'Tis wonderful to me!
To Drury ride or walk,
But stop there till 'tis done,
Then loudly call for FALC-
-ONER and CHATTERTON!

AIR—"*Gentle Zitella.*"

At the Adelphi,
Lady Bella Belle
Goes after *Leah*
Uncommonly well,
And for the title,
We'd say 'tis the thing
Which in the ears of
The Town ought to ring.

AIR—"*Ole Dan Tucker.*"

I came to town the other night
I asked the people for a Christmas Sight:
"To the Princess's Theatre you should go," said they,
"To see *Tom Tucker*, 'tain't out of your way."
Quite in my way,
Is *Tom Tucker!* (*bis.*)
Quite in my way
Is *Tom Tucker*,
Then go back to EVANS's for supper.

AIR—"*The Bold Marco.*" MR. FECHTER'S *Popular Song in Bel Demonio.*

"Soho! Soho!" Dean Street, Soho!
You will see such a "glorious" sight;
For *Ixion* he'll
Still remain "at the Wheel,"
For many a winter's night.
Soho! Soho! 'tis the place to go!
[*Da capo with a long run.*

KNOX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL!

IN these days of startling and puzzling advertisements, it is pleasant to find that the Go-a-headers in the fourth quarter of the world are introducing an elegant and pleasing style of literature into their advertising columns. We extract the following from an American paper:—

"LIGHT AND BECOMING.—It is very desirable at this season to have the head furnished with a light, cool Hat; but at the same time we must not ignore beauty, or sacrifice appearance to comfort, especially when there is no occasion for it, while KNOX, of No. 212, Broadway, has such elegant and becoming styles of soft and straw Hats suitable for all heads, as light as air, and as cool as cucumbers."

The conjunction placed between "soft" and "straw" suggests a difficulty. Are the Soft Hats not of straw, or are the Straw Hats not soft? We should advise this talented maker not to put his name in the crown of every hat, lest some sharp rival might take occasion to observe that, whether the material was hard or soft, 'twould be inconvenient to walk about with perpetual KNOX on the head.



THE MORNING AFTER.

Mamma. "WELL, MAGGIE, WHO DID YOU DANCE WITH LAST NIGHT?"
Maggie. "REALLY, MAMMA, I QUITE FORGET. I'VE LOST MY CARD."

NE SUTOR ULTRA CREPIDAM.

(A Christmas Love-episode in the life of a Comic Contributor.)

IT was the night on which I had made up my mind to propose to ADELINA PETTITOE, and for ever cut out that abominable DE YAWYAW of the Dragoons, or something else, hang him! Where should we go? in what place could I tell my love?

"Oh, MR. QUIP!" said the fair creature, "you owe me several pairs of gloves."

I did: for hadn't I, sly fox that I was, been shamming sleep in an arm-chair before the fire, until I was nearly done to rags, for the sake of being daintily saluted on the forehead by a sweet, pouting pair of lips.

I boil over with anger while penning this account, as I subsequently found, that that infernal DE YAWYAW had bribed the boy in buttons to perform the above-mentioned operation on my forehead, while he, the crafty Dragoon, was kissing my ADELINA—I mean *his* ADELINA—in a dark corner of the same apartment. But no matter—ahem!

"MISS PETTITOE," I said, believing her to be true as steel, "what is your number?" Even PIVER himself stood amazed when I repeated to him the fairy-like size of my sweet one's hand.

"Here, MISS PETTITOE," I said, not daring to call her ADELINA (Oh! had I but known!), "here are your gloves, and will you—I mean that is—would you——"

She bashfully looked down.

"Would you——" Ah! what was I going to say?—"Would you—like to go to the Pantomime?"

It was a capital idea, for old MR. PETTITOE had just entered the room.

"I can't go myself," he said (who'd asked him?). "But if you don't mind taking charge of a young puss like——"

His venerable mouth was stopped by one of my elfin gloves, with a hand in it.

At the present season I selected *Little Tom Tucker* as a suitable performance, for I saw by the bill that there was to be a "Grand Fairy Congress on a Lake of Real Water," and what more poetical opportunity could there be for a display of my gushing affections, in a very torrent of flowing eloquence, which should even put to shame the bubbling reality of the Transformation Scene. Our Stalls were in the back row.

"Oh, MR. QUIP, how nice this is!" said my ADELINA.

Gratitude, and from *Her!* I forget what was my exact reply, but I took her observation entirely to myself.

She undeceived me.

"I don't mean that," she whispered, turning towards me as we were squeezing over the people's feet to our seats; "but look—there's CAPTAIN YAWYAW next to us."

And so there was; I anathematised him, and immediately had to apologise for treading on the tender corn of an elderly spectator.

We took our places; MISS PETTITOE between YAWYAW and myself.

"My intellectual conversation," thought I, "shall show MISS PETTITOE the superiority of Mind over Matter;" matter in this instance being exclusively YAWYAW.

I made myself very agreeable, and talked a great deal until the gallery shouted, "Hush!" and some vulgar enthusiast in the pit suggested that I should be turned out. I smiled defiance at them. They couldn't see my scorn in consequence of my face being towards the stage. Now I come to look back, I don't think she said much. The Real water came at last. Fairies grouped themselves about; a glorious, soothing, calm-inspiring scene; now was the time for my proposal.

"My dear MISS PETTITOE," I began, with a lump in my throat and a husky voice, not at all like a lover's. "My dear MISS PETTITOE—ahem——"

"Like!" exclaimed a voice behind me, "I thought you would, her'e, MR. QUIP."

The voice came from the front row of the pit, and belonged to my gladsome bootmaker, who unfortunately presumes upon the fact of *my* general affability, *his* ideas of equality, and a long unsettled account.

I was obliged to say "Ah, MR. STEVENS, how d'ye do?" The PETTITOE turned to YAWYAW; and the fiendish bootmaker "held me with his glittering eye," or his glittering I. O. U. as it unfortunately happened.

"Yer 've something to do with the finny papers, hain't yer?" Not for worlds would I have had my ARMENIA know of this; ADELINA who had heard me reason with her learned parent on pre-Adamite existances and German philosophy. I had always felt that her ethereal nature would despise the grosser particles composing a Comic Contributor. I dared not look at her. I thought she made some movement, perhaps of horror, perhaps of disgust, maybe, both together; at all events I looked not at her, but gave myself up to that rattlesnake of a bootmaker in the front row of the pit.

Villain had affably allowed him to joke with me in his shop. Hang me if ever again I will unbend to my tradesmen; that is, after I've paid them.

"I've got a riddle for yer," whispered the brute, quite loud enough to be heard by his admiring friends, and nobody cried, "hush," "order," or "turn him out."

"This 'll do for your paper better than anythink yer've 'ad for a age."

I smiled; not yet did I dare to look towards ADELINA. Even the bootmaker was pitying the Comic Contributor.

"Vy" (if he had only used a W., I'd have partially forgiven him)—"Vy does the manager o' this ere theayter always seem to be miserable ven he's happy? eh?"

Of course I gave it up, though I'd made the joke myself scores of times before in a better form, and of course he asked me to guess, taking no refusal.

"I thought 'twas vun too many for yer." (Yes: *he* pitied me!) "Vell, this is it," says he, pointing to the Manager's name in the bill, "'Cos even when he's laughing, he's always *Vining*."

He told me that I could "use it" if I liked, and he wouldn't charge anythink for it; vulgar dog! The infliction for the present was over. I determined to take MISS PETTITOE home, and in the fly perhaps I might be able to re-establish myself in her good opinion, and then——

"Oh, my ADELINA! Oh, my PETTITOE! Gone, gone from me for ever!"

While my head was turned (ay, in more senses than one!), while the real water was bubbling over the stage (oh, my streaming eyes!), while the Bumptious Bootmaker was communicating his confounded comicalities in my ear, she, he, He and She, had departed.

I went out into the raw gaslighted night.

"ACK's fly from Hislington!" shouts Waterman No. 2.

Everybody's carriage drives up in its proper course: 'ACK's fly, I am told, is coming.

Everybody went in everybody's carriage. The Theatre was closed.

'ACK's fly was no longer "coming," it had gone; long, long ago, perhaps to Gretna Green, or wherever eloping couples do go in these days, and the other morning the bill was sent in to me. I forwarded it to CAPTAIN YAWYAW at his Club, and on that same afternoon settled finally with my bootmaker, and quoted to him the ancient Latin maxim, the heading of this story, which being in a language "not understanded of the people," produced no effect upon the man, save making him snigger. And so I left him, as ADELINA had left *me*—for EVER.

RIDDLE BY A. SHUFFLER.

WHEN does a Card Sharper meet with his match?
When he "faces" a Knave.

Digitized by Google

VOLUNTEERS AND VICTIMS.



CONTINUALLY has *Punch* complained of the practice that exists with certain Volunteers of returning from a march at nearly twelve o'clock at night, and disturbing peaceful people by the braying of their bands. Now, Volunteer corps were created not to break the peace, but to keep it; and their duty is to stop a row, and not to kick one up. If they cannot march without a band, by all means let them have one; but in that case let their marching be accomplished before nightfall; or, if they want to march at midnight, let them do so without music, or where they won't disturb people who want to go to sleep. As their business simply is to act on the defensive, they should not use their drums and trumpets as weapons of offence, and this they certainly become when blown and beaten before houses in the middle of the night. Possibly such music may be sport to those who march, but it may perhaps be death to those who are awakened by it. If every Volunteer, when next he goes upon a night march, would as he passes through the streets just think how many people may be lying fever-stricken, or worn out with overwork, in the bed-chambers above him, he would, if he possess any right and proper feeling, vote at once for stopping the "drum's discordant sound," and refuse to march again with music in the middle of the night.

The Waits, whose mission is to make night hideous at Christmas time, may have some slight excuse for it in the fact that they earn money—more 's the pity—by their music, and at any rate their torturing comes only once a-year. But Volunteers have no such pleas as these to offer for their noise, and the sooner they are bound over to keep the peace the better. What with banjo brutes and barrel-organs to torture us by day, and Volunteers to victimise us with their bands by night, people with good hearing have rather a bad time of it, and one begins to envy people who were born stone deaf.

DOGBERRY IN PRINT.

THE Public may expect some very amusing articles on the "Holstein Difficulty" from the Special Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. We were led to this conclusion by the subjoined paragraph in his Letter which appeared on the twenty-ninth of December last. Says the Special Correspondent:—

"'I think I told you in my last—though really one writes amid such a bustle and commotion that there is no recalling the memoranda noted on the *asses'-skin tablets of one's brain*,' &c. &c.

The italics are ours. If ever man wrote himself down an ass, this is the modest individual. Editorial kindness, not to mention self-respect, might surely have razed out the stultifying epithet, and allowed the tablets to remain; or the line might have been treated as containing a literal quibble, and been harmoniously understood as "'the asses'-skin tablets of one's brayin'." This interpolation of a "Y" would not have had much of a "Wherefore" to account for it; but the charitable Editor could have boldly quoted the example of certain Shakspearian Commentators, who take every opportunity of inserting an *l* here, an *n* or *s* there, as the case may be, without the slightest regard to either rhyme or reason. We doubt not but that every Special Correspondent is judiciously chosen from among those whose powers of quick accurate discrimination and ready discernment have been strengthened by that experience which partly comes by length of days, or as we may say in this particular case, by length of ears.

FROG HE WOULD A-WRITING GO.

THE following is the real text of the letter which the EMPEROR OF FRANCE has sent to the little Pretender who has been proclaiming himself in Holstein. The latter, it may be remembered, wrote to NAPOLEON, compared himself and his early misfortunes with the EMPEROR and his mishaps, and asked for aid on the ground that, like L. N., the Pretender was appealing to the principle of nationalities. COUNT DE MORNY kindly got us a copy of the letter, which we have translated literally.

To my Cousin the Frog.

DEAR COUSIN,

THE charming fable about the Frog that wanted to blow itself into the size of the Bull is familiar to you, for all princes are told fables. Well, my dear little Frog, you are fancying yourself like me. Now we have no enmity against you for being a frog: indeed, as you know, frogs are favourites with Frenchmen, and our dear Bull over La Manche may be said to have worked out that theme with more pertinacity than politeness—however, we make ourselves amends by always harping on his Beer. But, cousin Frog, I must really warn you against certain dangers. Frogs, like men, should look before they leap. I fear you have been in a hurry to leap into Holstein. You know how frogs are served when wanted for the purposes of high cookery. They are laid on a block, and their hind legs are chopped off for the stewpan. My dearest cousin, you know best how many legs you can spare. But it is due to cousinhood and all the finer feelings to tell you that if the KING OF DENMARK should have reason to complain of ill-treatment, and France, whose wishes I live but to obey, should suggest that you mount the block instead of the throne, it will be with cousinly tears in my eyes, but with an uncommonly sharp chopper in my hand that I shall be forced to execute her behests. Good is my only motive, as everybody knows, and as I said, indeed, only the other day. So, without dwelling upon your indiscretion in drawing a parallel between the petty miseries of an illegitimate little German frog-duke, and the splendid misfortunes which hallowed the early years of yours truly, look out for your hind legs. And may Jupiter, who sent King Stork to a certain nationality, have you in his best keeping. In parenthesis let me add, that I hope you will not be more hurt than is needful, should I ask my friend John of the Beerbarrels to give me his advice as to the best form of chopping block. He has not much delicacy, but is great at inventions, and he thinks with me on this Danish business. And so, my dear cousin Frog, wishing you all the compliments of the season, and strongly advising you not to burst, believe me,

Your affectionate friend,

LOUIS NAPOLEON,

Paris, Vendredi soir. Elected of the *Millions*.

PUNCH IN THE WILDERNESS.

MR. PUNCH answered so many Correspondents last week that he intended to have done with those bothering parties for some time. But here is a genuine communication, for which he must find room. MR. WILLIAM JONES, late of Foregate Street, Chester, who resembles LORD PALMERSTON in being a cabinet-maker, writes to the *Chester Record* (which we hope in no degree resembles its Presbyterian namesake of London) to say that when about 2,000 miles from civilisation, that is to say at the W. (west, MR. COX) foot of the Rocky Mountains, among the Blackfoot and Flathead Indians—

"We (MR. JONES and another Englishman) picked up a whole leaf of *Punch*, and had a great time over the camp fire."

No doubt. We are very glad that two worthy men lighted on the leaf in question. Thus doth *Mr. Punch* present himself, ubiquitously. In what part of Creation is he not found, ready to be guide, philosopher and friend? Such testimonials are nothing new to him, nevertheless they are welcome. We learn that MR. JONES and his friend, with their minds elevated by *Mr. Punch's* wisdom, and their hearts cheered by *Mr. Punch's* wit, went manfully on their way, and we trust that they are making their fortunes. Nuggets may be addressed, 85, Fleet Street, E.C.

SPIRITUAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

THE Ecclesiastical Commission has endowed benefices permanently to the amount of £160,000 a-year. Their income is more than £250,000 a-year. What becomes of the difference? A part of that is paid for the management of their funds. The sum applied to this purpose is nearly £60,000. The rest does not appear to be accounted for; but nobody but a too insinuating fellow would on this account exclaim, Who would not like to be an Ecclesiastical Commissioner? A poor fellow, however, with a wife and several children, or with expensive personal wants, may be permitted to express the wish that he had the management of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners' fund.



POOR COUSIN CHARLES.

Juvenile. "WHY DO THEY CALL THOSE THINGS COUSIN CHARLES SMOKES CIGARETTES. EH, POLLY?"

Polly. "WELL, DEAR; BECAUSE THEY ARE LITTLE CIGARS, I SUPPOSE!"

Juvenile. "OH THEN, WOULD COUSIN CHARLES BE CALLED A CAPTAINETTE, BECAUSE HE'S A LITTLE CAPTAIN?"

[JONES, *who is a Volunteer, but is six feet high, twirls his moustachios with mild complacency.*

THE ANTI-SAUSAGE LEAGUE.

SAYS bold MR. BEEF to brave MONSIEUR BORDEAUX,
"I did n't care much for that Congress, you know,
But you see you and I are old Europe's police,
And charged with preventing a breach of the peace.

"These small German Sausages kick up a shine,
And when bad men conspire, Monsieur, good men combine,
So I think it becomes us, as vigilant Bobbies,
To tickle the various Teutonical tobies."

Says MONSIEUR BORDEAUX to his friend MR. BEEF,
"To take what 's not ours is the act of a thief;
And I 've mentioned the fact in a way he will feel
To that little Augustenburg beggar at Kiel.

"I 've hinted beside, that, although I respect
The right of a people its King to elect,
If Denmark is wronged by this thing they 're about,
The Sausages party had better look out."

Now, if Beef and Bordeaux in opinion unite,
That the fat little Sausages mustn't show fight,
And the fat little Sausages won't be denied,
They mustn't complain if they find themselves *fried*.

Respecting Youth.

THE old maxim, "*Maxima debetur puero reverentia*,"—a precept that should be received with childlike trust, since it comes from JUVENAL—is only another confirmation of the solemn injunction that is always being laid upon us, that if we wish to live to a good old age, we mustn't abuse our youth.

JUSTICES' MERCY.

THE subjoined statement, which has appeared in the *Brighton Examiner*, will be read with large allowance for the hard necessity by which British Magistrates are obliged in the administration of justice:—

"PUNISHED FOR LIVING TOO LONG.—A pauper in the Uckfield Union, named WILLIAM NOVIS, aged 82, was charged before the Magistrates with refusing to work. The poor old man, who had lived twelve years beyond the threescore years and ten allotted to man, said he was unable to work, but their worships thought differently, and sentenced him to twenty-one days' hard labour."

Everybody must sympathise with the kind-hearted Justices in the sorrow with which they felt themselves constrained, bound as they were by their official duty, to commit a poor old boy of eighty-two to twenty-one days' hard labour, a sentence that includes a diet as bad as workhouse-fare, for declining work on the ground of inability to do it at his time of life, which must have been manifest. That they "thought differently" from the aged prisoner on this point is mere surmise; there could not have been two opinions about it. It is not difficult to suggest a parallel to the grief with which they were agonised in enforcing the law irrespectively of natural feeling. BRUTUS felt much the same when he sent his sons to the block, or whatever the ancient Romans used instead of one. Or these tender Beaks experienced anguish similar to that which rends the hearts of benevolent Russian soldiers, compelled by DE BERG and MOURAVIEFF to whip, hang, and torture captive Poles. Poor Justices! Yes; we pity them very much, and hope that the cruel law which hast cost them so much pain will be mitigated. We wish them very many happy New Years, and the ability to do work, if necessary, at eighty-two.

Ingratitude of the Future.

THE POPE has recognised JEFFERSON DAVIS. Our friend VICTOR-EMMANUEL says that one of these days (France *volente*) JEFFERSON DAVIS may have to decline to recognise the POPE.

Digitized by Google



THE ENGLISH BEEF, THE FRENCH WINE, AND THE GERMAN SAUSAGES.

THE BEEF. "NOW, LOOK HERE, YOU 'SMALL GERMANS,' DON'T JUMP OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE—THAT'S ALL!"

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

(DECEMBER 24TH, 1863.)

He was a cynic: By his life all wrought
Of generous acts, mild words and gentle ways:
His heart wide open to all kindly thought,
His hand so quick to give, his tongue to praise.

He was a cynic: you might read it writ
In that broad brow, crowned with its silver hair;
In those blue eyes with child-like candour lit,
In the sweet smile his lips were wont to wear.

He was a cynic: by the love that clung
About him from his children, friends, and kin:
By the sharp pain, light pen and gossip tongue
Wrought in him, chafing the soft heart within.

He was a cynic: let his books confess
His *Dobbin's* silent love; or yet more rare,
His *Newcome's* chivalry and simpleness;
His *Little Sister's* life of loving care.

And if his acts, affections, works and ways
Stamp not upon the man the cynic's sneer,
From life to death, oh, public, turn your gaze—
The last scene of a cynical career!

These uninvited crowds, this hush that lies,
Unbroken, till the solemn words of prayer
From many hundred reverent voices rise
Into the sunny stillness of the air.

These tears, in eyes but little used to tears,
These sobs, from manly lips, hard set and grim,
Of friends, to whom his life lay bare for years,
Of strangers, who but knew his books, not him.

A cynic? Yes—if 'tis the cynic's part
To track the serpent's trail, with saddened eye,
To mark how good and ill divide the heart,
How lives in chequered shade and sunshine lie:

How e'en the best unto the worst is knit
By brotherhood of weakness, sin, and care;
How, even in the worst, sparks may be lit
To show all is not utter darkness there.

Through Vanity's bright-flaunting fair he walked,
Marking the puppets dance, the jugglers play;
Saw Virtue tripping, honest effort baulked,
And sharpened wit on roguery's downward way;

And told us what he saw: and if he smiled
His smile had more of sadness than of mirth—
But more of love than either. Undefiled,
Gentle, alike by accident of birth,

And gift of courtesy, and grace of love;
When shall his friends find such another friend?
For them, and for his children God above
Has comfort: let us bow: God knows the end.

TO OUR JEWISH FRIENDS.

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR, from whom *Punch* had reason to expect better things, has, according to the American Correspondent of the *Standard*, adopted the philo-Tartar tone of MR. SEWARD, and applauds the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, not for slave-emancipation, but for his cruelties to the Poles. And MR. BAYARD TAYLOR is reported by the same authority, to give a curious reason why Polish men should be hanged, Polish ladies flogged, and Polish children piked or kicked to death by the Cossacks.

"Out of every hundred Poles, ninety-nine are Jews, and the hundredth is a Russian."

We strongly commend this humane argument to the respectful attention of the Barons ROTHSCHILD and other Hebrew capitalists. Perhaps, when the clean-shaved, cat-eyed, high-heeled emissary of St. Petersburg next comes to fawn upon the great Jews and to ask money for his master, he may receive a pleasant answer. We should like to know that MR. BAYARD TAYLOR had been mis-represented, but as he writes for the *Tribune*, which is all for exterminating the Southerners, we fear that his admiration for the Cossack Federals and their doings in Poland, has really been illustrating itself in the above charming passage.

THE FECHTER FARCES.

MR. FECHTER'S system of production seems to have taken a hint from the Pantomimes, in which a tenebrinous opening scene almost invariably prefaces the discovery of a fairy region. Purely we suppose on a principle of contrast, he always commences the entertainment with an execrable Farce, in order to sharpen our enjoyment of an interesting drama. There is something classic in this notion. The Eleusinian neophyte, it will be remembered, was always tortured in the first instance, in order duly to prepare him for a state of enlightenment and transport. If we cannot believe that at the Lyceum we share the raptures of the Esoterici, we are strongly inclined to think we get some knowledge of their sufferings. Two of the dullest Farces in our knowledge have been produced at this theatre, as its accustomed introductions, which if belonging to the category that on the French stage is described as being merely played "to raise the curtain," were sadly deficient in the English requisite of being able to raise a laugh.

Of course the illiberal vulgar, who have nothing of the artist in their nature, refer the badness of these pieces to the circumstance that MR. FECHTER does not act in them himself; but his proceeding is susceptible of a much profounder interpretation. It is just possible that he has something in his design that is educational, that he punishes us in this fashion only in order to reform us; that in fact, he gives us the worst of Farces merely to disgust us with their class, and so to elevate our taste to a due reverence for Melodrama. Willingly as we fall into this view; which however we must confess we have too recently escaped from beef and pudding to discuss with perspicacity; we regret that the last specimen of this style of piece which he has given us, is obnoxious to the charge of something more than excessive dulness. We are constrained to say, that its features are peculiarly photographic—they are not only flat, but coarse.

The *Lost Child*, as it is called, produced at this house as the Christmas novelty, makes out its claim to newness in the fact that it presents a pair of MR. SMITHS, who are mistaken for each other, and a modern English sailor, whose only exclamation consists of "shiver my timbers," touches of truth and ingenuity which we doubt not convulsed the public in the time of COLLEY CIBBER, whilst its humour exhibits the force of being embodied in a stuffed baby, which is handed in succession to every character in the Farce, and thus creates the pleasantry not only of exposing each of its guardians to the suspicion of being its parent, but of enabling the gentlemen to say, that they are unable to give it nutriment!

Now we have the utmost possible sympathy with a writer who is hard up for a joke, or with a dramatist who is in a state of temporary mental embarrassment, and can find no friendly MR. MARSHALL to relieve him from his difficulty; but we shall scarcely be thought intolerant if we object to a class of subject that necessarily involves indelicacy, or to a style of treatment that gives its spirit the most unscrupulous distinctness. We are not the fanatics or the fools, (that is, supposing they are not identical) to deny the drama a certain freedom that is really essential to its spirit, but if this freedom is not to be limited by a tolerable respect for decency, we cannot understand the ground on which we are to pay so high for it. Grossness and indelicacy are to be had in the streets for nothing, and are among the cheapest matters possible for those who need their stimuli, but if they are to be sold in theatres, we must consider them rather dear at five-and-sixpence for the boxes and six-and-sixpence for the stalls!

At the same time we must own that our bewilderment at this occurrence is quite as great as our annoyance. Here is the theatre, which, *par excellence*, boasts of its aristocratic patronage, pandering to the gallery in a manner which would scarcely be done at the Marylebone. Here is an Actor-manager, who has won his laurels as an exponent of our exalted SHAKSPEARE, doing his best to sustain a taste which it should be his chief task to improve. True it may be said that this infliction only lasts till eight o'clock, and that if we are disgusted for the first hour, we are delighted for the remaining three; but this is an extenuation that would only deepen our perplexity. This would be to say, that coarseness is an allowable portion of the Lyceum entertainment, and was to be taken in advance like the Yankees take tobacco before dinner. It would be to affirm that eight o'clock was a boundary hour at this house between vulgarity on one side and good taste on the other. Up to which point the gallery was acknowledged as the only audience present, and after which it was the rule to discover that there were also ladies and gentlemen: such an arrangement we are quite aware would not be without certain conveniences. It would be particularly advantageous for our fast young country visitors; it would enable them in one evening to pass into two distinct spheres of society. Up to eight o'clock they could fancy themselves at the Coal Hole or the Alhambra, and afterwards enjoy an elegant drama at the Lyceum.

CALCRAFT ON THE CONTINENT.

THE Federal Execution in Holstein is certainly a most demoralising spectacle.

Digitized by Google

THE VERMIN FAMINE.

MR. PUNCH,

THE "Fox-Famine," which is said to exist in Ayrshire, might, by a natural mistake, be supposed to be a scarcity of geese and other poultry, as a rats-and-mice famine would be understood to mean a scarcity of cheese. It used to be a true saying that "the fox carries the goose," but this hardly holds good in Ayrshire, and will soon cease to be applicable to circumstances in that county, unless the measures which, under the auspices of the EARL OF EGLINTON and the MARQUIS OF AILSA, have been adopted in regard to the vulpine race, answer their purpose. The Fox Famine means a dearth of foxes; and if the disappearance of these useful animals before advancing agriculture and civilisation cannot be arrested, there will soon be no foxes in that division of Scotland to steal any geese, if there are any there besides those which may or may not abound among the bimanous mammals.

To attempt to demonstrate the utility of foxes otherwise than by taking a brush and ramming it down a gainsayer's throat, would appear more ridiculous to those who hold it than to those who do not see it. Who would have thought of arguing with a learned and venerable nobleman if he really had been such a monodunce as to say that he thought SHAKSPEARE an overrated man? Foxhunting is like poetry; is, in fact, a part of the poetry of the nation. So is every field-sport, and all the animals of the chace are poetic things. But so, too, is all woodcraft, with every creature that it concerns. Foxes are vermin; but they are fancy-vermin; and let those who deny the claims of fancy be anathema. There are, however, other fancy-vermin besides foxes. There are eagles, golden and other, falcons, hawks, owls, and other birds of prey; besides badgers, polecats, weasels, stoats, and otters, of which one was seen the other day in the valley of the Itchen, and has probably been since killed by some curmudgeon, lest it should destroy a few trout. These fancy-vermin were formerly numerous enough; not too much so: they were kept under. But now that the successors of the old English gentlemen have become poulterers, the British *fauna*, under the name of vermin, are getting exterminated, in order that the greatest possible quantity of game may be sent to market. In such a county as Hampshire, for instance, you now scarcely ever see such a thing as a kite, or a buzzard, or a sparrowhawk, or a raven.

The Fox, I know, is a sacred animal. He is dedicated to the rites of Horse-Worship. I have, I trust, a proper respect for that form of devotion, and for the Fox which it adores in subordination to the superior quadruped. But let me also stick up for the divinity of the fields and forests altogether, for old Pan, and the *fauna* at large, which I take leave to call fancy-vermin; and so no more at present from your faithful Medium, who begs that you will accept this communication as transmitted from the spirit of

Museum Street, January, 1864. LINNÆUS.

LETTER FROM MR. GLADSTONE.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

YOU know how happy and honoured I always feel in communicating with you, whether upon Chinaware, Taxes, or the Homeric poems.

Of those three courses, the second is pleasantly open to me at the present festive period.

You will remember—for you remember everything—that in my last Budget I proposed sacrifices of national income to the amount of about Three millions and one-third.

But there is really no calculating the amiable elasticity of our resources, The national balance sheet (of which I send you the earliest copy) shows that I have lost but half a million.

It is, I know, needless to say to you that a Penny of the Income-Tax represents a Million.

It is, I hope, equally needless to say that I shall, on the strength of this gratifying result, propose, in April next, to take off Two-Pence from that tax.

Will you kindly make that announcement, in order to increase the happiness of the present season, and will you believe me, with my best regards to yourself and your estimable family (regards in which SIR STEPHEN GLYNNE begs to join),

Yours most faithfully,

Hawarden Castle, Flintshire, New Year's Day, 1864. WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

Wonderful Agreement Between the French and English.

THERE is a plan in agitation to make a raffle of the *Great Eastern*. The lottery is to be organised and drawn at Frankfort, and the first prize is to be the Big Ship itself. This will be designated—as is usual with all lotteries on the Continent—"*le gros lot*," and there is no denying that the lucky winner, when the monster vessel is handed over to him, will receive "a great lot" for his money.

CRIME ITS OWN EXCUSE.

SIR,

As a medical man, who has had much experience in lunacy cases, I beg to call your attention to the following Police report:—

"An impudent looking girl named BROWN, who had been remanded for stripping children of their clothes, was brought up again before MR. HENRY. In one case she had taken off every article worn by a little girl except its shift, and left it to perish on a cold winter's evening in the doorway of a shop. Two children of five and seven years old, who had been sent to the Victoria Theatre to attend a special Religious Service, had also been stripped by her. Other cases were proved. MR. HENRY fully committed her for trial."

Now, Sir, I sincerely trust that this poor girl will not be punished. I have no morbid sympathy with crime, but I think that we ought to inquire into the state of her mind. There are several things that may be urged as extenuating reasons why she deprived these brats of their clothes. She may have visited the Crystal Palace and been struck with the beauty of the undraped infantine figure to such an extent that she may have been unable to resist the impulse to reproduce the objects that had impressed her ill-regulated mind. More probably, however, she had seen objects of greater necessity than these well-cared-for children, and in the impulse of uneducated benevolence had resorted to this rough-and-ready plan of clothing the former, a course that would denote a bewildered sense of justice, but not depravity. Again, as the robbing children is a crime against which, when it is committed by a sane person, Society revolts, we may suppose that a female who would so act must have been driven out of her senses by some real or imaginary wrong sustained from the parents of these children or of others, and that she was wreaking an insane revenge. Lastly, Sir, she may have been in love, which is in itself a species of madness, and may have stopped at no means by which she could purchase some Christmas offering for the object of her affections.

Surely, Sir, Society will not allow this poor girl to be sent for three months' hard labour for stripping a parcel of children, who have probably been re-clothed by this time. In the name of our profession, I call upon you to publish this protest, and am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

Crotchet Lodge. CRANKEY CRACKER, M.D.

A CACKLE FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR BUT UNBELIEVING PUNCH,

IN your admirable *Pocket-Book* I read a clever letter from an able Correspondent, proving quite conclusively that SHAKSPEARE was a Spirit-rapper, or at any rate had faith in the existence of the Spirits. That another divine poet—need I name poor dear LORD BYRON?—was also a believer in them, is fully shown, I fancy, by the words his *Manfred* uses, when about to summon the fair *Witch of the Alps*. MR. PHELPS I hear, omitted them; but the words, you know, are these:—

"I should be sole in this sweet solitude,
And with the Spirit of the plaice divide
The homage of these waters."

What with the sole and the plaice (LORD B. misspells it "place") this passage may perhaps appear a little fishy. But to my mind it conveys the most distinct assurance that LORD BYRON was a Spiritualist; and when such men as he and SHAKSPEARE are thus *proved* to have believed that Spirits *do* exist, surely it is time for *Punch* to be converted.

In hope of this, believe me, yours, with the profoundest sympathy,

Clapham Common, Tuesday. ANN OLDGOOSE.

A PULL AT A ROSE.

WE have sympathised with ALDERMAN ROSE upon his having been ill-treated by the Government, who refused him a baronetcy because he is a Tory, and beat them at Southampton. But we shall not sympathise with him any more if he supports cabmen in demanding double their fare. A Hebrew gentleman and his friend took a cab a certain distance, which being measured was found to be under a mile, and therefore the fare was sixpence. Cabby demanded a shilling, and ALDERMAN ROSE is reported to have said that Cabby "ought to have had the shilling, as there were two persons," and the Alderman rather snubbed the Hebrew, who said, fairly enough, that he had resisted the cheat on principle. Now, really, Alderman, you must not do this sort of thing. We rely upon the Fathers of the City to help the Mothers of the GRACCHI, and everybody else's mothers, against cab-extortioners, and if Justice goes over to the wrong side, we shall take the liberty of submitting her scales to the Jury that goes round seizing bad weights and short measures. We hoped better things of you, MR. ROSE, and we are afraid that you almost deserve to be a baronet—no, that's harsh, at Christmas time, but don't do this again.

Digitized by Google

PAINT-POT ADVERTISEMENTS.



WILL somebody please do something to induce SIR RICHARD MAYNE, or the LORD MAYOR, or VISCOUNT PALMERSTON to smash and put a stop to the abominable practice of painting tradesmen's names on all the dead walls about London, not excepting even those which border Kensington Gardens, and other spots that should be sacredly kept free from such defilement? The notice "Stick no Bills" is entirely disregarded by these puffers in white paint, who indeed appear to seize precisely on those places where bill-stickers are warned off. The big posters upon hoardings do not add much, it is true, to the charm of a street-landscape: still there is something picturesque and quaint in their cross-readings. The white paint puffs, however, have no redeeming feature, and are the greater eyesore because protruded in the spots you would have thought most safe from puffery. When one is enjoying, say, a sentimental saunter with one's sweetheart, one hates to be reminded of the cares and cost of housekeeping by seeing notices advising one to "Go to SHOUGH for Baby Linen," or to "Try BUGGINS's Spring Bedsteads." Nor does one want to be perplexed by questions asking one "Who's GRIFFITHS?" or to be told that MR. MUGGINS's "Emporium of Fashion" is somewhere in the wilds of Shoreditch or of Stepney, where you as much expect to go as to Cayenne or Chimborazo.

What with ugly Railway Bridges disfiguring our streets, and Electric Wires like clothes-lines carried along our house-tops, we Londoners have certainly few prospects to be proud of. But if this paint-pot puffery be suffered to extend itself, we shall expect to see our church-towers disfigured like the Pyramids with the names of snobbish Englishmen, who so long as they can puff themselves, care little what they spoil thereby. We really almost wonder a Street Advertising Company has not long since been established, which should utilise our public buildings by covering them with trade advertisements. If the dome of St. Paul's were only let out for this purpose, we think a very handsome rent might be obtained for it. The Houses of Parliament might also serve in this way, and be valuable on account of their extensive river frontage: while Pillars like the Monument, Duke of York's, and the Nelson Column would do famously for tradespeople to paint their names on in large letters, to clap the "Gent's Half-Guinea Trousers" on the statue at the top, and group a lot of cheap and n--ot nice tailors' dummies at the base.

THE RUSSIAN GAME OF JACK KETCH.

ACCORDING to one of REUTER's telegrams from Warsaw, the *Chiola* gives the following description of a bit of fun which the Russians had the other day at Wielun with a Polish prisoner named SZUSTERSKI:—

"'' First they slowly strung him up, as usual in Russia; the halter then broke, and the victim, half strangled, fell on the ground. Another halter was procured, and that broke also, the victim falling this time on his head, and inflicting a terrible wound. He was then tied by the neck to the lower part of the gallows by a third halter, and four soldiers pulled him by the legs till he was dead. The officers who were present at this shocking scene afterwards went to a grand dinner, where they drank and sang far into the night.''

The Russians are keeping up the good old European amusements which in these degenerate days are thought barbarous by the other nations of Europe, and are practised in no other part of the world, except the dominions of the KING OF DAHOMEY and other parts of Africa. They play with a prisoner whom they execute much as the French somewhat more than a century ago played with DAMIENS the would-be regicide, or as our ancestors used to play with a condemned traitor in putting him to death. Only they play thus with Polish prisoners of war, and not criminals, and the belligerents of Poland who fall into their hands may rejoice in that they are not drawn and quartered alive as well as hanged *à la Russe*. The sportive Scythians who obey the CZAR will soon perhaps begin, just by way of reviving an amusement which good old European society was accustomed to enjoy at the expense of malefactors, to break their captives on the wheel.

Why did we break off diplomatic relations with poor BOMBA? Not half the good old European games were performed in his name that are now practised under the authority of ALEXANDER? Why did we cut BOMBA and don't cut ALEXANDER? Because BOMBA was weak and we are afraid that ALEXANDER is strong? Oh! Perish the base suggestion. Of course we do not believe that DE BERG and MOURAVIEFF are such funny fellows as they are made out, and are satisfied that they are not in the habit of playing any practical jokes of a painful nature on captive Poles.

FRAUDULENT FACES.

THE subjoined advertisement appeared the other day in a periodical which it would be hard to name without a previous warning that this sort of thing will not do:—

TO THE LADIES OF ENGLAND.—MISS E. JAZEMIN, thirty years Lady's Maid in the highest circles of England, Paris, and Spain, will forward, on receipt of twenty-four stamps, full directions in the new and beautiful art of getting-up the FACE and EYES in the most brilliant style, with other receipts for the Toilette standing unrivalled. Address, MISS E. JAZEMIN, &c.

An advertisement of this kind will not do to appear on the wrapper of a publication addressed to ladies, and accustomed to lie upon any table where it is likely to be observed by PATERFAMILIAS. For if that gentleman should chance to take up and inspect such a publication, and find it to be the vehicle for introducing such an advertisement into his house, he would most likely throw it behind the fire, and decree its discontinuance instanter. He would as soon allow his sons to take in a miscellany of which the advertising columns contained offers to give them lessons in forgery, as let his daughters read one by whose means they might be corrupted with instruction in the art of falsifying their own faces.

There is nothing objectionable in getting up a face when that feat is performed by a fly, or a spider, or any other insect that a young lady may allow to do it for fun, and such creatures, although unable to get up the eyes, might get into them, and at least get up the nose, where they would produce peculiar if not pleasant sensations. Yes; this is a very nasty idea, but not half so nasty as getting up the face with carmine and the eyes with belladonna.

At the present festive season of the year, boys may be excused for indulging in the practice of making faces, if they can find no more humorous amusement, suitable to the time. If girls choose to make similar faces, let them too, for the exuberant spirits of the Christmas holidays might be permitted to produce the phenomenon of a female clown, and grinning through the horse-collar might be practised in the boudoir to be performed in the drawing-room. But the trick of making faces with pigment is filthy and repulsive; and the best, and bad is the best, that can be said in its favour, is that, being palpable, it is a safe protection for a young lady from any gentle violence to be apprehended under the mistletoe.

PRESIDENT'S ENGLISH.

ANOTHER Yankeeism nearly as illiterate as "reliable" has just been imported by the *Etna* from New York, in one of REUTER's telegrams. This communication, one of those evil ones which corrupt good language, informs us that GENERAL GRANT is very ill, and that, "as the army is about to settle into winter quarters, it is urged by GENERAL GRANT's physicians that he should go home to recuperate." Some years ago MR. BUCKSTONE, in a farce, acted a Yankee's part, in which he had to say, "If I live from July till eternity, I never shall obliviate this here go." The formation of "recuperate" from *recupero* may be more defensible than that of "obliviate" from *obliviscor*, but still "recuperate" is a needless corruption of Latin. Why not stick to "recover?" Besides the French word *récupérer* has a distinct meaning, and signifies to retrieve. An American might, without any impropriety beyond that of affectation, talk about taking action to recuperate his dollars, but how can people who call themselves members of the Anglo-Saxon family, use such language? As for you who owe allegiance to HER MAJESTY, and are in duty bound to maintain the purity of the QUEEN's English; consider all such English as "Recuperate." President's English, spurious, base, villanous; pray you, avoid it.

New Shakspearian Reading.

SIR,—When did *Hamlet* express a desire to become a member of the Hebrew persuasion?

When he wished that his too too solid flesh would resolve itself into a Jew.

Yours truly,

Mr. Punch. A YOUNG COMMENTATOR.

Digitized by Google

THE TUNE FOR THE GERMAN WAR-DANCE.—"*The Kiel Row.*"



SCENE IN A TUNNEL. HOW TO CLEAR A CARRIAGE FOR A CIGAR.

Ferocious Looking Passenger (to Old Gent who objects to Smoking). "THAT'S A PRETTY KNIFE; AIN'T IT! THAT'S THE SORT O' THING WE USE IN CALIFORNIA! JOLLY THING TO STICK INTO A FELLOW, EH!"

[OLD GENT *fears his Companion is not "quite right," and changes his Carriage at the next Station.*

MATRIMONY UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

A Lay of New Year's Eve.

THERE were lustres on the ceiling, there was music in the hall:
The fine old room was lighted up for the happy New Year's Ball.
The walls and the chandeliers were hung with sparkling evergreen,
And the single eye-glass of the high-bred ass was fixed in a smile serene.

The young were there, and the beautiful, the gallant and the gay,
And they danced, and they talked and flirted, and they laughed in life's heyday,
And they took no heed of the elderly and the stout around who sat,
Who had waists once slim and ancles trim, alas now gummy and fat!

But some of the stout and elderly looked on with leaden eye,
And compared themselves with the blades and belles as they went bounding by,
Fair faces, fine figures, clean limbs, thought they. How much, when Time has fled,
Will their sides be about; will their soles, trod out, like our own abroad be spread?

Among those stout and elderly ones there was one who had sat her down,
A lady who bore a humble name, for her husband's own was BROWN.
She smiled on the youth and damsels fair, but cared not them to scan,
For her eyes and thought but one object sought, a rosy short round man.

That short round man was her own JOHN BROWN, her true and loyal mate,
Though BROWN was grey, and not only that, but bald upon his pate,
But she held him the handsomest man alive in country or in town;
And of all womankind there was none in his mind to compare with MRS. BROWN.

JOHN BROWN had finished his gossip and chat, and the night was well nigh o'er,
And Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-three was verging on Sixty-four.
Like an old buck gay, he had wandered away from his buxom and blooming old bride,
And now he had done with his jokes and fun, he returned him to her side.

He made her a bow, like a cavalier, as he drew on a white kid glove,
Saying, "Will you allow me the pleasure of dancing with you, my love?"
"I am sure I shall be most happy," was the glad wife's prompt reply,
"And a good example, faith and troth, we 'll set the standers-by."

Down the middle and up again, down, up again and down,
Hands across, round about, in and out danced MR. and MRS. BROWN,
And a noble Earl to his Countess said, "In fact they are lovers now;
And by Jove I'm told some years have rolled since they plighted the nuptial vow!"

So they danced and danced till midnight's tongue the hour of twelve had tolled,
As the bells were ringing the New Year in and ringing out the Old,
Till they danced beneath the mistletoe bough and mingled nose and chin,
So will you no doubt, dance the Old Year out, young folks, and the New one in.

By Permission of Mr. Benjamin Webster.

Change of Name at the New Theatre Royal, Adelphi.

AT this establishment the Boxkeepers and other servants are not allowed to receive any fee whatever from a visitor. In consequence of this excellent arrangement it has been proposed that the final syllable of the name shall be dropped. It will still remain *Adel* without the usual *fee*.

Digitized by Google

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, January 9 1864.



FEATS ON THE ICE.

PRETTY FIGURE CUT BY MR. DE BOOTS WHEN ATTEMPTING ONE OF HIS FASCINATING BOWS ON THE ICE."

A NEW VERSION OF THE POPULAR AIR, THE KIEL ROW.

(As sung by L. N., *the great basso profondo, in the Imperial Concerts at Compiègne, with unbounded applause.)*

WEEL in the Kiel row, the Kiel row, the Kiel row,
Weel in the Kiel row, I see my way to win;
I 'll lay my life upon it, upon it, upon it,
I 'll lay my life upon it, soon that pie my finger 's in!

JOHN BULL might trust to JOHNNY,
If words were current money;
But he 's no match for BONEY,
This letter-writer fine.
He snubbed my scheme so lightly,
And I felt angry slightly;
Now I retort, politely,
"*Your* Congress? What of *mine!*"
Chorus. Then weel in the Kiel row, &c.

Let Austria lean on RUSSELL,
Let Prussia brag and bustle,
But Deutschland's flabby muscle
No terrors has for me;
No Spree they 'll find the Eider;
When Denmark sees beside her
Armed France, and me to guide her,
Then whose will Rhineland be?
Chorus. Then weel in the Kiel row, &c.

JUSTICE TO IRELAND.

SORR,

MISTHER ADMIRAL FITZROY, writing to the *Times* about the Storrms and thim great nautical pests, the Timpests, and such like divarsions, says,—

"There is usually about a day's interval before Irish weather reaches England,' &c.

And who 's to blame for this? Sure 'tis the mismanagement of the Saxon. What 's to prevent them letting the Irish weather start the day before, and then 'twill be here in time.

I am, Sorr, yours contimptuously,

AN IRISH OWL.

THE NEW BABY.

"THAT'S DONE IT!" said *Mr. Punch.*

The fact is, that he was breakfasting in his elegant and luxurious apartment in the shadow of the Church of Saint Bride, the handsomest spire, bar one, in London. And he does not read the papers until after breakfast, for he gets so indignant with bad English, brutal relieving officers, base husbands, and puffing advertisements, that it is not giving fair play to his cook to mix such things up with an artistic breakfast.

So he takes them with his subsequent cigar, and meantime reads BURTON'S *Anatomy of Melancholy.*

The bells of St. Bride suddenly dashed out into a wild chorus of metallic jubilation.

"Hallo!" said *Mr. Punch*, recalling his fine mind from BURTON'S celestial devils to terrestrial topics. "Have I been publishing another new volume, that the world is in ecstacies?"

His Secretary entered.

This young Nobleman, who is the heir-apparent to a dukedom, and is qualifying himself, under *Mr. Punch's* training, to be Prime Minister when PAM resigns in 1884, had divined his chief's puzzledom, and at once said, with the most highly-bred composure, and as if continuing a conversation,

"The PRINCESS OF WALES presented us with a Prince about nine o'clock last night."

"The telegram must have been sent to my private residence," said *Mr. Punch.* "How is the dear young lady going on?"

"Excellently."

"Hooray! And a Prince?"

"A Prince," said the young Nobleman.

"THAT'S DONE IT," said *Mr. Punch.*

"I see what you mean," said the young Nobleman.

"I should be sorry, my dear Marquis, if you did not. Explain what I mean."

"You would say that this most opportune event has clinched the nail. That we previously felt it a duty to prevent KING CHRISTIAN from being robbed by the Sausages, but that now it is also a pleasure to aid him. That the darling Princess having given the QUEEN a grandson, the Prince a son, and the nation a pet, we are not going to let Schleswig be taken from her father."

"Very well said, Marquis, but call it Slesvick for the future. That is the good old title, and we won't have the duchy Germanised, even in name. Send beer to those ringers. I must write a nursery song for the new baby."

The Secretary withdrew, and in ten minutes had made a beautiful copy, on pink paper, of the following ditty, and was hurrying away with it to Frogmore:—

NURSERY SONG FOR THE NEW BABY.

O slumber, my darling, thy sire is a PRINCE
Whom Mamma beheld skating not quite five hours since.
And Grandpapa CHRISTIAN is off to the fray
With Germans, who'd steal his nice duchy away.

But slumber, my darling, the English are true,
And they 'll help him for love of Mamma and of you,
And the Channel fleet 's coming with powder and shot,
And the Germans must run, or they 'll catch it all hot.

We have only to add that the infant PRINCE will be christened EDWARD CHRISTIAN PUNCH ALEXANDER JOHN BULL SLESVICK.

A Star in the Ice.

THE *London Star and New York Herald*, in an article which describes all England as in mourning because the HOME SECRETARY has not reversed another verdict by a jury, says that TOWNLEY has "escaped Scot free." We do not know what is considered freedom in Scotland, but in this country the being imprisoned in a lunatic asylum for life, with the alternative of coming out to be hanged, is as mild an allowance of freedom as even MR. LINCOLN would inflict on a Confederate. This gushing provincial *Star and Herald* should be a little more truthful.

TWO VIEWS OF ONE SUBJECT.



MONITORY DISCOURSE BY AN HONEST HAMPSHIRE LAD, AND A COMMINATORY DENUNCIATION BY A LAD WHOSE HONESTY WELL BE AN ACQUIRED TASTE.

I.

HARD LINES IN WINCHESTER GAOL.

Now all you rogues and vagabonds that comes from far and near,
Particular down from London town a prowlun about Hampshire,
You makes a joke of imprisonment; but you 'll tell a different tale
If you gets a time for the wages of crime to be spent in Winchester Gaol.

I tell 'ee what, the Magistrates o' the County o' Hants ha' done,
They 've passed a resolution by purty nigh two to one,
Proposed by the EARL o' CARNARVON, whose motion did prevail
For to 'stablish a strange terreeable change in the zystem o' Winchester Gaol.

Ten hours a-bed you rascals will no moor be 'low'd to lie,
As snug as e'er a fattun pig a snorun away in his stye,
But you 'll ha' to rise wi' the labourin' man, and your sentence you 'll bewail,
When you 're forced to turn out and bustle about in the mornun at Winchester Gaol.

In lieu o' them easy mattresses whereon to stretch your shanks,
You 'll lie upon wood for the time to come; your beds 'ool be good hard planks.
And zo you 'll git boath bed and board; moreover your diet-scale
Wun't be not what it used, for you 'll have it reduced zummut like in Winchester Gaol.

Hard labour there wun't mean mat-makun but tough and tiresome toil,
Stiff oakum-pickun for indoors work, light fingers fit to spoil,
Besides the crank and the treadmill too, which 'ool make you steam, exhale,
And you 'll have your fill of severe shot-drill if you goes to Winchester Gaol.

Then arter hours o' labour to study they 'll make you turn,
Readun, writun, 'rithmetic and religion for to learn,
No entertainun litteratoor your lazure 'ool regale;
Good books confined to improve the mind will be zuffer'd in Winchester Gaol.

From intercommunication you 'll strictly be debarred,
Not only in the zilent cell, but out in the prison yard,
And no more zingin' in chapel for the 'prisoned nightingale,
Sheer sorrow and grief awaits the thief committed to Winchester Gaol.

It isn't for eddication that thieves to prison are sent,
In the first place, LORD CARNARVON says, but 'tis for punishment;
And zince the plan of indulgence has been tried and vound to fail,
Penal discipline due will in futur' on you be enforced in Winchester Gaol.

II.

A CONVICT'S COMPLAINT.

MY cuss light on you, LORD CAERNARVIN,
And the Winchester Beaks in a row—
That wotes us poor convics for starvin'
Into Ampshire jugs druv' for to go!

Wunce Winchester Gaol was nice lodgin',
As a party could wish for to see,
For poor coves which the law failed in dodgin'—
As the case with the sharpest may be.

The grub it was hample and varied;
The beds they was cozy and warm;
And a story-book, when a cove 's wearied
Of oakum, don't do him no harm.

There was none o' your nasty crank labour:
The spells at the wheel, warn't too 'ard:
And 'twas heasy to chat with your neighbour
In chapel, or exercise-ward.

The Chaplain warn't stiffer to gammon,
Than Chaplains in general we finds;
And the Doctor when we 'd put the bam on,
The infirm'ry was quite to our minds.

In short, that 'ere jug was a meddle
Of what county-jugs ought to be—
Just the place a poor convic to coddle,
While the Beaks is reformin' o' he.

Now along of this 'ere LORD CAERNARVIN,
A motion they 've passed on the Bunch,
Which us poor convics' comforts a' harvin,
Work 'll double, and wittles retrench.

From our cribs we must turn of a mornin',
Like labourin' men on the square;
I ne'er thought, while such poor chaps a scornin',
I should ever be brought to that 'ere.

We ain't to have no more nice books,
For improvin' our minds and all that;
And at chapel they 'll queer all our flukes,
And cut off a cove's cozy chat.

In short, if the Peaks don't objec
To do as CAERNARVIN advises,
No convic as feels self-respec,
Will come up at the Ampshire Assizes.

This I calls the rewerse o' improvement,
For parties in my situation;
In short, it 's a retrograde movement
To punishment, from reformation.

Give me bub, grub, and lodgin' well warmed,
And I don't care how much I 'm admonished;
I rayther likes bein' reformed,
But I wery much 'ates bein' punished.

SUBTERRANEAN POETRY.

WE do not regard very highly, from a poetical point of view, the following stanza, which is affixed in the carriages of the Underground Railway:—

PASSENGERS ARE EARNESTLY REQUESTED,
NOT TO OPEN THE CARRIAGE DOORS,
UNTIL THE TRAIN STOPS AT THE PLATFORM;
OR THEY 'LL COME CROPPERS ON THE FLOORS.

It is rather jumping in the rhythm, but by laying the emphasis in the first line on "ly," and in the third upon "'til" and "at," we may make it read tolerably well, and as easily as most of the sensational poetry of the day. But we have a more practical objection to it. So very much of the notice is mere surplusage, or impertinence, in the legal sense of that word. We begin with "Passengers." Now, to whom else can the request be addressed except to passengers, therefore why their nomination? It is not meant for the porters, who indeed look as if they were wronged when you tell them to open a door. Nor is it addressed to the world at large. "Earnestly requested" is very civil, but foolish. A much stronger phrase must be needed to impress any fool who would open a door except at the proper place. The "carriage" doors. Why carriage? What other doors are there to open? The same objection, that of verbiage, applies to the stopping at the platform. The train has no business to stop anywhere else. The last line we admit to be both precise and elegant. But for the idiots who can commit such an absurdity as that against which the public is warned, a short, peremptory notice would be far better. The Under-ground people should adopt the form which *Mr. Punch*, who travels a good deal by the line, invariably uses when he sees an impatient fool trying to get at the handle before the proper time,

"DON'T TOUCH THE DOOR TILL THE TRAIN STOPS, YOU ASS."

This is registered copyright, but the Directors may use it, on forwarding us a free ticket for a year.

Digitized by Google

A TRIFLE FROM INDIA.



HANTING to himself, *Mr. Punch* announceth his satisfaction with something.

"Over the sea, over the sea,
Cometh a bit of good sense to P.
Which he 's been missing too long."

He has been reading, for a good while, a great many criticisms, as they are politely called, upon music. And it appears to him that the critics, as they are politely called, who write these things, have been driven, by the profound contempt which all decent people must feel for the music of the Music Hall, into an unwarranted dislike for everything that is simply pleasant. Now, no person will accuse *Mr. Punch* of wanting appreciation for really High Art. Nothing can be too high for him, except game. But he denies, in the face of certain critics, as they are politely called, that everything you Don't Like is high art, and he also denies that everything you Do Like is not high art. And having for sometime meditated a great kick at folks who cannot be content with applauding HAYDN and BEETHOVEN (whom no man can applaud so vociferously as *Mr. Punch*) but must abuse such men as write real music that appeals more easily to the sympathies, *Mr. Punch* finds something like what he meant to say, said over the sea.

In the *Bombay Saturday Review* there is a very clever article on Pseudo-Germanism, and this passage *Mr. Punch* inclines to pitch at the critics, as they are politely called:—

"It is utterly ignored that harmony is an exact science, that, a given note being sounded, it is a mere matter of trouble and time to produce every variety of chord or accompaniment of which it is capable. That the modulations, from one key to another, can be reduced to a table, like any other calculation, and that VERDI is a perfect master of this sort of thing, but neglects it occasionally for a strain of melody, which sometimes equals that of MOZART. And yet it is fancied often that FLOTOW, because he is a German, is profound, and VERDI uneducated as a musician! FLOTOW simply writes ballad operas, however. MEYERBEER has written more in the Italian melodic style than in the harmonic, so called German, and without his ravishing melodies all the harmony in the world could not have made him what he is. Melody is the sum of musical genius. This is quite uncontested amongst those who know anything of the subject. BEETHOVEN'S, MOZART'S, HAYDN'S melodies are just as much Italian as they are German."

Here be truths. And we should like to hear the *Musical World* which nevertheless can sometimes say a thing which is not utterly and altogether away from the purpose, answer this before we hear anything more against *Il Trovatore*. We are doubly pleased to advance these views just now, because we are thoroughly enraged with the Germans. No people with harmony in their souls could have played the thorough bass part which is indicated by the tenor of German policy, and we are discontented with their Execution, with their Pretender's overture, and in fact with the whole German Band.

THE PLEASURES OF A PRISON.

PLAYGOERS may remember that the *Prisoner of War* gives a not unpleasant picture of the way men somehow manage to enjoy life when made prisoners; but a still more attractive sketch of the delights of prison-life has been lately furnished by a Transatlantic paper:—

"THE RICHMOND PRISONERS.—The Richmond Correspondent of the *Atlanta Appeal* describes a recent visit to the Hotel de Libby. He found the passages and ante-rooms of the prison piled up with boxes and bales of clothing and provisions which had just been received from the North by flag of truce. Upon ascending to the upper storeys of the building occupied by the prisoners, he saw the greatest profusion of comforts and luxuries in the way of *provant* that even a riotous imagination could conceive. Hams, smoked beef, Bologna sausages, hung from the rafters; tin cans of potted meat, oysters, sardines, green peas, &c., were arranged on shelving against the walls; while the finest pippins rolled along the floors. Immense packages of new publications, sets of chessmen, backgammon boxes, &c., which had apparently just been opened for distribution, proved that the Yankees did not intend their unhappy brethren should die of *ennui*. The prisoners themselves were variously occupied, some lying at full length on the floor, deeply involved in the tragic incidents of MISS BRADDON'S novels; others playing whist and euchre, or deeply pondering the gambits; others asleep; others again eating their dinners."

It is whispered that the Northerners have had some little trouble in recruiting for their army, and that Yankee volunteers have not been flocking quite so readily to fight for their dear country as the Government might wish. Surely this must be the fault of the recruiting sergeant chiefly, in not pointing out the benefits of being taken prisoner, and then treated in the sumptuous way described above. If it were our business to find soldiers for the Northerners, we would go about the country with a big drum and a trumpeter to call a crowd around us, and then we would invite them to behold a picture painted in the very brightest colours, representing Prisoners Carousing in the South. "Look hyar, bhoys," we would shout (adopting Yankee dialect, and speaking through our nose), "jest you heave a squint at this hyar lovely pictur! Hyar you see heow you 'll enjoy yourselves, ef ye go whar Gloory waits ye, an' what a heap o' luxury the battle-field will bring to you. Air you fond o' ham an' beef, an' prime Bologn Sassedges? Hev you a tooth fur a sardine? Air you whales at swallerin' eyesters? See hyar, bhoys, go an' fight, and all them dainties will be given you; and arter bustin' yourselves eout with peas an' potted fixins, you may hev a game o' chess or pitch-an'-toss ef you prefer it, or may improve your mind by readin' A Sensation Novel. All you 'll hev to du toe git a hold on these here delicacies is jest to come an' fight fur your gelorious country, an' then ef you 're taken prisoner (as I dessay you may be), ye 'll jest be carted deown toe Richmond, an' thar ye 'll live like fightin' cocks, an' that without the fightin'."

A SEASONABLE GLEE.

(To be Sung in Bed on any Frosty day.)

AIR—"*The Chough and Crow.*"

WITH Cough and Cold to bed I 've gone,
My boot is on the tree; *
The weather out of doors this morn
(*With a Shiver.*) Is so-old as charity.
(*With several Shivers.*) Is so-o-o-o-old as charity.
The bright fire sparkles, sparkles o'er the fender with its steel array-ay-ay,
der with its steel array,
der with its steel array. (*Shake with cold ad lib.*)
(*Shouts for the Servants.*) Uprouse ye then, my merry merry men,
I 'll not get up to-day;
Uprouse ye then, my merry merry men,
I 'll not get up to-day.

Beneath the blankets full three deep
All snuggled up I cower,
All snuggled up I cower,
Above the counter-pane I peep
To see what is the hour,
To see what is the hour.
My watch I find says half-past ten,
Then dow-ow-own myself I lay,
Then down myself I lay,
Then down myself I lay.
(*To the Footman.*) Bring tea and toast, my merry merry men,
I don't get up to-day;
Bring tea and toast, my merry merry men,
I don't get up to-day.

Some friends drop in to ask me "how
I am," (pray shut the door);
Drop in! Their frost is melting now,
And deluging the floor,
And de-lu-ging the floor!
"Get up!" No! no! I trust them when
They say 'tis *an ice* day,
They say 'tis an ice day,
They say 'tis an ice day.
I 'll house me then, my merry merry men,
Abuse me as you may;
I 'll house me then, my merry merry men,
Abuse me as you may!
[*Turns in bed, and goes to sleep till dinner time.*

* 'On the Boot Tree. This is a poetical intimation that the singer does not intend going out for a walk.

AMERICAN VALOUR.

AN American telegram, in the *Telegraph*, states that—

"FORREST has made a raid on the Memphis and Charleston Railway, but was driven away."

If this FORREST is a great, that is to say, a big actor who bellowed at Drury Lane some years ago, and afterwards was supposed to have promoted an anti-MACREADY row in America, when several persons were killed, we cannot understand his being repulsed. He had only to shout, like ACHILLES, when—

"Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he raised,
And thrice they fled, confounded and amazed."

If the Federals could stand that, and drive him off, they are the brave fellows we believe a great many of them to be. His voice would have wakened the very railway sleepers.

Digitized by Google



THE BITER BIT.

First Cabby. "I'M WAITIN' FOR THE MEEGER, YOUR HONOR!"
Second ditto (in an audible whisper). "B'LIEVE ME, 'TIS THE GINERAL, AND I'M HIS KYAR."
Green (!) Ensign. "AW—BORE THAT—CAN'T TAKE ME, I SUPPOSE? I'M ONLY A CAPTAIN." [*Hibernians decidedly sold.*

DINNERS FOR POOR CHILDREN WANTED.

THE friends of M. VICTOR HUGO, and his foes too, for that matter, must consider his *Les Misérables* as being a good work: but a still better work of his was thus the other day recorded by the *Guernsey Star*:—

"On Thursday last, being Christmas eve, M. VICTOR HUGO entertained at Hauteville House the poor children who, for about two years, have been the constant recipients of his bounty. The party consisted of 40 children and several of their parents, for the whole of whom M. HUGO provides a substantial dinner once a fortnight, 20 being received each week. These children are entertained without any regard to their nationality or religion, English, French, Guernsey, and Irish—Protestants and Catholics—being equally welcome, poverty being the only qualification required.

"The party assembled on Thursday having been regaled with a solid dinner and a dessert of cake and wine, were taken into the billiard room, where several visitors were assembled, and where, much to their delight, the children saw the table spread with a liberal supply of useful apparel, such as jackets, gowns, shirts, caps, bonnets, stockings, and shoes."

Thus the outer child was cared for not less than the inner one; the latter being comforted by M. VICTOR HUGO as often as once a fortnight during all the year. His motive for this systematic course of charity the author of *Les Misérables* thus explained:—

"In 1848, a commission of medical and other scientific men had been appointed by the French Government, to inquire into the causes of diseases, such as scrofula, rickets, and impoverishment of the blood (*angine couenneuse*) to which the children of the poor were exposed, and which produced so much mortality among them. The committee reported it as their opinion that these diseases were caused by the children being almost totally strangers to animal food, and that they might be checked by their having a meal of fresh meat once a month. Owing to political events, this report remained without effect, but it made a strong impression on his (M. HUGO's) mind, and he determined that when circumstances should permit he would test the soundness of the theory propounded. He had, therefore, about two years ago, commenced the humble little work of which the present meeting was a part. He had selected 40 young children from the most necessitous classes of Guernsey, and to these he had given, not once a month, but once a fortnight, a sound meal composed of fresh meat and a small glass of wine. And he had the satisfaction of finding that his humble experiment had been undoubtedly successful. Many of his poor little children who had been suffering from one or the other of the diseases he had mentioned had been cured, and the physical constitution of nearly the whole of them sensibly improved."

A meal of fresh meat once a month is not a very costly gift to make to a poor child, and yet this little present may be productive of great benefit. The stronger a child is, the greater is the chance that he will grow up a strong man: and the stronger a man is, the more work can he do, and the less chance will there be of his coming on the parish. So putting charity aside, it would be a wise economy to give the children of poor people now and then a meal of meat, and strengthen thus their sinews and their constitutions. There is, besides, the fact that duty should oblige us to take care of the poor, and on this point M. HUGO thus forcibly insists:—

"He wished it to be clearly understood that he assumed no merit for what he had done, for it was a part of his creed that it was the positive duty of the rich to care for the poor—a duty imposed alike by Christianity and common sense—and that the rich had no right to spend their superfluity on their own enjoyments, when they saw their fellow-beings suffering around them. He had, he repeated, called these poor children together with the view of carrying out an important experiment, but he had also done it for the purpose of giving an example. He had the gratification of assisting 40 children; if 20 persons would do the same, 800 children would be cared for, and it was impossible to say what amount of good might thus be done for the population of the island."

We most heartily commend M. HUGO's good example, and should be glad to see steps taken by which it might be followed. Folks in general perhaps might not find it quite convenient to invite a score of children once a fortnight to their dinner-tables, for we fear there are few cooks in this enlightened age who would condescend at any price to cook for them. But surely folks might club together to hire a children's dining-room, where little people with large appetites might have a good meal set before them once or twice a month. Public dinners are in general most execrable nuisances, and *Mr. Punch* has long since ceased to have anything to do with them. But if poor children's public dinners were established in this country, *Mr. Punch* would be most happy to assist



MIRANDA AND PROSPERO.

MIRANDA (EUROPE). "IF BY YOUR ART, MY DEAREST *LOUIS*, YOU HAVE PUT THE WILD WATERS IN THIS ROAR, ALLAY THEM."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

towards their support by giving them the benefit of his world-wide publicity. Juvenile parties have for some while been in favour with the rich, and we think that juvenile dinner-parties on the plan we have proposed, would speedily find favour with the children of poor people; and we hope for their health's sake, to say nothing of their happiness, the scheme may be adopted.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER'S ECHO.



THERE is perhaps a little obscurity in the subjoined extract from a letter in the *Post* relative to the pest of street-music:—

"The law as it now stands, even if sufficient in itself to abate the above nuisance, seems from the recent decisions of the Magistrates, to be impracticable; for, if I understand those decisions rightly, it appears that the moment a person is giving an organ-grinder into custody a policeman must be within sight of the nuisance at the time the nuisance is in course of commission, so that if the grinder has discontinued grinding (which, of course, he will have done) at the time the policeman or constable is in sight the organ-grinder cannot be legally given into custody."

At the moment when a person is giving an organ-grinder into custody a policeman is necessarily within sight of the nuisance, because he must be sufficiently near it to put forth his hand and collar it, or take it by any other handle that it may afford him in the place of a collar; and here we may suggest that policemen should, in consideration for their natural repugnance to filth, be provided with tongs for the purpose of taking hold of a nuisance so disgusting as an Italian organ-grinder, whose clothes are always saturated with dirt, and, who, if he wears a collar, has probably a state of things underneath it into which the idea of putting the ends of your fingers is revolting. The nuisance would hardly continue in course of commission whilst the person annoyed by it was giving it in charge; it would hardly have the impudence to commit itself to that extent. What the Magistrates mean to say, apparently, is that for an organ-grinder to be liable to be taken into custody he must have been playing within the sight of a policeman. In this view of their ruling, however, everybody but Midas, and the female of Midas, and colts the foals of Midas, will agree with the writer above-quoted in the remark that:—

"Now, if that be the law, the sooner it is amended the better."

Because a policeman with street-musical proclivities has nothing to do but to keep his back constantly turned to the quarter whence his ears are regaled with organ-grinding in order to enjoy that abomination, the perpetrator of it remaining all the while out of his sight.

What follows has in substance been said before, but a nuisance is no joke, and the complaint of it will bear repetition until it is abated:—

"The trifling nuisances of old times, such as the dustman's bell (and I believe even the muffin bell), the newsman's horn, the cry of 'sweep,' and many others have been prohibited. Why not at once forbid street-music—or at least give the power to any inhabitant within hearing to order the removal of the nuisance?"

The only reply this question has as yet received is that which has been given to it by a "nymph unseen." There is something to be said for the dustman's bell, the muffin-bell, the newsman's horn, and the cry of sweep. These noises were occasional, temporary, not atrocious and absolutely intolerable; and they were useful noises. The organ-grinder's noise is constant, protracted, execrable, distracting, besides being most injurious to those whom it interrupts in the pursuit of intellectual occupations, to say nothing of the sick whose rest it destroys; whilst it is of no use to anybody, affords no one much gratification, and only serves a little to amuse the idleness of a few idiots. Every sane man ought to be empowered to insist on not being subject to be driven mad by organ-grinders, and to have his serious interests sacrificed to the slight diversion of his silly neighbours. These considerations suggest that an Act of Parliament should be made enabling any one who is annoyed by organ-grinding to prohibit it everywhere within the compass of his hearing. Indignation asks "Why not?" and the voice of Echo is the only one that responds to the appeal. Echo answers "Not!"

ADVERTISEMENTS:

RENDERED NECESSARY BY THE RAILWAY INVASION.

THE KING OF TIMBUCTOO PRESENTS HIS COMPLIments to his nobility, gentry, and public, and begs to say that in consequence of his palace being required by the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, he is removing to a temporary wigwam over the way. Justice and executions as usual, and cold missionary on the table every day at 2.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE ISLE OF STAFFA RESPECTfully announces that the Cave having been purchased by the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, as a store-house for gunpowder and other dangerous goods, no more excursions from Oban or elsewhere can take place. Iona is, however, still available, and extremely pleasant for pic-nic parties this weather.

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY. YOU ARE REQUESTED to make that arrangement somewhere else than in the Church of St. George, Hanover Square, which has been purchased by the London, Chatham and Dover Railway.

LAST WEEK! LAST WEEK! LAST WEEK! THE DEAN and Chapter of St. Paul's advise their friends who are partial to fine sights to lose no time in visiting the above sacred and splendid edifice, as it will be closed after this week, in compliance with the contract with the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, who have bought this fine Cathedral for a Central Terminus. No charge at the doors, and only Four and two-pence to see everything.

STONEHENGE. THE LORD OF THE MANOR OF STONEhenge begs to inform archæologists and others, that he has transferred his rights to the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, and that this famous Druidical remain will be on view until the 1st of April, when it will be put into thorough repair, and converted into an engine-house for the above company.

COLOSSEUM. THIS IS THE LAST YEAR OF THIS WORLD famous place of exhibition, which will become a booking office for the London, Chatham and Dover Railway. Therefore come at once and see all the various and delightful sights. There is no such Bob's worth in Lud's town.

YOU BEASTS! YOU BEASTS! YOU BEASTS! THIS IS not meant as an address to readers, which would be in the highest degree unpolite, that is the warning which has been addressed to the animals at the Zoological Gardens, who have received notice that the London, Chatham and Dover Railway would like the gardens as a coal depôt. The railway has not yet got the place, but there is no saying what may happen, so the sooner visitors come the better.

THE LONDON, CHATHAM AND DOVER RAILWAY gives Notice, that having completed negotiations with PRINCE KUNG for a branch line from the Great Wall to the Porcelain Tower, the bricks of a mile of the former and the whole of the china of the latter are to be disposed of by private contract.

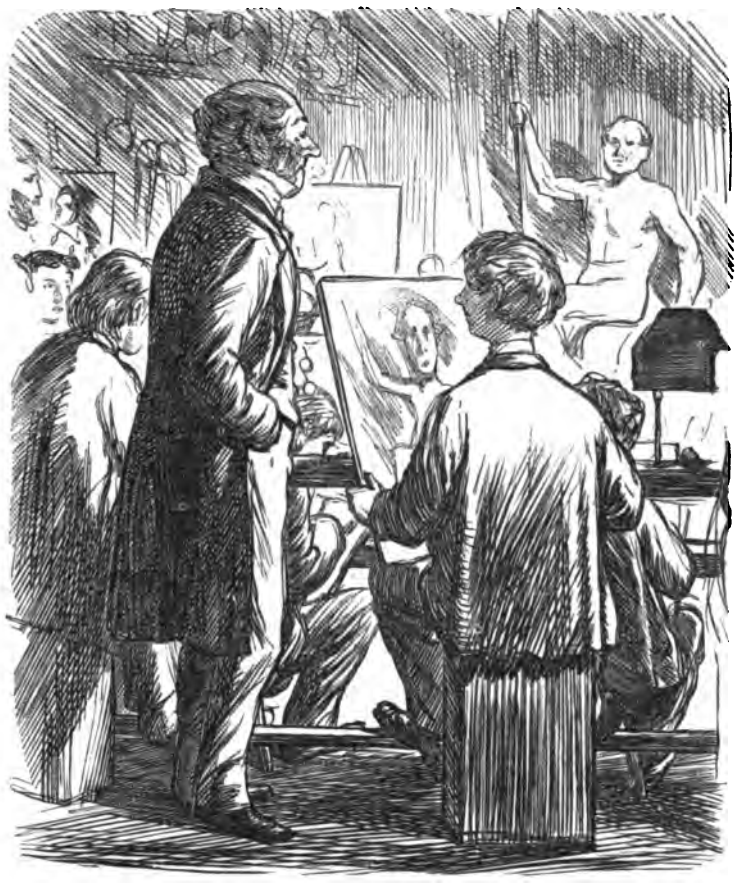
MEMBERS OF THE ATHENÆUM CLUB ARE INFORMED that they had better get themselves balloted into BOODLE'S, the GARRICK, or some other Club, as the present edifice has been taken by the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, and there is no time to build another.

PERSONS WHO ARE INTENDING TO DIRECT BY WILL that they shall be buried in the new Cemetery in the mountain opposite Inverness, are requested to change their minds, as the said mountain has been purchased for a signal station by the London, Chatham and Dover Railway.

THE QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR DEEPLY REGRETS THAT her husband has come to life again, and also that he has sold the royal domain to the London, Chatham and Dover Railway. Should either state of things be altered, the Queen will give due notice.

THE BALL WHICH WAS ANNOUNCED AS TO TAKE place at the COUNTESS OF BATTLEAXE'S on Tuesday next, is unavoidably postponed, in consequence of the Earl having parted with his side of Beldragon Square to the London, Chatham and Dover Railway Company.

BY ROYAL COMMAND. THE KNIGHTS OF THE ORDER of St. George, who had been summoned to hold a Chapter on Saturday, are hereby informed that the same will be held at the room of MR. P. GREEN, Covent Garden, in consequence of Windsor Castle having been ceded to the London, Chatham and Dover Railway.



A GOOD EXCUSE.

Professor. "HEAD 'S A GOOD DEAL TOO LONG, SIR. DON'T YOU SEE?"

Pert Young Student. "PERHAPS SO, SIR. MUST HAVE APPEARED SO TO ME FROM HIS MOVING IT UP AND DOWN SO CONSTANTLY, I BELIEVE!"

SINGING IN THE KITCHEN.

WONDERFUL are the wants one sees announced in newspapers! For instance only look at this:—

WANTED, in a Clergyman's Family in the Country, a good Plain Cook, who understands Baking, with the usual branches of Cooking. A Church Woman indispensable, and one that can Sing preferred. Age between 30 and 40.—Address, &c.

Singing chambermaids, we know, are sometimes wanted for the stage, but we never before heard a wish to hire a singing cook. What sort of voice, we wonder, does this clergyman require? and what proficiency in singing is deemed needful in his kitchen? If his housemaid be soprano, he may possibly prefer a good contralto for his cook: then with a tenor for his footman, and his butler a deep bass, he might get up some delightful quartettes down below-stairs, and practise now and then an anthem for his church.

In making choice of a new cook, we suppose he lets the candidates all stand up in a row and sing a song a-piece: and then, after picking out the one whose voice most pleases him, we presume he next proceeds to ask her what she knows of cooking, and puts her through the catechism of the culinary art.

"Compliments Passes when Gentlefolks Meets."

WE don't know when we have been so touched as by an article in the *Standard* last week. We should have cried, but were afraid of the tears freezing on our innocent nose. After a most gratifying recognition of *Mr. Punch's* genius and all that, the *Standard* says that he "scarcely ever" forgets that he is a gentleman when addressing ladies. "Never," would have been exacter truth, but we suppose that the slight qualification was in the interest of two ladies whom we should scorn to name on such an occasion, indeed we would not hint that their respected names rhyme to lamp and to the capital of France. We will do anything in return to please the *Standard*, except tell him that the Tories are coming in again, which we know he would not believe, and we hereby invite him to liquor to the health of MANHATTAN.

APPROPRIATE CIVIL AND MILITARY AUTHORITIES FOR PRUSSIA.—FIELD-MARSHAL WRANGEL and GENERAL UNRUH (*un-rest*).

JUVENILE NOFUN ASYLUM.

THE anniversary fête of this lugubrious Institution was celebrated yesterday in one of the Adelphi Arches.

More charming weather for such a festival could not be imagined, a pure November fog diffusing an air of mystery, and awakening tender reminiscences of gunpowder treason and plot. Several distinguished members of the *miserable monde* were present, whose countenances seemed in perfect unison with the atmosphere, to which they lent a tone of deeper blue.

Shortly after noon four-and-twenty blue-nosed boys entered the sequestered shade, their doleful band of husky fifes and muffled drums playing, "*Blow, Blow, thou Winter's Wind*," with considerable variations.

Having walked several miles without rest or refreshment, the pupils were allowed by the laws of gravity, to stand still for an hour with their hands behind them, while their generous Patrons derived a melancholy satisfaction from contemplating their mottled hue. In due time sea-biscuits of extreme antiquity (made edible by stamps) were lavished upon the children of the mist, followed by copious draughts of soft water from Trafalgar Square, impregnated with substances, chiefly carboniferous, but entirely exempt from any taint of magnesia or steel.

The Governor, MR. JEREMIAH GROANAWAY, with spasmodic emotion, addressed a laboured exhortation to his voracious audience, in which he warned them to curb their appetites, and shun contact with those who were mere creatures of common sense.

A blue-nosed boy in tight clothes, with rigid hair, pink eyes, and cheeks resembling masses of aërated dough, then recited a didactic poem called *The Lark and the Croaker*, written for this occasion by a gifted hypochondriac. It described a conversation between a young bird and an old bull-frog, and was listened to with unfeigned sorrow, relieved only by involuntary yawns. The lark, who has just commenced his matutinal carolling, is suddenly interrupted by an admonitory croak from the oldest inhabitant of the marshes, who marvels hugely how any two-legged mortal can be so void of decorum, as to go singing about the universe when all well-regulated frogs (and toads too, for that matter) were at home and in their watery beds. The result of the remonstrance is, that the conscience-stricken reveller drops gently down to earth—hushes its reckless strains, and seating itself beside old MR. CROAKER, promises to amend its ways, and renounce those flights of fancy which are so intolerably painful to croakers of every denomination.

MARTHA MAGG, a child only nine years of age, but whose care-worn expression would have graced a crone of ninety, then related her experience, embracing authentic anecdotes of infants (under twenty-one years of age), who had gone to the bad, and whom she had vainly struggled to wean from their insane love of gambolling. One promising youth, whose principal crimes originated in an ungovernable passion for "eye spy eye," was blinded by mud splashed from a coal waggon. Another still more vicious juvenile, while recklessly pursuing the ephemeral attraction of a butterfly, received a kick from a contemptuous cow, of which he would carry a memento on his head so long as memory held her seat in that distracted globe.

MARTHA MAGG having withdrawn in deep dejection, a rosy gentleman, whose name we understood was MERRIMAN, rose up and wished to be informed by what patent process, the capacity of enjoyment had been eliminated from the singular specimens of youthful inanity before him. He had been present some time, and not one smile had been exhibited by any of those little mouths in round pinafores. "At Pekin (observed MR. MERRIMAN), toes are fiercely pinched by Tyrant Fashion, and you denounce such base oppression. (*Shuffles of assent.*) Here understandings are more cruelly cramped — more barbarously cabined, cribbed and confined, and their gaolers look for subscriptions and applause. (*Feeble ejaculations of No!*) Cherokees, Choctaws, and similar savages, flatten *their* offspring's heads, and you point to them with philosophical derision. (*Shuffles.*) After which you solemnly proceed by means of whip-cord, and other stringent appliances, to make still

greater flats of your own. (*Groans of oh! oh! capped by a stern command to turn him out.*) Order being restored, MR. MERRIMAN, putting on his spectacles and looking at a slip of paper, announced that he should move—when a rush was made at his legs by four-and-twenty exasperated pupils of the Nofun Asylum, and amid screeches of grim delight, the reformer and his motion simultaneously fell to the floor.

The festivities terminated with a collection of broken biscuit.

ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY.



TAKING example from the numerous gentlemen, known and unknown to Fame, who are busily engaged in getting up a Tercentenary Festival to WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, several eminent persons have formed themselves into a Committee, "with power to add to their number," in order properly and with due solemnity to celebrate the Quintmilloct-sexoctenarian Anniversary of ADAM, known as the Father of all Poets and of the Human Race generally speaking.

The following is a correct report of the fifth meeting recently held in furtherance of the above mentioned excellent object, at the Rooms of the Society, Paradise Row. Precisely as the clock struck four, the room being tolerably well-filled, the Chair was taken by an elderly gentleman totally unknown to anyone present. MR. CHICK, the energetic promoter of the Scheme, was seated at the Chairman's left hand, while a mild individual, acting as Under-Secretary, was on the Chairman's right, but in consequence of being placed behind several large volumes, he was not visible to the majority of the members.

The CHAIRMAN on rising, said that——

A Member of the Committee here observed that he was sorry to interrupt, but what he wanted to know was, how that gentleman came to occupy the chair? (*Hear, hear!*)

MR. CHICK rose to explain. He begged to say that since the last meeting, he had come to the unanimous resolution of electing himself Secretary, and that he now, of course, held that position. In discharge of the duties of this office, he had received and answered several letters from various influential personages in the United Kingdom, who had expressed themselves favourably with regard to the present National movement. Also, in bearing this onerous but cheerfully self-imposed burden, he had had the pleasure of calling on a few of his friends, whose names he would now read to them; the DUKE OF TURNHAM GREEN,

His Grace the DUKE OF KENNINGTON,

The MARQUIS OF ISLINGTON, with whom he had spent an hour or so at luncheon,

LORD ELEFANT-AND-CARCEL, who expressed himself in the strongest terms possible of admiration (*hear, hear!*) for him personally, MR. CHICK (*disapprobation*),

His Excellency KARUTI SING, Ambassador from the Undiscovered Islands of the Pacific,

The EARL OF MARCH AND APRIL, to whom he, MR. CHICK, had been lately introduced, and was proud to acknowledge as his dearest friend,

MR. CHICK was proceeding to read a long list of his aristocratic acquaintance, dividing them into Five Classes, *i. e.*, Those whom he knew well; those with whom he was on speaking terms; those who knew *him* well, but were not on speaking terms; those whom he knew by sight; and the remainder consisting of those whom he wanted to know, when——

MR. MIVINS interrupted. He (MIVINS) didn't want to hear the self-glorification of MR. CHICK. (*Order, order!—Hear, hear!—Chair!*) He pressed the original question, "Who was that elderly person in the Chair?" (*Hear, hear! Order!*)

MR. CHICK, in explanation, said, that the inhabitants of the County of Surrey had at first contemplated the celebration of a distinct Festival in honour of ADAM, founding their right on the existence of a small colony, not far from Richmond, entitled Ham, which they asserted, could trace an unbroken descent from the Noachian era. MR. D'HUMMY was the President of the Ham Council; that distinguished body, so far from opposing the National plan, had sent in their adhesion to it, and he (MR. CHICK) felt sure that he had done nothing but carry out the wish of every well-wisher to the present Great Festival, in electing, on his own responsibility, to the office of their Chairman, the late antagonistic President, MR. D'HUMMY.

MR. D'HUMMY, [on being nudged by MR. CHICK], rose and said, Ladies and Gentlemen—I mean Gentlemen—the—um—present occasion—is one—on which, you—that is I—(*Hear, hear!*) and in fact the National Committee—I must state, however, that I've come all the way from Ham by the omnibus——

VOICE. Better go back again. (*Order! Chair!*)

MR. D'HUMMY continued; And being unaccustomed to public—no—I should say, this sort of thing—(*Speak up! Order! Chair!*) I can only remark that I wish—(here MR. CHICK handed the Chairman a small piece of paper)—eh?—where *are* my spectacles? Oh, yes, (*reading what* MR. CHICK *has written*)—ah!—quite so—yes—thank you. The Secretary—no, the Under-Secretary—(*looking about*)—I don't exactly see where he is. (Here MR. CHICK attracted the Chairman's attention to the Under-Secretary, who emerged from behind the big books.) Ah, how d'ye do, Sir?—then, yes—

At this point the Chairman imagining that he had done everything that was necessary, sat down.

SEVERAL MEMBERS. What's the question? What's going to be done?

CHAIRMAN (*roused by* MR. CHICK, *smilingly*). Oh yes, I forgot to say that the Minutes of the former Meeting—I wasn't here you know—will be read. (*Hear, hear.*)

The reading of the Minutes led to an animated discussion as to whether they were framed in grammatical language, and a good deal of language that was neither elegant nor grammatical was exchanged. A Member proposed that a copy of LINDLEY MURRAY should be provided for the use of the meeting, and offered to go out and buy one at the expense of the Secretary.

MR. WICKINS observed that such a course was unprecedanted.

The CHAIRMAN (*rising*). What I want to say is, that I've come all the way from Ham by omnibus——(*Order, Order, and cries of* "WICKINS.")

MR. WICKINS (*angrily*). Is this proceeding to stifle discussion?

MR. SPLUFF (*rising and attracting the Chairman's eye away from* MR. WICKINS). I ask to be allowed——(*Order! Chair! Chorus of* "WICKINS.")

The CHAIRMAN (*who has all this time been talking, apparently, to* MR. SPLUFF, *continues*). And I must say that at Ham——(*goes on talking inaudibly*).

MR. WICKINS (*violently*). Is this conduct intended to stifle—to stifle discussion?

Here MR. CHICK plucked the Chairman by the sleeve, who on turning and seeing MR. WICKINS on his legs, bowed to that gentleman, and after smiling affably, was about to proceed with the discourse, in which he had been just interrupted, when MR. CHICK handed him a slip of paper. After inspecting the writing,

The CHAIRMAN (*politely to* MR. WICKINS, *before sitting down*). I didn't know that you were speaking, MR. WIGGINS.

MR. CHICK, in explanation, regretted to inform the Meeting that MR. D'HUMMY was slightly afflicted with deafness. (*Hear, hear!*)

MR. WICKINS. Sir, I must protest against being called WIGGINS.

MR. SMITH said he was sorry to interrupt the last Speaker, but as a practical man—he repeated as a practical man—he wanted to know what they were going to do about the Adamite Festival? *That* was their object in meeting together. They had been there for nearly three hours doing nothing. (*Hear, hear!*)

MR. WICKINS was understood to protest against being called WIGGINS.

MR. CHICK said he would read to them a little poem that he had just written in honour of——

MR. SMITH. Question! (*Hear, hear!*)

MR. CHICK. Well then, he would read to them a list of every one who wished his name to appear in public print, commencing with those who had forwarded a guinea specially for that purpose.

This occupied about three-quarters of an hour, during which most of the members left the room. At the conclusion, MR. CHICK wished to know whether they'd like to hear the names of several members of the aristocracy who had not yet been asked to join the movement. This question having been replied to in the negative, MR. CHICK proposed a vote of thanks to himself, and moved that he should act for the Committee in the interim before the next Meeting. This proposal having been also negatived, MR. CHICK said that he should do what he liked without reference to any of them.

MR. WICKINS. When and where do we meet again?

MR. CHICK. Don't know.

MR. WICKINS. Don't care.

After this the Meeting separated, and the amiable Chairman went back to Ham by the omnibus.

Digitized by Google



Swell (to his Juvenile Partner). "I SUPPOSE THIS IS YOUR FIRST BALL, MISS FLORA!"

Flora (indignantly). "OH, DEAR NO, I'VE BEEN TO AN IM-MENSE NUMBER!"

A PATRON OF THE PUBLIC-HOUSE.

GENTLEMEN of the United Kingdom Alliance, be pleased to ponder the following extract from the report of MR. GLADSTONE'S speech at Buckley, Flintshire, on the working classes and savings' banks:—

"The public-house, after all, ministered to the wants of mankind; and it was not to be expected—whether to be desired or not—that the use of stimulants by whole communities could be altogether dispensed with. At all events he was sure it did not become those who were in his own condition, and felt that it was necessary to have some assistance of that kind to enable them to go through their labours, to denounce the moderate and rational and Christian-like use of those things. *(Hear, hear!)*"

Yes, hear, hear! gentlemen.

A preacher of Temperance hear,
Saying, "Take care to keep your heads clear,
But unjust and unwise
Is the bigot who tries
To rob a poor man of his beer!"

Beer is a good familiar creature, if it be well used, and, with the same proviso, the public-house is an excellent institution. No doubt when used overmuch, it is too much of a good thing; and when the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER says:—

"But still the public-house was not a desirable place for the workman to spend that portion of his life which was not absorbed by labour and sleep and food."

Hear, hear! we cordially cry too. The words of soberness on the subject of drink pronounced by MR. GLADSTONE, to whom we are indebted for that light Claret which bears his name, and which, if it cheers, at any rate does not inebriate, present a refreshing contrast to the intemperate language of those miserable monomaniacs who would saddle JOHN BULL, if he were ass enough to let them, with a Maine Law.

Legal Distinction.

Q. What is the difference between Attorney and Counsel?

A. One is a lawyer, and the other a jawyer.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE JEWS.—The new Greek Minister is GENERAL PETMOSES.

RAILWAY EXCLUSIVENESS.

SIR, MR. PUNCH,

AVIN eard as You are the Frend of hall men Right these few lions to say it appear Mite makes Rite in this rotting old country wich will appear Wen i State as me and jim the Slogger and sum other Parties wich shall be Nameless being all what you mite call Burglars aplied to the Sow heast Rail for a spesshal trane as we wished to transackt a little peace of business in a Rich gent's ouse wich is nigh that line and Not to intrupt Reglar tranes wor Agreeble to Start at 3 in the morn[g] like KING and the Camel. Sir Mite makes Rite for no sooner was the wurds escape my Lips wen Manager says to Porters kick this here howdacious and Demaulized willain into the street and if he honely Looks cross and him to the bobbies which I cut in course but Sir Mite makes Rite in this beestly old country and Shall hemmigreat pleese the Piggs that a Jobb or two now in and Turn up Trumps butt i hope you will Slog that Railway for KING and the Camel was going clean agin Law and arf the gallowsbuds out of quod wos of That party and Yet could have trains and Bobbies wich i call l Lore for the wretch and another for the pure and am

Your respectful Servant,

Fetter Lane. W. CRACKSMAN.

True to Instinct.

THE "Earthly Vicar's" holy mouth
Praises JEFF DAVIS and the South
For all their pious bravery.
Our Orangemen were not so wrong
Who, in their fierce King-William song
Linked "Popery and Slavery."

A RAP FOR A RAPPER.

MR. HOME, the Spirit-monger, has set up at Rome, as a Sculptor. He may succeed there, but certainly he never cut a pretty figure here.

THE NEWEST LORD.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH, *Navan, County Meath.*

You may have thought that I was fidgety and capricious about the selection of my title. I have certainly been hovering over several names, but the fact is, old boy, I was determined to have one which should defy even your powers of rhyme.

See what you can make, (ha! ha!) of a rhyme to the name of

Your jolly old friend, ATHLUMNEY,
Late SIR WILLIAM SOMERVILLE.

MY DEAR LORD,

O, that's it; is it?

You're not just a boy, but a hearty old man,
With a decentish ancle, good calf too, and some knee,
And so get a garter as soon as you can,
From the PREMIER, whose place is near Romsey, not Romney;
And, how are you *now*, our dear BARON ATHLUMNEY?

Yours perpetually, PUNCH,
Late UP THIS MORNING.

THE NATIONAL SHAKSPEARE COMMITTEE.

IT was stated at a recent general meeting of this Committee, that a record of its proceedings would be deposited in the British Museum. Many persons may desire earlier information as to one portion of those "proceedings." It should therefore be known that upon the first occasion on which the great body of those whose names have been procured for the Committee list, had an opportunity of expressing their feelings as to previous "proceedings," such of those proceedings as resulted in the exclusion of MR. THACKERAY'S name from the list of Vice-Presidents were condemned by the following Resolution of Censure:—

"That the General Committee deeply deplore the premature decease of MR. THACKERAY, and regret that circumstances should have occurred to prevent the enrolment of his name in the list of Vice-Presidents."

Digitized by Google

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City



Country Boy. "WHAT'S HE A DOIN' OF."
Town Boy. "WHY, A VINDIN' UP THE CHURCH CLOCK, STOOPID."

SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

(A German Drunken Song.)

SCHLESWIG!—grand word, sounds of swipes;
Schleswig-Holstein—beer and pipes.
Dutchland's claims are just and clear;
Schleswig-Holstein—pipes and beer.

In tobacco cloudland dim,
Fill the beerpot to the brim,
Downsides up at one pull drain;
Schleswig-Holstein we will gain!

Schleswig-Holstein shall be free,
Just about as much as we.
Any fool may understand
Freedom's home in Fatherland.

Therefore Schleswig-Holstein, mates,
Must be added to our states,
Bloodshed never mind how much,
Danish ground we'll make High Dutch.

England can't conceive what for
We're about to plunge in war.
With Teutonic mind to think
Needs Teutonic smoke and drink.

Visions, through these fumes that rise,
Are concealed from British eyes;
There a German Fleet appears—
Schleswig-Holstein—drink your beers!

No such sailors, fleet to man;
Truer tars ne'er emptied can,
Floods of swipes with us agree,
So we're safe to stand the sea.

"Lubbers!" though BRITANNIA cries,
"Hit a foe of your own size,
Let that little boy alone."
Schleswig-Holstein we will bone.

Schleswig-Holstein, gallant band,
Go and win—when you can stand.
Lie and sing, to stand unable,
Schleswig-Holstein under table.

CONTRABAND SPIRITS AT ROME.

IT seems that MR. HOME, the Medium, is at present studying sculpture at Rome, unless he has by this time been conducted out of the Papal premises, not to say dominions. The Spirits in which MR. HOME is so large a dealer, are regarded as contraband by the Government of the POPE. We are indebted to the Roman correspondent of the *Times* for an extract from MR. HOME'S diary, being the record of an examination which he underwent in the presence of the police, before whom he had been summoned to give an account of that wonderful autobiography which he has published under the title of *Incidents of my Life*, and which incredulous JOHN BULL has received with extended fingers, and a thumb applied to the extremity of his nose. The Papal authorities, however, take a different view of MR. HOME'S book from that in which it presents itself to the British sight. They are evidently inclined to make an *auto da fé* of his autobiography, and the result of his interview with them was an order that he should leave Rome in three days. But for the interference of the British Consul, an involuntary egress from the Flaminian Gate, or some other outlet of the Eternal City, would have added another incident to the life of MR. HOME. He has, however, obtained permission to remain in Rome on condition of discontinuing that business in the spirit line, which, however, he disowns, alleging that he does not call spirits from the vasty deep, but that they will come when he does not call for them. As MR. HOME was giving this account of his mediumship to his official interrogators, the spirits, according to the subjoined extract from his own minutes of what occurred, had the timely kindness to suit their action to his word:—

"Do you see the spirits asleep and awake?—Both. Why do the spirits come to you?—As a consolation, and to convince those who do not believe in the after existence of the soul. What religion do they teach?—That depends. What do you do to make them come?' I was about to reply that I did nothing, when on the table where he was writing there came clear and distinct raps. He then said, 'But the table also moves!' Just as he was saying it the table did move."

At present we must be content to say that this statement requires confirmation. Who are its sponsors? Roman police officers, perhaps; but we would rather have had the phenomenon which they may suppose themselves to have witnessed submitted to the inspection of a British Inspector or two, of the Detective Division. The motion of inanimate objects, naturally fixed, is represented as being so ordinary an occurrence at Rome, that we might well expect to hear of the movements of moveables. Where pictures and statues are apt to wink, it is not astonishing that tables and other furniture should be given to turn. The Papal Government apparently ascribes these several marvels of motion to a spiritual cause; the image-winking, however, to the agency of superior spirits, and the table-moving to that of inferior sorts, too bad for rectification. There is reason to apprehend that the former class of spirits will prove to be far above proof, and the latter as far below it. Otherwise the POPE might order an *experimentum crucis* for the extraction of truth, and the conversion of heretics. At all events, if tables are found to turn in MR. HOME'S presence, notwithstanding that of the officers of the Inquisition, it would be worth while, with a view to see whether they would stop, to try holy water. In saying this, however, let us not be understood as wishing to cast any aspersion on MR. HOME, whose ambition to be a sculptor we highly applaud. We are sure that we wish him every success in chiselling marble at any rate, and hope that his celebrity as a Medium will be exceeded by the fame which he will acquire by the production of works above mediocrity.

The Two Dromios.

MONS. MATHIEU DE LA DRÔME is to France what ADMIRAL FITZROY is to England. He is the French, as our Admiral—who so nobly weathers the storm—is the English, Clerk of the Weather. He is often wrong, but oftener right, for many of his predictions have met with most signal success. The two sharp-sighted seers into the middle of next week agree on most points, especially those of the compass, and there is but one little difference between them, and that is merely nominal, for whereas MONS. MATHIEU is the meteorological Prophet of the Drôme, ADMIRAL FITZROY may be called the Prophet of the Drum.

N.B. A Literary Correspondent is informed that the Author of the Tragedy of *Ion* was not STEELE.

Digitized by Google

BRUMMAGEM LOYALTY.



SOME of our readers may have heard that in a certain part of England there exists an unfrequented market-town called Birmingham, where pistols, swords, and toasting-forks, and other savage luxuries are vended for the use of semi-civilised mankind. This town some five years since, was brought into some notice by a visit that was paid to it by HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, who, attended by her loved, and now lamented, good PRINCE CONSORT, was pleased graciously to go there, for the purpose of opening a place of public recreation and pure open-air amusement for the benefit of people residing in that town. It may be known perhaps, to some half-dozen of our readers that the place of recreation which thus royally was opened was, and is still, called or known as Aston Park: and those of the half-dozen who are blest with the best memories may remember certain words in the address read to the QUEEN upon the day the Park was opened, which words, we may remind them without offence, were these:—

"In some towns in your Majesty's dominions public parks have wisely been provided by wealthy corporations; in others, by the munificence of philanthropic citizens: here, also, we are indebted to private liberality for two places of recreation for the people; but to Birmingham alone has it been given to secure, by her own exertions, an ancient park for the physical relaxation—an ancient hall for the mental cultivation—of her variously employed and laborious population."

From the wording of the phrase "to Birmingham alone has it been given to secure," people who speak English might be induced to fancy that the purchase of the Park had been actually completed, and to strengthen this belief, the address proceeds to state that the Park "has been acquired," and of course one might have added, one would fancy, "has been paid for." This it seems, however, by no means was the case; and although the address was "signed by the then Mayor and other gentlemen of local distinction," the statement that the property called Aston Park "had been acquired" was, in point of fact, a most egregious tittyhopper, not to use a shorter word. The truth is that HER MAJESTY was swindled out of the patronage which she bestowed upon the Park, which, of course, she opened under the impression that it had been bought and paid for; and we now learn that:—

"A number of gentlemen (including the REV. DR. MILLER, the rector) feeling deeply the disgrace which must fall upon the town if the purchase of the hall and park is not completed, have endeavoured to relieve the town from such a stigma by raising a sum of money—£7,000—with the view to stimulate the Town Council to provide the remainder."

A memorial to this effect was the other day presented to the Birmingham Town Council, and the following resolution accordingly was moved:—

"That, in order to secure the realisation of Her Most Gracious MAJESTY'S expectation and desire that Aston Park (which was publicly opened by the QUEEN) shall be permanently secured as a place for the healthy exercise and rational recreation of the industrious classes, and in commemoration of the auspicious visit of HER MAJESTY and her illustrious Consort the PRINCE ALBERT to this borough, on the 15th day of June, 1858, it is expedient that the park be purchased by this Council; and for this purpose that the Estate and Buildings Committee be authorised and instructed to treat for and buy (at a sum not exceeding £26,000) the said park and the hall, and other buildings standing thereon, as now or late held and occupied by the Aston Hall and Park Company, and to do and execute all necessary acts and deeds that may be necessary to vest the same in the corporation, under the provisions of the Birmingham Parks Act, 1854."

The report which we are quoting here becomes so very clearly incorrect that we cannot ask our readers any longer to give credence to it. Surely no one can believe that an amendment was proposed to the effect that the Town "was not pledged to purchase the Park," and it is equally preposterous to put faith in the assertion that "no vote was taken on the original resolution, and any decision was postponed until the next meeting of the Council." We much prefer to think that the trifling sum required for the purchase of the Park was immediately voted by the Members of the Council, who indeed would but have had to put their hands into their pockets to find loose cash enough there jingling to make up the sum required. Then of course a vote of censure was unanimously passed by the Town Council on itself, for its culpable neglect in not having raised the money ever such a while ago; and the humblest of petitions was directed to be forthwith presented to HER MAJESTY, acknowledging the impudence wherewith she had been swindled into honouring the Town, but praying that, in mercy to their wretched wives and families, the Members of the Council should not at present be beheaded, for their treasonable villainy in swindling thus their QUEEN.

THE MODERN SAM HALL.

(*In Prisons and such places where they enjoy themselves, here followeth the ditty.*)

AIR—"*Sam Hall.*"

MY name it is SAM HALL,
Villain great, villain great,
I've done both big and small,
Now into gaol I fall,
Rewarded after all
By the State, by the State.

The Grub's sufficient quite
For a man, for a man,
The work so very light
Just whets the appetite;
My bed too's warmed at night
With a pan, with a pan.

The Parson walks in, glum,
Tracts he shows, tracts he shows,
Tho' I sits first quite dumb,
I'm gently overcome,
When gone, I put my thumb
To my nose, to my nose.

Repentant I appear,
All my eye, all my eye.
My time to leave is near;
But as there's such good cheer,
I'll soon be sent back here,
So good bye, so good bye.

"STARVATION PARTIES."

UNDER the above title the ladies of the Confederate division of the American States are giving parties upon a principle which *Mr. Punch* heartily wishes could be tried here. Friends assemble for a social evening, music, dancing, conversation, but money being precious in the present condition of things in the South, a hostess gives simple refreshments, and does not think it necessary to squander a large sum in luxuries. To the British matron, who cannot ask a few friends without hiring a band, laying out a costly supper, engaging a half a dozen waiters, and causing champagne to flow like water, such an expedient as that of the Confederate ladies must be as revolting as are the Southern States themselves. But to the British matron who thinks that her friends come to see her and one another, and not for the sake of what they can get to eat and drink, and who has the pluck to offer simple hospitality instead of indulging in sumptuous extravagance, the Starvation Parties, as they are pleasantly called, will seem sensible things. Why should not young housekeepers, and some who are less young, take the hint from the beautiful ladies of the South—or, if preferred, from the beautiful *Mr. Punch*. He hereby encourages them to try. We won't talk of Starvation, but suppose he honours such assemblies with a title from his own household. Let a Judy Party be the name for an evening arranged in the rational way described. Husbands will be found far more pliable, in the matter of party-giving, when wives point out that everybody has gone away pleased, and yet the cheque wanted for the expenses of the night is a very small one. *Mr. Punch* hardly knows, whether he dare add that the Richmond ladies attend "in simple dress"—but he hazards this second hint, with a full sense of its audacity. But he strongly believes that the happiness of society (and he lives but to promote this) would be materially increased by the Judy Party becoming a Domestic Institution.

Atrocious Outrage on Mazzini.

THE French Police have been guilty of a diabolic attempt. They have sought to throw into the house of M. MAZZINI paper shells filled with poisonous charges. Luckily these missiles struck against the column of an English printing-house, and exploded without harm to the intended victim, but with damaging effect upon the conspirators. We believe that their extradition has been demanded by the British Government.

A MECHANICAL DONKEY.



BY way of improving his mind, a person who signs himself J. PASSMORE EDWARDS, and who writes from the office of the *Mechanic's Magazine and Journal of the Applied Sciences*, has been applying all the science he knows in concocting an amusingly abusive letter to *Mr. Punch*, which that gentleman hereby acknowledges. MR. PASSMORE EDWARDS complains of something which we have published, but as he describes it as a "characatare," we hardly know what he means; and we also find it difficult to reconcile the facts that PASSMORE EDWARDS cannot spell, and that there are so many charity schools in London. He sends, however, the usual piece of Billingsgate about a "hireling scribe," from which we gather that his own literary exertions for the *Mechanic's Magazine* are rewarded at what—judging from his spelling—they must be exactly worth. But there is always something to be learned, even from an idiot, and PASSMORE EDWARDS sends us a new fact. He states that his friend the Member for Rochdale "has flung his name into the Stars to blaze for ever." Still, even this novel fact is not stated with the precision desirable in scientific statements. MR. COBDEN has, undoubtedly, flung his name into a great many *Stars*—we think that so late as yesterday there was an article about him—but they do not blaze for ever, but only for about three minutes, while the domestic blows them to make the wood in the grate catch fire. However, we are thankful for any information, and have enclosed a spelling-book to MR. EDWARDS, and when he shall be a little advanced in rudimentary knowledge, we will ask him to learn this couplet—all easy little words:—

"In. This. World. There. Is. One. Ass. More.
Than. *Punch*. Had. Known. And. That. Is. PASS. MORE."

PROTECTION FOR GATEPOSTS.

SIR,

FOR a long term of years I have been subjected to an annoyance, which has kept my temper in a constant state of irritation. I occupy a suburban villa, with a gate and posts in front of it painted white, but, as often as fresh painted, scribbled and drawn over by boys, passing, or coming from tradesmen to the door. I am not one of those testy persons who care about seeing their name scrawled under the sketch of an irregular oval figure with toasting-forks for legs and arms, or the imperfect attempt of youthful art to delineate a man hanging on a derrick. My dignity is not offended by those juvenile caricatures of my person, but my sense of order is greatly afflicted by the disfigurement of my premises. Now, Sir, I have at last contrived to rid myself of this vexation; and your readers may like to know how.

I procured a large board, Sir, had it nicely whitewashed, and affixed to the pailings close to my gate. To a nail, by a long string, I caused to be attached a lead-pencil, and on the top of the board to be painted, in large black letters, "Please to write and draw on this board." The board is fresh whitewashed regularly every morning, or oftener if the embellishments and inscriptions are of an otherwise than unobjectionable nature. It answers admirably; and I think the authorities who preside over the School of Design should give some credit for the encouragement of juvenile genius to

Yours truly, CIVIS.

The Royal Baby.

MR. PUNCH thinks that the most appropriate title for the little Prince would be "DUKE OF CORNWALL," seeing that he must necessarily remain so long a minor (*miner*).

ART NOTE.—*The Early Italian Style.*—An Organ-grinder at five o'clock in the morning.

TOPICS WITH TEA.

YOU can't have Topics without T, that's evident, the same remark applies to Toast, though in this case, Tea must be taken twice. The late lamented MRS. RAMSBOTHAM used to observe, in her own inimitable style, that "there was nothing she liked more than taking a quiet cup of tea in the evening, with a friend, while talking over and otherwise disgusting the Tropics of the day." Now I think of it, I fancy she called them Toothpicks, not Tropics; words, however, are at the best but arbitrary, and her meaning, under either mode of expression, remained the same. With the opinion of this respected gentlewoman I do most certainly coincide.

Dinner-time, to rightly constituted minds and well ordered digestive organs, affords no opportunity for discursive conversation. Between the courses, a few well-turned observations upon the comparative merits of certain dishes, and concerning the time and seasons to be regarded in the matter of imbibing the lighter and the heavier wines, may be, indeed, judiciously admitted. Let not a subject of Foreign or Domestic politics be even so much as thought of; and let not a scandalous story be present with you, as becometh men gifted with the talent of duly appreciating the science of health.

I pass over Dessert, a mere barbarous excrescence which, I take it, will disappear with the last bottle of the "Fine Old Crusted." My Christian dinner-eaters, what is this Dessert? Why does it yet hold a place in your well-regulated households? It is an unblessed meal. I appeal to any head of a family. Is it not so? There are thanksgivings ante-prandial, and thanksgivings post-prandial; but from the moment of its introduction to society, a curse has, as it were, rested upon the institution of the Dessert. It is as if we said, Heaven made the Dinner, man the Dessert. Look to it, ye dinner-givers. Think not that we, the dinner-eaters, judge of you by your fruits. Trust not the proverb that says, "Speak of a man according to his Desserts;" you know, as well as I, that the majority of our friends speak of us according to our Dinners. Now we come to our time for topics. Topics with T, undoubtedly. Drawing-room topics with the Ladies' Tea. But for men there is another and a better T, which mingles well with coffee, and is of all things most suitable to topics, I mean the T, initial of Tobacco. Come to the smoking-room; strike the light cigar! Fill up your pipes, and clear your pipe if need be, to join me in my bacca-role.

AIR—"*The Sea! The Sea!*"

The T! the T! the T, A, B, A, C!
The new, the fresh, the drawing free,
The Clay-ay-ay Pi-ipe for me!
Without a mark, without a stain,
I'd smoke it and fill it u-up again.
Then came a She! Then came a She!
My friends who made with my house so free,
Who blew above as they blew below,
Were told to the kitchen that they must go!
My wife has her tea,
And so will we,
What, 'bacca? What, 'bacca?
Will you come and smo-oke with me?
Chorus. What 'bacca? What 'bacca?
Will you come and smo-o-o-o-o-oke with me?

After the introductory chorus comes the recitative of topics: very true, but on referring to the time, I find that, to use a Huguenotically operatic illustration, our conversation would be "interrupted by the watch," and therefore we'll allow the Tropics, for this occasion, to end in smoke. Whiff! Whiff!

Excuse for Late Hours.

"HE was as wild as he was good-natured, and had such a lot of spirits that, not being able to exhaust them all in one night, he was forcibly driven to encroach upon the next morning to enable him properly to get through them."—*Extract from an Unpublished Irish Novel.*

HONOUR TO LETTERS.

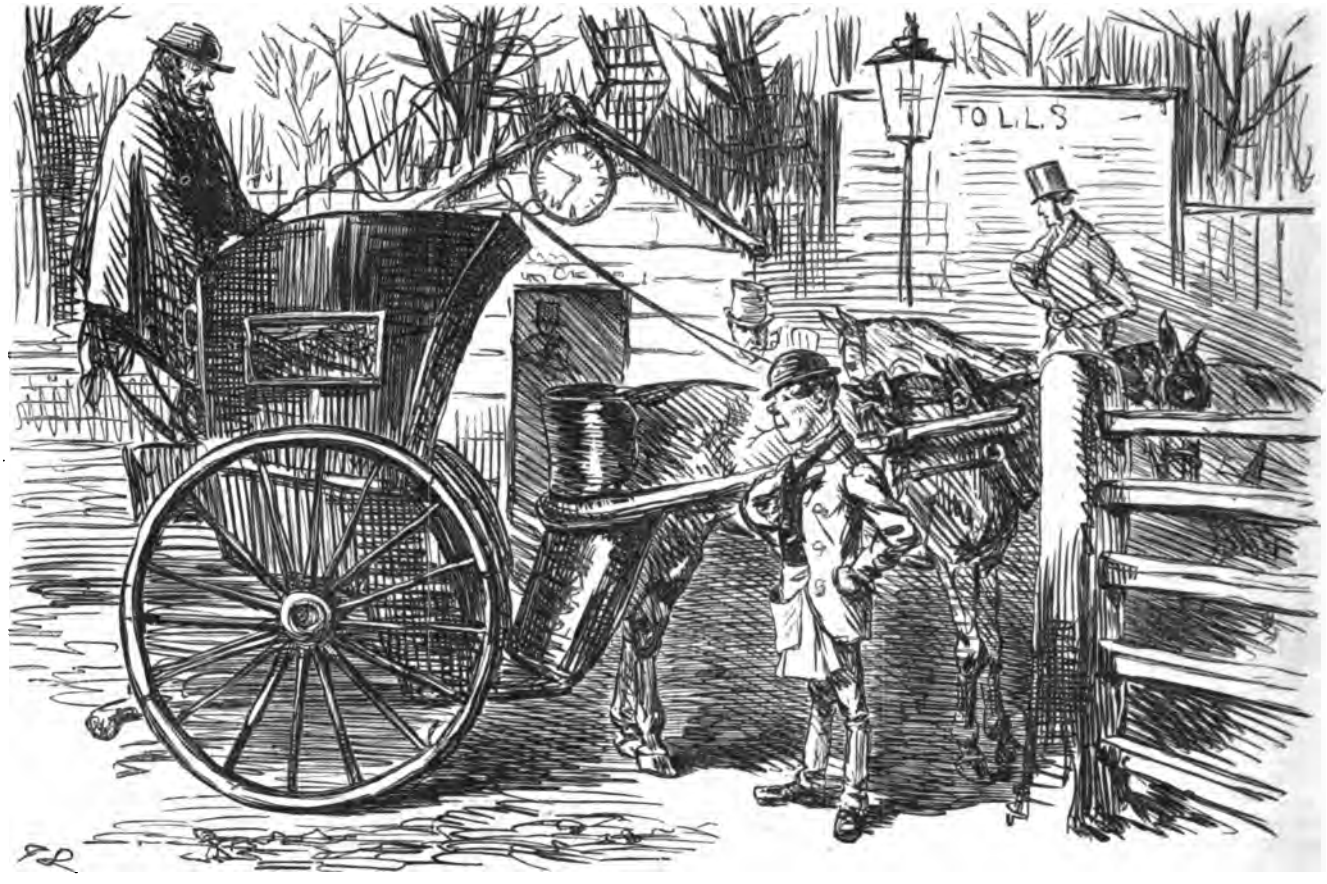
SIR ROWLAND HILL ought to be the best informed person living, as he must necessarily be (as the Yankees would express it) well "posted up" in all the movements of the day,—and night.

A QUESTION TO BE ANSWERED.

WE observe an advertisement beginning, *Home's without Hands.* Well, we know that the POPE has forbidden MR. HOME to do his juggling with the hands, but why is it advertised?

FASHIONABLE TRADE REPORT.—Materials for Ladies' Dresses, of all colours, are in brisk demand, and fetch good prices per acre.

Digitized by Google



THE TOLL-BAR NUISANCE.

Cabby (to impudent Boy at Gate). "AH! YOU ALWAYS HAVE BEEN A SAUCY YOUNG DOG; BUT YOU'RE GOING TO BE DONE AWAY WITH, THAT'S ONE COMFORT—AND YOU CAN'T GROW INTO A TURNPIKE MAN!"

A WELCOME TO THE BABY PRINCE.

BY THE POET LAUREATE T-PP-R.

TWINKLE, twinkle, little Star,
That 's precisely what you are,
Star of England's hopes, and mine,
Destined on her throne to shine.

Pretty little royal boy,
Father's pride and mother's joy,
How I long to see thee toddle,
And to kiss thy pinky noddle! ;

Haply if thy praise I sing,
Old England's small but future King!
Pa and Ma will ask me down
To Frogmore, nigh to Windsor town.

Therefore, hail! auspicious child!
Who upon our land hast smiled!
And let thy parents read my rhymes
A hundred thousand million times!

ECCLESIASTICAL.

ON the occasion of DR. PENRHYN STANLEY'S taking his stall for (we hope) several seasons in Westminster Abbey, the learned and reverend gentleman had to hear certain formal addresses, and make the answers common to these ceremonies. One novel question was, we hear, put; it is supposed to have been framed by DR. C. WORDSWORTH, with a view to test the depth of the new dignitary's research. It was as follows:—

Q. What were the first two specimens of fruit in Paradise?

DR. STANLEY promptly replied, My dear Canon, the Serpent was the first *Meddler:* ADAM and EVE were the first *Pair.*

After this the Canon went off.

THE INNISKILLINGS AND THE LILLEYKILLINGS.

THE nation must be a very unreasonable, not to say impolite nation, if it is not perfectly satisfied with the very gentlemanly way in which H.R.H. the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE has arranged the CRAWLEY business. Nothing could be in better taste. COLONEL CRAWLEY having been honourably acquitted on all the charges which the Horse Guards thought could in fairness be brought against a gentleman, the Duke pleasantly re-iterates the fact, and in replacing COLONEL CRAWLEY at the head of the Inniskilling Dragoons, gives him just that friendly hint about tact and temper which one veteran soldier might offer to another. All the persons who were so rude as not to like COLONEL CRAWLEY, or to give evidence in an ungentlemanly manner, are severely wigged and menaced, as such conduct justly deserves, and SIR HUGH ROSE is apologised to for having been rebuked under a misapprehension. But the noble generosity of the Horse Guards does not stop here, and as if to confute the base and public-house charge that the humble soldier is less considered than his superiors, the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE makes the most complete atonement to the *manes* of SERJEANT-MAJOR LILLEY, by frankly admitting that there is no particular proof that he was not a sober man "up to the period of his arrest." This generous, soldierly, and unstinted compensation must be more than satisfactory to LILLEY'S relatives and to the nation, and in the interest of the Army, and especially of the recruiting service, a copy of the Duke's remarks should be largely distributed. As for the ridiculous, lawyer-like objections, that LILLEY was kept under arrest in violation of the Articles of War, and that he and his wife died under painful circumstances, we really feel that it would be lowering the tone in which military matters are discussed by gentlemen, to enter into explanations of such miserable details. The Horse Guards have behaved as might have been expected.

Interesting Problem.

GIVEN—any two servant-girls in a neighbourhood gossiping—to find—the conversation lasting sixty seconds without the occurrence of the following sentence—"*So sez she to me, sez she.*"

Digitized by Google



WHAT THE NATION HOPES SOON TO SEE.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

SCOTTISH ECONOMY.



IS this half bad? The Scottish people have always asserted themselves to be frugal and economic, though *Mr. Punch* has never, when seated at the hospitable boards of the north, been able to detect the slightest evidence of the fact. However, Glasgow has just given a signal proof that economy is a Scottish virtue. Everybody knows, or ought to know, and be it said to the confusion and shame of London and her foul cisterns and abominable water-tubs, that every house in Glasgow is supplied, from basement to sky-parlour, with the beautiful water of Loch Katrine, which is so pure that it stands next to distilled water in the Health people's reports. But it seems that the Water Committee of Glasgow have discovered that "great increase is being made in the consumption of water," and the Lord Provost has been presiding at a meeting at which

"Conversation took place as to the waste of water, and the propriety of having an efficient staff of officers to see that no undue waste took place throughout the city. It appeared in the course of the conversation that the increase in the consumption of water was ten per cent., and the increase in the receipts five per cent., which, it was argued, showed that considerable waste took place."

We are happy to add, that the practical character of the Scottish people was demonstrated by the resolution to which the meeting came, and of which the following is a copy:—

"That in order to set a good example to our fellow citizens, and to prevent an entirely needless waste of the element, this Meeting pledges itself, for the future to take its whiskey in the form of drams, or as neat as convenient, and that in any case, after the fourth tumbler of toddy, the water shall be diminished to one half, and, in the case of an ekx, to one-third of the contents of the glass."

We are truly glad to hear this, and heartily wish that in London we had the opportunity of making our grog with water like that laid on to Glasgow. If companies would give us that, which we do want, instead of Railways which we don't, such associations would not be the objects of hatred and scorn (unlimited) which they now are.

WHAT IT IS COMING TO.

(*An extract from the Police Reports of* 1865.)

WILLIAM SMASHER was yesterday charged with dashing a large stone through the plate-glass window of MESSRS. ROSE AND TABLECUT, jewellers, destroying property to the amount of £15, and stealing a handful of rings, value £150.

The case having been clearly proved, DR. CRANKY CRACKER, the eminent mad-doctor, was called, and said that the prisoner was suffering under hallucination. His third cousin had gone out to the gold diggings and failed, and this misfortune had given such a shock to his mind that he had conceived an insane dislike of shops where gold was exhibited.

The Magistrate said that the prisoner must of course be discharged.

OCTAVIUS SHANNY was charged with having gone to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, and having stabbed and cut to pieces MR. MILLAIS' noble picture of *Aaron and Hur holding up the hands of Moses*.

Being asked what he had to say, the prisoner made faces at the Magistrate.

Medical evidence was adduced to show that the prisoner, about eighteen years before, had bought a coat of MOSES & SON, with which he had been, for some reason, displeased, and that the name of MOSES had since been enough to excite him to the wildest acts.

The Magistrate regretted that under the circumstances the police had taken the poor fellow into custody, and ordered his immediate discharge.

LARRY M'TWOLTER, an Irish lad, was charged with dashing large handfuls of mud into the carriages of ladies who were going to the QUEEN'S Drawing Room.

The prisoner showed the lamentable condition of his mind by taking a sight at the worthy Magistrate, who said he need not trouble a medical gentleman ready in attendance, and humanely added, "Go away, poor boy; but don't do it again if you can help it."

The prisoner took another sight of gratitude, and retired.

JANET DRABBER, a domestic servant, was charged with beating the infant children of her mistress, and with frightening one of them into fits with a hideous mask, because the child, who was in bed, cried, and disturbed a friendly little supper in the kitchen.

The prisoner pleaded guilty, but said she couldn't abear children. they were such tiresome little wretches, always wanting something or other.

A medical man said that the prisoner's mind had been warped in her youth, by her mother's taking away from her a doll which she had stolen, and returning it to the shop, and from that time she had always hated babies and children.

The Magistrate said that for a poor creature not to like children was in itself punishment enough, discharged the prisoner, and hoped her mistress would take her back into her service.

GEORGE FLASHINGTON, a clerk in a bank, was charged with embezzlement. His defalcations amounted to about £1,500.

There was no defence to the case, but DR. SNEAKER WEASEL, a practitioner of two years' standing, unhesitatingly declared that the prisoner was not responsible for his actions.

The attorney for the prosecution asked whether DR. WEASEL had received or expected a *douceur* for giving such evidence.

The Magistrate, with some warmth, desired the witness not to answer, and said that the attorney himself would probably not have attended unless he expected to be paid.

DR. WEASEL said that the prisoner had lost heavily by the breaking down of *Birch Broom* in the Derby, and that the witness knew this, having been at the races with him. Coming home, the prisoner said it was enough to drive a fellow wild.

The Magistrate said that the evidence was perfectly conclusive, and discharged the prisoner.

LOUISA MATILDA FITZMOUNTCHARLINGTON, a young lady of good connections, was charged with stealing a diamond brooch from the toilette table of another lady who was staying at the same hotel.

A chambermaid deposed to having seen the prisoner enter the room stealthily, secrete the article, and glide out. It was discovered in her trunk, which was carefully locked, and had to be forced open, the prisoner refusing to give up the key.

Two eminent physicians attended, and certified that they had talked to her, and had no doubt of her being irresponsible. She had no idea as to the constitution of Switzerland, believed that diamonds were discovered in a polished state, had never heard of an Artesian Well, or of SAVONAROLA, or of the differential calculus, and thought that it was unlucky to begin things on a Friday, or to see the new moon, for the first time, through glass.

The Magistrate said that it was extremely harsh to bring such a person into a Police Court, and ordered her to be let out by the private entrance.

JEREMIAH GRUMPH, labourer, was charged with setting fire to a stack, whereby the entire farm-buildings of his employer were burned to the ground, and the lives of several persons lost.

Being asked for his defence, the prisoner began, in a rich Somersetshire dialect, to sing—

"What a pity such a vine young vellar should go to Botiny Bai."

The Magistrate, with much kindness, assured him that there was no fear of that, and asked him how he came to burn the stack.

The prisoner was apparently about to make a rational answer, when a wink from his attorney, MR. MEPHIBOSHETH, recalled him to his proper line of defence, and he shouted—

"I did it afore his very sight, lor, how the chap did stare,
For it 's my delight of a shining night, to make the hay-rick flare."

Medical evidence was about to be called to prove, as we understood, that the prisoner's mind had been fearfully excited about fires, ever since an itinerant lecturer had recited in his presence LORD MACAULAY'S poem on the kindling of the Armada-beacons, but

The Magistrate said that he should expect and deserve to be mobbed as he went home if he detained such a man, and ordered his immediate discharge.

The prisoner asked, very quietly, for money to take him back to the place where he had been in service, and this was at once given him out of the poor-box.

A Jacobite Rhyme Revived.

BY A MUDDLED STUDENT OF THE NEWSPAPERS.

BLESS Holstein's rightful King, the State's defender,
Bless,—there 's no harm in blessing the Pretender.
Which the Pretender is, and which the King,
Blest if I know; that 's quite another thing.

ENVY.—The Dyspepsia of the Mind.

Digitized by Google



PERILOUS POSITION OF OUR TURNCOCK THE DAY AFTER THE FROST.

THE COMING ELECTION.

THERE will probably next summer be a general election, and we really think that during their vacation our M. P.'s would be wise to spare a small slice of their leisure to prepare and ponder over their next year's election speeches. The toils of hunting, shooting, fishing, and other highly necessary senatorial occupations, are of course, we know, of far superior importance to any mere political study or employment; and we are aware that many Members consider they best do their duty to their country by living out of town, and out of troublesome Saint Stephen's, as much as ever their constituents will suffer them to do so. Still in the finest sporting season there must sometimes be wet days when in-door labour is acceptable, and the preparing of a hustings speech is just that easy sort of work, which when one is in the country, one feels competent to do.

Now there are two subjects which seem just now of paramount importance, and on which, when any candidate appears upon the hustings, it is pretty certain that he will be sharply questioned. Street Music is one of them, and Railway Inroads the other: and it is clear that on the views which he maintains upon these subjects his election or rejection will in chief degree depend. Do you like Street Music? will be the first question proposed to him. Will you oppose new Railway Inroads? he, no doubt, will next be asked; and if he misplaces his affirmative and negative, we shall, in point of Parliament, regard him as a cherub, and would give little for his chance of getting a seat there. Unthinking persons possibly may argue, that these matters are mere London subjects, and that country candidates will not be bored about them. But *Punch* hereby gives notice that he will not give his support to any candidate who shirks the test-points he has mentioned: and any Member who gets in by holding wrong views on these subjects, *Punch* intends to bully, browbeat, joke, quiz, ridicule, make fun of, and turn into contempt, until that Member gives up his opinions or his seat.

A Brace of Dictators.

ONE Dictator at a time might be thought to be enough for even a model Republic; but according to REUTER:—

"The iron-clad *Dictator* has been successfully launched at New York."

So that there is an iron-clad Dictator at New York, whilst there is also a shoddy-clad Dictator at Washington.

A DUCK DISHED.

(See French Newspaper Reports of the latest "Assassination Plot" passim.)

MADAME LA FRANCE is tossing
Uneasy, in her sleep;
The opiates she 's been dosed with
No more bring slumbers deep.
"*La Gloire's*" morphine, for which she used
To crave, is waved away;
She kicks against the chloroform
Of "*L'Empire c'est la Paix;*"
And even rejects the opium pill
Of "*La Prospérité!*"

The "little games," that used to cheat
Her sick hours, lose their charm;
"Saving Society" won't chouse,
Nor "*Spectre Rouge*" alarm.
She looks at her strait-waistcoat;
Feels where she has been bled;
Puts her hand with a dreamy look,
Up to her shaven head—
Feeling for Freedom's aureole,
Finds *le tricorne* instead:

Has doubts whether these *douches*
Of debt and tax and loan,
Prescribed by her kind doctor,
Were not best let alone;
Feels that her pulse beats steady;
Finds her limbs want free play;
Is hungry, but would like her food
Dressed in another way:
"Not *à l'Impériale*," she cries,
But "*à la Liberté.*"

If this go on, Madame may soon
Of her *régime* complain;
May e'en insist on getting up
And going out again!
Burst, Samson-like, the safety-bands
That swathe her, limb and side,
Tear her strait-waistcoat, e'en kick out
Her Keeper true and tried—
Against such dangerous symptoms,
'Tis urgent to provide.

What 's to be done—bleed? blister?
No; first, our Congress bolus—
But Europe's M.D.'s shake their heads,
And leave *our* Doctor *solus!*
Try *Avertissement*-anodyne—
It don't work as it used:
DE MORNY's tonic bitters—
They 're scoffed at and refused:
Quick—Madame grows more restless—
The Doctor she 's abused!

Ha! an idea! History tells
How Rome escaped the Gauls,
Thanks to a timely goose that hissed
From Capitolian walls.
But Paris has so many geese
Hissing into her ears,
Their voice may well be impotent
To stir or still her fears;
But she trusts Quacks: let fly a Duck!
And lo that Duck appears!

No common *Canard*, weakly fledged
From the Press hatching-pen:
From REUTER's office flown at nine,
To be knocked down at ten:
No Bourse lame-duck that waddles out,
But scarce its legs can feel,
Till it 's caught, neck-wrung, plucked and picked,
Yet barely makes a meal—
UN CANARD COLOSSAL! to set
Weak eyes and brains a-reel!

Blood-red the colour of its wings,
(They 'll loom large in the air);
Stuffed full of bombs (they won't be charged
But look as if they were);

Digitized by Google

A huge six-shooter in each foot,
A poniard in its bill,
Steeped in corrosive sublimate,
The deadlier to kill;
And 'neath its wing "*des pronues écrites*,"—
La Police wields the quill!

To crown the Imperial *canard*,
And force its terrors home,
Tie to its head, legs, wings, one name
The Triumvir of Rome!
That our *canard* where'er it fly,
May brand the assassin's shame
Upon MAZZINI's bloodless brow
In characters of flame.
Ah! *Quel rouge-dragon de canard!*
MADAME LA FRANCE 'twill tame!

"*Le Spectre Rouge!* Look in the air!
See where old Bogie flies!
Beware his bombs, revolvers,
Daggers and saucer-eyes!
Boh! Hide your head beneath the clothes,
Bogie shan't catch you—no!
I'll keep MAZZINI at arm's length,
I'll save LA FRANCE! Holloa!
"*Comm!*" shouts FRANCE, with thumb to nose,
And finger-tips arow.

Like other Bogies *Spectres Rouges*
Have either had their day,
Or the Police *canards* have lost
Their old imposing sway.
Spite of our large expense in lies,
Carried through thick and thin,
Projectiles, plots, MAZZINI's name
Tacked on, fool's faith to win—
This last and crowning Duck of ours
Won't o'er the Geese take in!

QUACKERY CRYING OUT.

THE Quacks are greatly alarmed by the prospect of an additional clause to the New Medical Bill, which threatens to deprive them of what they call their copyright in those notorious names under which their specifics are advertised. One of these fellows, the other day, had the impudence to write to one of the bronze papers, in vindication of the craft by which they get their wealth, a letter, which thus commences:—

"THE NEW MEDICAL BILL.

"*To the Editor of the 'Daily Telegraph.'*

"Sir,—In fair play, and also 'in the interest of humanity,' I trust you will allow me, on behalf of the patent medicine vendors, a reply to 'J. R. W. S.,' as regards his statement on the compounding and prescribing of patent medicines. In the first place, it is a fact known to every one that it has been chiefly by eschewing the use of those violent remedies to which he refers that patent medicines have generally been so successful; and as regards that old stereotyped objection of the one remedy for so many forms of disease, I ask, in reply, why so many remedies are necessary for the one simple object—the correction of the stomach and intestines; for it is upon the right function of these organs that health and disease depend."

It is perhaps allowable to answer a quack's question, for the benefit of those whom it is meant to humbug. Why are so many remedies necessary for the correction of the stomach and intestines? Because there are very many different states of the stomach and intestines, and the other digestive organs not mentioned by the Quack, to the correction of which different remedies are adapted. Moreover there are other organs of the body, besides the digestive, upon whose right functions health and disease depend, and on which medicines may be required to act, so that the 'one simple object' of remedies is not 'the correction of the stomach and intestines,' for which purpose the Correspondent of the newspaper above quoted is doubtless the proprietor of some compound advertised as infallible.

The Quack goes on to cite certain admissions on the part of medical lecturers of the imperfection of medical science; whereon he remarks:—

"If this is a true reflex of the medical science of the present day, it is high time that this gigantic medical monopoly should be abolished, and that the efforts of legislators should be exerted, not in fettering the hands of men who do understand the theory of cause and effect, and can comprehend the nature and action of the remedies they employ, but rather in instituting a fair inquiry into the merits of the several systems; and the patent medicine proprietors will not fear the result."

The men whose hands legislators should not try to fetter, because they do understand the theory of cause and effect, by which the Quack probably means the connection between cause and effect, and who can comprehend the nature and action of the remedies they employ, are, according to him, the proprietors of patent medicines. They "will not fear the result" of an inquiry which would be dreaded by some other persons. Those others, of course, are the regularly educated physicians and surgeons, who differ from the patent medicine proprietors only in having first received a general education, and then having carefully and minutely studied anatomy, physiology, chemistry, nosology, and therapeutics, instead of having confined their studies to the practice of puffery.

The conclusion of this fellow's epistle is a fine example of that flatulence which is incurable by any medicine:—

"After that public avowal, before referred to, of professional incompetency, is it 'in the interest of humanity' that these self-constituted guardians of the public health should be allowed wholly and solely to monopolise the practice? Medical science, Sir! is this the only result of the accumulated knowledge of the medical body, that 'they are still living in the dark ages of medicine?' Then to whom are the afflicted to look if patent medicines are abolished?—I am, Sir, yours &c., J.P."

"*Kensington Park, Jan. 9.*"

It is not difficult to understand whom the Quack speaks of as the "self-constituted guardians of the public health." They are the medical profession in general, and in particular the members of the Council which regulates its affairs. But these gentlemen are constituted guardians of the public health by Act of Parliament, and what the Quack fears and deprecates is the enlargement of their authority, at his cost. "To whom are the afflicted to look if patent medicines are abolished?" To a respectable practitioner, who will prescribe for them what is suitable for their complaint, and who will know what is the matter with them. That is more than they know themselves, so that when they take a specific remedy, supposing there is one, they must doubt whether they are taking the right, unless they are such fools as to be incapable of thought, or to be capable of believing in a patent medicine which cures all diseases, a panacea like that which MR. J. P. is most likely interested in the sale of.

UNTHINKING BEGGARS.

MR. PUNCH,

THE numerous beggars who, at this inclement season, are accustomed to appear in the streets, suggest the inquiry, what is the cause which most generally reduces people to poverty? The answer that may too readily be given is, their own fault. This is a mistake. I would rather say, their own stupidity. What strongly impresses me with the belief that pecuniary destitution is chiefly attributable to want of sense, is the utter absence of all consideration which beggars usually exhibit in the very act of soliciting charity of passengers.

A stout old gentleman, of an appearance which his friends may style apoplectic, is walking along the street, tightly buttoned up in an overcoat without pockets. Around his neck a railway wrapper is folded several times, and his hands are enveloped in thick worsted gloves encircled with a large roll of fur at the wrists. What possible inducement, think you, shall prevail upon this old gentleman to undo his accoutrements, throw himself open, and let the cold air into his bosom and the pit of his stomach? Yet a street-beggar will get in the way of this old gentleman, and without one thought of what he is asking him to do, will say, "Gentleman, please yer honour, har yer got ar a copper to give a poor man to buy 'im a bit o' bread." Have I got a copper!—he means a bronze. Where, does he suppose? A copper!—that is all he conceives that his request amounts to. A copper in an old gentleman's pocket is a simple copper to him; a *Peter Bell* of a beggar. How is it to be got out? Does he expect this old gentleman to unbutton his overcoat—for which purpose he must previously take off his gloves and put them into his mouth, or else let them drop, and then unwind the wrapper from around his throat—next to unbutton his undercoat, and fumble in his waistcoat pockets, first in one and then in the other, then in each of his coat pockets, and lastly in the pockets of his trousers, to see if he can find a penny or a halfpenny—probably without success?

The deficiency of observation, perception, reason, and judgment, the total vacuity of mind that alone could admit of so absurd an expectation, would render any person labouring under it incapable of managing the commonest affairs, of preserving any property, or earning any subsistence. Imagine to yourself this old gentleman taking himself to pieces before the public in the manner above detailed; a spectacle to the bystanders! It is what he is asked to do a dozen times every day in the course of his constitutional. This has taught him rather to pity the obtuseness than to blame the depravity of beggars. He is

Your humble Servant, SENEX.

*** There is much acuteness in our correspondent's remarks on the thoughtless importunity of beggars. They ought to know that he has subscribed as much as he can afford to soup-kitchens, and put all his spare coppers into the poor-box.—PUNCH.

HOME IN ROME.—On the usual day for such applications, MR. HOME applied to the Ecclesiastical Authorities of the City for a Licence to deal in Spirits. Licence refused.



FLUNKEIANA.

John Thomas Gorgeous. "I TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, COOK! I'M A'MOST WORN OUT WITH THEM LEGS O' MUTTON AND LEGS O' PORK, AND I THINK IT'S 'IGH TIME SOME NEW HANIMAL WAS INWENTED!"

THE LONGEST JOKE ON RECORD.

MR. FALCONER must be regarded as the most stupendous of modern jokers. He has concocted a *Jeu d'Esprit* which it takes two hours and a-half to utter. He has written a drama called *Night and Morn*, the sole purpose of which is to show that solitary confinement for twenty years is a piece of experience that may be laughed at!

The ignorant world has fancied hitherto, that solitary confinement, even for a year or two, has something horrible about it,—that it tends to turn a bad man into a savage, and a good one into an idiot. There have been philanthropists who have gone so far even as to denounce it as a prolonged murder,—the mere withering a man to death, by which society indulges in a brutal revenge upon a criminal instead of endeavouring to bring him to some sense of his misconduct. Whether these views be true or not, it has been pretty generally believed that such a punishment tends at least to numb the faculties, whiten the hair, and rather effectually damp the spirits.

MR. FALCONER, however, assures us that we are entirely wrong upon the point. He contends that solitary confinement, even for the space of twenty years, may be endured without any damage either to the person or the feelings. His hero, a worthy fellow, who has been unjustly caged by an Italian duke, effects his escape from his dungeon without a grey hair on his head or a wrinkle on his brow, and a decided feeling that his long entombment was, after all, a pleasant adventure. So far from being troubled with the ordinary feelings in such a case—the dulness, sadness, or vindictiveness, that one would think proper to poor humanity—he has not even a sense of annoyance. He jokes with his gaoler on the eve of his escaping; he enjoys heartily the wonder of the governor at the disappearance of his bedding, which he has turned into a rope ladder, and he wonders with a grave chuckle, how his family circle, the mice and spiders, will possibly get on without him. He gives us in fact, the idea of a fast young Italian who has been shut up for a night or two in some mediæval round-house, and who on getting free, considers the matter as rather an exciting bit of life.

Indeed the case is somewhat stronger. This philosopher regards his punishment as a positively beneficial process. Solitary confinement for twenty years, and endured by the victim of a tyrant, sharpens the enjoyment of fresh air, and the salutary privilege of exercise. It is a temporary retirement which really invigorates the senses, and has but the one inconvenience, that it forbids the luxury of a barber. In fact, according to MR. FALCONER, there is something cryptical in the nature of a man, and he can only develop properly by being thrust into the dark.

Now we think it will be conceded that this is rather a new view of the case, and possibly one that might be submitted with some little advantage to Parliament. When it next discusses the penal system, in addition to all the usual objections that have been urged to solitary punishment, here is the fresh one furnished by MR. FALCONER, that it may even be considered an enjoyment. However, let us be just to him. He intends the whole affair as a joke, and its chief originality consists, not merely in its requiring two hours and a-half for utterance, but in its taking the shape of a drama, which has actually deceived our contemporaries into the belief of its serious purpose.

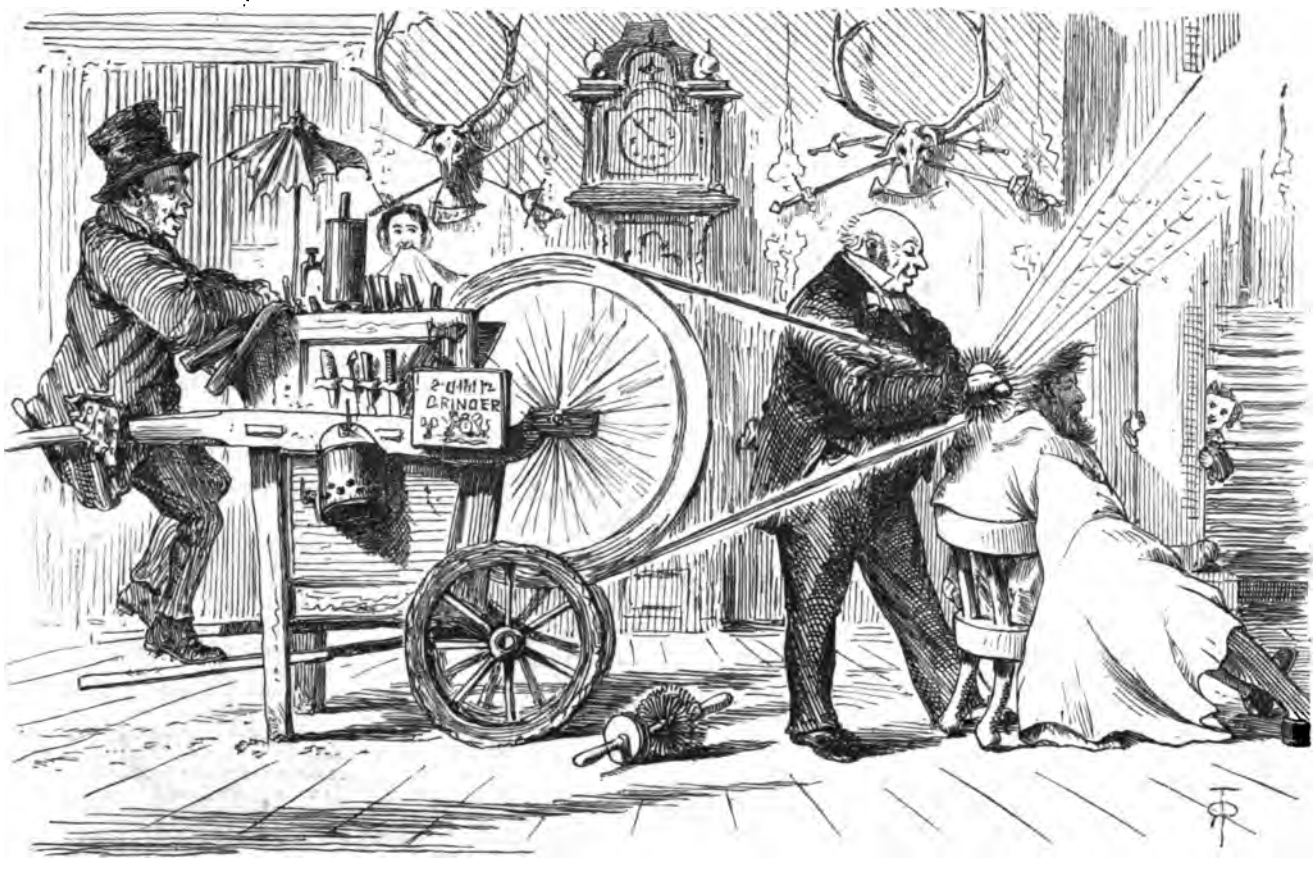
THE NATIONAL SHAKSPEARE COMMITTEE.

IN order to complete the record of certain "proceedings" which have come under the unfavourable notice of the General Committee, it should be stated that a so-called Report was issued by the Secretaries without the sanction of the Committee. That in one of the paragraphs of this report the following words were used:—

"In connection with this list of names, it is impossible not to express the profound regret which every one must feel at the sudden removal from among us of a man of genius, about whose *form of invitation* there was a passing difference of opinion. His claims to a place in the Committee had been expressed in a formal vote and in a special invitation. Of his sympathy, and of his co-operation, had he been spared to us, no sort of doubt can be entertained."

The Vote of Censure, which we recorded last week, as having been passed by the General Committee in reference to the "proceedings" which excluded MR. THACKERAY from the list of Vice-Presidents, has been followed up by another vote of the General Committee. The so-called Report containing the above disingenuous passage has been *Rejected*.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 86 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City



NOTHING LIKE A MECHANICAL TURN (FOR HAIR-BRUSHING).

TAKE A HINT FROM THE INGENIOUS SWELL, WHO NOT BEING ABLE TO EXIST WITHOUT THIS LUXURY IN THE COUNTRY, IMPROVISED THE ABOVE, TO THE ASTONISHMENT OF THE GRINDER AND OTHERS.

THE LONDON AND SUBURBAN IRON AND MUD MINERS' COMPANY (LIMITED).

CAPITAL - NOTHING.

IN ANY NUMBER OF SHARES OF UNCERTAIN AMOUNT.

PROSPECTUS.

THE great difficulty in obtaining a sufficient supply of first-class Scrap Iron for the manufacture of Armour Plates, Soup Kettles, Armstrong Guns, Home Secretaries, and other Marine Stores, has directed the attention of certain members of our Scientific bodies, to the possibility of recovering the large amount of metal deposited by wear and tear of tires of wheels, horse-shoes, &c. in the Mud of the London streets, and now allowed to lie useless.

The fact of the existence of a large metallic deposit in London Mud being established, experiments have been made to test the proportions in which this deposit exists, and the localities in which it mostly abounds.

PRINCIPAL VEINS HITHERTO DISCOVERED.

1. "The Wheal Oxford," running the whole length of Oxford Street and Holborn from the Marble Arch to the Bank. Good.
2. "The Wheal Crawley" commencing on Cornhill, running westwards through the Houses of Parliament, and terminating at the Horse Guards. This is an immensely deep vein of Mud.
3. "The Wheal Mary Ann," lodes of considerable richness of which are found to exist on the area-steps of houses in quiet streets, where a plain cook is kept. The richness of this vein is supposed to be attributable to the quality of the Iron used in the heels of the Policemen's boots, and in the ammunition boots issued to Her Majesty's Foot Guards, being exceedingly good.

Other veins of equal value are also noted for experiment, the only failure yet recorded being that of the "Wheal CRESSWELL," samples of which obtained from the Divorce Court, proved to be too full of dirt to be of any practical use.

The Company has for its object the working of these and other veins; and as the mud is regularly collected by the street scavengers, no regular staff will be required by the Company. It is confidently expected that the most eminent iron-founders in the Metropolis will contend for the privilege of smelting the ore thus obtained; so that no expense to the Company on that score need be apprehended.

Under these circumstances the Company will be freed from the necessity of raising any Capital, and the profit on its Shares must therefore be enormous: a state of things quite unique in the history of public undertakings.

The Promoters being anxious to benefit the mass of mankind rather than to add to the accumulated wealth of a few, no capitalists or other wealthy persons need apply; but the Shares of the Company are offered to poor Widows, Clergymen with large families and small means, Elderly Maiden Ladies in reduced circumstances, and others in a like position.

Allotments of Shares upon application by prepaid letter, enclosing 2*s.* 6*d.* in postage stamps will be made to all parties eligible.

An early application is recommended.

A. SWINDLER,
London, January 1, 1864. *Secretary.*

The Rock Assurance.

THE Spaniards bellow loudly for Gibraltar;
'Tis ours, and safe as guns and hearts can make it,
Still, with politeness which Spain cannot alter,
All we reply is, "Please to come and *take* it."

TRULY SWEET.

"WHEN I am in pecuniary difficulties," said a pensive bankrupt, "my garden, my flowers, all fresh and sparkling in the morning, console my heart." "Indeed!" asked his sympathising friend. "I should have thought they would remind you of your trouble, for, like your bills, they are all over dew."

Digitized by Google

"IT IS AN ANCIENT MARINER."



We quite agree with MR. COBDEN, that one can always learn something from the worst newspaper. We do not mean to say that the *Hampshire Chronicle* is the worst, indeed it seems to be a very respectable journal. But we have certainly learned something from the number which lies before us. It refers to the promotion of SIR LUCIUS CURTIS, Baronet, to the high position of Admiral of the Fleet, and assuredly if length of service can entitle a man to honours, the awful and terrible age of SIR LUCIUS gives him claim to be Very First Lord of the Admiralty, or anything he pleases. Be kind enough to observe the statements made by the *Hampshire Chronicle*. First, as to the Admiral's father:—

"SIR LUCIUS is the eldest son of a distinguished Admiral of the Red, who rendered great services at the Siege of Gibraltar, and received his baronetcy in 1794 for his conduct as Captain of the *Queen Charlotte*, LORD HOWE's flag-ship, in the battles of May 22nd and June 1, 1794."

Longevity, it seems, runs great lengths in the family, and it was just like old Tory Governments to let a brave sailor wait exactly seventy years for the reward of his valour. We may remark, too, that it does great credit to LORD HOWE that he fought his battles exactly a year before he was born. But these exploits are nothing to those of our new Admiral, as described by the *Hampshire Chronicle*:—

"The present Baronet was born in 1716, entered the Navy in 1715, and commanded the *Magicienne* at the Isle of Bourbon. He became Captain Jan. 22, 1806; Rear-Admiral, June 28, 1838; Vice-Admiral, Sept. 15, 1842; and Admiral, July 9, 1255. He succeeded his father in 1816, having in the previous year been appointed a C.B."

So that this extraordinary Ancient Mariner had the goodness in the first place to be born before his father, and in the next place to enter the Navy a year before he himself was born, a noble act of devotion to his country's service. But even those achievements are as nothing compared to his rushing back in the most valiant manner into ancient history, and becoming an Admiral in the time of HENRY THE THIRD, then retiring for a few centuries into honourable obscurity, and modestly coming out again as Captain, soon after LORD NELSON's death, when remarkable sailors were much wanted. Histories like these make us indeed proud of our brave Navy, and we have every reason to hope that SIR LUCIUS CURTIS may live to command the Channel Fleet in the year 2864!

THE SQUABBLE ABOUT THE NILE.

WITH CAPTAIN GRANT and CAPTAIN SPEKE
At odds is learned DR. BEKE
About the Sources of the Nile.
Sure DR. BEKE's oppressed with bile.
Strange that such heat of bilious ire
Should scientific minds inspire!
Let COCKLE be invoked, to check
The bile that urges BEKE to peck
At SPEKE with such a dogged will;
For BEKE appears to own a bill,
Which he right into SPEKE did dig,
Because the latter called him BIGG,
And by that name did little make,
('Twas a reporter's plain mistake)
Gregarious birds are of one feather:
What birds with BEKE should flock together?
Nay, worthy Doctor, do not rage:
Those wherein onion blends with sage.

"THE SAME CONCERN."

"MR. HOME, the eminent Spiritualist, has been ordered to leave Rome in three days."—*Correspondence from Rome.*

WHAT, turned out of Rome,
Spirit-conjuror HOME?
What more crying injustice could be?
But pictures that wink,
And statues that blink,
Can't stand spirits that rap, don't you see?
Why seek demonstration,
Or new illustration,
That "two of a trade can't agree," my dear HOME;
That "two of a trade can't agree."

"There's no place like Home," says the song,
But the ditty is certainly wrong;
For while 'tis set thick
With imposture and trick,
There's *one* place like *Home*, and that's Rome, my dear HOME,
Yes, there's *one* place that's very like *Home*.

MALICIOUS INTERFERENCE.

MR. PUNCH,

I LIKE to travel in a first-class railway carriage, with comfortable arms and cushions, to enjoy the society and the conversation of my betters, and to grab the newspapers they leave behind them on getting out. But I do not like to pay for these luxuries.

Having invented a way of obtaining them, on the Underground Railway, at a small price, I have read in the *Telegraph*, with ineffable disgust, a mean letter in which the writer endeavours to get me cheated out of the reward of my invention. I consider the writer to be a very dishonest man.

My plan is very simple, like all great plans. I was obliged, for once, to incur the expense of a first-class ticket, but this, once obtained, will answer for all time. Every day I travel, I buy a third-class ticket; but as I go down-stairs to the platform, I put the third-class card into my pocket, and take out my first-class one, which, of course, I carefully preserve. You have to show tickets to the official at the wicket. I show my first-class card. Of course there is no time, or it does not occur to him, as I hurry past, to ascertain that it is an old one—he can see that it *is* a first-class, and that's enough. I take my seat in the patrician carriage, and enjoy myself as aforesaid. I need not say that as the tickets are taken away at the gate, I there give up my third-class ticket, and go my way with the smile of virtue leaning on the arm of talent.

That a writer should seek to take away this cleverly and honestly earned privilege is so monstrous that I cannot trust myself to say more than that I am,

Yours very truly,
DIDDLEDUM DOO.

A SKETCH IN SCOTLAND.

SINCE the immortal meeting of the Brick Lane Temperance Society, at which the Messrs. Weller and the Reverend the Shepherd attended (after refection elsewhere), and the latter, in response to the Chairman's fat smile and invitation to address the Meeting, declined, on the ground that the meeting was drunk, we have seen nothing so good as this, which we take from the *Dundee Courier*:—

"On Sunday last, the minister of a large Congregation in Dundee was interrupted in the course of his forenoon sermon by the repeated coughing of his auditors. Pausing in the midst of his observations, he addressed his Congregation to the following effect:—'You go about the streets at the New Year time—you get drunk, and get cold, then you come here and cough, cough like a park of artillery. I think I must give you a vacation of six weeks, that you may have time to get sober, and to regain your health again."

This lenitive application did good, for the Congregation sat quiet, and coughed no more than they would have dared to do had they been in presence of the QUEEN, or any other great person, instead of being in a mere Church. But one seat-holder, though he held his seat, could not hold his tongue, and declared that the Congregation was insulted. We suspect that the Minister knew best. In fact had the incident occurred anywhere but in Scotland, where every man is proverbially sober, we should have been sure that the Minister knew best. Hurrah, for the toddy of Bonnie Dundee!

Jesting out of Place.

As the EARL OF D-BY was walking down St. James's Street with MR. B-N-J-N D-SR-LI the other evening, the noble Lord remarked to the right honourable gentleman that the days were getting out, when his companion promptly replied, "I wish the Whigs were."

AWA', WIGS, AWA'!

I SAY *Punch*, old boy, *do* you want luxurious whiskers? *does* your hair get thin atop? Because if so, I'd recommend you to say nothing to nobody, but just go quietly to work, and take a leaf from the French fashion-books. See here, this is how Madame la Mode now teaches her fair votaries to make up for what by Nature may unluckily be wanting to them in the matter of hirsuteness. The words I quote are taken from the *Illustrated News*, and refer to what is now the way of wearing hair in Paris: but I believe the fashion is invading London also, for we are never safe in England from French fashionable invasions:—

"The quantity of hair worn is considerable, whether natural or borrowed, and the *catogan* especially should be very thick. A goodly amount of hair is required to be coiffed *à la mode*. If you have not sufficient, purchase some, says Madame la Mode. There is not even much advantage in possessing a fine head of hair; the wearing of *faux cheveux* is so generally admitted and permitted that ladies sufficiently rich in the capillary ornament usually pass for having had recourse to the fashionable importation, which is not considered in the least derogatory to the wearer's beauty or attractions."

I haven't the least conception what a "catogan" may be, though I have heard of cattish whiskers, and perhaps they are related to it. But I say, what a beastly shame it seems that a girl who 's got good hair should be suspected to have bought it. Hang it all, I think if I were a young lady and had a lot of hair, I'd wear it dangling down my back all loose to show that it was real. As for any girl's imagining that buying her back hair is "not considered in the least derogatory to her attractions," that 's a very neat idea for a *perruquier* to promulgate, but I doubt if men in general would be willing to endorse it. I am not myself much tempted towards committing matrimony by the knowledge that girls now-a-days are in the habit of wearing wigs. Indeed, I think that she who tries to add to her capillary attractions by wearing on her head a lot of other people's hair should, if she thereby wins a husband, be deemed guilty of obtaining marriage under false pretences, and, if not punished more severely, at least should have her head shaved, and be shown at evening parties for a month without a wig.

Some old classic chap has said that Venus could not charm even her Vulcan were she bald, and I have certainly some doubt whether a beauty without hair would have many offers made to her, But total baldness is by no means common with young ladies, and I don't expect to see a Venus Calva here in England, although they stuck a statue to her once in ancient Rome. But a lady with sparse hair would assuredly be more attractive to my eyesight if she had the courage to wear it unadulterated, than if she picked the locks which once adorned another to decorate herself. First catch your hair by nature, Miss, and then dress it as you please, provided you don't add to it what is not your own. But if you try to beautify yourself by wearing *faux cheveux*, I hope that nobody will ever mistake you for a hairess.

As a gentleman, of course, I can't bear being rude—especially to ladies. But if I were introduced to a partner in a ball-room, and had any thoughts of asking her to be my partner for life, I should take care by some means, before I popped the question to pull down her back hair that I might see if it were home-grown or of foreign importation. If bachelors in general were to act upon this plan, just fancy what discoveries might be made at evening parties, and what a sweeping up of curls there would be the morning afterwards!

I don't know who the fellow was of whom it is recorded that—

"Beauty draws him with a single hair."

But I have not such faith myself in mere capillary attractiveness, and I don't think any lock of hair will ever draw me into wedlock. Still I am "free to confess" (as I shall say when I 'm in Parliament) that I think a hirsute head looks better than a bald one, and, if I ever lose my own so far as to get married, I shall account it so much gain if, as my own hair 's getting thin, my wife's should be so thick as to make up for my deficiency. But then hers must be genuine, and in no way adulterated; for I hate to see young ladies giving themselves hairs that by nature don't belong to them, and a girl who wears a wig shall never share my wigwam.

With which determination I cry, Down with borrowed tresses! *A bas les faux cheveux!* and remain, my dear *Punch*, yours in all serenity (while single),

CHARLEY COLLEGE.

More Confusion.

THIS telegram is not "reliable:"—

"Washington telegrams report that the Confederates are retreating from the neighbourhood of Petersburg."

We thought that it was the Federals who had thrown themselves into the arms of Russia for protection and patronage. Have the Confederates been trying the same game, and been repulsed. Bother the telegrams, they are more trouble to us than all our money.

A RATING FOR THE BANK RATERS.

WILL the Directors of that Bank of England oblige us so far as to let that Rate of Discount alone? They really fidget with it in a most unbusiness-like way, and they can have no idea of the trouble they cause. Up one day, down the next, and then up again, until one does not know what to do. It is very trying to have to consider in the morning, while dressing, whether one ought to send another collar to the wash, or whether, on the chance of the rate of discount going up on Saturday, one ought to turn the collar one has worn the day before. We know a case in which a prudent young man has actually declined to take a pocket handkerchief out of the drawer, and has gone about sniffling to that degree that the Bank Parlour ought to be ashamed. We ourselves have been drinking La Rose for more than a week, instead of Lafitte, solely because we wished to set an example of forethought to our boys, and for the same reason, while the Rate of Discount has been played with, we have never given more than tenpence for a cigar, except when we have smoked fewer than nine in the twenty-four hours. Moreover, though the interference is avowedly against the export of gold, it affects, in some subtle manner, the issue of silver, and we had four rounds with a buss conductor in the Edgeware Road on Tuesday night, because he gave us two-and-fourpence in coppers when we paid him half-a-crown on account of his lawful twopence, and if he took his black eye into the Bank Parlour, the Directors would be astonished. There is nothing more wicked than trifling with the national currency, and we shall look into the Parlour ourselves, and Baring, as INSPECTOR BUCKET says, in a way that will make the Directors look nine ways for Sunday.

MR. MILTON MODERNISED.

WHAT needs my SHAKSPEARE for his honoured bones,
The sov'reigns of BROWN, ROBINSON, and JONES?
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a HEPWORTH-DIXON pyramid?
Dear son of memory—great heir of fame,
Why all these little names tacked to *thy* name?
Then may'st feel wonder and astonishment
At all this row about thy monument,
While to the shame of our dramatic Art,
Thy plays of our stage-banquet make no part.
Methinks 'twere well, blushing, to bring to book,
Praises so empty, though so big they look,
And, with our Stage ungraced of thy conceiving,
Own ourselves arrant humbugs, self-deceiving:
Meanwhile do thou in quiet Stratford lie,
Heedless of all this buzzing of small fry!



LAW OF DIVORCE.

SIR,—A "BARRISTER" who lately wrote to the *Times*, in order to draw public attention to the existing anomalies in the Law of Divorce, omitted all mention of one of its most glaring absurdities. Allow me to state a case in point. MR. A. runs away with MRS. B., very good, I mean of course very bad; well, MRS. A. sues for a Divorce from MR. A., and obtains an order for alimony *pendente lite*. MR. A. objects to pay this amount for the support of his wife, whereupon the Judge "orders an attachment to issue." Now, Sir, if it be, as it certainly is, in the power of the Judge Ordinary to order MR. A.'s attachment to *Issue*, why should he not be able judicially to order MR. A.'s attachment to *Wife?* I remain, Sir, yours thoughtfully,

A REVISING BARRISTER.

Digitized by Google



THE JUVENILE PARTY.—A GREAT LIBERTY.

Juvenile. "MAMMA, DEAR! DO YOU KNOW THAT GENTLEMAN TICKLED ME WITHOUT BEING INTRODUCED!"

NOT A BAD IDEA OF KING WILLIAM.

SAYS the King to the Kaiser,
I think 'twould be wiser,
Since soldiers are stronger than sermons,
To leave off entreating,
And take to brow-beating
Our large batch of small (cousin) Germans.

With the bit in their muzzle,
O'er this vexed Duchy-puzzle,
So long and so loudly they 've wrangled,
That Europe feels gravelled,
How a skein so sore ravelled
Is e'er to be got disentangled.

Diplomacy fumbled,
Till through it has tumbled,
And the knot all its pains keeps defying:
So at last to save labour,
They 've snatched up the sabre
To cut it, instead of untying.

Now though swords, my dear Kaiser,
(Drawn with sense for adviser)
May lead to short-cuts out of trouble,
Still a blade in its swing
Is a dangerous thing,
And its edges are apt to cut double.

So, as you, Coz, and I,
Must have hands in the pie,
And the pear of delay gets no riper,
Leave small Germans the word-play,
And We 'll take the sword-play,
As 'tis WE must, at last, pay the piper.

Our *schlägers* we 'll flourish,
And *Vaterland* nourish
With the froth and the wind she delights in;
But we 'll take deuc'd good care,
Though the sword may be bare,
Its polish shan't suffer true fights in.

If BISMARCK-SCHÖNHAUSEN,
My Prussia can cozen,
Surely, we, King and Kaiser together,
All *Deutschland* can gammon,
Its will clap a dam on,
And conjure this storm to fair weather.

REALLY NECESSARY LINES.

THE following are amongst the Railway schemes for which application might as well be made by various Companies to obtain the sanction of Parliament:—

The General Exhibition Railway, from MADAME TUSSAUD'S to the Tower, with branches to St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the other principal public buildings, the theatres, and all places of public amusement.

A Railway from Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, to the Temple, and the different Inns of Court, to be called the Cheshire Cheese Railway.

A line from Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn, to Hatton Garden.

A line extending from the Royal Exchange, Cornhill, to the Bank.

The Monument and London Bridge Junction Railway.

A line connecting London Stone with Aldgate Pump.

A NEW GAME.—The pleasantest game of forfeits is that at present played at the Adelphi theatre, where MISS BATEMAN "cries" to you, and you forfeit all claim to intelligence if you don't "guess" that she is the finest artist that ever came from America.



SHAKSPEARE AND THE PIGMIES.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

BALLOONING EXTRAORDINARY.

A Letter from MESSRS. COXWELL AND GLAISHER'S *aëronautical Dog.*

DEAR TOBY,

Bow'ow are you? Bow w'ow d'ye do? When this letter comes to paw, you'll rather wonder what I've got to bark about, eh? I'm going to astonish you, rather. I've got such a tale! Ah! 'twill make your hair stand on end "like squills upon the fretful Proserpine," as the Poet says. I know all about WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. Didn't he immortalise our race? P'raps you, with something of the wag about you still, (tho' it wouldn't be "still" if something of the wag—eh? Bow, wow, wow!) will ask me how on earth I came to know anything about Proserpine? Not on earth, *Toby*, my boy; but on a certain well-intentioned pavement where our old friend Cerberus has his kennel. Oh! don't I wish I had three heads! and three mouths! wouldn't I just eat! None of your nigger minstrel amusements of *playing* with bones for me. To my subject.

Do you remember how when we were puppies together, we heard our juvenile friends being instructed in "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are," and so on? At this point, you, if your politeness as well as your patience is exhausted, and a particle of your dog-latinity still remains to you, will say, "Why do you mention all this? *Cur*, why?" Because, Sir, I have been up to see the Star that twinkles, no longer wonderful to me. It has been my lot to emulate the acrobatic Cow, who, as runs the ancient legend, o'ertopped the silvery Moon, and instead of wasting my time in the idiotic proceeding of inanely "laughing to see such sport" (what sport? pooh! I growl at the notion!) I have been far, far away, to those regions ever so high above the cobwebbed clouds, where we part to meet no more, or something of that sort, and we may be happy yet. Do I carry you with me? It may be not: at all events, They did. "Who?" say you. Why COXWELL and GLAISHER, the aëronauts. Do you read your *Times* regularly? Very well, then, if you did you must have noticed that MR. JAMES GLAISHER in writing about his seventeenth Balloon Ascent, says:—

"We took a Dog and three rabbits, to note their behaviour when above the Clouds, and the effects of low temperature and sudden changes upon them."

I was the Dog. But oh, those rabbits! MR. GLAISHER would soon have seen the effects of a sudden change upon them, if he 'd only let me get at 'em, as I wanted to do from the first moment of starting. A pair of dullards; why will you believe it, the dolts both fell fast asleep; oh, shouldn't I like to have been down upon them; but COXWELL wouldn't let me, nor GLAISHER either. I know *now* that their conduct arose entirely out of envy, jealousy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, because they ate those rabbits themselves, with onion-sance in the evening, and I didn't even come in for my share of the bones.

Rabbits are game now, as you are aware, and when the Balloon reached 13,000 feet above the earth, they must have been, as COXWELL observed, pretty high game.

At 2h. 45m. by GLAISHER'S watch, I growled.

At 2h. 46m., by the same, COXWELL kicked me.

At 3h. 31m. I tried to bite GLAISHER'S calf, but couldn't comfortably.

At 3h. 36m. I thought I saw the moon, and howled.

At 3h. 37m. "Kick him!" says COXWELL, kindly. GLAISHER'S a bold man, but he is also a wise one, and he refrained. "No," says he, "Let dogs delight to bark and bite, And scratch and tear and Howl, Let bears and lions dance and fight—" "But don't let that dog growl," says COXWELL, finishing the verse offhand.

At 4h. 9m. it was so dark that I couldn't see the rabbits. I scented them though, the two little plump bunnies.

We were getting unpleasantly near the sea. "Aha!" says COXWELL, who can condescend to a jest when he 's not too lofty; "we 've got the two Rabbits and a little fresh Hare." I started up at this, and whined, for I expected another animal to be added to our small collection. A Hare! thought I to myself, and I looked upon a good chivey after the sly puss all round the car as a matter of course. In order to suggest this to my masters, I whined again. "Kick that dog!" says COXWELL. But GLAISHER pretended he couldn't see me, and didn't lift his heel against me. Then suddenly the full meaning of the joke blazed upon me. "Fresh H'air!" Oh, COXWELL, says I to myself, who ought to be kicked now?

We landed at a Warren. I don't mean the Master in Lunacy, with whom you are, doubtless, acquainted, but an open place where the rabbits do mostly congregate. MESSRS. COXWELL and GLAISHER were hospitably entertained by MR. PHIPP, and my personal thanks are due to his cook, who showed me every possible attention; though I regret to state that the kitchen cat somewhat disturbed the harmony of the evening. GLAISHER wants me to go with him to see the Dog Star. I won't go if that COXWELL 's to be of the party. What do you think were the last words he uttered on that memorable evening?

"Good night," says GLAISHER, taking his chamber candle.

"Good night," says COXWELL, yawning.

For the life of me I couldn't help yawning too; something between a yelp and a howl, call it a yowl.

"Kick that dog!" says COXWELL, going into his room. He didn't dare do it himself. GLAISHER and myself were left alone in the passage. I looked at GLAISHER, and he at me. I observed GLAISHER'S toe moving dubiously upwards. I growled. The next thing I saw was GLAISHER'S heels as he disappeared within his own bed-chamber. Adieu, dear *Toby*.

I remain, yours truly,

THE *SKY* TERRIER.

ADVICE TO FEDERAL AMERICA.

You 've now got a navy of iron,
And to man it your Yankee lads,
But you haven't yet taken Charleston
With your navy of iron-clads.
'Tis defied by Secessia's power;
And your bluster we take at our ease:
The Eagle won't frighten the Lion
Whilst a SEMMES can sweep your seas.

You Yankees, whose sires left our fathers,
Your brothers forsake you to-day,
Your menacing overgrown Union
In vapour is passing away;
Let those that shall rise from its ashes,
More wise than itself was before,
Shake hands with the miscalled old tyrant,
And trade with JOHN BULL at his door—

And where in the wide world 's the nation
That you 'll harm with your Iron Ducks?
You can scarce hold your own seas and harbours
With your *Ironsides* and *Keokuks*.
Don't talk of your navy of iron,
But fling your brag to the breeze;
Give ear to the counsels of Europe:
And Commerce restore on the seas.

THE FIRE AGAIN.

ANOTHER victim has been sacrificed to the grimming Moloch. Another young girl has been burned to death to make an evening's show. MARIA CHARLES, a dancer at the Pavilion Theatre, is the sacrifice. Her dress caught fire from some unprotected gas-lights used in the Pantomime, and she has since expired. A puff paragraph, in which it was stated that the means of extinguishing fire on such an occasion were ready at hand, has been contradicted by the poor child's sister. We shall of course read more puff paragraphs about the sorrow of the management, and how nothing could exceed the kindness of its inquiries, and the like. But why are not the lights protected, or if that cannot be, why is it not made impossible for a girl, in her eagerness to help a theatrical picture (and knowing what sort of gentle rebuke will reward her for being out of place) from approaching the flaring gas? A stage-manager will of course say that this is impossible. So said the factory people, when they were asked to screen their machinery, and prevent children from being torn to pieces; but the factory people found it easy enough when the alternative was a heavy fine, and the evidence was to be given by no sycophantish servant of the establishment, but by a Government inspector. Something of the same kind, enacted in reference to the theatre, would prevent these oft-recurring burnt sacrifices; and English mothers in the boxes, with their laughing children, would be spared the thought that when the scene is the most brilliant, the chance is greatest that a shriek will announce that some one else's child is in the agony of burning. If some remedial measures are taken, poor MARIA CHARLES will not have died entirely in vain. We may say, with almost literal justification, Peace to her ashes.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

THE VISCOUNT DUNDREARY, G.C.B. (Grand Card for BUCKSTONE) is entertaining a large circle of the nobility and other distinguished persons at his seat—and in their seats—in the Market of Hay. Several *battues* have taken place, and the noble Viscount has been very fortunate with his piece, and has frequently brought down the whole house. Theatricals are also provided for the amusement of the guests, and the favourite play, *Our American Cousin*, is being nightly performed to the immense delight of the brilliant assemblage. We believe that an addition to the party will soon be made in the person of the noble Viscount's brother, the HON. SAMUEL DUNDREARY, who has been for some time on his travels, of which we understand his account is much coveted by the Row—all the rows in fact. We venture to predict that it will be a thing which every fellah will be able to understand.—*Punch's Court Journal.*

NOTICES FOR THE COMING SESSION.



ETROPOLITAN Members of the Imperial Parliament have already given the following Notices of Motion, and *Mr. Punch* cordially hopes that every one of the subjects will be not merely pressed, but rammed right home into the waistcoat of the Minister concerned, or unconcerned:—

To call attention to the disgraceful manner in which London has been blockaded for months and months by the emissaries of MR. THWAITES, to the injury of trade, the hindrance of traffic, and the great expenditure of bad language by the drivers of and riders in vehicles, and to move that MR. THWAITES be ordered to keep the said emissaries at work night and day until his sewers shall be finished.

To move that the law-officers of the Crown be required to prosecute the owners of Vans, and the ruffians who drive the same over everybody and everything, a state of things more worthy of the votaries of Juggernaut than of a civilised metropolis.

To call attention to the insufficient provision made for the houseless poor, especially children, and to invite the House to a resolution that the parishes which have disgraced themselves by turning away unfortunate persons, during the winter months, be disfranchised, until ample accommodation shall have been provided.

To move for leave to bring in a Bill enacting THAT THE GRINDING AN ORGAN IN ANY STREET WHERE THE HOUSES ARE RATED AT MORE THAN £10 IS A FELONY, AND PUNISHABLE AS SUCH; THIS ENACTMENT BEING INTENDED TO LEAVE THE HUMBLER CLASSES IN POSSESSION OF THEIR MUSIC, WHILE THOSE WHO CAN PROCURE BETTER SHALL NOT BE TORTURED BY THE ABOMINABLE NUISANCE AT PRESENT PREVALENT.

To move that no Sermon in any Church, Chapel, or other similar edifice shall last more than twenty minutes, and that any Minister offending against this rule shall be severely rebuked by the Ordinary, and compelled to dine at an ordinary, or slap-bang, until he shall have done penance in a sheet of JEREMY TAYLOR.

To move that any Pew-Opener, Box-keeper, Stall-keeper, Cloak-keeper, or other servant who takes a fee for doing a duty that should be performed without one, shall be liable to the penalties of the law against obtaining money under false pretences.

To call the attention of the House to the fact that the system of cheating the poor by means of false weights and measures is largely on the increase; that though the Magistrates are incessantly fining batches of rascals who rob in this way, they boast that such fines are made up by another week of similar cheating; and that exposure, unless it were in the pillory, has no terror for these mean thieves.

To call the attention of the House to the invasion of London menaced by the Railway schemers, and to move to refer the whole question to a paid and permanent Committee out of the House, composed of architects in whom the public has confidence, and who shall be chosen by the votes of the occupiers of respectable houses.

To call the attention of the House to the National Shakspeare Committee, and to move a resolution that the same, while it survives, be placed under the surveillance of the medical officers who attend the Asylum for Idiots and that at Hanwell.

THE NEW GUN.—The "Infant Prince," the six-pounder.

POLITICAL PLUCK.

A GREAT Mill has been a standing symbol of passive prowess ever since DON QUIXOTE first made his appearance on those boards. It is only recently, however, that a great Mill—such for instance as that between South Mims and Wooton Bassett—has engrossed any large amount of public attention; until the wind set in from a certain influential quarter, nobody worth notice had any conception of the fancy which paints a Mill all *couleur de rose*. Our present intention is not to tilt at the Mill, but simply to point out one conspicuous cause which may partly account for its sudden elevation.

Undoubtedly so long as Britons never—never will be slaves, there will always be a market for muscles. The transactions, however, in that market will to some extent depend upon competition in other markets. If pleasure-seekers rush eagerly to see the *Miller and his Men*, represented by barn-storming strollers, it is because the company at the Theatre Royal St. Stephens are so addicted to gag, that they have made a perfect farce of the once popular play, the *School of Reform*. We want political pluck as an antidote to Kinglike pugnacity. Let our parliamentary Athletes instead of spending so much time in tossing for choice of corners, and in tying their colours to the stakes, set to work in earnest. JACK RUSSELL, though he hasn't much left of the chicken about him, requires no training to improve his condition, and will not want supporters if he shows as much bottom now, as he did in the famous year when he knocked Old Sarum out of time. Since then he has had ample opportunity for adding to his science and improving his delivery. PAM again is still a judicious bottle-holder, and will cheerfully lend a leg, we are assured, to any young man from the country who, in sporting lingo, means business. As for BRIGHT, the Birmingham Slasher, though he has metal in him, we fear from recent ebullitions of temper, that he can't take punishment, and as, like COBBY, he excels chiefly in fibbing, those who admire the noble art of national self-defence have very little expectation of seeing him the champion of England. We sincerely regret that they are not equally distrustful with reference to America.

DICK LOGIC *alias* COBBY has, we freely admit, done some clever bruising on the Corn Exchange. His present Lancashire up and down style of fighting, however, and his vicious practice of gouging his opponent, are not at all creditable to the sphere in which he lives and moves. The only sphere, in fact, to which such tactics are suited is the Dog *Star* (his natal planet, as we learn from ZADKIEL) by whose influence his reputation as an ugly customer is mainly kept alive.

There is some talk among the flunkeys at the Carlton of BEN THE DARKY, whose career has been a chequered one (he was matched not many years ago against GLADSTONE, the flowery Chancellor, and forfeited) coming forward again as a candidate for the belt. BEN, it will be remembered, is an ex-waiter at the Queen's Head. Though not remarkable for science, he has lately won golden opinions by his civility and good conduct. The DARKY's friends are very anxious to get up a benefit for DERBY's pet Pug, which (if it ever should come off) will no doubt be of service to him and them too, considering how long they have all been out of place.

TOASTS BUTTERED *À L'IRLANDAISE.*

(*To be handed round at all Irish Convivial Meetings.*)

MAY the wing of Friendship ne'er want a friend, or a bottle to give him!

May our endeavours to please always bear the morning's reflection!

Let us persistently keep our eyes shut, but our mouths open!

May we ne'er be at a loss for a bottle, or a head, to crack!

Here's to a cloudy wind and southerly sky, and all absent friends, who do good by stealth, and do not blush to speak of a man as they find him, and, not forgetting the brave pilot who has weathered the storm, nor the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft, may the present moment, Gentlemen, be the worst of our lives!

"As He has Made His Bed."

"UNEASY lies"—so SHAKSPEARE wrote,
"The head that wears a crown;"
But more than average *mal-aise*
Makes Prussia's monarch frown,
Who finds *his* bed stuffed full of thorns,
In shape of *Eider*-down.

"OFF, STANLEY, OFF!"

WE have the utmost admiration for DEAN STANLEY. But sometimes he goes a little too far. He stated in a recent lecture that "the world could not now show a SOLOMON." The Dean's library must be getting out of order—shall we send up a young man to complete DR. STANLEY's set of *Punch?*

Digitized by Google

A MATTER OF FACT VERDICT.



RECENTLY a somewhat extraordinary verdict was reported in a newspaper paragraph, as having been delivered by a coroner's jury, touching the cause of death in a case wherein a boy accidentally hanged himself till he was dead, in consequence of having been induced, by some stories which he had heard, to try how long he could hang without choking:—

"The deceased on hearing these stories, laughed at the idea of the boy not being able to release himself from the rope, and he no doubt then mentally resolved that he would try the experiment himself. He did so, and was hanged. The jury took this view of the case, and returned a verdict accordingly."

He certainly was hanged, and the jury were doubtless right in taking this view of the case. Only this view of the case was one which it was impossible for anybody not to take. It did not require a coroner's jury, come from behind their counters, to tell us that. The wording of the above verdict might naturally be imputed to its reporter; but really coroner's juries are apt to make such fools of themselves, that we cannot be sure that this one did not really return the very simple verdict above recorded. Should they ever sit upon the body of a person whose throat has been cut, perhaps they will content themselves with taking this view of the case.

THE UNIVERSITY OF BEER.

How not to do it is what we are so accustomed to instances of, that whenever we meet with an example of how to do it, we rejoice in calling attention to that extreme rarity. It is, then, with the greatest pleasure that we present the public in general, and the United Kingdom Alliance in particular, with the edifying item of current information which follows:—

"The Barclay and Perkins of Vienna, HERR DREYER, died suddenly a few days ago. He was the best producer of Vienna beer, and died worth from 6,000,000 fl. to 8,000,000 fl. (£800,000). His heir is his only son, a boy of fourteen. The boy, after finishing school, is to go for three years to England to BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S establishment, work there till the age of twenty-one, and then assume the patrimony."

The cause of both sobriety and exhilaration is promoted by whatever tends to the production of good liquor. Most of that drunkenness, with whose steady and spontaneous decline officious agitators are trying to interfere by what they call a "Permissive Law," arises from indulgence in a quantity of liquor, which, if it were good, would enliven and not stupefy, and would not exceed the measure of Temperance. A very little bad beer is sufficient to cause drunkenness and incapability. Brewing is a scientific art, and attainment of a high standard of malt liquor can only be based on a sound and special education. The establishment of MESSRS. BARCLAY AND PERKINS may be regarded as a sort of College, to which the guardians of the youthful heir of HERR DREYER have done well and wisely to send that young gentleman for the completion of his studies. Together with the other large brewing-firms of London it constitutes a University of Beer, in which the successor to the house of DREYER will doubtless take high honours, besides the little go and great go to be encountered in the distillery line. It may be that he will also pass through a short course of reading at REIDS: and if also at MEUX'S, *tant mieux*, with a view to the degree of double stout. We wish every British Brewer who wishes his son to succeed him, would send the young man to finish his education at the University of Beer.

More Shakspearianity.

(*From the "Athenæum."*)

WE are happy to state that the following gentlemen have given their consent to have their names added to the National Shakspeare Committee:—PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY, MESSRS. MOSES AND SON, MR. MILES (sixteen shilling trousers), MR. CLOSE, the Poet, CAPTAIN ATCHERLEY, REV. DR. CUMMING, MR. COX, M.P., the VISCOUNT WILLIAMS, MR. JACKY SANDERS, and the Beadle of the Burlington Arcade.

RAILWAY AGGRESSION ON LONDON.

EVERY Englishman's house is his Castle, is it? Then—

"Up drawbridge, grooms; what, warders, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."

Or, what should come to the same thing, "MARY, bar the door, and JOHN go up-stairs with the blunderbuss, ready to fire out of window on the emissaries of the Railway Company, if they attempt to break into the premises." What, if we shoot a set of caitiffs in defence of our own castle, shall we be liable to be hanged? Go to.

There may have been a time when the house of every Englishman was so secured by the law of England against all invasion as to be a building really equivalent to and deserving the name of a fortress; though there is reason to doubt whether the old saying which so calls it, was not somewhat of the nature of one of those remarks made by COKE upon LITTLETON, and meant to be jocose. Now, at any rate, when a society of speculative adventurers, pursuing self-aggrandisement under the pretence of the public advantage, has acquired the right to buy our lands and tenements up on its own terms, and pay us at its own time, in the mean time turning us out unceremoniously neck and crop, to say that every Englishman's house is his castle, is to utter a most bitter and cutting sarcasm at the expense of every man in England, and particularly of every one who has fallen a victim to the legalised burglary of the Railway Companies.

Are there no means of averting the imminent destruction of the little beauty which our capital possesses, and the injury, both in comfort and in business, with which its inhabitants are threatened by the various gangs that, under the name of Railway Companies, are about to apply to Parliament for that private legislation which will constitute them legalised housebreakers? There is a very obvious one, and the only wonder is that it has been neglected. Why do not all the householders in every district of London or the suburbs now in danger of devastation or disturbance by a projected Railway, at once get up a petition and present it to the Houses both of Lords and Commons against the proposed scheme? Let them lose no time in taking at least that precaution for the protection of their property, and the preservation of the quiet and repose of their neighbourhood. Of course they will be argued to be willing subjects of the outrage with which they are menaced, if they don't cry out.

Fancy a railroad cut through Kensington Gardens! We have fancied it as the utmost conceivable atrocity of sordid Vandalism. But the abomination is actually contemplated. The horse-ride which the equestrian orders wanted to establish there would be preferable to such an eyesore, and earsore too, as the Iron Road among the flowers, and the engine-scream and whistle mingling with the song of the thrushes and blackbirds—if it didn't drive them away. Such a desecration is impossible, we are told. Not at all. Parliament is likely enough to permit it. Then the wretches who meditate it would certainly perpetrate it. As for them, they would not hesitate to make a railway in the Garden of Eden.

It was all very well to run a line through the broad lands of a bloated aristocrat, and break the deep silence of his ancestral hall by sending a train rattling every half-hour under the eaves of the mansion in his park, afflicting his ears, affronting his pride, molesting his deer, and scaring the birds from his rookery. But when the levelling agency of the dumpy level is brought to bear on the homes and shops and warehouses of the middle classes, we then feel that Railway aggression is an insufferable nuisance.

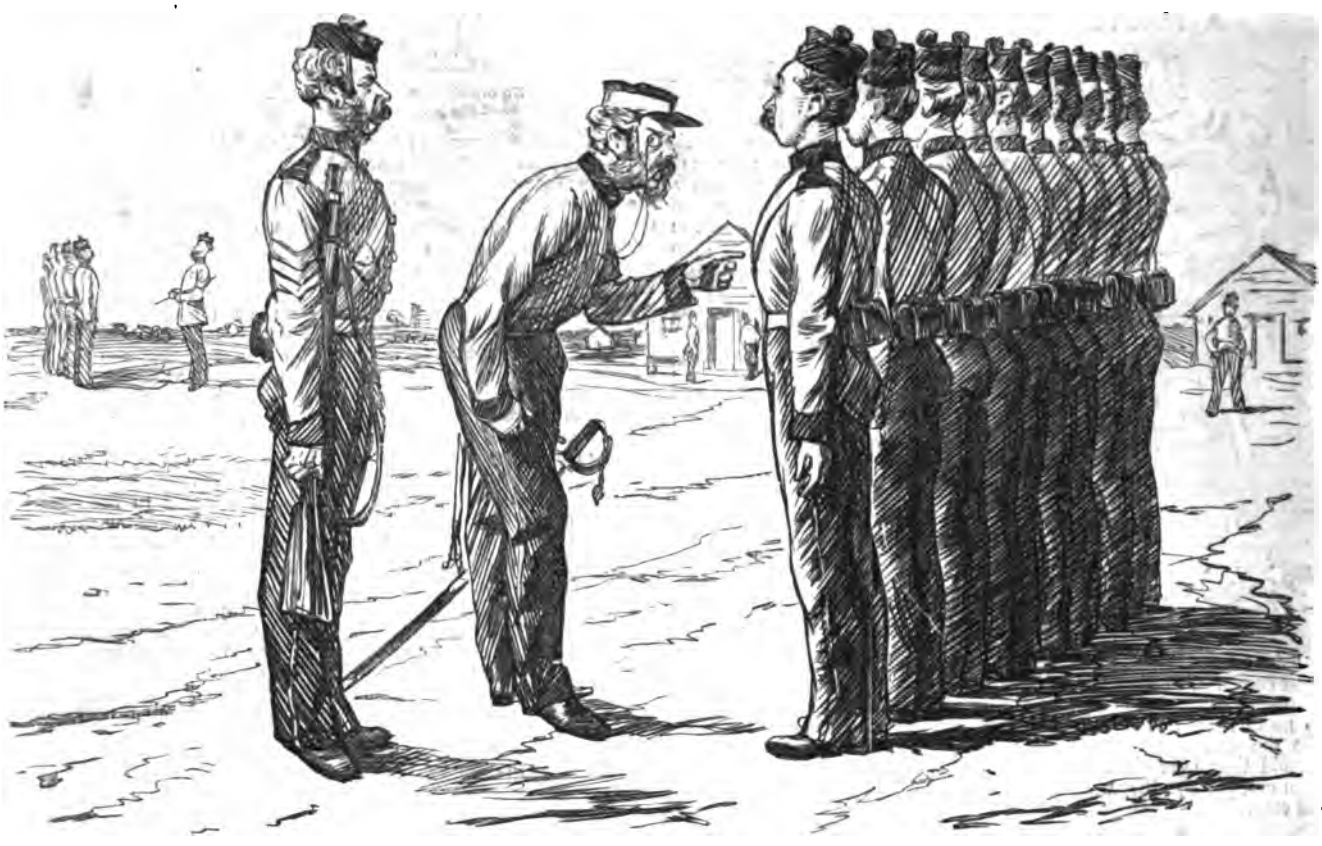
Petition, therefore, petition, petition, petition! And be quick about it, unless you want your business broken up, your abodes demolished, your hearths profaned, and all your household gods shivered round you by the confederate money-grabbers who are now exerting all their energies to obtain permission to inflict these injuries on you by Act of Parliament.

"BABY'S NAME."

THE Honourable MR. DUTTON, M.P., in a speech at Portsmouth, the other day, made a pretty allusion to the New Baby, but said that "he could not name him, because he had appeared so suddenly that his name was not yet ready for him." MR. M. F. TUPPER, who has been loyally prompt with his tribute upon the occasion, has thoughtfully provided for this want. The Laureate of Albury, in his new poem, calls the PRINCESS OF WALES:—

"Thetis of our Northern Water."

With poetic reticence, he does not precisely propose a name for the Hope of England, but if our—*Lemprière*—serves us rightly, the son of Thetis was called Achilles. There's a splendid name! PRINCE ACHILLES OF ENGLAND. And it would be a delicate compliment to the PRINCESS'S brother, GEORGE OF GREECE. In favour of this name, *Mr. Punch* withdraws his own claim to name the infant, as he did with even greater promptness than MR. TUPPER.



Short-sighted Captain of Company to Dirty Private. "YOUR BELTS ARE ALWAYS DIRTY, SIR, WHAT THE D—CE DO YOU MEAN BY IT, SIR!"

Dirty Private. "PLASE, SIR, I THINK IT RATHER HARD FOR ME TO CLEAN ANYTHING WITH MY NAKED H'EYE, AND HAVE THEM INSPECTED THROUGH A MAGNIFYING GLASS."

A LADY ON SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, *Tuesday.*

OF course, like everybody else, loving and admiring our darling PRINCESS OF WALES, I felt shocked and hurt at the wicked attempt to take away her father's duchies. I do not pretend to understand the question, not being a strong-minded woman, but I should not like any body to come and deprive me of a large piece of my garden, though a horrible railway threatens to do so, and my husband, who has no more feeling for flowers than a blind man, is quite delighted at the idea of compensation, as if a few hundred pounds could compensate me for the taking away my beautiful little beds which I have laid out so carefully, and watered so regularly that I have caught at least twenty colds, one on the top of another. But men are so inconsistent.

But I was going to say that I read in the *Times* that the Duke with the long name, Augustus like, is one of the most splendidly handsome men in the world, tremendously tall, with a most princelike air, and a little sadness, poor dear fellow, arising from his early misfortunes, at which the EMPEROR (whom you may call handsome if you like, but I won't and shan't) made such unfeeling fun in that letter which you had no business to print. Now you must see that it is impossible, for a woman at all events, to feel animosity against a noble-looking creature like that.

What I want you to do is, to use your influence to arrange things pleasantly. I do not know whether this magnificent Prince, whom it is a shame to call Pretender (and you might say Chevalier at least), is married or not. Perhaps it could be arranged for his wife, if he has one, to retire in some way, on a morganatic pension, don't they call it?—*you* know. Then he might marry some Princess of Denmark, and rule over the Duchies as dear LORD CARLISLE does over Ireland. I am sure this is practical, though you men never allow that women can suggest anything. Because it is not to be endured that LORD RUSSELL (whom I dare say you will call a beauty, it would be just like you) should be allowed to persecute that beautiful Duke. Please give your mind to the subject, and oblige,

Your sincere admirer,

Gloucester Crescent. ROSA MATILDA SPOONS.

THE NATIONAL SHAKSPEARE COMMITTEE.

De mortuis nil nisi Verum. The National Shakspeare Committee, if not actually dead, is *in articulo*, and the article is in the last *Athenæum*, the organ of the dominant executive. The Memorial absurdity is at an end, or, as its originators say "may be left to time." This result was a certainty, after the statement which the seceding members of the Committee submitted to the public, after the *Times* had delivered a crushing condemnation of the scheme, and presented a pleasant physiological sketch of "animalcules," and after the *Daily News*, *Telegraph*, and other journals had expressed either pity or contempt for the condition of the Committee. The leading journal of Scotland observes:—

"The London Committee has split up; all its best members having seceded from it; and the rump is far too weak to wriggle itself into public favour even to the amount of £30,000."—*Scotsman.*

But it is well to die decently, and not with untruths in one's mouth. The *Athenæum* cannot disband its men without falsely charging the seceders with having retired because a plan of their own was not adopted, such plan having in fact been merely a suggestion of three out of the retiring body, and having been formally declared by them to be only a suggestion, to be considered at a future time. And the *Athenæum* offers a long list of names which it pretends are those of the executive, the fact being that they are names of distinguished persons, scarcely one of whom has ever taken the slightest part in the proceedings, or set his foot in the committee room. That, it will be seen, can by no possibility be a description of the executive that has ruined the scheme. It is enough to record these two mis-statements, and to wish the moribund clique a better frame of mind.

KENSINGTON.—WANTED, in the neighbourhood of this delightful suburb, a few good, civil, honest and obliging tradesmen, who are not above attending to a customer, and are generally capable of minding their own business. The present tradespeople in this district being either millionnaires or muffs, the inhabitants are hardly so well served as they would wish to be; and, as they are charged the best of prices for the articles they purchase, they think they ought by rights to have the best of goods supplied to them. Further particulars as to the sort of shops required may be obtained at any dinner-table between Hammersmith and Knightsbridge any evening in the week.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, January 30, 1864.



RAILWAY GRIEVANCE.

DREADFUL OLD FEMALE, WHO, ALTHOUGH SHE WOULD BE HORRIFIED AT THE IDEA OF A CIGAR IN A CARRIAGE, SOLACES HERSELF BY CONSUMING NO END OF PEPPERMINT LOZENGES DURING HER JOURNEY.

THE SHAKSPEARE INCAPABLES.

WE don't particularly care to kick a man when he is down, or a committee either: and as the "Shakspeare National Committee" is down to zero nearly in the national estimation, we have no great willingness to lift a pen against it. Else we might remind its members that the utter want of confidence wherewith their acts are now regarded is an entirely natural consequence of their preposterous misdeeds. A committee that commences with cliqueism and cabals, and then proceeds to speechify and squabble about "forms of invitation," instead of properly attending to the work that is required of it, can never gain the confidence of people, nor their cheques.

The Committee talk of raising the pleasant little sum of thirty thousand pounds, to build some sort of monument, they have no notion what. We may wish that they may get it, but we rather think they won't, unless indeed they fork it out of their own pockets. SHAKSPEARE needs no statue, all the world will say: and even if he did, the Shakspeare National Committee are not fit to be trusted with the business of erecting it. So if the Committee still persist in their delusion that a monument is wanted, the chances are, we think, that they themselves unhelped will have to find the money for it.

This being so, they will no doubt feel grateful for a hint as to a way by which their resources might be aided: and since there is some talk of having "Shakspeare performances" for the benefit of the Fund, we would in all humility suggest to the Committee that they might get a little money by going about the country, and appearing in the parts which they have lately been assuming. The Farce of a Committee Meeting, if presented in the manner they have recently been acting it, would be a splendid comic novelty, and, if its squabbles and absurdities were acted to the life, it would be certain to amuse. A sort of Shadow Pantomime might also be performed, to show the shadowy conceptions entertained by the Committee of their duty to the nation, whose name they have assumed without asking for permission, so far as we can learn. Were a Pantomime produced, we think that one of the old women who sit on the Committee might be readily selected to take the part of Columbine: and there need surely be small labour in looking for a Clown, when so many of the Committee have been known to play the fool.

TIDDY PRATT.

(Song for a Friendly Society.)

TUNE—"*Billy Taylor.*"

TIDDY PRATT is a supreme Odd Fellow,
And Forester as well as that,
Drink, before you go to bed mellow,
Health and wealth to TIDDY PRATT,
Tiddy, iddy, &c.

Self-created by a resolution,
Which no authority can forbid,
Yet we shouldn't have a legal constitution,
If we hadn't the approval of our good friend TIDD.
Tiddy, iddy, &c.

Previous to incorporation
There must be a scrutiny,
Of the scheme that asks formation,
Under TIDDY'S watchful eye.
Tiddy, iddy, &c.

To be licensed and permitted
By the Government and State,
We must be confirmed and fitted
With TIDDY PRATT'S certificate.
Tiddy, iddy, &c.

All our rules and laws inspected
Duly must by TIDDY be,
That the brotherhood projected
Is a legal club, to see.
Tiddy, iddy, &c.

This is no unlawful meeting
To assemble and carouse;
Drinking, noways less than eating,
Is what TIDDY PRATT allows.
Tiddy, iddy, &c.

TIDDY PRATT can put no muzzle
On our mouths against good cheer,
TIDDY can't deny us guzzle,
He can't stint us of our beer.
Tiddy, iddy, &c.

Never mind how much in liquor
What we ought to save is spent;
Toss your pots off all the quicker;
'Tis what TIDDY can't prevent.
Tiddy, iddy, &c.

OLD ABE'S PENULTIMATE.

A TELEGRAM from Yankee Land has doubtless gratified the Anti-Slavery Society with the information that:—

"Four negroes called at the Executive mansion on New Year's day, and were presented to MR. LINCOLN. This is the first occurrence of the kind in American history."

But when these negroes were presented to ABRAHAM he probably said to the gentleman at whose hands he received them:—"Thank you for nothing. What am I to do with these Africans? I reckon I had already more on my hands than I knew how to dispose of. So, if you want really to obligate me, take back your gift."

TYPOGRAPHICAL SECRETS.

A MADAME DE PAULA, who keeps some kind of a Servant's Office, whereof divers complaints have lately been made, complains, herself, that one of the journals would not say anything in her favour, although "many ladies and several clergymen" wrote on her behalf. We know nothing of the merits of the case, but would respectfully hint that the complainant has not indicated exactly the correspondents whose letters invariably tend to convince those hard-natured creatures called Editors. We prefer to be addressed by masculine laymen, because we can kick them, morally, if they offend us, and because they do not want an unlimited supply of *Italics* and SMALL CAPITALS.

DOMESTIC DEMONS.



THE partial revival of superstition which has occurred in this latter half of the nineteenth century may suggest to minds not constitutionally incredulous the question whether, after all, there was not some foundation for the belief which our ancestors entertained in witchcraft. There are said to be "strange things among us" in the form of talking tables, and "spiritual manifestations." Spiritualism and necromancy are convertible terms. If necromancy is possible may not sorcery be? This sort of reasoning may end in attempts at conjuration on the part of some people who are no conjurors. They will go chalking circles and cabalistic figures on the floor, and endeavouring to repeat the celebrated exploit of DR. FAUSTUS; and all this without getting themselves sent to Bedlam, unless they should happen, for example, to murder a baby in order to use some of it in their incantations.

Nobody possessing a rational soul can be conceived capable of making that disposal of it which tradition ascribes to DR. FAUSTUS. But if any earthly inducement could prevail on any one to enter into that transaction, it is one which is peculiarly prevalent in the present time. If the horns and tail and cloven hoof could be exchanged for the mediæval *chaussure*, slashed doublet, cap, and cock's tail feather, so they might for the powdered head, the laced coat, the plush, the calves, and the pumps. The Ancient NICHOLAS could as easily take the form of the modern JEAMES as that of *Mephistopheles*. His subordinate demons—who, we know from MR. MAYHEW, "can either sex assume,"—would find no difficulty in turning themselves into servant-maids, and thus the greatest plague in this life would be avoided by those willing, if able, to "jump the life to come." Consider the comfort of being waited upon by servants up to their work, and content with their wages, capable of executing all your commands, and even anticipating your wishes, whilst they would have no followers such as would give you any trouble. Of course they would be honest and respectful according to their bond. Oh! if it were possible to be waited on by such familiar spirits!

Hints to Chairmen.

THE following are a few useful questions to be put to the witnesses in Railway Cases by any Chairman of a Committee:—

Is a Trunk Line only intended for luggage?

In the London, Chatham and Dover extension will the *Main* Line be over the Sea?

A SONG FOR SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

How happy could I be with Either,
Were Denmark allowed her own way;
But no matter what ill may betide her,
She 'll ne'er be afraid of a fray.

"O Robert, toi que j'aime."

AT last we have found out part of the secret of the awful amount of slaughter "said" to be committed in the Confederate ranks by the Federal soldiery. One of the Yankee leaders is named GENERAL KEELEY. Of course *he* makes a great success out of *Twice Killed*.

MRS. DURDEN ON FOREIGN POLITICS.

THE dickins take them foreigners! they 're always kicking up some bother,
A quarrelin' among theirselves, or else along with one another,
First French, Hungarians next, then Poles, and sitch, no rest, nor peace, nor quiet,
And now all this here trouble 's caused by that there nasty German Diet.

Diet! I 'd diet 'em, indeed, for makin' all this useless clatter,
And physic 'em besides I would, by Job, the rebbles! for that matter,
A goin' for no bit o' good to stir up gineral war and slaughter,
Their victuals should be all dry bread by rights, and all their drink ditch-water.

Yah! German Diet, sad sour krout and sausidges which there 's no good in,
Give me old English fare, I say, roast beef, baked taters, and plum-puddin'.
Diet! in course it disagrees, and that perduces indigestion;
And so it is as I explains this plaguy Schleswig-Holstein question.

Them Horstrians and Prooshans too, with them I han't got common patience,
A givin' into the to-do of them there petty smaller nations,
Ah there! they 'll find out their mistake in havin' made theirselves sitch ninnies,
With BONYPART about their house, and them there KOSSUTHS and MAZZINIS.

I shouldn't mind if we was sure o' keeping clear of all their hobbles;
But when war comes as sure as fate the price of tea and sugar doubles,
And there 's more Income-Tax to pay by all that fills a decent station,
The tag-rag gettin' off Scotch free, and that I calls confistication.

And so as to that Yankee war, although for my part I despises
Both sides alike, but then the price of calico and cotton rises,
Each other they might shoot and stab, for all I care, with guns and sabres,
But when they consequence comes home we feels the quarrels of our neighbours.

"FACILIS DESCENSUS AVERNI."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, under the signature of "A CORNISH MINER," makes a statement whence it appears that, in the Parish of Beer Ferris, Devon, within a circuit of half a-mile, there are, within two feet of a pathway, some four-and-twenty unfenced mining shafts or holes in the ground, from 100 feet to 200 feet deep, and that, during the last few years, several people have killed themselves by walking into them unawares. If Beer Ferris, is worthy of its name, being a beery district, the zigzag course which would be very generally pursued by its inhabitants in walking home at night on a pathway such as that above referred to, must almost inevitably bring some of them to grief, if not to an end of all sorrow, in the chasms that yawn close beside them.

It further appears that these murderous pit-falls are all situated "on the estates of the same noble proprietor." Here, surely, the "CORNISH MINER" is in error. The proprietor of an estate in which unfenced shafts are allowed to gape for victims by the parsimony that grudges to rail them in, is a proprietor who cannot be noble. Whosoever owns those estates, if there are any, in Beer Ferris, on which these open-mouthed pits of Acheron beset the wayfarer, he is a base proprietor; unless, indeed, his astounding negligence may be imputed to idiotcy.

Furthermore it seems that, whilst there is an Act of Parliament which prescribes fences for the mouths of ironstone and coal-mines, no law exists to necessitate the like enclosures for lead, tin, and copper-mines, at the bottom of which, as certainly as at that of the others, the body of a person falling would be dashed to pieces.

"A CORNISH MINER" justly observes, that the lords of the manor whereon shafts are left without fences, "ignore the moral law that property has its duties as well as its rights." They may indeed be said to be regardless of the distinction between mine and thine; the mine down which they let other people tumble, and the bones of those other people that are broken at the bottom of them.

THE PUFF POETICAL.



COMPASSIONATING the exceeding dulness of the authors who are kept by tradesmen to draw up the Puff advertisements and paragraphs by which the newspapers are vulgarised, *Mr. Punch* has prepared a few of these articles, in the style of the day, but of a more literary and graceful texture. They are at the service of anybody who may send *Mr. Punch* a handsome specimen of the advertised ware, and a Bank of England note for £100.

THE IMMORTAL SHAKSPEARE has remarked, in one of his sparkling plays, that "any man who can write can answer a letter." This is one of the profound truths with which the gigantic genius of SHAKSPEARE was studded thick as quills upon the frightful porcupine, but he might have added; that the answering a letter becomes a labour we delight in, if we use the new EXECUTRIXED ILMENITE STEREOSCOPICERA AND EYEDOTTING PEN, TO BE OBTAINED, &c.

IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE, the ardent yet languishing votary of the latter tender passion desired that it might play on, but did not decide the question. There can be no doubt, however, that the listening to music while food is being taken is extremely healthy, and therefore the proprietor of the SLAP-BANGERY REFRESHMENT ROOMS begs to announce that he has secured three Italian organs, which will perform while dinners are going on every day from 3 to 7.

OLD MAN, 'TIS NOT SO DIFFICULT TO DIE, says *Manfred* in LORD BYRON's drama, so admirably represented by MR. PHELPS and Company at Drury Lane. His respected Lordship would have said that it was not only not difficult but quite easy to dye, whether you are an old man, or a young one, if he had visited SCRATCHUM AND SCIZZORS' celebrated Hair Cutting and Dyeing Rooms, Low Holborn.

HEARTS ARE NOT FLINT, AND FLINTS ARE RENT, wrote the poetical SIR WALTER SCOTT, in another sense than that in which the line may be read, but MR. FLINT begs to say that he shall be happy to COLLECT RENTS for any house-owner who may honour him with confidence.

SHE 'S ALL MY FANCY PAINTED HER was a bold assertion to be made even by an infatuated lover, but lovers are invited to bring the beloved ones to SMUTCHER'S PHOTOGRAPHIC ROOMS, and may be assured of going away repeating, in reference to the endeared object, She 's all my SMUTCHER photographed her.

WE MET, 'TWAS IN A CROWD, and I had no time to ask his address or tell him mine, and how foolish in us both not to have gone to COPPERPLATE AND BITE'S establishment, and had our names and addresses engraved on a hundred enamelled CARDS for one-and-ninepence.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES was a sweetly-worded if slightly sentimental expression of feeling, by the late BENJAMIN JONSON, and the subject has been pictorially treated with much success by MR. CALDERON, but the "sweetest eyes were ever seen" will wear in time, and then comes the question where to go for SPECTACLES, to which the answer is, go to SQUINTUM AND WINKER'S.

HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE improve each shining hour, is an inquiry which has never been answered, but those who are desirous to improve all hours, whether they be shining or sloppy, should provide themselves with one of ENGINE AND TURNER'S celebrated WATCHES, warranted for eight-and-forty hours.

HOW SMALL OF ALL THAT HUMAN HEARTS ENDURE, the part that Kings or laws can cause or cure, wrote the great Lexicographer, SAMUEL JOHNSON, but if that admirable man had ever tasted the hams cured at BRINE'S establishment, he would have said that the latter had added to the harmless gaiety of nations.

WOULD THAT WE TWO WERE LYING was, we thought, scarcely a wish for a Clergyman to utter, because he must know that lying is wrong; but upon a second perusal of the REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY'S beautiful lines, we perceive that he refers to a physical position and not a moral error. We therefore wish that he and the public generally would come and inspect FLUFFYBOY AND STUFFER'S monster collection of Beds, Bedding, and Bolsters.

O WHY SHOULD THE GIRL OF MY SOUL BE IN TEARS, or why, if she will indulge in the luxury of woe (and indeed you look so lovely in your tears I almost bid you shed them still) don't she wipe them away on one of MRS. FLIMSICAL'S beautifully embroidered pocket handkerchiefs, worked by the mermaids of Madagascar, and price elevenpence halfpenny.

SWALLOW, SWALLOW, FLYING SOUTH, especially when you are flying to Brighton or elsewhere in that direction, per rail, and are not likely to be in time for the family dinner. In this case buy a box of the Hydraulic Sandwiches, which are prepared with concentrated mustard, and may be bought at all the stations.

LOVE ME IF I LIVE, but if I don't, by reason of any accident to the railway on which I travel, you will find the ticket of the Accidental Insurance Company in the empty cold-cream pot in left-hand drawer of the washing-stand in my dressing-room, and you will receive the money without any botheration to add to the natural tears you'll drop, but wipe them soon.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT you will hear mice running about the bed-room, and attempting to get at the candles, or the almond cake which, like a loving mother, you have brought home to give tootsicums in the morning. Why not provide yourself with one of CLICKER'S Patent Mousetraps, which catches the mouse, extinguishes him painlessly, throws him out of window (open or shut) and sets itself to catch another?

ANOTHER SHAKSPEARIAN.

BY way of promoting what it has pleased somebody to call Shaksperianity, *Mr. Punch* begs to subjoin a portion of a circular which has been issued by a provincial artist, who devotes himself to the elevated art of—well, not to put too fine a point upon it—of pointing the hair. The true poet is modest, and therefore we conceal this writer's name, but, to adopt the style of the provincial press, he resides not a hundred miles from a town where a sovereign, who had not his hair cut off, but his head, surrendered himself to the Scotch, who sold him.

"POETRY.

"Poetry is of two kinds—Descriptive and Real—the former expressionably apparels the noblest existencies of Nature in all the graces of captivating beauty. In this kind of beautiful Poetry SHAKSPEARE, from his indescribable sublimity and charming expression stands unrivalled. The real Poet, however, has another sphere of action, he contributes literally to the Embellishment of the Human Frame; the fascinating effect of which is demonstrating on the sensuous organs. Of all external objects, a Graceful Person and a Beautiful Head of Hair is the most agreeable—is the beau ideal of Poetry—the unerring appealer to the heart; winning our regards, fixing our esteem, and riveting our affections. This Poetry, of the person can be cultivated in every department by visiting

"PETER PINDAR'S HAIR-CUTTING AND CURLING ESTABLISHMENT.

"PETER PINDAR'S Perukes are unquestionably the most unique of their kind, they will fit the head so as to defy the detection of the greatest connoisseur; in short, they only require to be seen to be styled the archetype of Nature. N.B. Private Rooms. Ladies' Maids taught Hair Dressing."

Surely, surely, MR. PINDAR ought to have been placed on the National Shakspeare Committee.

A Medal of Protection.

AMONG the Italian decorations is one, worn by SIGNOR CRISPI and others, called "The Medal of Marsala." If this signifies that the brave fellows have drunk much of that liquid, we have no words strong enough to express our admiration of their courage. And we know what we are talking about, often dining in "genteel" districts, and we have some thought of sending for the medal, and wearing it at dinner-parties as a graceful hint. When certain smiling hosts say to us "I hope you like that *sherry*, it comes from a first-rate fellow's cellar," we shall simply turn our medal—thereby meaning "Quite the Reverse."

For the Use of Schools.

CLASSICAL Note, to be prefixed to any future edition of the Latin Poets:—

Carpit iter. This phrase came into fashion on the occasion of CÆSAR'S paying a state visit to one of the Roman nobility. The space between his chariot-wheel and the house-door was covered with a rich drugget, upon which the Emperor walked, and hence the expression "*Carpit* iter."



A HINT TO JOBMASTERS.—THE SUBURBAN FLYMAN.

Maid. "OH, COACHMAN! MISSUS SAY, YOU'RE TO COVER YOURSELF WITH THIS RUG, AND NOT TO MOVE OFF THE BOX; BECAUSE YOUR GAITERS AND LEGS AND THINGS ARE REALLY SO VERY SHOCKING."

DRESSING THE WINDOW.

QUOTH that Prince of Shop-walkers and Principals, PAM,
To his book-keeper GLADSTONE, and JOHN, his head shop-man,
"I *should* know the public, yet puzzled I am,
What article 's best in the window to pop, man.

"Last year trade was languid; there seemed nothing doing,
Then our stock didn't take, and the public held off it,
Till on striking our balance, for all GLADSTONE's screwing,
There appeared on the books scarce a penny of profit.

"From *us* those unprincipled chaps o'er the way,
How to dress their own window have managed to learn;
And don't mind (from *our* shop to draw custom away),
That untradesmanlike falsehood—*you* know—'same concern.'

"What is to be done? Here 's the Season beginning,
And unless we find something the public to fix,
I 'm afraid, gents, that so far a fortune from winning,
The concern will be bankrupt, and dividend nix.

"Our book-debts are heavy; on sev'ral occasions,
Thanks to *you*, MASTER JOHNNY, we 've largely o'er-bought;
That lot of Reform checks—*your* recommendation 's
Been on hand ever since: not a penny they 've brought.!

"There 's an awful back-stock, in those pigeon-holes yonder,
And of bad bills, I know, there 's a box at the bank full;
How to save the concern when I ask you to ponder,
All *you* can suggest to one 's, 'Rest and be thankful.'

"As for GLADSTONE he *does* try to keep down expenses,
But he is *such* a beggar to argue and reason,
He 'll prove black white, spite of a customer's senses,
And to carry his point, would risk losing the Season.

"If it weren't for my manners, my style of shop-walking,
And shaving the ladies—or gents, for that matter;
Of PAM & Co.'s smash soon the town would be talking,
Spite of JOHNNY's smart letters, and GLADSTONE's glib patter.

"There 's one comfort, if people our goods ain't quite nuts on,
They fancy still less that chap's over the way:
Though the very same patterns the counter he puts on,
And tries all he knows, he can't make the thing pay.

"We *do* keep a conscience, (if it 's a rusty one),
But a conscience don't suit DERBY, DIZZY & Co.;
Their shoddy stock 's worse than our fly-blown and fusty one,
And where we 've one dummy, they sport a whole row!"

RATHER SIGNIFICANT.

AN enterprising theatrical speculator was being dissuaded by some friends from going to Australia and establishing a playhouse in the wilds. "You 'll have nothing but kangaroos for audience," he was told. The undaunted if imperfectly educated manager replied, "Well, I suppose Kangaroo money is as good as anybody else's money." Whatever Kangaroo money may be worth, it is quite clear that Federal money is not as good as English. The Great Western Railway of Canada has reported that its losses during one half-year, last past, by taking KING ABRAHAM'S bad money, and turning it into QUEEN VICTORIA'S good ditto, amount to £29,460 13*s.* 6*d.* The sixpence may be dismissed as *Mr. Mantilini* dismissed the halfpenny, but a loss of nearly £30,000 in a half-year is not quite so easily treated. And we find the statement in the *Morning Star*, of all places. *Et tu, Brute!*,

SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.—There can never be Peace as long as there is a GENERAL WRANGEL.

Digitized by Google



DRESSING THE WINDOW.

PAM (THE VETERAN SHOP-WALKER). "NOW THEN, MR. RUSSELL! WHAT HAVE WE GOT TO PUT IN THE WINDOW?"

MR. RUSSELL. "WELL, SIR, THERE'S SOME REFORM CHECKS, AMERICAN NEUTRAL TINTS, FOREIGN TIES, BERLIN WORSTED, EIDER QUILTINGS, RUSSIAN TOWELLING, FRENCH DESIGNS. LOTS OF REMNANTS, AND ANY QUANTITY OF RED TAPE."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

A PLEBEIAN GRIEVANCE.



OF course *Punch* knows nothing of the Pit of a theatre, but with the aid of his ivory double-opera-glass he has sometimes amused himself while reclining in his velvet arm-chair in his private-box, by examining the creatures who inhabit that part of the house, and they appear to have made certain advances towards civilisation. They listen very earnestly to the play, they are intolerant of any disturbance, they never talk while the curtain is up, and they seem to derive a rational pleasure from the entertainments. They clearly do not go there to see other visitors, or to show their dress, or because they are bored at their clubs or homes, but because they like the theatre. It has reached him—some person of the pit class may have mentioned it to one of *Mr. Punch's* footmen, who may have told it to *Judy's* lady's-maid, who may have spoken of it to *Mr. Punch's* valet—that the pit is the best place for seeing and hearing. He has further noticed that between the acts, the unfortunate pittites are subjected to a horrible penance. Dreadfully ugly women, with huge baskets, shove themselves between each row, are scowled at and abused, but force their way by ramming their baskets into the stomachs of their victims, and thus charge from end to end of the lines, uttering uncouth noises.

It seems that these women sell "refreshments," and the excuse for permitting the practice is, that a person may want an orange, or a glass of ginger-beer, but is afraid to leave his seat lest he should not get it again. Therefore, in the interest of a dozen persons of ill-regulated appetites, a whole pit is made miserable ever so many times during the evening.

Ever anxious to be humane to the inferior creation, *Mr. Punch* has read with satisfaction that MR. BUCKSTONE, at the Haymarket, MR. GEORGE VINING, at the Princess's, MR. FECHTER, at the Lyceum, and MR. WEBSTER, at the Adelphi, have abolished the nuisance. He hopes that other managers will do the same.

But while we steal plays from the French, why can't we steal play-house arrangements also? It is possible that a person may really need refreshment during a performance—there are many performances which it requires a good deal of refreshment to be able to sit out. In France, the right of property in a pit seat is respected, as also the right of property in a handkerchief. If an individual, leaving his seat, lays his gloves thereon, or ties his handkerchief round it, other persons would as soon think of punching his head on his return, as of taking his place. Or, if a coarse rude brute did commit that vulgar act, his neighbours, interested in preserving the usages of the theatre, would promptly kick him out, or invite the unfavourable notice of a policeman to his conduct. Why can we not have a similar arrangement here? Let notices be put up in the pit, calling the attention of the public to so easy a remedy for the alleged grievance? However, the matter is in the hands of the pittites themselves, and having given them the hint, *Mr. Punch* apologises to the aristocracy for having intruded such a topic on their notice.

Arithmetical Hierarchs.

BISHOP COLENSO has been deposed, in effigy, by other ecclesiastics at the Cape. The Bishop deposes that his judges are incompetent to decide the question, and he appeals. In fact the great arithmetician insists on their proving their sum. He insists metropolitan and suffragans only make a unit and fractions, the latter slightly vulgar.

KING AND QUEEN

LAST Wednesday, MISS BATEMAN—(Get out, we shall speak of her as often as we like, and who are you? besides, we've got a joke)—played *Leah* for the hundredth time. So you see *Queen Leah* is luckier than was *King Lear*, as she was allowed her Hundred Knights, and he wasn't. Now then!

TO POSTERITY. A CARD.

As *Mr. Punch's* volumes will be referred to in future ages for lucid explanations of obscure passages in what will then be history, he begs respectfully to inform Posterity that in January 1864 England *was*, in spite of appearances, a Christian country, fitted up with all the best civilising apparatus in the way of churches, chapels, schools, bishops, preachers, good books, female influence, and *Punch* himself. He admits that Posterity may have a difficulty in believing this when reading in the newspapers for the month in question that in the finest Exhibition Hall in London, that one up at "merry Islington,"

"A MR. CROCKETT daily performs a series of dangerous feats in a large cage of lions and lionesses."

That it happened—such things will happen in the best regulated wild-beast cages—that screams were heard one morning, and it was discovered:—

"That one of the larger lions had an unfortunate man's right hand in his mouth, whilst another had seized him by the thick part of the forearm, and had dragged the limb through the bars of the cage nearly up to the armpit. Having no hot irons the men at once set to work belabouring the lions over the skulls and eyes in order to make them loose their hold. These proceedings at the outset only tended to increase the ferocity of the animals, who with loud yells commenced tearing the flesh from their poor victim's arm and hand with their claws. It was not until the brutes were nearly blinded with the blows inflicted upon their eyes that they were induced to relinquish their grip, when the poor man was drawn away, with his mangled limb, with great difficulty, and fell fainting into the arms of those who had rescued him from his horrible position."

He was not thought likely to recover. Posterity will next read that—

"During the afternoon MR. CROCKETT and the lions went through the usual exhibition, during what is called the morning performance, but nothing out of the ordinary way transpired, only that the two lions that had been beaten looked heavy and more gloomy than the others."

And finally, that like practical people, as we are, we use due and humane precautions for the future. For—

"It is now felt—"

What? That such brutal and dangerous "entertainments" should be discontinued. Dear us, no:—

"It is now felt to be desirable that red-hot iron rods should always be kept at hand, as had they been so, the animals would have been made to let go their hold of the unfortunate man instantly."

That is all. And in spite of all this, *Mr. Punch* has again to assure Posterity that we were in 1864 Christian and civilised people, who shuddered at old tales of gladiators, loathed Spanish bull-fights, and even sent folks to prison for setting cocks to combat. But what we most piqued ourselves upon was our consistency.

A SUGGESTION FROM SHAKSPEARE.

DEAR PUNCH,

THE great interest created by the proceedings of the Committee engaged in making arrangements for the proposed Shakspeare Commemoration, and the lively discussion in progress on the subject of insanity in relation to crime, may warrant me in taking the liberty to offer your readers a suggestion appropriate to the former of those subjects, and, I sincerely trust, not impertinent to the latter.

If anybody will take the trouble to look carefully over the map of England, he will perhaps find four rivers delineated as emptying themselves into Southampton Water, the Hamble and Titchborne rivers; the Itchen and the Test. It is to the last mentioned of these streams that the Shakspearian idea, which I would venture to propose with respect to the difficult and recondite question of lunacy, relates. That idea amounts to nothing less than an expedient for the unerring determination of the sanity or insanity of an individual whose health of mind is doubtful. Let me, without further preface, state it in the very words of *Hamlet* the Dane, which, at a time when the Schleswig-Holstein difference is raging between Denmark and Germany, to speak idiomatically, like mad, will be allowed to be particularly germane to the matter:—

> "It is not madness; bring me to the *Test*,
> And I the matter will re-word, which madness
> Would gambol from."

Very well, then. Why not, when a man's sanity is in question, simply do what the immortal SHAKSPEARE, by the mouth of *Hamlet*, recommends? Bring him, as the Danish Prince says, to the Test, induce him to say something, and, when he has made the remark, get him to try and repeat it.

Consideration of space necessitates the abridgment of observations on a subject which I intend to treat more copiously in a paper to be read at the next meeting of the Archæological Society, whose attention it will occupy not much longer than two hours.

Yours truly,

CHRISTOPHER SLY.

Digitized by Google



COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

(*We can only hear the words, "You're a—" on account of the noise; but the rest are supposed to be*)—"A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU!"

"THE SAME TO YOU, AND MANY OF THEM!" [*Perhaps they imply something else.*

TALLY-HO!

THE cry of "Tally-ho!" is one which, if raised in Parliament would probably awake responsive echoes, unmingled with roars of "Order!" Prefacing a speech, it would at least attract attention. It may be hoped that this shout will be heard on an early day in Parliament, not as preliminary to a proposal for legislation relative to fox-hunting, but as the introduction of a motion concerning a kind of more noxious vermin than foxes, and not tending to their preservation. The vermin in question are glanced at in a presentment adjoined to the verdict of a Coroner's Jury in conclusion of an inquest held at Falmouth on the body of one MARY ANN ANGOVE, who had poisoned herself in a state of mind caused by some tallymen, who, under a County Court judgment, put a bailiff into her house to recover a debt, which she had run up with them for clothes, unknown to her husband. The finding was "Temporary Insanity," and the observations which accompanied it, unusually sensible for their source, were these:—

"The jury cannot separate without expressing a strong condemnation of the tally system as at present carried on, and would hope that the Government would be induced to pass some stringent measure to stop the same, this jury believing that the death of the deceased is clearly traceable to the anxiety brought on by proceedings taken by the tallymen to realise a debt contracted with them without her husband's knowledge."

There is no necessity for any statute to legalise the extermination of tallymen. Every object that could be gained by dooming them to die would be answered by an enactment providing, more effectually than at present, that, in cases wherein they give a married woman credit without her husband's knowledge, they shall not recover.

New Fact in Electric Science.

MEDICAL men state (and, curiously enough, it also stands to reason) that a certain amount of electricity is conveyed to the system by the receipt of a telegraphic message. The words which have run along the wire convey the fluid to the clerk, who transmits it to the paper which you receive. It is, the doctors say, a very healthy thing to take a course of telegrams, and their efficacy is increased by the shock which it gives most people to receive a telegram at all. We had not looked at the matter in this light, but shall immediately begin curing all our sick friends by incessant transmissions of electrifying jokes.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

MY DEAR PUNCH,

I THINK we now with safety may congratulate ourselves that the reign of stage sensation is coming to an end, and that we are returning to the reign of better sense. The *Colleen Bawn* and *Octoroon* have gone where glory waits them in the provinces, perhaps: at the *Peep o' Day* we no more get a peep o' nights in London, and the lovely *Lady Audley* no longer is convicted of her ill deed at the well. Let that well alone, is my advice to managers, for I cannot well believe that any good can spring from it.

Some two or three years back, the great MR. BAMBOOZLICAULT did his best or worst to make our managers imagine that their audience cared nothing for mere poetry or penmanship, and that a good, strong, startling sensation scene or two was all that was required to make a play succeed. How the great MR. BAMBOOZLICAULT misjudged the British playgoer the marked success of *Manfred* was quite proof enough to show: and further evidence is furnished in the mere fact that MISS BATEMAN by the poetry of her acting has for upwards of a hundred nights been filling the Adelphi as full as it was ever while BAMBOOZLICAULT there reigned. The new play at the Princess's is another sign moreover that good writing is still relished, and that there are playgoers in plenty still existing who enjoy a play not merely for the set scenes there may be in it. *Donna Diana* is decidedly the best piece which has lately been imported for our stage, and although its adapter has a little spoilt the last scene to produce a stage-effect which the author had abstained from, he has upon the whole performed his adaptation with much cleverness and taste. All who care to see what a good Spanish play is like, should go and see *El Desden con el Desden* in its English dress: and thanks to MR. VINING they will no longer be annoyed by the cries of "nuts, cakes, oranges, lemonade, and gingerbeer," which used so rudely to destroy the nice illusions of the stage, and knock the play out of one's head almost between the acts.

It may seem poor praise to say that the pantomime at this house is really a very good one, for the advertisements assert of every pantomime in London, that it is "universally acknowledged" to be the "very best." There are some good scenes and good fun too in the one at Drury Lane; but I think the heartiest laugh that I have had this season was at the drollery of the donkey in *St. George and the Dragon*, the part of the donkey being played by MR. FREDERICK PAYNE. A runaway donkey is not a very common sort of creature, and the funny way in which MR. PAYNE makes an ass of himself is enough to make one any night burst out with a horse-laugh.

While I speak of Covent Garden, I must applaud the management for bringing out *Fanchette*. It really is a very pleasant little opera, and I am not at all disposed to join with certain critics in making a complaint about its Frenchiness of style. Light and lively music is just what our composers seem least able to invent, and I only wish that one of them would so far imitate the "Frenchy" school of composition as to let us have an opera with a little of the sparkle of *Le Domino Noir*. Not but what the English style is also capable of liveliness. MR. MACFARREN is no copyist of AUBER, yet his *Jessy Lea* is certainly a lively little work, and its success proves that the public would be glad of others like it. There was a brimming audience the last evening I heard it, and though now withdrawn to make room for the new Egyptian Entertainment (you can conceive what capital fun the trio at the Gallery will make out of a tourist party at the Pyramids), it will, I hear, be soon resumed as an afternoon attraction without spoiling the Egyptians of the treasures they will nightly bring into the treasury.

There is little more to say about our theatres just now: but from Australia we learn that after having, I doubt not, performed his part as chaplain on board ship with great applause, the REV. CHARLES KEAN has laid aside his parson's bands, and resumed his actor's buskin and his natural stage strut. How correctly his great genius is judged at the Antipodes this extract from the *Melbourne Herald* amply serves to show:—

"The chief charm of MR. and MRS. KEAN'S acting consists in their perfectly lifelike and natural rendering of every character. Years of close study must have been required to produce that ease of manner and studious avoidance of anything 'stagey' that characterises their endeavours. Not the slightest approach to theatrical claptrap is ever observable—no courting the plaudits of the pit and gallery—their

constant aim appearing to be the elevation of the dramatic art to something more than the mere gratification of pleasure-seekers. By their untiring aid the stage may yet be made a vehicle for historical instruction and moral example."

Well, different men have different opinions. and as a critic in Australia of course has better opportunities to cultivate his taste than one who is unfortunate enough to live in London, it would scarce be seemly in me to venture a denial that this estimate of MR. KEAN's great talent as an actor is most thoroughly correct. I would merely say that as I am a "pleasure-seeker" when I go to see a play, I wish with all my heart that MR. KEAN in future would act only in Australia, where, if his critic there be credible, his acting gives more pleasure to those who are of course well competent to judge of it, than it does to your less able correspondent,

ONE WHO PAYS.

A GOOD HA'PORTH.



IR,—Here are a few suggestions for the form that a Shakspearian Memorial ought to take, forwarded to me from various quarters, in order that they may obtain the required publicity in the columns of your widely-circulated journal.

It is proposed—

1st. That it ought to be about SHAKSPEARE, or perhaps MILTON, but at all events somebody who lived about that time, always excluding OLIVIA CROMWELL.

2nd. That it must not be anything to eat, or if it is, not very hot, like a salad, which would be emblematical of the country where the poet resided.

3rd. That it, whatever it is, must be made of stones from Stoney Stratford, out of compliment to the district-surveyors of England as a body.

4th. That it shall be portable, with pockets inside.

5th. That it shall be a Shakspeare Scholarship, to be holden on the following conditions; viz.:—

That the candidate shall be able to repeat by heart and sing all COLLIER's emendations to MALONE's notes.

That the holder shall be required to read aloud the entire plays of SHAKSPEARE every morning before breakfast, for the space of one year.

That in his second year of holding, he shall repeat the performance with the addition of dressing himself in the costumes of *all* SHAKSPEARE's characters, including the *Witches* in *Macbeth* and the greasy citizen in the Roman crowd.

That on the 23rd of every successive April, he shall hunt samphire gatherers on the Cliffs of Dover.

That in honour of *Falstaff's* ragged army he shall go to Coventry for the remainder of the year.

Hoping, dear *Punch*, that the Members of the Shakspeare Committee will give their serious attention to these propositions.

I remain, yours, energetically,

A RETIRED HAMLET.

An Ecclesiastical Auctioneer.

THE *New York Times* amuses us with a piece of truly American intelligence:—

"PEW SALE.—At the commencement of the new year the usual meeting was held in the REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S Church to dispose of the sittings for the year. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity. Precisely at 7 o'clock MR. BEECHER appeared on the platform, and in a few words stated the object of the gathering and the terms of sale."

Was it on the platform that MR. BEECHER appeared? According to our English notions, the reverend gentleman should have appeared in the pulpit.

"CHRISTIANOS AD LEONES!"

A REVIVAL of the above-mentioned ancient sport, a great favourite with the citizens of old Rome, is now being looked forward to, with considerable interest. by all lovers of such exhibitions residing within half a mile of the Agricultural Hall, Islington.

OLD WORLD TALES, OR PASTIME FOR THE PRESENT.

THE summit of Mount Olympus, in Thessaly, was the abode of the gods, goddesses, and deified heroes. No mortal, *quâ* mortal, has ever ascended these heights, with the exception, perhaps, of MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI. That most ancient deity Kronos or Saturn used to devour his children, not with caresses, but literally, and without any caresses at all. It was evident that he liked them, though as his wife Queen Rhea could not help remarking, he certainly had a very queer method of showing it. They were for a long time a perfectly happy family, and his sons and daughters born prior to his youngest, Zeus or Jupiter, never once disagreed with him. This last child, however, did not share the fate of his elder brothers and sisters: and consequently, modern writers on the subject hold that he was probably brought up at Harrow, seeing that his mother never intended the young Jove to be an Eaten Boy.

Be this as it may, the fact stands that Mater Rhea, being in a difficulty with regard to this child, did what most married ladies would have done under similar circumstances. She consulted her mother, Madame Terra.

"Let *me* have the child," said that estimable Matron.

"Yes, Mamma, if you think that's best," returned the dutiful daughter, who, however, did not much relish the notion of putting her favourite out to nurse. "But as Saturn is sure to ask for him, what shall I tell him?"

"Um!" Terra was considering. At length a bright thought struck her.

"Of course," she observed, inquiringly, "He always used to send for the children at dessert."

Rhea signified that such had been her amiable husband's custom.

"He indulges?" hinted her mother.

The tears rose to Rhea's eyes. She could not but acknowledge the existence of this unfortunate propensity.

"I don't like to say it before you, my dear, for I wouldn't give you pain for a moment, and a Mother ought never to set her daughter against her son-in-law; but I can't help saying that Saturn does behave like a brute."

"Oh, Mamma!" expostulated poor Rhea.

Mater Terra was working herself into a fury.

"If he'd only stick to his Ops and give up that nasty nectar-wine, one might do something with him; for the matter of that, though, we could do a great deal more without him."

At this both ladies laughed, and when Terra's gravity was quite restored, she resumed the subject in hand.

"You send the boy to me. I've some wonderful stone-fruit, candied last season when I was making my jams; Rocky Mountain plums, or pome-granites we're thinking of calling them. There!"

So saying, she produced from her store closet a fine specimen of the first Orleans growth. It was floating like a luscious island in the midst of a sea of syrup.

"Mind you wait for your opportunity," said the crafty old lady; "and the wretch will swallow it down as if it was the finest dish of kid he'd ever tasted."

She alluded to the fashion of those primitive times, which was to introduce the joint at the very close of the meal; a custom that has since been adopted in some parts of Germany, Russia, and elsewhere.

So Rhea thanked her kind mother, and reached the palace just as Kronos, who never waited for anybody, was sitting down to his dinner.

"THE WAYSIDE INN."

A CHARMING BOOK, doubtless, is LONGFELLOW's *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. A tuneful and accurate ear must be MR. LONGFELLOW's, and yet from the internal evidence afforded by the volume, we gather that the Transatlantic Rhapsodist (under which term are not included Spiritualistic Media) approves of, nay more, has an affection for, itinerant grinders of organs, midnight waits, and their unequal measures. Herein lies the proof of our assertion; let the reader, any reader, open the book at page 14, and he will there find the description of a Young Poet, a graphic portrait of one of the Sitters around the cheerful Fire; but the youth is praised, aye, actually praised, in the following couplet:

"He did not find his sleep less sweet
For music in some neighbouring street."

Good gracious! 'tis clear that MR. LONGFELLOW never knew the pleasures of a quiet quarter in London. At this point, even as I am penning these lines, comes an organ-man playing dismally round the corner; and, if I mistake not, a small band with brass enough for anything, is at the other end of the street, just commencing the overture to *William Tell*. Either they go or I. They won't, so I'll step out and call upon MR. BABBAGE.



AWFUL APPARITION OF THE BARD AT MRS. SCRIMMINGE'S TEA-FIGHT.

BUT IT WAS ONLY YOUNG FLARROP, FROM NEXT DOOR, LARKING WITH THE BUST OUT OF THE LIBRARY; AND IT BEING THE FASHION TO MAKE FUN OF DEAR OLD SHAKSPEARE JUST NOW, THE JOKE TOOK IMMENSELY.

COLNEY HATCH QUADRILLES.

SIR,

As I suppose your readers include a great many young ladies, and young gentlemen whose ideas of diversion are in a great measure similar to those of young ladies, whilst both the young gentlemen and the young ladies have learned from the perusal of your pages to think, let me invite them to exercise their reflecting powers on some facts which must be premised by the following explanatory quotation from the *Times*:—

"THE COLNEY HATCH CHRISTMAS PARTY.—Yesterday evening the managers of the Colney Hatch Asylum gave their annual treat to the inmates of this excellent Institution. On former occasions we have described so fully the incidents of these entertainments that it is hardly necessary to say more now than that this Christmas party was, as usual, a great success. Of the 1,900 inmates of the asylum about 600, male and female, were permitted to take part in the festivities, and to them were added at least 300 visitors, who mingled freely in the crowd, and helped to promote the fictitious solemnity of the occasion."

What I wish your young friends of both sexes to ponder is the nature of the amusements which seem to have particularly delighted the crazy and imbecile inmates of Colney Hatch. The report above quoted continues:—

"The amusements provided by the visiting committee were numerous, but though the Nigger Minstrels were loudly applauded, the troupe of Chinese jugglers and contortionists were by far the greatest favourites. The great dining hall of the asylum was the chief scene of the sports. At one end was erected a temporary stage on which the various troupes engaged kept up a constant succession of amusements."

The intelligent readers of *Punch*, male and female, may amuse themselves, and perhaps instruct others, by reading to those others whom it may concern the foregoing account of the sort of fun which is peculiarly adapted to the class of mind to which Colney Hatch affords an asylum. They will not be surprised to find that the Nigger Minstrels, and the Chinese jugglers and contortionists afford a special gratification to the demented and insane. But the succeeding statement will puzzle them:—

"In the remainder there was ample space for dancing, and, to tell the truth, if the committee had engaged two or three quadrille bands, one to succeed the other, so as to keep up a continual succession of dance music, perhaps they would best have consulted the general taste. With or without partners, the patients never seemed tired of whirling round the room either to the polka or waltz measures."

Is it possible that much as Nigger Minstrels and Chinese mountebanks are to the taste of lunatics and idiots, yet that insanity and impaired intelligence find recreation still more congenial in the sparkling music and the graceful movements of the dance?

What philosopher will dare to propose a solution of this apparent fact in psychology? Not any will be hazarded by,

Yours truly,

Wall-Flower Cottage, January, 1864. SMELFUNGUS.*

* A Box of Antibilious Pills is left at our Office for Mr. S.—*Ed.*

An Apology to Shakspeare.

Apropos of all the Blundering of the "National Committee."

FORGIVE, blest Shade, the tributary sneer
With which this trading on thy fame we hiss;
Nor think we less thy honoured name revere,
Because we shrink from snobbishness like this!

LITERARY ANECDOTE.

A SAVAGE young man known to *Mr. Punch*, was looking over the list of articles in the new *Quarterly*, and came to "Eels." "Bother," he said, "there's no criticism now-a-days. Instead of writing about Eels, I wish they'd skin a few." *Mr. Punch* immediately ordered the savage young man out of the room.

IMPROPER EXPRESSION.—Let it never be said, that when a man jumps for joy, "his delight knows no *bounds*."

Digitized by Google

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 86 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City



Artist (to his Hypochondriacal Friend with an independence). "AH! MY DEAR FELLOW, IF YOU HAD TO WORK HARD AND GET YOUR OWN LIVING AS WE HAVE, YOU'D HAVE NO DYSPEPSIA, I'LL BE BOUND; GOOD BYE."

NOBLE CHAFF.

THE EARL OF DERBY, in his speech on the Address, playfully compared EARL RUSSELL to *Bottom*, the weaver. A peer who is accustomed to spin yarns, might as well have said nothing about weavers. If one noble Lord calls another by a name which is an euphemism for an ass, no wonder that the other should retort in terms of corresponding courtesy. Accordingly we find the Foreign Secretary giving the noble Lord, the leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords, a reply equivalent to "You're another," and something more. As thus:—

"But I will now proceed to the comments which the noble Earl has made upon my conduct. He began with a good deal of wit and with a good many facts. But while his wit was excellent in itself—indeed, there could be none better, seeing that it was all taken from SHAKSPEARE—the facts of the noble Earl, which were his own, had no more foundation than the story of *Bottom*, the weaver, himself."

The dream of *Bottom*, the weaver, of course the misreported Minister said. "My dream shall be called *Bottom's* dream, because it hath no bottom." So, neither, says the noble EARL RUSSELL, had the facts of the noble EARL OF DERBY. And then, quoting SHERIDAN, the former noble Earl said that the latter "borrowed his wit from his memory, and his facts from his imagination"—in other words, spoke the thing that was not. And so began the Parliamentary new year in their Lordships' house with the compliments of the Session.

FROM AN OLD HOSS.

SIR,

HAY? what? did you observe that an old Hoss like me, who used to be ridden post many a time to Gretna Green, could be of no use now in these Railway Days? Neigh, friend, but these steam people are coming back to us, after all. Why, Sir, 'twas only t'other day that I heard two of the Directors of the Greatest Line say to one another, that their Excursion Trains to Somewhere and back for half-a-crown, would never pay unless they were properly advertised, and that to forward these Trains in every place, they must employ plenty of *Posters*.

Yours triumphantly, POSTBOIOS ATHANAT'OSS.

ONE OF THE GREATEST "MYSTERIES OF PARIS."

HERE is a dreadful falling off! We read with amazement, though it is true the curious event took place during the Carnival, that:—

"At a Public Ball given by the wife of the Prefect of the Seine, at which 3,000 persons were present, *no Crinoline was worn.*"

Bravo! The French Venus has at last left the iron cage in which the Vulcan of Fashion had too long imprisoned her. Paris had of late been celebrated for two styles of fortifications, the *enceinte continuée*, and the Crinoline, and really in point of area the one extended almost as far as the other. The latter is fortunately now abolished, and there will be all the more room consequently in Paris. The cry of "*Il n'y a plus de Crinolines!*" will be added to the old historical one of "*Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées*," and the removal of the barrier will give pleasure to thousands of patriotic Frenchmen, on account of there being one obstruction the less in their country. Crinolines impeded free circulation fully as much as passeports, and when the latter fell in France, we felt confident that the former could not long stand up and assert their galling tyranny. We congratulate the above Prefect upon having abolished this despotism, which was like a big thorn always in one's side, and upon having completely established a new era of freedom. This inauguration entitles him for the future to adopt as his motto "*Mens sana in corpore sano*," for it is clear that there now presides a mind that is sane in the prefectoral body of the Seine.

The Rein of Terror.

NOTICE.—It is now Cabman's law, that when two persons, of whom one is a Man, ride two miles, the fare is one shilling. But if only one person rides, and that person is a lady, the fare is eighteen-pence.

Cabman's Club. (Signed) BULLY SCOWLER.

PRONUNCIATION.—A Gentleman in the pit of the Adelphi Theatre remarked that he werry much preferred MISS BATEMAN'S *Lear* to SHAKSPEARE'S.

Digitized by Google

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THURSDAY, *February 4th*, 1864. The young gentlemen of the Westminster Classical, Commercial, and decidedly non-Mathematical Academy re-assembled after the holidays. The Mistress was not present, but one of the Monitors, LORD WESTBURY, read a Message in Her name. This had been drawn up by the Head Master, and some of his colleagues, and was not very much admired. It was thought to tell less than any Message that had ever been sent to the Academy, even when PITT SECUNDUS had risen to be Head Master, and chose that nobody should know anything but what he pleased to announce himself. But it was said that several of the Masters held differing opinions, and had been obliged to agree upon a Message that should express no opinion at all, and if so, this is not the way to manage a great school which gives tone to English Society. However, most of the boys seemed to think that "Old PAM," as they affectionately if irreverently call the present Head Master, knew pretty well what he was about, and they cheered him very loudly when he came, with his cane in his hand, into the Lower School, the louder that a severe sentence had just been passed on a low Irishman, who had been flinging mud at Old PAM, and telling lies about him.

The Message was given, as usual, in the Upper School, where the noblemen are taught, or it is tried to teach them. The Mistress's eldest son, EDWARD WALES, was there, and so was his cousin GEORGE, the soldier, who is a good-natured fellow, but too much led away by his chums, and not quite so considerate of his inferiors as a brave boy should be. When the Mistress comes, the re-opening of school is quite an imposing sight, and no end of ladies come, to see how their relations look when being sent back to their Forms. But on Thursday there was not much of this kind of thing. The boys of the Lower School were sent for, and came running in with their usual noise, and with the gown-boy at their head.

The Message began with a pleasant subject, a mention of MR. and MRS. EDWARD WALES's little boy, who was born at Frogmore during the holidays, to the great joy of everybody, as his parents, and his grandmamma, the Mistress, are very dear to all of us.

Then the School was told of several things which were taking place in various parts of the world, and it is right that these things should be known, so the whole school went, as it were, into Geography class for a short time, and was told this:—

That all the great Queens and Kings of Europe, and many of the little ones, had in 1852 solemnly put their hands and seals to an agreement that nobody should take away any of the territories which the KING OF DENMARK then possessed. Now we all know that in direct violation of that agreement, the Germans are trying to take away two pieces of the King's dominions,—two duchies, called Schleswig and Holstein. While the Message was being delivered, cannons were roaring, and men were being killed in Schleswig, where the brave Danes were trying to beat back the Prussians and Austrians, and had really done so many times, though the Germans had an immensely superior number of men. We were told that England had tried to prevent the fighting, and would try to stop it.

That the Japanese had behaved so ill to subjects of the QUEEN OF ENGLAND that it had been necessary to demand satisfaction, which the TYCOON, the Japanese temporal ruler, had given, but one of his proud and powerful nobles, the PRINCE OF SATZUMA, had resisted, so that English ships had been obliged to bombard his stronghold and bring him to his senses. "Incidentally," a very large city had been burned down, and probably many thousands of its inhabitants had been killed, while England was converting this naughty Prince to civilisation, and this we heard that the QUEEN regretted, as, we dare say did the inhabitants of Kagosima. However, you know, "sorry for it" is all that a gentleman or lady *can* say.

That the New Zealanders continue, in the most strange way, to dislike having their lands settled upon by settlers who will soon settle the tattooed people out of the way altogether, but that the English are enforcing this Law of Settlement in a vigorous manner, and will soon have shot so many tattooed folks, that the others will see how wrong it is to object to civilisation and Christianity.

That England has made a treaty with Austria, France, Prussia, and Russia, by which she gives up the Ionian Islands, and annexes them to Greece, and is making a treaty with the KING OF GREECE, who is foolishly styled KING OF THE HELLENES (a Frenchified title, and not to be compared with the other and noble one), as to the terms of the union, about which we shall hear a good deal more.

That the condition of England was "on the whole" satisfactory, and that she might look for much cotton from lands which have hitherto given her but little.

That some Bishops and other grave persons had been ordered by the QUEEN OF ENGLAND to examine and to revise the forms of words by which clergymen bind themselves not to preach anything but what is said in the Prayer Book to be right.

This was all the Message had to say. Nothing about America, where a dreadful war is going on; nothing about Poland, where the Russians are doing very cruel and unjust things; nothing about Mexico, to which a brand-new German Emperor is going to be sent, if he can borrow money for clothes and housekeeping; nothing about China, where English soldiers have helped the Imperialists to a victory, after which these people committed most savage massacres. We all thought that the Masters had been so busily quarrelling that they had had no time to read the newspapers. However, it did not much matter, and Monitor LORD WESTBURY having read the Message very well, minding his stops, sounding his aitches, and not dropping his voice at the end of sentences, the Schools were dismissed until the regular hours for getting to work. It is thought by the boys that there will be a good many fights this half, and it is certain that there will be a great many impositions.

Mr. Punch having, with his usual exquisite flexibility of pen, thus pleasantly allegorised the introductory ceremonial of Thursday last, proceeds to the sterner—in fact to the Laurence Sterner duty of making a Sentimental Journey through the debates of the Session. He doubts not that he shall come to the episode of the Donkey in good time, and promises not to forget the rope's end, or its use. Meantime let us overhaul the Debate on the Address.

The MARQUIS OF SLIGO, who moved it, astonished the BROWNES, his namesakes, by appearing in the elegant uniform of the London Irish Volunteers. LORD ABERCROMBY, the seconder, was "barely audible," which shows that though his place is at Tulliboddy, he, when in his place, is not a body like TULLY.

Then, of course, the EARL OF DERBY stood up, to open the bombardment, and having pleasantly chaffed LORD SLIGO for having alluded to many matters not in the Speech, of which LORD DERBY supposed that the Volunteer had not seen the latest edition, the Earl proceeded to make notes on that document, and mentioned that 110 new cotton mills are preparing to open in his Lordship's part of the country when trade shall improve. He then invited EARL RUSSELL to a little mill. He got to work at once. LORD RUSSELL had turned out the Tories by the trick of promising Parliamentary Reform, and being safely in office, had thrown that notion overboard, told people to rest and be thankful, and turned to foreign politics. As to these his policy had been "meddle and muddle." *Nihil quod tetigit non—conturbavit.* He was like *Bottom*, wanting to play every part, including *Moonshine* and *Lion*, and like the latter, knowing when to roar like a sucking dove. (These pleasantries riled EARL JOHN, who could reply with nothing newer than that EARL EDWARD had drawn on his memory for his wit, and on his imagination for his facts—O! O! O!) Then LORD DERBY waxed grave, and let into his antagonist on a great number of points of foreign policy, hoping we were not committed to a disastrous war with Germany, or to the betrayal of Denmark, who had trusted us. Lastly, the Earl declared that the vessel of the State was in a most perilous position, and he had no confidence in the incompetent hands of the Ministry.

The EARL RUSSELL was prompt to meet his foe, contradicted him generally, and in detail, and afflicted the Peers by going at great length into the Schleswig-Holstein business. The Danish Minister here had expressly said that Denmark expected no material (which means physical) aid from us, but only sympathy. A despatch from the Prussian Minister stated that Prussia and Austria, though invading, meant to adhere to the Treaty. (But please to wait until you have read something later.—*P.*)

EARL GREY, the Heraclitus of the Peers, and EARL GRANVILLE, their Democritus, having respectively wept and smiled over most subjects, the Address was voted, and the Lords adjourned at 9·35.

Without adverting to what was threatened, or promised, in the Com-

mons (*Punch* waits for performances) be it said that LORD RICHARD GROSVENOR, in the costume of a Cheshire Yeoman, moved the Address, which was seconded by MR. GOSCHEN, the junior Member for the City, and who is decidedly a clever man. Having thus made *him* happy for life, let us proceed to say that

MR. DISRAELI delivered a slashing speech against Ministers generally, but chiefly against LORD RUSSELL, to whose office MR. DISRAELI has obtained his own consent to succeed, when the Tories and the Cocklicranes come in. He considered that England was right in not going to Congress, but wrong in having refused in a rude manner. As to Greece, we had done nothing but blunder, and though one could guard against an enemy, no human sagacity could baffle the unconscious machinations of Stupidity. As for Denmark, Ministers had no policy, but came to beg one from Parliament. They were always discourteous to the House of Commons—let them be so—let them humiliate the Commons, but not ask them to bear responsibility. We had alienated all our allies, and except the KING OF DENMARK, have not a friend in Europe. Where were the papers which the House ought to have?

LORD PALMERSTON said that Ministers had a policy, a very good one, and one which the House would support. It was a Policy of Peace. It was odd that if we had no allies, other powers insisted on acting with us, and France, Russia, and Sweden had joined us in calling on the Germans to halt. The PREMIER made the same statement as LORD RUSSELL had done about the undertaking by the Germans to respect the Treaty. He promised no end of papers, and wished anybody joy who had to read them, and he ended with some rather clever *badinage* touching the cruelty of Government in not giving MR. DISRAELI a peg on which to hang an amendment.

Only three other points arose on which *Mr. Punch* intends to remark. One was, that after the Government had made the semi-satisfactory statement about the Germans and the Treaty, SIR JOHN PAKINGTON was rude enough to bring out the fact that there was an "if" in the matter. The Germans will respect the Treaty, they say, if the Danes don't fight too hard, or obtain assistance from any other power. What do you think of that, my Catti?

Secondly, MR. HENNESSY said (and was rebuked by MR. GLADSTONE for the "indecorum" of saying), that war with Germany had been prevented by the QUEEN herself.

Thirdly, MR. KINGLAKE asked, what the people would say if we now went to war about agnails and cognacs—bother, we mean agnates and cognates.

Then the Address was voted, and the Commons adjourned at 11'55.

Friday. In the Lords the CHANCELLOR, who was last year empowered to sell a number of small church-livings in the gift of the Crown, was happy to announce that the article commanded a very high figure in the market, and was much sought after.

MR. WHITESIDE thought that Ireland ought to have been mentioned in the Speech, drew rather a melancholy picture of the condition of that country, and complained that the Chancellor of Ireland was wicked enough not to give away much patronage to the enemies of the Government. SIR ROBERT PEEL thought that Ireland was getting on very well, and that there was no need to make a fuss, and MR. O'HAGAN defended the Irish Chancellor, boldly and ably.

HIGHLY PROBABLE.

SAID DIXON to SHAKSPEARE,
"In *your* cause to take spear
And ride a tilt, all in your colours,
Is what we aspire to,
And England would fire to—
We, your National Monument-mullers."

Said SHAKSPEARE to DIXON,
"More half-pence than kicks on
My behalf though you 're anxious to scrape hence,
I 'm afraid you will find
The Public inclined
To present you with more kicks than half-pence."

LITERARY SMASHERS.

THE Americans are very fond of coining words. They do it almost as extensively as MR. SECRETARY CHASE prints greenbacks, and we doubt if the circulation of the one is much more valuable than that of the other. They are unquestionably the largest utterers of false notes in the world, so far as our lingual currency is concerned. If "the pure well of English" is to remain "undefiled," no Yankee should be allowed henceforth to throw mud into it. It is a form of verbal expectoration that is most profane, most detestable. This propensity for defiling that which should be kept as pure as possible, has been greatly on the increase within the last few years. Indeed, it is with pain we confess that, ever since the war began, the Yankees have been giving the English (and it has been a most savage way of displaying their animosity) nothing but *bad words!*

OUR RAILWAY KINGS AND COMMONS.

CAUTION! Only look at this:—

"It appears from *Bradshaw's Manual* that the Session will open with forty-seven Railway directors in the House of Lords, and one hundred and fifty-three in the House of Commons."

People who complain of Railway Aggression may guess from this brief paragraph what likelihood there is that Parliament will look to the protection of their property. One might as well expect a parliament of poachers to pass an Act for the protection of partridges and pheasants, or a parliament of pickpockets to propose a law for making theft a capital offence, as expect the present Parliament to protect our Capital (to say nothing of our interests) from the Railways which are threatening it. With two hundred directors to direct its demolition, London soon will be so cut up that we shall scarcely know it. What was once a noble city will become merely a place where any railway rubbish may be shot. Wherever he may live in it, a Londoner will find he cannot call his home his own; for, as soon as he gets settled in it, his house, the chances are, will be required for some new Railway; and if he moves into another, he will hardly get his things straight when he again has to turn out. To judge by what one sees, as well as what one hears of, a residence in London will soon not be procurable without a Railway burrowing and rumbling through the cellar, or a Railway running close by on a level with the drawing-room, or a Railway bridged across the street a few feet from the roof. Indeed, if Railway schemes continue to pour in as they have done, we Londoners may soon expect to see St. Paul's pulled down, and its ball and cross stuck up to adorn a monster terminus erected on its site.

THE DROP AND WHAT NEXT?

A LEADER in the *Morning Post*, insisting, not without some show of reason, that a murderer ought to be hanged whether he goes mad or not, contains these words:—

"With regard to the question of preparation for the next world, that might equally be urged against hanging murderers at all. It is no more valid as a reason for not executing a murderer gone mad after sentence than it is as a reason for abolishing capital punishment altogether. To spare the murderer on this account is, to that extent, to hold out a positive and palpable temptation to commit murder. But it is doubtful if any reasonable person who has reflected logically on the subject really ever supposed that, as regards the murderer's future position, the very suspicious sort of repentance that can take place, during the very short interval between sentence and execution, can make any difference one way or the other."

If it does not, to hang a man is to send him—whither?

Thither, whither because *Hamlet* wanted to send his uncle, he would not kill him when he found him at prayers. If this is so, the farce of spiritual ministration to the condemned criminal might as well be abolished. If it is not so, then, as the *Prince of Denmark* remarks on the above-mentioned occasion, to put him to death is "hire and salary, not revenge." Hanging seems to be infinitely too bad or too good for a being who, like *Michael Cassio*, has "a soul to be saved." If a man dies as a dog, hang a murderer like a dog, by all means. But if not, how then? Could secondary punishment be tried, with the understanding that, in case of its failure as a preventive measure, the stronger remedy of hemp should be reverted to?

ENGLISH PLAYS AND FRENCH CRITICS.

WE cite this from the Paris Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*:—

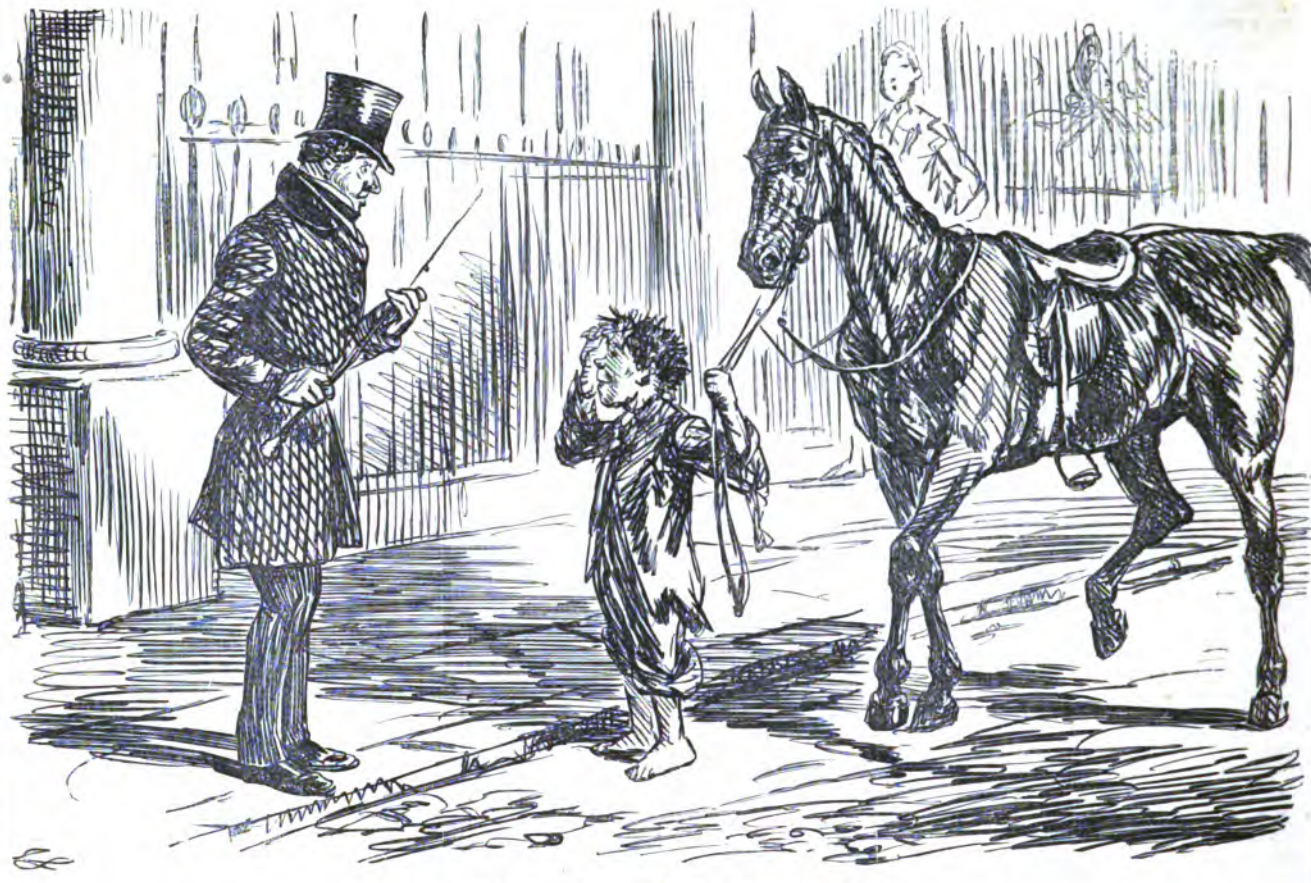
"In the *Petit Journal* of to-day I read that MR. WEBSTER, of the Adelphi, and his 'favourite interpreters of SHAKSPEARE,' have taken twelve places in the steamer from London to Boulogne, and two special carriages—*deux wagons spéciaux*—in the train to Paris, and are about to perform here. The first performance will be the *Maid of Lyons*, and then *Othello*, *Lear*, *As You Like It*, and *Hamlet*. FECHTER has been offered thirty napoleons a night to join the expedition. The critic, whose article I quote, winds up by saying, 'Let MR. WEBSTER and his twelve artists come, and SHAKSPEARE and LORD BYRON and SHERIDAN KNOWLES, and GARRICK, and JAMES, and all the British host! We shall be in our stall, ready to welcome this demonstration of English genius, and to call out the usual expression of success, 'All right!'"

SHAKSPEARE we know, and LORD BYRON we know, but who is JAMES? In the "British host" of novelists the name is not unknown, but the dramatic works of JAMES by no means are familiar to us. After a play by "WILLIAMS," it would rather be a novelty to see a farce by JAMES; and we hope that MR. WEBSTER, when he returns from Paris, will let us have this treat. If he does so, like our French friend, "we shall be in our stall," and ready to applaud the success of the performance by shouting out, as usual in our theatres, "All right!"

Horticultural.

A CULTIVATED Horticulturist writes to ask us, "On what he can graft a *Lapsus Linguæ*, or slip of a tongue?" Cultivated H. had better wait for the London Season, and select some fine flowery speech.

Practical Gardener is fitting up a new house, and wants to know what pictures he could put in his drawing-room suitable to his every-day work? We'll tell him; "*The Rake's Progress.*"



DOING A LITTLE BUSINESS.

Old Equestrian. "WELL BUT—YOU 'RE NOT THE BOY I LEFT MY HORSE WITH!"
Boy. "NO, SIR, I JIST SPEKILATED, AND BOUGHT 'IM OF T'OTHER BOY FOR A HARPENNY?"

TROTTING OUT THE HOBBIES.

COME spinners of long stapled yarn
For Parliamentary *crochet*,
With chaff-loads, to St. Stephen's barn,
Eh, vite, Messieurs, approchez!
Be it on spec, on sale, or view,
Now trot out all your hobbies,
Your thorough-breds and cock-tails too,
Hacks, cart-horses, and cobbies.

From dry statistics' barren waste,
From facts and figures' ploughed-land,
From the far-distant fields of taste,
From high ideal Cloud-land!
Empty the mare's nests, where your steeds
Have left their eggs to addle,
And, whatsoe'er your hobbies' breeds,
Muster to "boot and saddle."

Here limps the over-trained old hack
All jocks have been astride of;
Who 's had JOHN RUSSELL on his back,
Whom DIZZY's tried a ride of.
Poor old *Reform!* Through wear and tear,
In spite of sprain and spavin, you
Have still, so BRIGHT and GIBSON swear,
A gallop for the Avenue!

Alas! is this the high-bred colt
All England once was sweet on—
So hard to hold, so strong to bolt,
His pins so firm and fleet on:
Engaged so deep, his friends scarce knew
Which event to begin with,—
The horse we backed till all was blue,
The nag all stood to win with!

Poor old hoss! you may put up BRIGHT,
In his flame-coloured jacket,—
Quote GIBSON's tip, "the prad's all right,"
(With his cash will he back it?)—
"Rest and be thankful," cries the friend,
Who tooled him once 'gainst BOBBY;
The toughest nags must have an end,—
Take home that hard-used hobby!

See where, behind, the string advance!
Hobbies out-running mention:
There 's BERKELEY's *Ballot*, KINGLAKE's *France*,
COBDEN's *Non-intervention:*
FITZGERALD's *Bounce*, and WHALLEY's *Cry*,
HENNESSY's *Roman Candle*,
DIZZY's *Caucasian Mystery;*
LENNOX's *Townley-Scandal:*

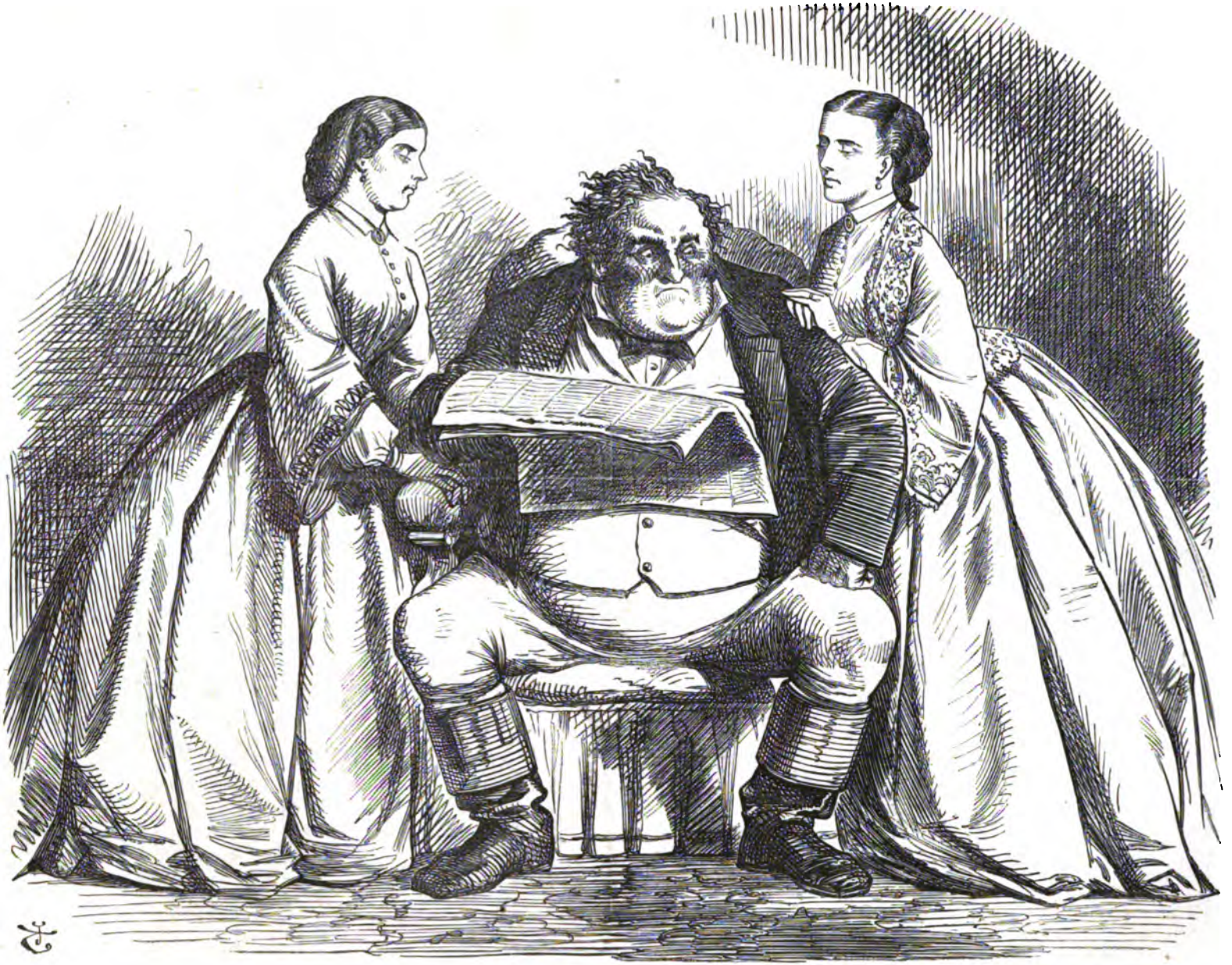
A weedy, washy, leggy lot,
As ever paced the paddock!
No more like winners of a pot
Than sprat's like Dublin haddock,
Says PAM, with just a *leetle* wink
Over his wary shoulder,—
"*Old Confidence* is safe, I think,
Though he were ten years older!"

Fructicultural Economy.

An Apple-pie Order.—Those Horticulturists who supply their own fruit puddings and tarts from their own garden, should take care, as early as possible, to order the children to commence making apple-pie beds.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



OUR DANISH DIFFICULTY.

PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA. "O! MR. BULL, I DO SO WISH YOU WOULD SPEAK TO MY PAPA-IN-LAW!"
PRINCESS OF WALES. "AND, MR. BULL, DO, PLEASE, SPEAK TO MY PAPA!"

Digitized by Google

REAL RAILWAY ADVANTAGES.

SCENE—*The Consulting Room at the back of the house of* MR. MAGNEESHER, *the eminent M.D. Place, within very easy walking distance of two new Metropolitan Lines, which, of course go to Charing Cross. From the windows of the room can be seen an anything-but-distant view of the two New Stations with telegraph posts, and signals at work, Policemen, Porters, and Passengers moving to and fro; the whole conveying an idea of great traffic and active Metropolitan Railway life. Without the aid of a glass can be plainly read, on the Right Hand of the View, a large placard headed,* BAYSWATER, BURLINGTON ARCADE, CHARING CROSS, AND BOROUGH LINE. TRAINS EVERY FIVE MINUTES! CHEAP FARES! *And on the Left Hand a larger placard, advertising* THE BROMPTON, PICCADILLY, CHARING CROSS, BOROUGH AND BLOOMSBURY LINE. TRAINS EVERY SEVEN MINUTES! CHEAPER FARES!

TIME—Between Ten and Four.

The Curtain rises to painfully slow music played before the front door by an itinerant Organman. MR. MAGNEESHER *discovered seated, looking over his book of Fees and Professional Engagements. Front door bell rings.*

Enter EXPECTED FEMALE PATIENT, *whose nervous system is somewhat out of order.*

Exp. Patient (*dismally*). Ah! MR. MAGNEESHER.

Mr. Mag. (*shaking her hand soothingly, and coming straight to the point.*) Well, MRS. MUMPUS, and what are our symptoms, eh?

Nervous Patient. Well—you see—I don't know what it is—but whenever I—(*Railway Bell rings.* NERVOUS PATIENT *starts violently*). Good gracious! what 's that—Fire—is it F—F—(*is paralysed.*)

Mr. Mag. (*assuringly*). No, it 's only the—

[*Railway Bell—Engine shrieks—Whistle screams like a war-whoop. Patient faints.* MR. MAGNEESHER *rings bell.*

Enter MORTAR, *his man.*

Mr. Mag. Just—

[*Railway Bells—Shrieks from opposition Engines. As* MR. MAGNEESHER *can't hear himself speak, he intimates what is required in excellent pantomime to his servant. Exit Servant, carrying out* NERVOUS PATIENT *into an airier apartment.*

Enter immediately a very CONSUMPTIVE LOOKING PATIENT.

Mr. Mag. (*bows politely*). Well, Sir!

Cons. Patient. My—that is—I—I—

[*Railway bells as before. Simultaneous departure and arrivals of trains on different lines, in consequence of the "Up" express being a little late.*

Mr. Mag. (*who has only heard the first part of Patient's statement*). Your eye? Eh?

[*Takes out an unpleasant-looking instrument and approaches* CONSUMPTIVE PATIENT.

Cons. Patient (*frightened*). No! No! I was going to say——

[*Squeaking of ungreased carriage-wheels and shouting of Porters, who are shunting something or other, during which* CONSUMPTIVE PATIENT *strikes his chest several times, to explain that he has got something the matter with his lungs.*

Mr. Mag. (*puzzled, but taking advantage of a momentary lull in the Railway noises, shouts quickly*). Heart?

Cons. Patient (*catching the idea just in time*). LUNGS!

[*Engines shriek—steam whistles—shunting—shouting—bells—trains starting and arriving.*

[MR. MAGNEESHER *having expressed in pantomime that he will "sound" his Patient, is about to apply the stethescope. Several trains pass over iron railway bridge.* MR. MAGNEESHER'S *house is shaken violently.* MR. MAGNEESHER *is jerked against* CONSUMPTIVE PATIENT, *taking him sharply in the ribs with the stethescope.*

Cons. Patient (*falling in chair and turning very pale*). Oh!

[*His mouth is still seen to move, like a fish's, as if speaking: he collapses suddenly.*

Mr. Mag. (*alarmed for his reputation, Rings*)—(*Enter* MORTAR)—Just——

[*Whistles—shrieks—bells—screams—shouting—shunting—ungreased squeakings—iron-bridge rattling, &c. &c. Expressive pantomime on the part of* MR. MAGNEESHER *and Exit* MORTAR *bearing out Second Victim.*

[MR. MAGNEESHER *shakes both his fists wildly at the Railway Stations, utters something not loud but deep, and sits down to write to all the Papers at once as the Curtain descends.*

A PASTORAL ENTERTAINMENT.—German *Reed's* by Shirley *Brooks.*

FRENCH PROFESSION AND ENGLISH PRACTICE.

THE closing declaration of M. ROUHER, in the debate on the Address voted by the French Chamber, is one which, accepting it as trustworthy, we should hail with loud cries of "Hear, hear!" The Imperial Minister of State said that:—

"France will undertake no foreign war without preliminary concert, except in cases in which her own boundaries or her own honour are concerned."

Mistrust, however, not altogether unfounded, might incline us to receive the foregoing announcement with parliamentary exclamations of "Oh, oh!" if not with unparliamentary shouts of "Walker!" What does M. ROUHER mean by the boundaries of France? Those which are laid down in the existing Map of Europe, or in the Map of Europe as traced by the Imperial imagination? Because the latter may include the Rhine Provinces, at least, and at farthest any extent of territory. The boundaries of France did not include Savoy and Nice before France annexed, or conveyed them as the wise call it; and it may be that any case in which the conveyance of any boundaries whatsoever by France is concerned would be a case which France would consider that her boundaries were concerned in. Then too the honour of France would be concerned in any case wherein her glory is concerned, if, as seems probable, France regards honour and glory as convertible terms.

The assurance that France will undertake no foreign war without preliminary concert, affords some hope of harmony, which may, however, turn out to be the mere preparation of a discord. France has a reasonable ear in music; give her the drums and fifes.

Nevertheless, the profession of M. ROUHER on behalf of France, understood in its plain and natural sense, nicely expresses the principle which every taxable Englishman will implore our Government to observe in their foreign policy. We have not helped the Poles against the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, nor the South in their struggle to resist Yankee subjugation; we have not interfered to prevent the "grand customs" that are practised by His Majesty the KING OF DAHOMEY. Honour can hardly prick us on to any intervention, now that it has tolerated infringements of the Treaty of Vienna. We are men of business, and have no business to fight except for our boundaries, and the business which we carry on outside of them.

OUR LAW COURTS.

IN consequence of the numerous inconveniences still existing in the legal "runs" out of the Warren of Westminster Hall, the Bench and Bar have determined, as there appears to be but little chance of any alterations, additions, or improvements, for some time to come, to accommodate themselves to their unhappy circumstances. The officers of the different Courts (to whom we hereby tender our best thanks—a legal tender we in our ignorance hope—for their courtesy) have put us in possession of some of the possible arrangements.

In order to give a few seats to the Queen's Counsel near the Judges, JUSTICES BLACKBURN, MELLOR, CROMPTON and SHEE will sit in each other's laps, turn and turn about.

Jurymen *in esse* will adopt the same plan. Jurymen *in posse* will lie in wait under the seats of the former gentlemen.

Senior Barristers will squat like tailors or Turks, so as to make room for the Juniors who will be also squatting out of sight below the seats. When Juniors have to address the Court, they shall do so kneeling, allowing their heads to appear above the partition. In consequence of this arrangement, the term "*Standing* Counsel" to any Company shall be abolished.

The Public shall be at liberty to sit wherever they please. Smoking allowed in every part of the Court, except in the chimneys.

Refreshments.—Punctually at one o'clock, apples, oranges, gingerbeer and Lists of the Causes shall be handed round by those respectable she-vendors who have been ejected from the pits of the Haymarket, Princess's, Lyceum and Adelphi theatres. There will be a private Luncheon Bar for the Judges only behind the Court of Probate and Divorce: here there will be a Judicial Luncheon on the *table d'hôte* principle, to be known as the Judge-Ordinary.

A supply of hot-water bottles, wrappers, comforters and cloaks, and other protectors against the various currents of air pouring in from all sorts of unexpected quarters, will be let out by the Ushers and other Officers of the Courts at a fixed tariff.

The Attorneys shall sit in their own draughts.

These practices will be probably adopted on the first of April.

The Great German Knavy.

THE Cabinets of Berlin and Vienna are said to have given assurances that the integrity of the Danish monarchy would be preserved. It would be a fine thing if they could preserve their own; but there is too much reason to fear that they haven't got any.

Digitized by Google



EXPRESS.

Old Gent. "THIS OSCILLATION IS VERY UNUSUAL, SIR, ISN'T IT? WE SEEM TO BE GOING A TREMENDOUS PACE!"

Swell. "AW—YA—AS! THEY'RE MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME. I'VE JUST TIMED 'EM, AND WE'VE DONE THE LAST NINE MILES IN SIX MINUTES AND A-HALF. HAVE A SMASH PRESENTLY AW—THINK!"

THE WAR AND PEACE TAX.

TUNE—"*The Dogs' Meet Men.*"

AROUND our necks a millstone hangs,
Whose weight occasions cruel pangs;
We shift the burden to our backs:
And contrive to go about beneath an Income-Tax.
Ri tol, &c.

This stone is one that often grows,
A grievous increase of our woes,
Like donkeys under added sacks,
We endure an augmentation of the Income-Tax.
Ri tol, &c.

The cost of war this Tax defrays;
Almost all that its payer pays.
When Government more money lacks,
Then they just put up the figure of the Income-Tax.
Ri tol, &c.

So, when the oppressed for succour shriek,
Or when the strong attack the weak,
To interfere we're loath and lax,
Save the classes unaffected by the Income-Tax.
Ri tol, &c.

This fact aggressive peoples see,
And tyrants contemplate with glee,
Lo, now how bold those rascals wax
In reliance on the pressure of our Income-Tax!
Ri tol, &c.

The Peace Society may too
Approve the action of that screw,
More formidable than the rack 's,
That extorsive but pacific plague the Income-Tax.
Ri tol, &c.

So thrift makes cowards of us all,
On whom a partial tax doth fall;
'Tisn't that we care for cuts and whacks,
But we don't like an addition to the Income-Tax.
Ri tol, &c.

And that we know that we must pay
For every war-trump that shall bray,
Each gun that booms, each shell that cracks:
We're to keep the peace bound over by the Income-Tax.
Ri tol, &c.

SHUTTING 'EM UP.

QUITE right, MR. YARDLEY (Beak), and continue to be as firm as Yardley Oak, celebrated by COWPER. It is quite time to put a stop to the system of making a Police Court a sort of sub-editor's room, where "flimsy" is received in order to its publication in the newspaper. The Magistrates have enough to do without listening to statements to which people desire to give publicity. *Punch* reads with satisfaction that the representatives of the General Omnibus Company (and by the way, why are the weekly receipts of that Company published every week, any more than the "takings" of JONES the butterman, and FRY the tripeman of the New Cut, respectively?) were thus received by the respected YARDLEY:—

"MR. WILKINSON (addressing the Magistrate) said—I beg to claim your indulgence for a few moments in reference to an application which appears in the papers of this morning, and which was heard here on Saturday last.
"MR. YARDLEY. The application heard here, and you say it appears in the newspapers?
"MR. WILKINSON. Yes, Sir.
"MR. YARDLEY. I cannot listen to you. You must address yourself to the newspapers.
"MR. WILKINSON. I only wish to make a statement that——
"MR. YARDLEY. Stop, Sir. I will not allow this Court to be made the arena for a public discussion of what appears in newspapers.
"MR. WILKINSON made another effort to be heard, when
"MR. YARDLEY said he had no control over the newspapers, and therefore he could not interfere in the matter.
"MR. WILKINSON and MR. CHURCH then retired."

A very proper thing to do. Some persons seem to think that a Magistrate sits to be talked to, and they act as the French actor did in the farce of *Parlez au Portier*. Seeing the inscription, he pretended to take it for an invitation to general conversation, and insisted on engaging the enraged Cerberus in gossip on every topic of the day. MR. YARDLEY does well to repress such attentions. If they are to be permitted, we shall have gentlemen making a pleasant morning round of calls at the police-offices, favouring MR. KNOX with opinions on the new play, sketching the plot of the new novel for the benefit of MR. ARNOLD, congratulating MR. BURCHAM on the progress of the new Garrick Club, and finishing off by enlightening MR. PAGET (very glad to see you on the Bench, MR. PAGET, to which you will be an ornament) with an analysis of the Schleswig-Holstein question. MR. YARDLEY deserves the thanks of his brother Magistrates, and receives those of *Mr. Punch*.

ITALY.

IT was with considerable pleasure, my dear *Mr. Punch*, that I read the following announcement some days ago in the *Times*:—

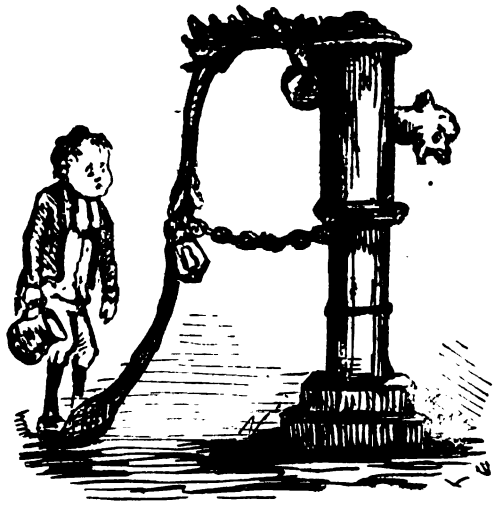
"While laying the pipes, three old paved streets were discovered, and the remains of an old Port and some columns."

There's a treasure to set before a Pope! Why, *Mr. Punch*, you can't now-a-days get a glass of an old Port, the genuine thing I mean, for love or money. I hope His Holiness, or whoever has become the owner, will at once see the urgent necessity of putting their old Port into the Pipes. Thank Goodness there are very few non-conformists among the Italian workmen; I tremble to think what would have been the fate of this glorious wine, if the labourers who discovered it had been *Shakers*.

Animus and Mens.

ACCORDING to the *United Service Gazette*, a new military crime has just been discovered at head-quarters. It is called *animus*, and seems to mean giving evidence against a superior officer. Whatever *animus* may have been displayed in some quarters, there is very little *mens* discernible in others.

A NOVEL TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.



CORRESPONDENT in a newspaper the other day, speaking of a place which is called Pierre-fitte (it is somewhere in France, COX, so do not turn to Otaheite), informed us that—

"By the bye, this same place, Pierre-fitte, has just been robbed for the second time of an article of public utility, which from its nature must naturally throw suspicion on any temperance men who may be in that district. For the second time within the last twelvemonth the public pump, with all its gear, has been stolen out of the Fontaine du Regard. Imagine stealing a pump, with the thermometer many degrees below zero. There can be no extenuation there."

Were we ever so much given to indulge in kleptomania, a pump is certainly about the very last thing in the world that we should ever dream of stealing. We could fancy a man stealing an old wine-cask or a beer-barrel, for the scent of the liquor might linger there still, and there might be possibly a drop of good stuff left in it. But not even a teetotaller, we should think, would steal a pump, unless he at the same time could purloin the spring that served it. To be sure, a pump might possibly be sold, although it were a second-hand one; or if it were put up the spout, a trifle might be borrowed on it. But with the thermometer below zero, a man must be a pump himself to give much for a pump, and the person who could steal it must be wondrously cool-handed.

THE CAMBRIDGE PRIZE POEM.—DENMARK.

AND what 's this German-Danish row about?
I think I know,
Germans want to go
Where'er they like, the Baltic in and out;
And when you look the map upon,
Pleasant it does not seem,
That Copenhagen should have been
Placed as it were, right up a narrow spout.

Very big ships it is no use to send,
Because big ships are seen
Each shore between,
Nor doth the case it mend
If the big guns do plump their shot,
And whether cold or hot,
Out of the way, is the best way to keep,
For if they hit, wood-work will surely rend.

I want to know how our dear friend Mossoo
The question judges.
I fear he grudges,
Germans and Danes must all the fighting do,
Perhaps the territorial slice
Which at the last is sure to go,
And always cuts so very nice,
Might grieve his poor heart through and through.

There also is JOHN BULL,
Something must do—
If not something will think,—
Unless he finds his purse is not too full,
So that from home he really cannot go,
At all events he must not wink
At robbery, without he strike a blow,
And if the rogue he catch, his ears must pull.

NEW NOTICES OF MOTION.

Now that Parliament has met again, to the high gratification of everybody, we hope to hear of the following Notices of Motion being shortly given:—

A Notice of Motion to be at all times given to the lazy cabmen, who go crawling about the streets with empty cabs, thereby turning London into an immense cab-walk, and preventing other vehicles from proceeding at a reasonable rate; the said notice to consist of an energetic intimation that these do-nothing cabmen are to hasten at once to the nearest cab-stand, and there patiently await their hiring, or else to retire instantly home with due convenient speed.

A Notice of Motion to be given to all Hansom drivers, that they need not drive so furiously quick, threatening to cut off a foot-passenger's toes, if no greater injury, every time they sharply turn a corner.

A Notice of Motion to be given to the drivers of all PICKFORD'S vans and railway goods' carts, conveying a similar caution to the above, by which means they would not cause so many accidents, nor destroy so many lives, nor subject their masters to such heavy expenses in the shape of compensation money.

A Notice of Motion to be given to the contractors of the Middle-Level Drainage Scheme to get on with their subterranean work a little more quickly, as their long line of huge wooden traps, continually foaming, howling, and vomiting, do not materially add to the freedom, or the safety, of the passage of the thoroughfare, and certainly do not contribute largely to the acknowledged beauty of the Metropolis.

A Notice of Motion to be given to the concocters of the various Metropolitan Railways to carry their schemes elsewhere, with the polite message that our streets are already sufficiently crowded, ugly, noisy, and dangerous, without requiring the additional interference of their darkening, defacing, deafening, defiling presence.

A Notice of Motion to be peremptorily given to all organ-grinders and green baize bands, that they are to transport themselves and their discordant instruments to Italy and Germany with the greatest possible speed, and distinctly to understand that there they are to remain for ever and ever, under the extreme fear of being either ground or blown to death the moment they set foot in this country again.

If the above Notices of Motion could only be carried into execution, they would do a great deal more good than the many puerile vapid questions which are being perpetually put to Ministers, and which never lead to any practical result, and which Notices, by the way, never have any Motion in them at all, stopping almost invariably at the very point from which they started.

DEFINITION OF A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.—A Water Mill.

TELEGRAMS WITH NOTES.

WE have to thank MR. REUTER for the following news:—

"PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES, of Prussia, employed 74 guns in the attack upon Missunde yesterday."

Artillery of aggression.

"Missunde was in flames."

Incendiaries!

"The attacks on Missunde yesterday were made by 9,000 Prussian troops and two batteries of artillery."

Shame!

"The Danish force consisted of nine companies of infantry and two squadrons of dragoons, in all about 2,000 men."

Thermopylæ over again—but who was LEONIDAS? The brute XERXES was represented we know, and so were the Persian slaves. Thermopylæ over again, but with a difference:—

"The Prussians made two attacks, but were repulsed."

Hurrah!

"They at first left their dead and wounded on the field, but the greater part were subsequently removed."

Bad luck to the survivors! Miscreants!

"The Danish loss was from 150 to 200, including three officers killed and four wounded."

Glory to the brave!

Slaughtering and Sleighing.

WRITING from New York the other day, "MANHATTAN" tells us:—

"The sleighing is so fine that all the New Yorkers and strangers who can enjoy it forget the great civil war and its consequences. Merrily go the million of sleigh-bells during the entire twenty-four hours. There is no cessation. One-tenth of the costly furs that are aired every day would make warm the shivering and half frozen armies of the Potomac."

Until poor human nature be much altered for the better, we cannot expect that people who make money by a war will manifest much grief for it. Still we think that the New Yorkers might show a more proper feeling for those whose sons or fathers have perished in the war, were they to let their sleigh-bells sometimes ring a muffled peal.

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

Q. WHO was Minerva?

A. The Goddess of Wisdom, who sprang out of Jupiter's "*head*" armed like a *Colonel*.

Digitized by Google

SPORTING RECOLLECTIONS.—SCIENCE APPLIED TO DEER-STALKING.



LESS LUGGAGE WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE.



THE INSTRUMENT UNPACKED. THE PROJECTILE DISCUSSED.



NO DOUBT ABOUT THE RESULT!!!



TRIUMPHANT RETURN.

N.B. The Luggage is rather a Bore, and the Venison gets rather knocked about.

Digitized by Google

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City



ANECDOTE OF THE FROST.

Sly Gentleman (*pretending to look at exposed thermometer*). "QUITE THIRTY, BY JOVE!"

Young Lady Cousin (*who has stopped by the most perfect accident*). "I'M NOTHING OF THE KIND, SIR; AND THE IDEA OF YOUR PRETENDING NOT TO SEE ME."

THE STROMNESS SCHOTTISCHE.

SOME persons are said to be "too far north" to do anything foolish. Whether this saying holds universally good may perhaps be questioned by persons of different intelligence who may read the subjoined extract from the *Orkney Herald*:—

"A VETO UPON DANCING.—The Town Council of Stromness have decided by a majority that 'promiscuous dancing' shall not be allowed within the Town Hall. Promiscuous dancing, we suppose, means dancing engaged in at the same time by the two sexes. In these circumstances the Council might as well have adopted Councillor DUNNET'S amendment, 'That no dancing should be allowed at all,' as a ball for ladies or gentlemen separately would be an absurdity never heard of beyond the moral region of Strathbogie."

The "Spurgeon Quadrilles," we believe, originated in a joke made, or said to have been made, by MR. SPURGEON in one of his sermons. A ball for ladies separately would be in effect a ballet, and appears not to have been prohibited, but on the contrary to have been sanctioned by the resolution which forbids "promiscuous dancing" in the Town Hall of Stromness. That is the necessary conclusion from the fact, that the amendment, which simply proposed that no dancing should be allowed at all, was rejected. It does not perhaps equally follow that the Town Councillors of Stromness contemplate the permission, in their Hall, of balls composed exclusively of male dancers. If, however, they are fanatics of the Strathbogian delusion, there is no saying of what lunes they are incapable. A sort of balls, formed by gentlemen separately, used to be danced in the Temple by the learned Judges and the Bar, in conformity with ancient custom. Perhaps the municipal authorities of Stromness are addicted to some such a venerable, though ludicrous, practice. On certain high days and holidays it may be that, as men of business, they are in the habit of dancing ceremonial jigs in their Town Hall with their own partners.

It may be, however, that these gentlemen, who do not object to dancing, but only to dancing with ladies, will seriously put forth a conceivable explanation of their reason for disallowing promiscuous dancing, and yet declining to disallow dancing as such. There is an exhibition, which our eyes have seen, performed at certain Scottish *fêtes* by a gigantic Sawney in plaid petticoats. It consists in the execution, to a fast tune on the bagpipes, of a *pas seul* between the blades of two claymores disposed on the ground, in the form of a St. Andrew's Cross. We expect to be told that this national solemnity is re larly enacted, at stated seasons, in the Town Hall Stromness, and as it would have been abolished by indiscriminate prohibition of dancing, the resolution agai that amusement was so worded as to allow a gentlema dance there by himself to his admiring countrymen.

THE ENVY OF THE WORLD.

ALL the nations how they hate us!
How they do vituperate us!
If they could annihilate us
Oh, how happy they would be!
What can we have done to fire them,
With the rage that doth inspire them,
Not to do what we desire them,
When we leave them all so free?

Occupied with peaceful labour,
Ne'er do we attack a neighbour;
If we ever draw a sabre,
'Tis but to return a blow.
Never, basely acting under
Love of glory or of plunder,
Do we launch our British thunder
Unprovoked on any foe.

All in turn attempt to use us,
Find they can't, and then abuse us,
Being able to accuse us
Not of any act unjust;
But it seems that we, old Ocean's
Sons, with our peculiar notions,
In the midst of their commotions
Stand unmoved; to their disgust.

Then we won't adopt their phrases;
Treat their theories as crazes;
Their bombast our laughter raises,
And their idols we eschew;
Don't revere their superstitions,
And their priestly exhibitions,
Ceremonies, impositions,
As they think we ought to do;

Smile when they upbraid and chide us,
And, wherein they can't abide us,
When they sneer at and deride us;
Laughing at our own expense.
Then we wash our hands and faces
Not alone, like other races,
Which in Continental places,
Gives the natives great offence.

And, what vexes most the nations,
We, for all solicitations,
Out of all their complications
Keep ourselves with constant will;
Weigh their auguries as a feather;
In their spite our troubles weather;
Round us while they rage together:
Go right on, and prosper still.

THE DROP UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

SOME objection has been raised to the alleged barbarit of hanging seven criminals at once. The simultaneou execution of any number of malefactors can be admitted t be wrong only on the general ground of an acknowledgmen of the immorality of capital punishment. If it is right t hang one man it is seven times as right to hang seven The execution of seven wrong-doers differs from that of on only as a septet differs from a solo. There is no reason wh a gibbet should not be a seven-stringed instrument Granted, the rightfulness of the gallows, and "We ar Seven" is as good a neck-verse as any other. On th contrary supposition a septuple execution is a sevenfol wickedness, and the instinct that hesitates at hanging seve people at once, whereas it would not scruple to hang one a a time, is only a purblind moral sense, which, in order to b enabled to see that an evil is an evil, requires it to b magnified.

Digitized by Google

MUSICAL MANSLAUGHTER.



DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You may laugh at me if you will, and so too may your readers—people who read *Punch* of course expect to have a laugh—but I do not mind confessing that I am a nervous man. Any sudden sound is apt to shatter my nerves terribly, and a postman's double knock will make my heart leap into my mouth. You may judge then what I suffer from the torture of street-music, and how the infernal barrel-organs play the very *Pro Diavolo* with my poor weak nerves. In vain I ask policemen to take the matter up, and the offenders also. The police have bands themselves, and have a fellow-feeling for indifferent musicians. But why not go and state my grievance at head-quarters, and petition Parliament to free me from the nuisance? Well, you know the off-hand way in which petitions are presented, and then chucked aside, and never afterwards alluded to. Besides, the swells who sit in Parliament live mostly in big houses, where the squeals of a street-organ can never fairly penetrate. So you see they don't believe in the torments I, and such as I, continually endure, and they fancy our complaints are ill-founded and ridiculous. I suppose they will next say that there are no such things as barrel-organs, because it may so happen that they never chance to hear them; and after that they may declare that there are no such things as nerves, since they chance to be so fortunate as not to be tormented by them. But if they won't believe my word, perhaps they will believe the *Times*, and, speaking of the recent tables of mortality, this is what that journal lately said upon the subject:—

"Diseases of the brain and nervous system killed nearly two hundred Londoners in a single week of last month."

The *Times* insinuates that this was chiefly caused by overwork, and I won't deny that such may partly have occasioned it. But street music is, to my mind, the chief cause of the mortality. A nervous man comes home fagged out with his day's work, and instead of getting quietly his after-dinner nap, he is kept awake and irritated by a beastly barrel-organ. Or perhaps he is an artist, or a poor wretch of a writer, and directly he sits down to work, some street-music strikes up, and he loses half-an-hour or more in vain attempts to stop it. Small as they may seem to men robust and vigorous, these annoyances are greatly felt by men of weaker health whose brains are overworked. Indeed, I am not at all sure but that street-music often brings such victims to the doctor, and, by consequence perhaps, to the undertaker also. I know if I were on a jury where a death were traced to nervous or cerebral causes, and supposing it were shown that the deceased disliked street-music, I should do my very utmost to persuade my brother jurymen to find at once a verdict of "Musical Manslaughter by miscreants unknown." Viewed as to its effect upon men sensitive in nerve, a street-organ is not merely an instrument of torture, but an instrument of death; and if I had my way, I would no more allow a man to play one in the streets than I would let him walk in public brandishing a broadsword, or banging a revolver at every man he met. Depend on it, dear *Mr. Punch*, street-music might be stopped, if an Act were introduced making street-musicians liable to be taken into custody, and tried for a felonious and foul attempt at manslaughter, on every occasion when they played within the hearing of any one who hates them. I for one shall not be satisfied until the matter is taken up, and all street music-players also: and perhaps with your assistance an Anti-Organ-Grinding League may soon be put in operation, which may coerce the Government to pass the needful Act.

With double windows to my study, and wool in both my ears, I beg leave to subscribe myself as well as my poor nerves will suffer me,

FERDINANDO FLUTTER.

Aspen Lodge, Tuesday.

ACTING UPON SUGGESTIONS.

MR. E. T. SMITH, the present energetic Lessee of Astley's, announces to the world in his unobtrusive advertisement that:—

"It will be his study to attend to every suggestion that will add to the comfort and convenience of his Patrons. Stalls fauteuils have been suggested for subscribers, and are being manufactured."

The following suggestions are offered through the medium of our columns, by numbers of the most influential personages.

That the Lessee at his own expense should send carriages to the private residences of all those Patrons who have secured second row or front seats beforehand, in order to convey them to the Theatre in proper time, so that their entrance shall not disturb anybody after the performance has begun.

That a select body composed of the loveliest Coryphées shall receive the hats and cloaks, and sprinkle with eau-de-cologne the pocket-handkerchiefs of such as may desire it.

That to each row of seats throughout the House there should be appointed a guide capable of explaining the intricate mysteries in which the present Piece is involved, and to prevent the people from leaving after the First Act under the pleasant impression that it is all over.

That there should be a Turkish Bath, a Hairdresser's Establishment, Smoking Saloon, Reading Room, a Drawing Room for Ladies, Telegraphic Station, and Library attached to the establishment.

The Ladies suggest that MR. SMITH should combine his Dramatic Exhibition with a Small Dog Show furnished with the best specimens of Puppies out of the Stalls fauteuils.

A Trifle from Gibraltar.

AN International Pigeon Shooting Match is about to be held in the north of France. Some say that there will, later, be another, in the South of Spain, and that the article aimed at will be the Rock.

CRICKETING AND FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—We hear that a distinguished member of the Cricketing Eleven of All England is going to be married. It is said that the object of his affections is a Beautiful Catch.

"PACKE'S VOBISCUM!"

THE *Leicester Journal* is an excellent paper, and we dare say that its art-critic is an excellent art-critic. But in noticing a portrait which has just been painted, depicting MR. PACKE, M.P., for South Leicestershire, that critic uses rather an equivocal expression:—

"A word so far as regards the artistic merits of the painting. MR. PACKE looks exceedingly well *as he is thus represented*, and the picture itself is commendable as a work of art."

The praise, if somewhat general, is not immoderate, like the gushing eulogies in which London critics indulge themselves. But the hint that MR. PACKE looks well only in the picture is, we rather think, a breach of the privileges of Parliament, and we suggest that the editor be called to the bar of the House.

THE POETRY OF RAILWAYS.

RAILWAY Companies are anything but poetical, and yet what a picturesque notion of London must be conveyed to the thoroughly provincial mind by the announcement of a Line to run right through "Holborn Valley." We must write the words once again, for we seem to inhale a breath of fresh country air, and are inclined to babble of green fields, murmuring brooks and shady nooks, as we write down—Holborn Valley. It reminds us of the time when that much maligned monarch, RICHARD THE THIRD, inquired of the Bishop,—

"My LORD OF ELY, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your Garden there."

Cre-fydds' Family Fare.

SUCH is the title of the thousand and first, just added to the thousand cookery-books already in existence. "Cre-fydds" we presume to be the Cymric form of "GRIFFITHS;" but surely a book devoted to "*Cre-fydds' Family Fare*" is rather a superfluity, seeing that we have always understood that family fare to consist exclusively of Welsh rabbits, leeks, and cwrw.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FEBRUARY 8, *Monday*. The Lords, like friends (according to a late Peer named BYRON), "met to part." But the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council met for an important purpose, namely, to deliver judgment in the case connected with *Essays and Reviews*. The LORD CHANCELLOR gave it, the BISHOP OF LONDON and some Law Lords being present. The sentence which DR. LUSHINGTON passed upon the REV. DR. WILLIAMS and the REV. MR. WILSON was reversed, and the BISHOP OF SALISBURY was ordered to pay the costs of the appeal. Without touching needlessly upon a very grave subject, it may be stated that henceforth Clergymen are permitted to disbelieve that every word in The Book is true, and to "hope" that the most terrible of Calvinistic doctrines is based on an error.

England has Remonstrated with Austria and Prussia for sanctioning the proclamation of the Schleswig-Holstein Pretender. This is all she intends to do, seeing no reason to imitate the honest farmer who said he had "remonstrated" with an insolent excisemen, and being asked to what effect, responded that he did not know anything about effect, but that he had afterwards been obliged to borrow a hammer to straighten the poker. England keeps her poker for her own fire, into which she does not intend to put too many irons. Friends at a distance, and near, will please accept this intimation. PAM seemed inclined to think, or at least to say, that Austria and Prussia might be disposed to respect treaties. A celebrated Irishman remarked that pigs might fly, but that they were very unlikely birds to do it. The PREMIER showed earnestness in denouncing the doctrines put forward by the Germans.

Cows may be interested in hearing that malt, for their food, may be manufactured free of duty, but a tenth of the weight is to be linseed cake, to prevent cow-malt from being made into human beer. The men "whose talk is of bullocks" seemed pleased.

MR. GLADSTONE proposed a measure for improving the character of our TAX-Collectors. He also proposes that Taxes shall be demanded by post, instead of letting a Collector come to your house when you are out, or in an ill-temper, or have not the money handy. We think that taking into consideration how the ladies hate the very name of tax, and how impossible it is (Bless Them) to make them understand why such things must be, Paterfamilias ought to be allowed grace in cases where Materfamilias, in excessive disgust at the demand for money, has flung the notice into the fire, or rammed it into one of the vases on the chimney-piece, so that it has been buried under spills, ends of string, the handle of that drawer, the solitaire marble the child left on the rug, the brass nail, the box of COCKLE'S, and the circular in aid of the Society for Promoting Christianity among the English.

Then did SIR GEORGE GREY proceed to deal with DR. CRANKY CRACKER and his accomplices. After endeavouring to justify himself in the matter of the person who ought to be the late G. V. TOWNLEY, he introduced a Bill for altering the machinery by which mad-doctors interpose between criminals and justice. Instead of leaving an attorney to select any two Justices whom he thinks will favour his client by selecting CRANKY CRACKERS to inquire into the state of his mind, the Visiting Justices of the Gaol are, exclusively, to select medical men in cases of alleged insanity. Such doctors are to be registered practitioners, so hundreds of dirty little men, who can be hired to say anything, will be excluded. Next, the certificate is not to be final, but the HOME SECRETARY may order further inquiry. This plan does something for the protection of Society, though not much. There was a debate, in which a general opinion was expressed that SIR GEORGE GREY could hardly have done otherwise than he did with TOWNLEY, and in which MR. BRIGHT expressed his surprise that men could long act as Home Secretaries, having to undergo the agonies of such responsibilities. Many estimable persons could bear a good many agonies for a front place in the world, and £5000 a year. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON complimented SIR GEORGE upon the firmness with which he had resisted Lambeth and other pressure in the case of WRIGHT, which firmness SIR JOHN thought did the HOME SECRETARY "infinite credit." But he thought that TOWNLEY ought to have been hung.

MR. MILNER GIBSON had a Committee of five appointed, to meet a similar Committee of Lords, and to take all the Metropolitan Railway schemes into consideration. If these ten gentlemen do their duty, they will make a clean sweep of a host of plans, and construct a system of Railways that will be a boon to London. "If" is a little word, but there is a world of meaning behind and before it. *Punch* does not think the Committee well selected, with reference to its special duty. The leading members are chiefly remarkable for being very conversant with the forms of the Houses.

Tuesday. Danish talk, of course, in the Lords, and a strongly worded declaration from LORD RESTANDBETHANKFUL, in favour of upholding treaties.

Listen! The DUKE OF SOMERSET speaks. "We have not as yet a good broadside gun for the Navy." Need we add a word?

Danish talk in the Commons, and LORD PALMERSTON believing that Austria and Prussia will give up Schleswig-Holstein when the Constitution shall have been revoked. If they do, the King having offered to revoke it without war, and England having offered to be witness to his engagement that he should, the deaths of all who have been slain in the fights are simply atrocious Murders, committed by the KING OF PRUSSIA and the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

MR. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD gave the Ministers a well-deserved wigging for not producing the Danish papers. MR. LAYARD said that they would take three weeks to print. "Send them to the *Times*," said LORD DERBY, when receiving a similar reply; we should then have had them in eight-and-forty hours. PAM came to the rescue, but could make no case. It may be that the printers for the House require three weeks, but as it was known that the documents would be wanted, why were not nine-tenths of them in hand a fortnight ago? Echo answers that Government meant to keep them back as long as possible.

Then we debated the burning of Kagosima, MR. BUXTON moving a resolution of regret at that "incident." He sketched with some power the horrors which such a conflagration must have caused in a large city. LORD STANLEY thought that we had behaved ill or foolishly in most of our dealings with Japan. LORD ROBERT MONTAGUE approved the burning the city. MR. KINGLAKE condemned our policy. MR. LAYARD made an amusing speech, defended all that had been done, and did not believe that the damage had been so awful as was represented, as Orientals were accustomed to conflagrations, and always ready to bolt. MR. W. FORSTER rebuked LORD RUSSELL for writing letters on international law instead of minding his own business, which was to understand Japanese affairs. SIR ROUNDELL PALMER said that we had a right to burn the city, and that ADMIRAL KUPER had behaved with great forbearance. MR. WHITESIDE, of course dissented, and complimented the commercial gentlemen for condemning an act perpetrated in the interest of trade. LORD PALMERSTON made a long and spirited—we had nearly written Cheeky—defence of the whole proceeding, and hoped that no British Admiral would ever be fired upon without returning the fire. He proposed to move the previous question, that is, to prevent the expression of an opinion by the House, but the Commons would not stand this, and divided (which it is very unusual to do so early in the Session) when 164 voted that it was right to burn Kagosima, and 85 thought it was wrong.

Ash Wednesday is the day on which we make the actors and actresses go without their salaries, in order that somebody may begin Lent with a penance. The Houses made holiday, and we hope enjoyed salt-fish and egg-sauce. We didn't—the fish was hard, and there was not nearly enough sauce; but such is life.

Thursday. LORD DERBY wanted the Steam Rams papers, and LORD RUSSELL would not give them, alleging that the production might injure the Government case. Aries is giving Taurus a deal of bother.

Greenwich Hospital has been discovered to be a perfect marvel of misappropriation of funds, and petty annoyances to inmates. We never could understand why the old Salts looked so awfully crusty when we beheld them sunning their old wrinkles as we strolled up from the Railway to MR. QUARTERHART'S and MRS. MAINE'S. But the whole business is to be overhauled.

MR. GLADSTONE proposed to enable the Scotch banks to issue some new bank-notes to replace others that had "lapsed." The £1 paper is very convenient, and when a Scotchman finds twenty shillings he can always make a note of it.

FERRAND the Furious, in his usual wild bull of Bashan fashion, demanded the names of all persons who have ever acted as Charity Commissioners. The bull was appropriately answered by one LOWE. The names are to be given. There is reform-work to be done in this direction, but scarcely by the Fiery FERRAND.

Friday. The conflagration of the Ballet, and the means of escape provided for an audience in case of fire, were subjects which occupied the Commons for a few minutes. LORD SYDNEY, Chamberlain, has written to the green-rooms, advising caution. Shall we parody LADY MARY? We will. Singeth the corps of "Jesuits of the short robe":—

> "Terpsichore's children, fears forgot,
> We dance, LORD SYDNEY'S care;
> And what is much a happier lot,
> *We'll have no gas-lights here.*"

Then came a debate about the Federal cruisers, and there were very strong expressions of dissatisfaction at the outrages they commit upon English vessels. But LORD PALMERSTON assures us that the American Government is always very civil and sorry. However, murder by Federals is now alleged, and though New York is not Japan, we really think that some little notice ought to be taken of the affair. As MR. KEELEY says in *Twice Killed*, "If it 's murder, mention it."

Unparliamentary Intelligence.

Two Cabmen drinking beer together at the bar of the Spotted Dog, one of them made a questionable statement relative to a circumstance which had occurred the week before. Whereupon the other said "That 's unhistorical." His companion promptly retorted, "You 're another!"



COMPLIMENTARY.

Farmer. "MORNIN', MR. BLANK! NEVER SAW YOU *GO* SO WELL BEFORE"
Mr. Blank. "WHY, WHAT DO YER MEAN? WE'VE NEVER FOUND A FOX!"
Farmer. "AH! BUT I MEAN SO WELL FROM COVER TO COVER, YOU KNOW!"

INHUMANITY IN MAN.

FROM a statement by MR. SYDNEY HODGES in the *Times*, confirmed by the Commissioners in Lunacy, it appears that the treatment of Lunatics in the Isle of Man is very barbarous and disgusting. If the manners of the Manxmen are not speedily amended in this particular, we shall be obliged to propose that the Isle of Man shall henceforth be called the Isle of Brute.

The inhumanity with which the insane are treated in Man cannot, however, be dismissed with this remark. To the communication of MR. HODGES abovementioned is appended the following letter:—

"*Office of Commissioners in Lunacy*, 19, *Whitehall Place, S.W., Jan.* 28.

"SIR,—I have laid before the Commissioners in Lunacy your letter of the 25th inst. and its enclosures. I am desired by them to state, in reference to the case of alleged neglect of a lunatic in the Isle of Man, they have been long aware of the inadequacy of the provision for lunatics in that Island. The Government in that Island are at present taking active measures to build a proper asylum; but as a considerable time must elapse before this can be done, the Commissioners have drawn the attention of the Secretary of State to the desirability of making immediate and temporary accommodation for these lunatics. The jurisdiction of this Board does not, however, extend to the Isle of Man; and I am therefore desired to state that the Commissioners do not see what course can be taken in regard to the case mentioned in MR. PEACOCK'S letter and pamphlet other than bringing it, as he already has done, under the attention of the Lieutenant-Governor.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
"SYDNEY HODGES, ESQ." "W. C. SPRING RICE, *Secretary*."

For ingenuous simplicity if this document can be matched, let the pattern to it be sent to *Mr. Punch*. The Commissioners "have long been aware of the inadequacy of the provision for lunatics in that island." Have they indeed? Then how came they, all along, not to bring it under the cognisance of the SECRETARY OF STATE, and not to suggest to that Minister "the desirability of making immediate and temporary accommodation for these lunatics," pending the establishment of permanent provision for them, a long time ago? Why did they wait to be instigated to make a tardy representation to Government by MR. SYDNEY HODGES? Were they afraid that they would be snubbed by the Home Office, and desired to mind their own business exclusively, and take no notice of brutalities not perpetrated simply within the limits of their jurisdiction? If, with any reason, they entertained any fear of this kind, and did not dare to communicate with the HOME SECRETARY till they were furnished with an excuse for taking that liberty, then the only fellow to SIR GEORGE GREY is CAPTAIN SPEKE'S dark friend the African Monarch, who orders his wives to execution for a breach of etiquette, when they presume to offer him anything to eat. In that case these poor Commissioners are to be pitied and condoled with as cramped and fettered by bonds of the most preposterous red tape. Otherwise they may be considered as comparable to CAPTAIN SPEKE'S other dark friends, the African ladies, who are fed and fattened and kept doing nothing, till, like our own prize pigs, they are unable to stand. And then curiosity would like to ascertain the united weight of the Commissioners in Lunacy, and to know if they grunted when MR. SYDNEY HODGES, in promoting their office, stirred them up.

The Commissioners of Lunacy allowed years to roll by before they attended to the ill-treatment of lunatics beyond their jurisdiction. Are they not all descendants of the gentleman who would not cry at a pathetic sermon because it was preached out of his parish?

A Kind Suggestion.

SAY the paragraphists,—

"The Conservatives have established a new organ in London, called the *Realm*."

Hadn't they better have called it the *Ream*, as at once easier to the news-boys, and as indicating the probable amount of the circulation?

FIRES IN THEATRES.

MR. DION BOUCICAULT has addressed a letter to the *Era* on this subject. This talented gentleman ought to be an excellent authority upon the easiest modes of egress from those places, which may have, at any time, become too hot to hold him.

Digitized by Google



NEMESIS.

EMPEROR OF FRANCE. "HM! PRUSSIA IS EXTENDING HIS FRONTIER; WHY SHOULDN'T I GO TO THE RHINE?"
KING OF ITALY. "HA! AUSTRIA IS DOING THE SAME; WHY SHOULDN'T I GO TO VENICE?"

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

MULTUM IN PARVO.



DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have been for some time past in want of a Footman. The STARTUPPS next door have had a boy in buttons for *ever so long*, and as I said to my husband (who is really *too tiresome* in some things), we can as well afford, with a little management, to keep a Page as the STARTUPPS can. Well, perhaps, that is not exactly what I was going to say, as I must not intrude upon your valuable spaces (that is the proper term, is it not?) with my domestic matters, but "when the heart is full the head is out," as the poet says, and what with vaccination which is vexatious, and addition is as bad, for all the children's arms are taking *beautifully* (as the doctor who comes three times a day told me), and I'm worrited (or worried, is it?) to Death, but FREDERICK showed me an advertisement:—

FOOTMAN (UNDER). A Young Man. Height 6 ft. 1.

And said sneeringly (he calls it his *fun*, but it's his *malice* really), would that do? Now, my dear *Mr. Punch*, what's this young man "under?" At six feet one he couldn't be under any Butler, even if we had one, who wasn't at least seven feet. And then he'd want very high wages. How could I sharply overlook such a monster! Don't you think, my dear *Mister Punch*, that there is some mystery about this? Perhaps the supposed menial is of High Birth? *Some* people, (and the STARTUPPS can put on the cap if it fits 'em), may like to be waited upon by a smiling cherub up aloft, but I don't pretend to this, and I do think that when Young Footmen, who are young six-foot men, advertise their height, they might also name their wages, and save a *great deal* of trouble to such as

Yours very sincerely,
LOUISA LETTER.

The Small House, Allington.

LATEST FROM ELYSIUM.

SCENE—*A Yellow Mead of Asphodel. Amaranthine Bower to* R. *Myrtle Grove on* L. *Gloomy Glade at the back.*

DR. JOHNSON *and sundry friendly Shades gliding about. Enter to them the Ghost of* GOLDSMITH, *in a flutter of pleasure.*

Goldsmith. My dear DOCTOR MAJOR, and all of you, what do you think?

Dr. Johnson. We think, Sir, that you are going to make a foolish speech.

Goldsmith. You think wrongly. I am going to give you the pleasure which good ghosts feel in the pleasure of a friend.

Dr. Johnson. Neatly said, Sir, and I beg your pardon.

Goldsmith. Now, Sir, you *do* wound me. But listen. They have turned my comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, into an opera, and are playing it at the finest theatre in London.

Garrick. Comedy, indeed! Farce, my dear GOLDY.

Dr. Johnson. DAVY, *tace.* Nomenclature is arbitrary.

Boswell. And you hate anything that is arbitrary, DR. JOHNSON?

Dr. Johnson. Sir, I will tell you what I hate worse, and that is anything that is idiotic.

Garrick. Poor BOZZY!

Dr. Johnson. Nay, Sir, (*smiling*) we know whom it is useless to bray in a mortar. Now for this wondrous tale of your farce, Doctor.

Goldsmith. Farce, if you will, but it was the best production of its day, unless you think that the *Good Natured Man* was as admirable. But you shall not ruffle me. It has been set to music, and is once more delighting all the intelligent metropolitans.

Garrick. I own that I think you have reason to be pleased. For at least half of your language must have been cut out, and new words must have been substituted.

Dr. Johnson. Yes, DAVY, in the fashion in which you presumed to improve the dramas by SHAKSPEARE.

Garrick. I knew my business.

Dr. Johnson. Yes, Sir, and so does the thief who steals my boots and cuts them down into shoes.

Boswell. That is an admirable illustration, Sir.

Dr. Johnson. It is not, Sir, if it can please *you*.

Goldsmith. Come, DOCTOR MAJOR, I never heard that *Irene* was ever set to music.

Dr. Johnson. Sir, I suppose that a fiddler is incapable of even reading *Irene*; but that is no excuse for your impertinence.

Boswell. I am sure, DR. JOHNSON, that DR. GOLDSMITH meant nothing.

Dr. Johnson. And, Sir, I am sure there is no one better qualified than yourself to speak of a no-meaning. I used the word impertinence in the legal sense, implying that DR. GOLDSMITH's allusion was not pertinent to the matter in hand.

Boswell. It is worth while to incur your censure, Sir, to receive your apology.

Dr. Johnson. You, Sir, frequently do the first, but seldom the second. And you are pleased, DR. GOLDSMITH, because your ideas have been handed over to fiddlers and squallers to be reproduced in a mutilated form, and to be applauded, not for themselves, but because they now tickle the ears of fools. Fie, fie!

Boswell. You speak harshly of the divine art of music, DR. JOHNSON, yet you have told me that you once tried to learn the flageolet.

Dr. Johnson. I did, Sir (*smiling*), and am sometimes apprehensive that I caused reprehensible annoyance to the feline rivals of my melody during their nocturnal peregrinations.

Garrick. Now, Sir, suppose that you had succeeded, and had become a composer of music.

Dr. Johnson. Nay, DAVY, suppose even a worse fate, and that I had composed music for thy songs in honour of SHAKSPEARE.

Goldsmith. I consider *Miss Hardcastle* the most charming character in the range of English comedy, and I regret that I did not add music to her various accomplishments.

Garrick. And that COLMAN did not allow you to accompany her upon the flute?

Goldsmith. No, indeed; for then the audience would have attended to me, and neglected the lady.

Dr. Johnson. DR. GOLDSMITH, you pain me. You have written poems which are an ornament to the literature of your country, and you take a pride in a flippant farce that at the best sends a housefull of triflers laughing to their beds.

Boswell (*pensively*). I have read much in ancient and modern history, and have ever found that a man is unconscious of his real strength.

Dr. Johnson. Have you found, Sir, either in your vaunted and multifarious reading, or in your own nature, that a man is conscious of his real weakness?

Boswell. That is a most profound question, Sir, and I am pleased with myself for having been the means of inducing DR. JOHNSON to state it.

Garrick. "A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear."

Dr. Johnson. Name the play, Sir, from which that line is taken.

Garrick. I am not sure that I can, Sir.

Dr. Johnson. And I am sure that you cannot, Sir. You players live on the scraps from SHAKSPEARE's plates, but know nothing of the dishes whence your morsels come. You are silent, DOCTOR GOLDSMITH. If I have grieved you, you injure me, for you forget how dearly I prize your reputation.

Goldsmith. It would be much, DR. JOHNSON, that I could not take from you. But I insist on my right to be pleased that my merry play is again before the town.

Dr. Johnson. Well, well, Sir, be pleased, and we will rejoice with you. I undervalue no attempt to promote the harmless gaiety of many.

Boswell. I know, DR. JOHNSON, that you read *Punch* with pleasure.

Dr. Johnson. Sir, you know nothing about it. *Punch*, though I could wish that he had called himself the *Reforming Philosopher*, or by some more dignified name than one from the streets, is no mere jester, but one who avails himself of his unequalled wit to point his admirable morals. I regard *Punch* as the greatest teacher the world has possessed since the year 1784.

Boswell. When you came here, Sir.

Dr. Johnson. Sir, you know nothing about it, or what were my movements until your own arrival in 1785.

Goldsmith. Doctor, when you descend to such commonplace arguments as dates, to confound an opponent, you must give me leave to say, *He Stoops to Conquer*.

Dr. Johnson. 'Tis well said, Doctor (*laughing*).

Goldsmith. I have more to say, Sir, and now I may indeed hope to interest DR. JOHNSON, who ever loved a brave man. My play has been set by a gentleman named MACFARREN, who suffers under the deprivation of sight, and who nevertheless labours vigorously at his art, aided by a husband's best friend, and who has on this occasion, discoursed most eloquent music.

Dr. Johnson. 'Tis like your countrymen, DR. GOLDSMITH, always to begin at the wrong end of a story. Had you said thus much at the commencement of your narration I had received it more respectfully. Sir, the sympathy due to the gentleman's misfortune equals the honour he should claim for dominating it. But there sounds Queen Proserpine's dinner bell. We will drink a particular bumper of nectar to the fortunes of Momus, now under the tuition of Cæcus Apollo.

Boswell. What a tasteful and classical allusion to the musical setting of our friend OLIVER's play!

Dr. Johnson. Sir, you are a fool. [*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

MR. JOHN THOMAS TO HIS SWEETHEART.



DEAR JANE, as febbiwerry's days this year is 29,
Hi reether thought you 'd arst me four 2 B your Wallentine,
Cos in Leap yeer tis the custim, as most heverybody nose,
For the gals to pop the question, hor in other tums propose.
And pawsibly if you ad popped, a nice gal has U R,
I might ave blushed, hand ung my ed, and whispered "Hask PapaR!"
But lor! theer aint no Sperrit in young ladies nowadays,
Like one reads in hold Romances hor in Mister Sheékspur's plays:
Which as E's the greatest Poet as the Wurld ave ever Scene,
E's to ave a Ter Scent Tennery—hi Carnt say what it mean,
But I ope it aint a Statty, cos we someow doesnt shine
At playink games o' Marbles in the monnymental line.
Which there 's quite enough redicklus in our phamed Treffolger square,
Without avink poor dear SHAKESPEER to be larfed at stuck up there;
And I ardly think the Poet would be in his right location,
To be standink by the Docter as hinwented Waxination.
Nor wood it be agreeble to the littry world at lorge
To C their SHEEKSPUR stuck up near the Pigtail of KING JORGE!
But halthough as MISTER POPE says in his phine and phlowink rhymes
Hour SHEEKSPUR were a poet as have "written for the Times,"*
We 've other things to talk about now Parlymink ave met,
Than the SHEEKSPUR Ter Scent tennary and wheer it 's to be set.
Fust of all there 's Shcleszigolstine, a most hawfle word to say,
And to pernounce it prawperly I don't quite no the way,
Hand as for hunderstandink what the row there is about
I 'd as soon Xpeck a English cook to underst& sour krout;
Which its a Germing hontray as doubtless youre aweer,
And is made of rotten cabbidges kep pickled in sour beer.
But Polly Tix of coarse aint ½ as intrestink to gurls
As earring if you ought to wear your air in plats or curls,
Though I 'm told its now more phashnabble to ave it in big Bows,
And if gals aint enough to tie they buy some I suppose,
(Which JANE dear U have often eard me praise your Ed of Air,
So I dont mean nothink pussnal now, I reelly do declare.)
But lor! there 's nothink nattral in young ladies nowadays,
And Phine Phiggers as theyre called is only Crinnylean and Stays,
While as for phine complecshins, they 're all pearlpowder and Paint,
Which if Gals is fond of kissink it I no a Man as aint!
But the most himportant subjic as is talked about this year,
Its about Dumb estic Suvvnts and their carricters my dear
For it seems as A young lady were got lately in disgrace
By forjink a Karackter for a Ousemaid out of plaice,
And in course the Wuthy Majjis Strait to oom the case were brort
Gave her a preshus Wiggink in the earring of the Court.
But phokes is too pertickler for the wages as they give,
And beink Mortal creeturs y poor suvnts they must Live!

* MR. JOHN THOMAS slightly misquotes tha passage:—
"He wrote not for an age, but for all time."
Printer's Devil.

Hand though a cook may ave a weekness for her freinds in the Purleece,
Hor may sell a few Wax candles with her drippink and her Greece,
And though ladiesmaids may wear their missus' wardrobe on their bax,
I think as their karackters needent menshing them there Fax.—
Of course in Suvvnts dickshonairies Puckwisits means Pelf,
But I ses as ow each missus ought to find that out erself,
Hand if a gent be wicktimised, and tuns away his cook,
Ow *can* it siggafy to Im whom else she tries to rook?
I 'd say more on this matter deer in these here present rhymes,
But missis' bell ave rung for me some ½ a dozen times,
Hand though it aint my custim for to harnser in a Nurry,
Hit wont Do to haggriwate er, hor she flies out in a Phlurry.
But ladies is hunreasnable to folks in their employ,
They wants a Man to move about as hif E were a boy,
Which I says my Carves won't stand it, for they 're onnest flesh and blood,
Hif they was hartifishil ones it might be oped they wood.
And then they calls one Lazy hif one 's Careful of one's figger,
Which if my carves were let alone they 'd grow some hinches Bigger.
But lor! till I gits Married dear there 's little opes of that,
For a Phootman's place is horfle bad for wastink of one's Phat!
For ecceptink of our mealtimes, which I own we aint bad fed,
I 've skeece a Momink to myself, xcep when I 'm in bed.
And what with Halpine climbing up them hawful steeps of stairs
My legs is nearly wore away to drumstix, I declares.
In fack there aint a horficer in Harmy or in Navy,
Who 's more on Hactive Suvvice than

JOHN TOMMUS OF BELLGRAVY.

THE *ATHENÆUM* ON THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

MR. PUNCH,—Please Sir, the *Athenæum* says, in a review of LORD ROBERT MONTAGUE'S *Four Experiments in Church and State*:—

"The author also asserts that 'the Pagans never persecuted one another,' which assertion would be still harder to prove, for there certainly was a time when he who would not bow to the supreme Jove, or fling a pinch of incense on the altar of the EMPEROR, was thrown to the lions, to the torturers, or the flames."

"*Christianos ad leones!*" When the Roman mob cried out that, and those who refused to sacrifice to Jupiter or CÆSAR were served accordingly, does the *Athenæum* mean to say that the Pagans persecuted *one another?* That seems a strange saying for a paper so very particular about correctness as the *Athenæum*.

I remain, Sir,
Your affectionate young friend,

Hogsnorton Grammar School, First Form, Valentine's Day, 1864. EDWARDS, JR.

Please, Sir, of course it is impossible that the critic in the *Athenæum* did not understand his author's meaning.

AUSTRIAN BARBARISM.

IN the Austrian part of the band of robbers engaged in the spoliation of Denmark, there is a particular gang called the Gondrecourt Brigade, the head of it being a General of that name. An eye-witness of the atrocities which these brigands have been perpetrating, states that:—

"Wherever GENERAL GONDECOURT was seen, he was greeted with loud cheers by the troops. The guns they brought back with them were gaily decorated in honour of the patron saint of the artillery, the Holy Barbara."

St. Barbara, of all Saints, must be allowed to be the fittest patroness of barbarian ordnance. But what sort of a Saint is this "Holy Barbara" who patronises the murderous instruments of Austrian barbarity? If there are two kinds of Angels, the celestial and the fallen, there may also be two corresponding classes of Saints, and "Holy" Barbara may be one of class number Two. We know, thanks to MR. MILTON, who it was that first invented gunpowder and artillery; and it is reasonable to suppose that a Saint who presides over such things, especially in the interest of Austrian felony, should be one of a sulphureous description. The Holy Barbara, who stands in the relation of a *Zamiel* to the HAPSBURGH great guns, may be taken to be holy, as we say, over the left; holy so to speak, with a hook. She cannot be conceived to rank among the Saints in the Calendar; can only be regarded as a Saint whom miscreants have cannonised.

Honest Germans.

THE German Powers contend that in declaring that they recognised the integrity of the Danish monarchy, they did not engage to respect it. Just so the recognition of a gentleman's watch and seals does not prevent footpads from garotting him and stealing them.

THEATRICAL REALITIES.



OUR Sensational Managers of the present day are determined to leave nothing to imagination. Your Contributor's Drama was entitled *Rudolpho the Rugged, or The Deleterious Dromedary*, and, let *me* say (who perhaps should not and indeed *would* not if any one had said it for him) that the title is an admirable one, and not less worthy of praise is the work itself. It will not now be produced, owing to a slight disagreement between the Lessee and myself, as to the introduction of an *aria* for the chief lady in the most thrilling situation; I allude to that part where *Rudolpho the Rugged*, who is really TIMOTHY, the ninth Pontiff of that name, in disguise, is about to jump from the top of the cliff 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, upon the head of *Mabel* his adopted daughter, with a view of putting a simultaneous end to the existence of both of 'em. Well, Sir,—no matter. I will tell you how my Piece was to have been produced. In the respect of "getting up," I have no fault to find with the liberality of the Manager. I blame him for being weak and yielding to the airs and whims of tyrannical little singing Ladies; *quos ego*—but, as I observed before, no matter.

Adieu for ever to the old plan of shaking a carpet when you would represent the rolling sea. Farewell the profile boat and the canvas cottage by the sea. Adieu, Imaginative Dramatic Genius, whoever you may be, and Welcome, Practical Carpenter.

My First Scene was "A Castle with view of Sea."

"What sea?" said the Manager.

I was not prepared for this, but readily and wittily replied, "The See of Canterbury."

"Bring a map," says the Manager, "and get a guide-book to—to—to—let me see," he was pretending that he *did* know but had forgotten, "let me see—where *is* Canterbury?"

I had to explain my joke, a miserable performance at any time [I allude to the explanation, not the witticism], and added that I had had no particular sea in my eye at the time.

"Margate's near," said the Manager, "let us say the sea at Margate."

"But why Margate?" I inquired.

"Because, don't you see, we can do the real thing, have a lot of it up in air-tight cases: it 'll keep and will be a hit. REAL SEA from The COAST OF ENGLAND!!! There's a telling advertisement, my boy!"

And real Sea we should have had, as sure as your name 's *Punch*.

The Castle was to have been built after the earliest Norman style of Real Stone. Eminent architects had already been consulted. The proposed Bill ran as follows:—

REAL CASTLE AND FORTIFIED RAMPARTS.

Reviewing the Troops: they are heard to ascend the stone staircases, which for the satisfaction of the Audience, can be distinctly seen through the Loopholes. Besiegers approach in Real Boats, armed with Real Guns loaded with Powder and Ball.

N.B. In compliance with the LORD CHAMBERLAIN's expressed wishes, the Manager warns all employed in his service against getting in the way of the bullets, on pain of being heavily fined; and after this sufficient warning, he begs to state that he will not hold himself in the least responsible for any consequences whatsoever.

SCENE 2.—*The Point of the Junction between the North and South Coast Railway Lines. Real Engines and Trains travelling at the rate of forty miles an hour. Appalling Accident!*

N.B. The Manager repeats a caution, similar to the one above, as to supernumeraries who play the parts of Passengers in the different carriages. They really must take care of *themselves*.

Well, *Mr. Punch*, then we were to have had a Room Scene, with real ceiling, real glass which *Rudolpho* breaks in jumping through the window, a real fire with coals and smoke—a comic scene here about the smoke—and in fact everything real on the Stage with the exception of one thing which I, as a Dramatic Author, would prefer to all the Carpentering, Masonry, and Upholstery in the Metropolis, I allude, Sir, to

REALLY GOOD ACTING!

THE MASQUE OF PARIS.

No wonder masquing now enlists
The Imperial circle's passion;
Courtiers can but be copyists,
When crowned heads set the fashion;
All, from the Tuileries place-man to
The Tuileries pleasure-hunter,
Recast the cry "*Beati qui*
In Domino moriuntur!"
To "*Ter-beati Domino*
Vivantes qui fruuntur!"

To dance and die *in domino*
Are two forms of beatitude:
But there 's a third, which Emperors know,
To change masks with your attitude!
To wear a face that smiles with grace
On the bewitched beholder,
But as he turns, the guest discerns,
How the warm smile grows colder,
Till it dies down to stony frown,
When read o'er t'other shoulder.

The ladies of the Imperial Court,
Love their costumes to vary;
Now wantoning in skirts full short,
Now of their charms more chary;
One as a snow-storm* breathes cold blast,
Then beams as summer weather;*
One flits a bat,* then soars released
To gauze from wings of leather!
Bright-plumaged birds! France finds the feast,
And furnishes the feather!

As patches once with *us* showed Whig
Or Tory camp's dominion,
So here the masquer loves to rig
The market of opinion.
Here, on a blonde Venetia's* arm,
Hungary* shows her fetters;
There, Poland* strives in vain to alarm
Her diplomatic debtors;
While yon fair Mexicaine* might charm
JUAREZ† and his abettors.

And in and out the brilliant show,
Through diamonds' rain-bow blaze,
Through silken sheen, and golden glow,
And lace's woven haze,
Through shifting masks, the times that mock,
Or hint at change *en l'air*,
Through brazen beauties, proud to stock
The Imperial *Parc-aux-cerfs*,
Through Diplomates no kick can shock,
Best masked with faces bare—

Through starred *chevaliers d'industrie*,
(Bourse mushrooms of a day)
Through ribboned rooks and croupier dukes—
(For "*L'Empire c'est la paye*"),—
Threading the crowd, in sable shroud
Of domino and mask,
The sphinx you mark, whose riddle dark
None read though all must ask—
The hand that moves, on his behooves,
These puppets to their task.

He shifts not mask and domino—
No change of garb he needs,
Whose life is one great masquing show,
Of causes, cries, and creeds.
From *bonnet-rouge* to black *soutane*,
From LOUIS BLANC to COBDEN,
Coats he has worn of all men's yarn,
All glasses hob-and-nobbed in,
All mills' grist garnered in his barn,
All troubled waters bobbed in!
Masque à la barbe! Yes 'twas the garb
That old highwaymen robbed in!

* Costumes at recent Imperial masked balls.
† Pronounce as a dissyllable, Hwāres.

NEW DANISH OATH.—"Dash my Schles-wig!"

Digitized by Google



GENEROSITY UNPARALLELED.

Country Parson's Wife. "OH! CLEAVER! (*indignantly*) WHAT A QUANTITY OF BONE THERE WAS IN THAT LAST PIECE OF MEAT WE HAD OF YOU!"

Cleaver. "WAS THERE, MUM? I COUDENT HELP THAT, YOU KNOW, MUM; BUT, HOWSOMEVER, THE VERY FUST FAT BULLOCK I DO KILL WITHOUT ANY BONE, I'LL LET YOU HAVE ONE JOINT FOR NOTHING."

BORES IN FROST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

DURING the late frost (so says a paragraph which has been "making the round of the Journals") wild-boars have appeared in great numbers in different country places of France, and hunting-clubs have been established for the destruction of these troublesome animals.

In *our* great frosts *we* suffer from the same infliction, only we spell the word a little differently, and our frost-bound bores don't confine their ravages to the fields, but actually force their way into the ladies' *sanctum sanctorum*. Oh, *Mr. Punch*, if you only could have seen the damage done, and the confusion caused by the bores in *our* county drawing-rooms and boudoirs, during the hard frost which has lately put a stop to hunting. The poor creatures may be tame enough generally; but the frost makes them quite as wild in this country, as they can be in Alsatia or anywhere else. I see the French have the same plan of protecting themselves against this plague as we have,—I mean by hunting-clubs. If it wasn't for *our* hunting-clubs, whenever hard frost sets in, we should be fairly worried out of our houses by the bores in *our* part of Blankshire. It is dreadful, when a nice little party of us girls have got together for a little quiet *crochet*, or to talk over the last ball, or the next charade-party, or one's mutual friends, or one's flirtations, or the last box of novels from MUDIE'S, to be suddenly scared by a rush of huge hairy bores, white-toothed, long-whiskered, driven in-doors by the hard weather, upsetting one's chairs, tangling one's wools, tumbling over the ottomans, and making themselves generally disagreeable. Some girls may say they like the sport of hunting them, or trapping them, or even taming them; but any girl of spirit ought to be ashamed of tackling the poor creatures at such times, out of condition and cowed as they are. I like to face my bore on equal terms: to bring him down fairly, with a dead shot in the heart, after giving him proper law, and all the sportswoman-like advantages of ground and weather. I wouldn't give the flirt of a fan for the triumph of "potting" a poor depressed, half-starved, timid bore, driven by the frost from the cover-side to the warmth and shelter of the boudoir or the billiard-room.

I hope you agree with me, *Mr. Punch*, and that you will recommend all girls in country-houses to be merciful to the unhappy bores who may seek refuge from the frost under the shadow of our crinolines.

Your constant reader,
JEANIE BRIGHTWIN.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HETTY MOLLY GIST.—Yes. The Letter O is pronounced as spelt.

HISTORICUS.—Rye-House Plot. Wrong in spelling. The piece of ground, on which stands the Leaning Tower of Pisa, has always been known as the Wry House Plot.

A VOLUPTUOUS VULTURE wants to know who is *Margaret of Anjou* or *Anjo'?* And whether it was SHAKSPEARE who said—

"*Margaret of Anjo'*
Plays upon the banjo."

Apply to the HON. LIT-TLE, Sec. of the National Shakspearian Committee (Limited).

BULLY BOY asks how he can make a House Top spin? Some of our readers may be able to inform him.

M. F. T-PP-R.—No. But always remember that "Fine feathers butter no birds."

AN OVERWORKED CURATE says he has seen a list of Her Majesty's Lent Preachers," and wishes to know who lends them? Consult a Solicitor.

AN IRISH HARPER says that every Musical Composer of any note has been an Irishman, and sends us a list of names. In answer we must inform A. I. H. that there never was a Composer of *no* note, and secondly, that as to the first on the list, he has been deceived by the sound. O'BEAR [AUBER] was not an Hibernian.

NOTES FOR THE ECCLESIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The Cathedral Church of Lyons finds its English counterpart in Leo-minster.

Digitized by Google

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, February 20, 1864.



Volunteer (to Nervous Old Gentleman who is smoking). "PRAY BE CAREFUL WITH YOUR CIGAR, SIR! I'VE JUST DRAWN MY GRATIS AMMUNITION HERE, ENOUGH TO BLOW US ALL INTO——" [*Old Gentleman flings away his weed and himself off the Bus immediately.*

A BADGE OF BRAVERY.

AN Order by GENERAL WRANGEL, premising that, as fifty years ago Austria and Prussia, when engaged in the same struggle, wore the same badge, so now "when fortune, which cannot be sufficiently praised, leads them again shoulder to shoulder into battle, they are to adopt the same symbol as of old." This symbol, we are told by the telegram which transmitted the foregoing flourish, "consists of a white band round the left arm." GENERAL WRANGEL may consider this symbol to denote his allied troops to be a band of brothers; but in the sight of English eyes it represents a brotherhood of bandits. The Austrians and Prussians may recognise no other common symbol than the white band round the left arm of one another, but to our imagination they all appear conspicuously marked between the shoulders with a broad R. The drums and fifes should play such marauders into dishonest action with the *Rogues' March*.

WILLIAM COBBETT, illustrating the baseness of certain bullies, applies to them the following popular couplet:—

"Father and Mother and I, with a chosen band,
Beat a poor little boy till he couldn't go nor stand."

The Germans, small and great, in attacking Denmark, are attempting an exploit just like that described in the above lines; and the chosen band therein mentioned exactly corresponds to the Austrian and Prussian heroes who, with white bands round their left arms, are marching shoulder to shoulder against that little kingdom. They might as well also wear white feathers in their caps. It is to be wished that to the white bands round their left arms might speedily be added handcuffs at the wrists.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FEBRUARY 15, *Monday*. EARL RUSSELL was anxious to explain that he had not been frightened, by MR. SEWARD'S menaces, into stopping the Rams, also that MR. SEWARD had sent no menaces at all. The fact is that the American Minister over there knows the delight his countrymen take in tall talk, so he manufactures thundering despatches which get into the Yankee press, and which he also transmits to the American Minister over here. MR. ADAMS is a gentleman, who dines with LORD RUSSELL, and, after dinner, says, in an off-hand way, "I've got another of WILLY SEWARD'S concoctions, my dear Lord; but of course I shan't give it you—thanks, no, the claret." If this sort of thing pleases the great, enlightened, and dignified people of America, it would be very churlish in us to find fault with it.

LORD CAMPBELL, not considering the Schleswig-Holstein complication sufficiently labyrinthine, has gone back into history, and insists that we are bound by a guarantee given in 1720. The appeal went to the heart of the historical FOREIGN SECRETARY, who thirsted to enter into the story of the Quadruple Alliance, the South Sea Bubble, the exile of ATTERBURY, and other interesting events in the reign of GEORGIUS PRIMUS, but restrained himself, and begged leave to be mysterious as to what we should do if Schleswig were handed to the DUKE OF AUGUSTENBURG. His Lordship hinted, however, that it would be something truly awful.

MR. LAYARD said that the English proposals for an armistice between Denmark and the Germans had received an unsatisfactory answer. Another rebuff. Really the mess that MASTER JOHNNY RUSSELL makes with the pens and inkstand is quite trying, and MRS. BRITANNIA will be taking them away from him in a passion one of these days.

Tuesday. The CHANCELLOR has sold the Little Livings to the number of seventy, and at the handsome figure of £65,300. The principle being thus established, there is nothing to prevent a bishopric or two from being disposed of at any moment that the Church runs short of money, or wants to re-arrange her affairs. Why not settle the church-rate question by selling Sodor and Man, say, to the Independent Anabaptist Ichabodies? EARL RUSSELL, attacked by LORD CARNARVON, about the American cruisers, made a spirited little answer, said that we had never consented to be responsible for the piracies of the *Alabama*, but that it was a scandal and a reproach to our law that she had been able to go from an English port. We have seized the Confederate vessel *Tuscaloosa*, and meant to keep her till reclaimed by the Federal owner. If the Richmond paper does not flame out at this, it will be because MITCHELL has no vitriol left.

A Bill for a new Brighton railway was smashed. A Bill described by MR. BUCHANAN as intended to throw all the traffic between the east and west of Scotland into the hands of one Company, was smashed. This may have been right, but we beg to remark that the stations on the Edinburgh and Glasgow line are execrable. Some other provincial Railway Bills made progress, and then the whole night was devoted to a discussion on the Private Bill System, which is admitted to be inconvenient, unfair, and expensive. But the House is so averse to giving up a morsel of its authority, that it will not consent to establish a rational tribunal for examining Private Bills in a rational manner. MR. MILNER GIBSON proposed some palliative resolutions, but they remind one of the suggestion to bolt a door with a boiled carrot.

Wednesday. This, which used to be the Parliamentary Sunday, or at least the day on which theological matters were discussed, is to be secularised this Session, as the Dissenters announce an armistice. They state that their exertions are, for the present, to undergo Depoliticalisation. That is a stunning good word, and as the sailor, handing the bass viol over the side, and fancying that the instrument was performed upon kit fashion, expressed a lively curiosity to see "the big beggar as played on this here," we should like to see the Nonconformist gentleman who, single-handed, launched that word into circulation. To-day the question of county rating came up, and MR. VILLIERS promised that Government should attend to it. JOHN HUGGINS, of the Epping Hunt, ought to be examined as a witness, having given attention to the subject, for when run away with he stated that

"He never saw a County go
At such a County rate."

Thursday. EARL GRANVILLE said that the Government was considering how to improve the Patent Museum and Library. One good way would be to prevent its further increase by abolishing the Patent System altogether, a recommendation in which *Mr. Punch* heartily agrees with MR. BRIGHT.

We do not know what the Clerks of the Peace have been doing, but the Lords seem anxious to devise a means for the more easy removal of those officials. In the event of strife, could they not all be turned over to EARL DE GREY, and made Clerks of the War?

Brighton is notoriously a Liberal borough, and could easily have returned a Liberal Member, and a very good one indeed, MR. HENRY FAWCETT, but for the illiberality of his rivals, of similar politics. Two would go to the poll, one of them, MR. JULIAN GOLDSMID, polling to the end, and as the Conservatives committed no such folly, MR. MOOR, with 1663 votes, defeated the 2489 Liberals who scattered their support,

and he took his seat to-night, introduced by MR. WHITE, his Radical colleague. So Brighton has no voice in legislation, or, rather, (as a Moor is usually black) may be frivolously said to vote Black and White.

MR. LAYARD, who in the Japan debate, had spoken slightingly of the evidence afforded by a picture of the conflagration of Kagosima, made gentlemanly amends to our contemporary, the *Illustrated London News*, which has an artist in Japan, another in Schleswig, and a third in Richmond (Disunited States), all sketching away with the most valiant disregard of danger.

The mortality among pauper children in Ireland is said to be greatly and needlessly in excess, and Government introduces a Bill, generally approved by the Irish Members, for dealing with the evil, avowedly in the case of Dublin, but the measure will have a more extended action.

Then came up a debate in the interest of our friend the Penal Servitor. SIR GEORGE GREY brought in a Bill, by which it is proposed to enact that Five Years shall be the shortest term for penal servitude, instead of Three, as now; but that by a system of "marks" to be given for good conduct, a criminal may reduce that term by one-fourth. Transportation is not abolished, because it is stated that Western Australia at present desires to receive the 500 or 600 convicts whom we annually remit thither. The "marks" system has worked well in Ireland, it appears. There, the convict, if released before the expiry of his term, is under the surveillance of the police, so that he may be claimed back if not reclaimed, a rational precaution, of which SIR G. GREY seems afraid. The "ticket-of-leave" system is to be unaltered (SIR GEORGE repudiates the phrase, and calls the document a Licence), but if the ticket-man commits a breach of licence, he is to be returned to prison to serve out the whole sentence, beginning back from the day he came out. The Bill is also to empower local Magistrates to authorise the instant Flogging of convicts who revolt in prison. SIR GEORGE exerted himself to impress the House that it was a mistake to believe that men obtained remissions of sentence by "coming over" the chaplain. Anyhow, the criminal class itself believes this. There was a temperate discussion on the measure.

MR. WILLIAM EWART brought in a Permissive Bill in favour of the Metric System. We doubt the utility of such a measure. Who would learn how to do a sum if the master were not behind him, and ready to make it indisputably clear that he occupied that position of advantage? Suppose, by way of a gentle experiment, we have a decimal coinage, and enact a Permissive Bill, providing that people who will not be paid in that coin shall not be paid at all, and if they refuse credit, shall be transported. We would not be severe, nothing is more unwise, but a little firmness is desirable in dealing with the prejudiced.

Friday. On the motion of the ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH, certain returns concerning the Irish Church were ordered. We could not quite hear what DR. BERESFORD said, but are not inclined to think that among them was a return of any of the money the Irish Church may have taken for not doing its duty.

MR. COWPER said that MESSRS. KELK and LUCAS had by no means cleared away the Exhibition building, and the Government had been making a shine about it, as the site was wanted for a great many buildings, in which architects were to be asked to compete. Hadn't the Pecksniffs better be looking up their pupils' designs, and preparing to do their own worst.

We are negotiating with nine foreign countries in order to get Rags cheaper. If costly wars spread, we shall soon find the European population reduced to a state which will give us great advantages in this commerce. Banners a-field means rags at home.

MR. NEWDEGATE asked LORD PALMERSTON what he should do if the Germans invaded Jutland, which is certainly Denmark Proper. LORD PALMERSTON said that such an entry would be an aggravation of the violent outrage on justice already committed (*loud cheers*), and which involved bloodshed for which Austria and Prussia were deeply responsible. (*Renewed cheers.*) But he declined saying what Government would do in a case which had not arisen. The newspapers which reported his Lordship informed us, also, that the case had arisen. Perhaps by the time the Germans have got to Skagen Cape, we shall have heard the intentions of Government. We do not want to fight, of course, but an instant and indignant withdrawal of the British representatives from every place where German is jabbered, might be ordered, and Germany might be made to include a visit to Coventry among her peregrinations in foreign parts.

Criminals in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and their friends and enemies, are much excited upon the question where the West Riding 'Sizes are to be held. SIR GEORGE GREY, as usual, pursues a vaccinating policy when asked to point out a spot. But *Mr. Punch's* intimate knowledge of the question enables him to say that inasmuch as there are 'Sizes already in York and Manchester, and as the whole Riding hates Leeds, and as Leeds is only an hour and twenty minutes from York, there is no pretext for listening to the Leeds people, who want to drag the law into their Avernian smoke, for their own profit and advantage. If there are to be any new 'Sizes they ought to be held at Wakefield, which lies convenient for the district concerned, and as the Yorkshire folk are almost unanimous on the subject, they ought not to be knocked down with the Census, the pedantic argument of the Leeds people, and their only one. SIR J. HAY took the sense of the House on the subject, and in favour of Wakefield, and was defeated by 19 only in a House of 257, which was a victory, inasmuch as the votes for Wakefield were substantive, the others being an agglomeration of Ministers' friends and the like, who merely did as they were bidden. *Mr. Punch* expects no end of hams and Yorkshire pies for this lucid and noble advocacy of the West Riding.

Brother JONATHAN having made a full and handsome apology for the seizure of a Confederate ship in Pankbar, Nova Scotia, no more need be said on that subject. MR. LAYARD, having given this information, answered MR. KINGLAKE, who had a Danish grievance, and MR. ROEBUCK summed up the case by stating that MR. KINGLAKE was one of that nondescript class of politicians who were fond of finding mare's nests. *Guárdati, ragazzetto!* MR. KINGLAKE may have a rod in pickle for you, and he does not lay on the article negligently.

A Committee on the Insane Criminals' Bill finished the evening in very good time. In fact, the Houses are taking things easily at present, and they are right to get home early these abominably cold nights. Snow, too—*six*, my Parliamentary pals, must flake away.

SPIRITS IN THE COAL-HOLE.

GENTLE reader, prithee how about our coal fields? Didn't some one say that they were pretty nigh exhausted? Because, if not, the chances are they will be so ere long; for only look at this:—

"COAL GAS BRANDY.—Permission to work a French patent for the manufacture of Brandy from Coal Gas has recently been purchased for a large sum by an English Company, and the work of manufacture is on the point of being started in London."

Brandy made from gas! By Bacchus! That's a bright idea! What news for MR. HOME and all the other Mediums, to hear that there are spirits present in the coalscuttle! He would be a bold man, in good truth, to set alight on his plum pudding, say, to brandy made from coal-gas. Won't the price of Wallsend just go up, after this? Only fancy what demands there will be shortly for black diamonds, now it is discovered that brandy can be made from them. No wonder it was stated that Old KING COAL was a merry old soul, seeing what a merry-making spirit there was latent in him. "Cinnamon and ginger, nutmeg and cloves," are said to give a nose a rubicund complexion; but only think what inflammation of the cuticle may be caused by the absorption of brandy made from coal-gas! Just conceive if *Bardolph* were living now-a-days what a nose would his become after a glass or two of gas brandy! Perhaps in course of time the spirit, like the gas whence it is made, will be laid along the streets in pipes, and so conveyed into our houses, and there kept constantly on tap, being measured out by meter. We fear teetotalism then will have but a poor chance of winning many converts. Tipsiness will be the rule and temperance the exception, and we shall hear benignant hosts blandly whispering to their friends, "I shay—hic—olefler, jush shtopantake—hic—nother glasshogash with ush," while perhaps some jolly mortal, when he is asked to sing, will hiccup out a stave like this:—

A bumper of brandy go fill, fill for me,
Far too poor for my palate is wine;
But brandy, if made from good coal gas it be,
Out of other drinks quite takes the shine.
Let the Temperance man try his clar't and champagne,
With weak stomachs such weak stuff may pass,
But a liquor to warm one and light up one's brain,
Is the brandy that's made from coal gas!

A PROFITABLE ENGAGEMENT.

HERE is a sorrowful statement:—

"GENERAL WRANGEL is, we hear, to receive £300 a month extra pay during the Danish invasion."

Therefore, GENERAL WRANGEL is an interested party in the present abominable struggle. As he is to receive £3,600 a year so long as it lasts, you may be sure he will be in no great hurry to put a stop to it. He has clearly a large interest in prolonging hostilities. The high pay (the General is evidently not serving in the Pays-Bas) must be looked upon as a handsome bonus for harassing the Danes as much as possible, and so long as they will let him. Let us hope that, by the Danes forcing him to retreat, the above pay will be quickly converted into a retiring pension. As it is, the General is, as far as we can see, the only person likely to derive any benefit from the present wicked invasion.

"In the Name of the Prophet."

ZADKIEL is going to have a new wrapper for his *Almanack*. It is to be of a pale gamboge colour: his authority for this is the combination that is plainly alluded to in the line of SHAKSPEARE's: "The *Sear* and yellow leaf."

PANTOMIMIC ATROCITIES IN 1864.



SIR, — Pantomimic atrocities this year are greater than has ever been known before. The poor babies have been principally the sufferers. As many as 2,753 have fallen victims to the severity of the season since last Boxing-night. Two perish nightly at Drury Lane Theatre. Their cries before receiving the last spoonful of pap have generally been of the most heart-rending description — so much so, as to have made the heart of MR. MALTHUS out-Herod HEROD himself in leaping with joy, if he could only have heard them. This "murder of the innocents," far from being visited with shouts of indignation, is hailed every evening with the most joyous peals of laughter, more especially by the female portion of the theatrical community. No measures have yet been taken to put a stop to this fearful increase of pantomimic infanticide, though we cannot help thinking it must tend eventually to harden the hearts of the spectators. Not even a single inquest has been held upon their mangled bodies; in fact, the only persons who have sat upon them have been the Clown and Pantaloon, who have taken the most malicious delight in falling upon them one after another, with all their might. An elderly gentleman has been blown nightly from a gun. It is not known what particular offence he has committed, but he has been thrust into the mouth of the gaping Armstrong, without so much as his name or address being asked, and in an instant stuck against all parts of the building.

Four dozen charity boys have been forced into cisterns, and, the lid being instantly put on, have never appeared on the surface again. Policemen, too, have been the favourite objects of ill-treatment. They have been subjected to every form of indignity; been cuffed, pelted, kicked, bonnetted—but, all things considered, have borne it with considerable good humour. Every kind of practical joke has been practised upon them, and amongst others that of throwing them into a hot cauldron, apparently for no other purpose than that of changing their colour from blue to red. This, we are credibly informed, is only a playful allusion to the crustacean tribe to which they are popularly supposed to belong. No deaths have fortunately resulted from this culinary practice, but still the inhumanity of the proceeding cannot be too loudly condemned.

The red-hot poker, also, has this year been most freely used, but we have not heard of any fatal cases that have occurred from the liberal application of it. Beyond making the patient jump and howl a little, it does not seem to inflict much injury. However, the Legislature should look to it. I remain, yours respectfully,

A SOFT-HEARTED PHILANTHROPIST.

CHILDREN AND THEIR TORMENTORS.

WERE we to illustrate a fairy tale, and wished to draw an ogre, we should like to see a photograph of the writer of the following:—

BOARDING SCHOOLS WANTED, in London, for a boy, nine years, and two girls, six and seven years old, requiring firm discipline, having become wild and unruly, through neglect occasioned by family misfortunes. No holiday could be given, as holidays destroy any good effected at school. The father, quite a gentleman, can only pay 20 guineas each. This advertisement is only intended for schools of pre-eminent efficiency for such cases, and prosperous enough to be able and willing to accept such terms, and undertake the needed task of reformation for the sake of the schools' own additional credit of success. Particulars and references, by letter only.

Opinions doubtless differ as to what is meant by the expression "quite a gentleman," and possibly there may be people in the world who may think the term applied without a shadow of unfitness to a man who wants to send his children away out of his sight, and to get them lodged and boarded, and supplied with needful schooling, at the cost in a great measure of the persons who receive them. As for his pretending that he disapproves of holidays on the ground of their destroying the good effects of school, that pretence is so transparent that half an eye may see through it. Of course his true objection is that, were his children allowed holidays, they would have to live in them at his expense: and besides, as he has evidently no love for his children, he no doubt dislikes occasions that bring them to his sight. As for its conducing to the "credit" of a school to help unnatural fathers thus to get rid of their children, surely no one but a SQUEERS could indulge in such a thought. If through neglect at home, a child becomes unruly and requires to be "reformed," it is right that at a proper age it should be sent to school, if proper means are wanting for teaching it at home. But a girl six years old can scarcely be so "wild" as to require, for her taming, utter banishment from home: nor can she be much bettered by being badly fed for twenty pounds a year, and, worse still, taught to grow up without knowing what "home" means.

"OH DHAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?"

Is there anybody in the House of Commons who is fond of asking riddles, and knows anything about India? If so, will he kindly ask the Government this conundrum, which *Mr. Punch* has just received from one who gives his real name and signs himself "a Pensioner:"—

"*Question.* In order to keep self and three more from grinding want, what description, quantity, &c., of mechanism is necessary to be employed to compel the immediate distribution of the Dhar Prize Money, seeing it was disbursed to the troops serving in India during the month of April, 1863?"

The mechanism which impelled the long-delayed distribution of the Delhi Prize Money was set in motion by a thump or two from *Mr. Punch's* cudgel, and this same motive power is ever kept in readiness to be similarly used. Of course our Military Swells are not the sort of people to be bothered about prize money and trifles of that sort, while any more important work is on their hands: but now that they have done the job of clearing COLONEL CRAWLEY, perhaps they may find leisure in the course of the next year or so to give five minutes' thought to the other Indian matter which is referred to them above.

A JOKE FROM THE COMMISSIONERS IN LUNACY.

A SENSE of justice compels us to publish the following jocose, but genuine epistle:—

"*Office of Commissioners in Lunacy*, 19, *Whitehall Place, S.W., Feb.* 16, 1864.

"SIR,—In reference to a statement in a notice on the Isle of Man Lunatics, contained in the number of *Punch* for Saturday next, I have the honour to state that it was on the 11*th of November*, 1861, that the attention of the Secretary of State was called by The Commissioners in Lunacy, to the inadequacy of the provision made for these lunatics, and the necessity of making some immediate and temporary arrangement in regard to them.

"The fact is adverted to in the 71st page of the 16th Report of the Commissioners in Lunacy, laid before Parliament in the month of July, 1862.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"*The Editor of Punch.*" "W. C. SPRING RICE."

For the publication of the foregoing letter, we owe some apology to SIR GEORGE GREY, because its essential point, namely, the statement that the attention of the Secretary of State was called on the 11th of November, 1861, to the condition of Lunatics in the Isle of Man, which has remained the same as it was then till now in 1864, appears to be a joke at the Home Secretary's expense.

FAWCETT AND BRIGHTON.

CLEAR head, sharp tongue, devoid of whim,
A slave to neither cant nor passion:
If all blind folk resembled him,
We could wish blindness were the fashion.

No, *he's* not blind. But Brighton is,
And it's no use for her to cry out,
Disfranchised—while true Liberals hiss—
"See, there goes Brighton with her eye out."

To-morrow

Is in legal phraseology, a *Dies non*, for are we not being continually told that To-morrow never comes? By the bye, the name of the Coming Man must be To-morrow, which fully accounts for that tardy gentleman never making his appearance. Perhaps, unused, as he must be, to the ways of this world, he has incautiously taken his ticket on the Great Eastern Railway?



THE JUVENILE PARTY.

Paterfamilias (to Youth who goes with his Pony well across country). "HOLLO! HUGH, MY BOY! DON'T YOU LIKE DANCING?"
Youth. "A—NO! I DON'T SEEM TO CARE FOR BALLS—FEW *HUNTING MEN DO!!!*"

MULLERS AND MEDDLERS.

PROFESSOR MAX, PROFESSOR MAX,
Rightly they named you MÜLLER;
For mulled his case is who attacks
Weak sufferers, and stout ruffians backs,
And lawlessness, by logic lax,
As law essays to colour.

Begging the question has been long
Of speech a favourite figure;
And to declare, in language strong,
Germany right and Denmark wrong,
Assumption looms so large among,
I scarcely know a bigger.

Not to remind us of the ties
Of "Teuton blood" 'twere wiser—
That "Teuton blood" which ought to rise
Where'er a German soldier dies,
In accusation to the skies,
Alike 'gainst King and Kaiser.

Our proverb says that none can eat
His cake and have it too.
PAPA AUGUSTENBURG his seat
Sold for three hundred thousand, neat,
And those proclaim Papa a cheat,
Who call that sale a do!

Duke's right or Treaty? choose your hand;
Go in for one or t'other;
Now, your large Germans draw the brand,
Yet on the Treaty swear they stand;
While your small Germans' loud brass band
Proclaim the Duke their brother!

When the black eagles link the claw,
What is there they need cower to?
In eight-and-forty hours, we saw,
Fulfilled their threat the sword to draw,
Unless the Dane repealed the law,
Which the Dane had no power to.

"Give us the time," was Denmark's prayer,
"Our *rigsraad* to assemble."
No, when the Eagles of the air
Are met, the carcase should be there!
Down on the quarry! Smite nor spare,
And make the small birds tremble!

Shall Denmark's rights annul the tie
Of sacred German unity?
That links the smallest German fry
With mighty King and Kaiser high;
(Though the Bund may the bond defy,
If they 're sure of impunity.)

Shall Danish freedom hoist its flag
Our Right-Divine in slight to?
Shall Danish tongues presume to wag,
While there 's a German tongue to brag?
What Germans choose to seize as swag
Shall Danes assert a right to?

Faust-recht puts all *jus* on our side,
(Or else ask our professors).
Jus gentium (which we o'erride),
Jus cartularum (if read wide),
Heaven fights on big battalions' side,
So down with Norse oppressors!

Digitized by Google



JOHN IN A MESS.

MRS. BRITANNIA. "PUT DOWN THAT PEN DIRECTLY, YOU TROUBLESOME BOY. A NICE MESS YOU HAVE GOT YOURSELF INTO!"

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

"SPOKEN BY A DANCER."

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I WISH to address you a few words on a subjict which as come before the notice of the public a good deal lately. Our Mananger says how it is cheefly the underclothing of us Ladies of the ballet as catch fire, and if we won't make them secuer from fire, *He* cannot help it. But *we* all say the Mananger *can* help it; as, If it is cheefly the under-clothing as catch fire, and *not* the Dress which the Mananger pays for *himself*, why dosent He *give* us petticoats secuer from fire? A Mananger says that we won't attend to these things ourselves, *He* can not help it. The public will say "stupid Girls, it is their own fault;" but, my dear, they doent quite understand it. Now, I want to tell the public, that, we Ladies of the ballet, those of them which are in the front Line (which I must explane is neerest the orchestrar) get about 15 *shillings a week*, and the ladies in the back line get 12 *shillings a week*. Now, my dear, what have we got to do out of this salary? I will tell you, and the public shall say if it is fare to expect us ladies to have to pay any more expences about these petticoats than they do allreddy.

Out of 15 shillings a week, which I used to get when I was *younger*, but I am getting on now, and am put into the back line with 12 shillings a week, and, my dear, it is hard indeed to save out of this for the time between the seasons *when I am not wanted*—there *will* be a time when I shall never be wanted any more—but we will not think of that *now*—as I was saying, out of 15 shillings a week, a Lady of the ballet has in the first to bye tights, fleshing Body and shoes. The best tights cost more than £2 odd, and so, very few of us can get *them*; but pink silk stockings sown on to cotton tops of whitey-brown thread come to *less*, and look as well from the front; but even on the *best*, you can not depend on them, as, unless you know how to mend them, and very few of the new ones do, they are almost useless to a lady who considers her position when they have once gone in *ladders*.

You may not know what *ladders* is, but it is when the silk goes anywhere and then splits downwards, leaving little threads of silk like the steps of a ladder. Those which know no better *darn* the ladders, but where there's *one* there may be half-a-dozen of them, and then the tights would be darned all over, and the Mananger would complane of the *look* of the thing, though he *dosent* find them himself, and if the lady dosent get a new pair *to please him*, she may be pretty suer of not getting engaged at *his* theatre again, and she couldn't go down to another in the westend with untidey things like that. So that is another expense. Of course when I say that *us* ladies cannot get the best tights, shoes, and fleshings, I do not mean that MISS LANGHAM and MISS DE VERE could not, who are in the front line. But we call them the Barroness, that is MISS L., and the Countess, that is little DE VERE, and they come to rehersal in white crape or Paisley's shawls which cost *ten or twelve guinees a-peace*, dressed up to the nines as we say, and *they* can afford tights and fleshings all silk and everything else, though they were the greatest scrubs at one time, and only do get *the same as us now*, 15*s*. a-week; but *they* are exseptions, and are fetched away in broghums with corronettes or cockades, and if they doent receive *no salary at all* they would not care.

Well, the shoes comes next. Pink satin shoes is about 5*s*. 6*d*. a pare, the second best is 4*s*. 6*d*. But you ware them out very quickly, you know, and then we recover them with white satin or jane which also *adds to expense*. The tights must be washd onst a week at the leest, and then you pinksauser them for to keep the color. All this costes money, for pinksausers is 6*d*. and only does three pare, and then of course there's the soap for cleening. Well you can not always be covering and darning and mending shoes, which we do cheefly when there is a long rehersal, and the call is at 10 in the morning, when we finnish at 11, and are wanted again at 2 o'clock to practis a insidentle dance: and if we are to appear again at the night, there is not time ofen for us to go home and get a dinner, so we club together and send out for reddishes, bread and cheese and onions, for if we were working there all day, the Mananger dosent offer us anything; and for rehersals, somtimes for *three* weeks before *we are playing at the night*, *we never get paid at all*, as our engagement is not begin. Of course the Barronness and De Vere do not mind this, and *they* never need to send for reddishes; and sometimes when I am catchd in the rane going across Watterloo bridge to home, its beyond that a long way, and been obliged to go without dinner, I have wished that I was De Vere or the Baronness; for there is some excuse when you are very *very* hungry and tirird to death. I doent think that *now*, my dear, but used to when I was in the front line and poor mother was in the wardrobe, and used to beat me.

Then there is the fleshing Body, which is about 2 shillings. You cannot do with less than 4 petticoats anyone. These are the underclothing. The Uncumbustabel Tarlartan, which is secuer again catch fire is 1*s*. 6*d*. a yard, though as no boddy byes it, it is soled for 10½*d*.; but it looks yellerish, not white: 2¼ yds. it takes for one petticoat about, so that the 4 petticoats comes to 8*s*. 9*d*.; and these tarlatans will not last cleene very long: and *as they will not wash*, you have to bye new ones again, *which the Mananger wants us to do, and complanes that we will not spend another* 8*s*. 9*d*. *out of our salary*. That is why we do not get that stuff, for we would rather stand *the chance* of burning, *than the sertenty of not being able to live*, if we spend our salary on secuering our clothes from fire. But they want us to dip our book-muslin petticoats in Tunget of Soder, I think is the name, when we wash them. 1*s*. worth of Tunget will cleene 3 petticoats; so that is 1*s*. 4*d*. a fortnight extra out of salary, and then, *I think* it rots the muslin and the petticoats, which as cost 2*s*. 8*d*. a peace, and so must be got new again, which we think the *Mananger might do, as it is he as puts the fire near us, and not us as goes near the fire*, though they do try to blame on us. It costes you see about £1 13*s*. 2*d*. to start any one of us ladies desently, and I have told you what a *continuel* exspense it is on *us*. I have not said anything of my own averyday dress, gownd and shawl and boots, *which were very quick;* and my lodging, which I cannot get less than for 2*s*. a week, even in clubbing with another lady. Then, my dear, one *must* dine sometimes evin if it is exspense, and it dose not do to be exstravigant, but safe a little, as when I am ill and cannot come to the Theatre, the Mananger *dose not pay me, but forfits every night we stop away*. The doctor when I was lay up in bed was very kind *for nothing;* and my landlady made me some broath and talk to me, and I loved her; and she paid a man that I bought a pair of shoes of for 2*s*. 6*d*. when he come everyday for the money, as I was ill and out of work, and she would not let me pay her again exsept by 2*d*. a week. I can not be ofen ill. I have been fortenate to meet with kind peeple; if you will forgive me for my troubling you, and can get the Manangers to be more kinder to us, I dare say there will come One Day, when you will not be sorry for having said a good word for

Yours, Sir, respecfully,

A LADY OF THE BALLET.

SERIOUS FIGHTING OR NONE.

My Christian friends, I trust it is our firm determination
Never to go to war on sentimental provocation;
But meekly to endure all taunts, and insults, and offences,
Which break no bones, no money cost, or less than war's expenses.

And if we are compelled to fight by some act of hostility
More grievous than a trial of our patience and humility,
Since fight we must, I do hope we shall fight determined, steadily,
Peace to restore that they who broke shall not again break readily.

Vengeance, my friends, we couldn't think of taking, as professors,
But execution we may do, to terrify aggressors;
Forced to wage war, oh! let us, then, wage it as if we meant it:
Not evil to return, but make our enemies repent it.

A QUESTION OF GOOD BREEDING.

THERE has been a Committee formed in Dublin by the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland, "to inquire into the causes of the deterioration in the breed of Irish horses." We hope the same Committee will devote its attention to a much more important matter—the preservation of Irish Bulls, the breed of which is known all over the world from the peculiar construction of its parts, as well as from the number of its points. The strange figures these same Hibernian Bulls, possessed as they were, with the wildest animal spirits, generally presented to the mind's eye, are far too interesting to be lost to the country, which owes no little of its fame to the perfection and perpetuation of the invaluable species.

Sometimes we fancy that the Irish Bulls are not by any means so numerous, or so rich, or so racy now as they were when MISS EDGEWORTH wrote her celebrated Essay in their favour. In those days no Irishman, apparently, could take the smallest flight without instantly falling, to the amusement of everybody, on the horns of a dilemma. The breed deserves every encouragement, for talk as we may about horse-laughs, we are sure no laugh ever exceeded that which invariably emanated from a good Irish Bull; and the laughter was always the greater, if the Bull in question happened to be a regular roarer.

Furious Driving.

THERE is a loud outcry for some legislative interference to put down furious driving, which has been the cause of so many deaths. The drivers themselves laugh at all such futile attempts. They know well enough that if it be possible, as the saying goes, to drive a coach-and-six through any Act of Parliament, that there will be no more difficulty in finding an opening through which they can with equal facility run a Pickford's van, or a brewer's dray, or a Hansom cab, or any other reckless vehicle, such as is usually the terror of women and timid pedestrians, that they please. From their lofty summit they have the whip-hand of the Law, and accordingly defy it.

NEW THEATRICAL DIFFICULTY.

TIME—Winter, during a Severe Frost.

SCENE—*Manager's Private Room.* MANAGER *discovered seated, reading, with a proper feeling of pride, his own Playbill.*

Manager (*to himself*). "Cataract—real water"—ah, that'll hit 'em. (*Knock at door heard*). Come in!

Enter PROMPTER.

Manager. Well, HICKSON, what is it?

Hickson (*unhesitatingly*). I'm afraid, Sir, we can't get the Cattarack this evening.

Manager (*jumping up quickly*). Hey! What! Why?

Hickson. Well, Sir, we didn't find it out till the Scene was just set—But the water, Sir, is—

Manager. Is what? *What?*

Hickson. Well, Sir, the water—*the Water's froozed!!!*

Manager. Blank—Blank *ad lib.*

Manager rushes on the Stage, faints, and Theatre closes.



DUPIN AND HIS DUPES.

OUR esteemed friend M. DUPIN has lately been making a speech about the Suez Canal, and has been good enough to say, according to the authorised report in the *Debats*:—

"So far as England is concerned, it is true that she has often attempted, through her envious and nagging diplomacy, to hinder your undertaking, and put a stop to your works. But England, who for so many years frightened all the world, England now appears frightened at everything (*repeated applause*). It may, therefore, be permitted to hope that she will not go to war about the Suez Canal, and that she will console herself with the reflection that whilst it enriches other nations, none will derive more advantage from it than herself."

We venture, with all respect, to reply to M. DUPIN, much in the way that his even more illustrious countryman, M. CUVIER, replied to the Academicians, when they were "correcting" the dictionary. "O, M. CUVIER," they said, as he entered one day, "we have just dismissed a definition which will have interest for you. We have settled the meaning of the word *Crab*." "I shall be enchanted to hear your definition, gentlemen." "This is it—Crab, a red fish that goes backwards." "Admirable, gentlemen. Indeed, with the slight deduction that a crab is not red, is not a fish, and does not walk backwards, your definition is absolutely perfect." So, dear M. DUPIN, we may observe that England is not envious, never desired to frighten all the world, and is now not in the least frightened—unless it be lest orators of the candour and amiability of M. DUPIN should work Frenchmen into a false belief as to her power when really in earnest, a belief which might lead those worthy persons into conduct that would probably result in disasters to themselves. With that slight deduction, M. DUPIN's statement is absolutely unimpeachable.

Sacrifice to Shakspeare.

IT is suggested that the work of Art in honour of SHAKSPEARE should be a Monumental Brass, and that the most active and conspicuous gentleman of the Commemoration Committee should furnish the material.

HEMP FOR HEMP.

MR. PUNCH,

ALTHOUGH a reasonably sober people, we are accounted by some friends even, Quakers and others, to be chargeable with a drop too much. That drop is one which neither cheers nor inebriates; but kills. Though not an infinitesimal drop, it is a homœopathic remedy for murder, exhibited on the principle that "like cures like." It is questioned whether the end in view might not be as effectually achieved by other means. Can we do nothing better than hang for murder to prevent murder?

Well; we might break murderers on the wheel; and if the fear of being hanged deters any number of persons from the commission of murder, it is probable that the fear of being broken on the wheel would deter more. Certainly it is better that murderers should die in torture than that innocent persons should be murdered. Hanging is attended with some pain as it is. A writer in the *Morning Post* recommends that torture by whipping should be added to capital punishment for murder. And why not, if the addition of whipping to hanging is likely still further to diminish that number of murders which they are limited to by simple hanging?

On the other hand, if any punishment, short of death-punishment, would be as good a preventive of murder as that, I suppose everybody would consider it preferable, except those who take a delight in the spectacle, or the conception, of a man hanging, and are glad to get a legal excuse for hanging one occasionally.

In the meantime, *Mr. Punch*, let me call your attention to certain facts relative to the gallows not perhaps generally considered. The firstof these is the fact, that, practically, we do not in reality hang for the crime of murder—we hang only for the accident of success in the attempt to murder.

Suppose, Sir, a ruffian takes a bludgeon and smashes your beautiful nose, knocks out one of your fine eyes, beats all your pearly front teeth down your throat, and fractures your skull, intending to kill you. Should you survive these injuries, this wretch who has ruined you for life, escapes with penal servitude. If you happen to die he is hanged. Why? Not for his fault, but, as far as your mere death goes, for his misfortune. But, some foreigner will ask, Is this law? Ay, marry, is 't; British criminal law as administered.

Take the case of a miscreant who throttles you or breaks your head in order to get possession of your watch and chain: a garotter. If he happens to kill you, he is liable to be hanged: otherwise not, how much soever he may injure you. But a garotter, who crushes your windpipe or batters in your temples, though he may not positively intend to murder you, doesn't know that he will not, and cares not if he does. Don't you think now, Sir, that the same secondary punishment as that which would answer the purpose of putting a stop to garotte robberies with murder as a possible result, would be as effectual for the prevention of premeditated murder? Because, if it would, then let me invite you to consider this other fact, namely, that the efficacy of a certain secondary punishment to prevent garotte robberies, is now on trial. Since whipping was superadded to penal servitude as the punishment of robbery accompanied with violence, we have certainly heard very little of garotting. Perhaps penal servitude *plus* whipping would deter wretches who meditate murder from committing it even more effectually than the gallows. Vindictiveness would be enabled to rejoice in the endurance, by the murderer under the lash, of pangs longer and sharper than those which are momentary, or over in a few minutes.

Would it not, then, be a tolerably safe experiment to try the effect of hemp in the secondary form of the Cat? We thus cut the knot of the halter if we do not untie it, and if we do untie the slip-knot, we tie stronger knots, perhaps, in the scourge. *Fiat experimentum*, I say, *in corpore vili*; and remain,

Yours really and truly, IN TERROREM.

P.S. CALCRAFT should have compensation if he lost business.

Severe Caution to Word-Mongers.

THE following is a curious proof of how far many an idle word (and in the document in question there were no less than 1050 words of that particular *dolce far niente* description) will carry:—

"The Royal Speech," says the *Opinione Nationale*, "on opening the Session of the English Parliament, was transmitted to Paris by five wires."

However, we scarcely needed the above fact to convince us that the QUEEN's Speech this year was the most wire-drawn production we have ever known.

Digitized by Google

HOW TO HONOUR SHAKSPEARE.



THE numerous admirers of the admirable dramatic poet, WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, have resolved to present him with a testimonial on the occasion of his three hundredth birth-day. Testimonial we say, instead of memorial, because a memorial to the "dear son of memory, great heir of fame," would be a practical bull. A testimonial, not a memorial, is the proper thing for the immortal SHAKSPEARE. What is it to be? Apparently somewhat manifold. The inhabitants of Stratford-on-Avon, with their Mayor at their head, and in conjunction with several other gentlemen, will probably offer their talented fellow-townsman a testimonial considerably more handsome than a silver inkstand. It is proposed, by the so-called Commemoration Committee, to erect a statue in honour of the divine WILLIAMS. We wish they may get one. If British Art can make a statue at all, how can it make one of a WILLIAMS now invisible to ordinary mortals? No authentic image of him, that a sculptor could copy, exists. Perhaps the gentlemen commissioned to negotiate the statue had better apply to MR. HOME the Medium, who has lately evinced some ability as a sculptor, and has been cultivating it at Rome. The combination of seership with sculpture might enable HOME to make a statue that would really resemble SHAKSPEARE; and if his chisel did justice to SHAKSPEARE, nobody would ever afterwards suspect him of chiselling any one else.

However the proposed statue, if made, is expected not to engross all the funds that will be subscribed towards the glorification of SHAKSPEARE. There are several other ways and means by which it is designed to effect that purpose. One of the best that has as yet been suggested, is pointed out by MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER, in a little memorandum entitled "An Appeal to the Shakspeare Committee for the Royal Dramatic College." Herein MR. WEBSTER puts the following question, which really seems unanswerable:—

"What nobler monument could be erected to the Memory of SHAKSPEARE, himself a player, than the building and endowing the two Schools of this College in his name, and enabling a few worn-out actors to pass in comfort to their last home who have contributed to your pleasure and amusement?"

Recollect that either by sanctimony, or starched exclusiveness, or both, the actors have been done out of their proper share of "God's gift" and ALLEYN'S offering at Dulwich. SHAKSPEARE, whose reticence of his personal feelings is peculiar, makes more than one exception in favour of the "poor player." Here below he sympathised keenly with his fellow-chips, and now he may be reasonably supposed to care at least as much for them as about anything else on the surface of this planet. It seems probable that by building, and endowing in his name, the two contemplated schools of the Royal Dramatic College, his countrymen and lovers would erect a pile of masonry whose use might enable him to recognise it at his present altitude, whence he might have some difficulty in discerning so small a thing as the greatest piece of sculpture. If they will set him up a graven image, they must; but, to make the gift the more gracious, let them, in addition to a bronze or marble figure, endow him, in the form which MR. WEBSTER names, with bricks and mortar.

RAILWAY LITERATURE.—In consequence of the vast increase of travelling accommodation by Rail to all parts of the Kingdom, a Portable Edition of *Bradshaw's Guide* for the ensuing year will be published monthly, in three volumes at a time.

THE USE OF ARMY CHAPLAINS.

IN reporting the progress of the burglary which the combined Austrians and Prussians have been committing in Schleswig, the Special Correspondent of the *Times*, with reference to the latter division of the gang, offers the ensuing observation to persons endowed with reason:—

"I am not sure that it is likely to encourage young soldiers to be addressed upon the field in the terms which an acquaintance of mine assured me he heard employed to-day by a well-meaning Chaplain who, in a short discourse, intended to arouse the religious feelings of a battalion, informed them that it was highly probable very few of them might come out of the struggle upon which they were at that moment about to enter."

A full report of the reverend gentleman's discourse would doubtless have precluded any question as to its effect on their pluck. Of course no military Chaplain would be suffered to suggest to his congregation, on the point of going into action, that the majority of them were going to fall, and might then possibly go to another abode than that of bliss. The cloth to which Army Chaplains belong must be no wet blanket. It is their business to make the pith of the homily which they address to soldiers on the eve of battle the orthodox equivalent of the exhortation which a Mussulman preacher would deliver under similar circumstances; predestination and promise; the latter still more inspiriting than the prospect held out to the Faithful who perish in the attempt to destroy their enemies:—

"They come, their kerchiefs green they wave,
And welcome with a kiss the brave,
Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour,
Is worthy an immortal bower."

So the Prussian Chaplain above referred to might have assured his hearers:—

"Who falls in battle 'gainst a Dane,
For ever with the Saints shall reign."

If he did not say something of that sort, he had better have held his tongue, or at least have preached unintelligibly, to the edification of his martial flock. A scrap of Latin, such as—

"Cum sit justus vix securus;"

might have a cheering influence on the uninstructed mind of a hero about to march into the cannon's mouth. A sermon, however, enforcing the moral of the foregoing line, would be deprecated by most intelligent commanding officers as little calculated to foster that first of military virtues, intrepidity. The mission of an Army Chaplain is different from that of a common Curate, and his sphere of usefulness is quite another thing. His vocation, officially considered, is by no means the same as that of a Gaol Chaplain, or even that of a divine whose eloquence is required to awaken the consciences of respectable sinners. If the ministrations of an Army Chaplain do not quiet instead of awakening the consciences of the soldiers who sit or stand under him, and should sit or stand at ease there, the wish of any judicious General must be that the benefit of those services were spared his troops and allotted to the enemy.

There is no reason to doubt that the Prussian Chaplain put the subject of death and futurity in a hopeful light to the troops whom he was preparing to cut the throats of the Danes. It is fair to suppose that his ghostly admonitions urged them to fight like devils in the certainty of dying like Christians. We may pretty safely assume that he did his duty to the State, and satisfactorily answered one important purpose for which, among the rest, he was ordained.

SLAVERY IN SCOTLAND.

THE following afflicting statement appeared the other day among the Notices to Correspondents in a penny weekly paper:—

"HEATHER BELL, an English girl, just eighteen, tall, with a fine face and splendid figure, at present residing in Scotland, a country which she detests, as well as the people in it, can only hope for a release from her bondage by marrying a young Englishman resident in England, and who had not the remotest idea of crossing the border. She can boast of refined tastes, and a moderate independence as regards fortune."

Is the age of chivalry, then, really past? Is there no young English champion who will start forth, and release this maiden from her bondage? What! a prisoner in Scotland, and with people she detests! Such an outrage really puts one in an out-and-out rage. Just eighteen, and tall is she? with a moderate independence, and a splendid figure? By Saint George! we've really half a mind ourselves to go and see what we can do for her. A wife and seven children, it is true, are some slight hindrance; but in mercy to poor "HEATHER BELL," SIR J. P. WILDE would doubtless break such trifling ties upon us. Yes, yes; it must be so: fate has clearly willed it. So, farewell, ANGELINA! farewell JANE, JAMES, JULIANA, JOHN, JORGE, JULIA, and JEMIMA! What, ho! without there! Hansom! Varlet, catch us the next train. Away! Away!! To Scotland!!!



Grandpapa. "HEYDAY! WHAT MAKES MY LITTLE DARLING SO CROSS?"

Little Darling. "WHY, GRANDPA, MAMMA WANTS ME TO GO TO A PANTOMIME IN THE DAY TIME, AS IF I WAS A MERE CHILD!"

A MULL BY MAX MÜLLER.

UNDER the title of "A German Plea for Germans," PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER writes a long and elaborate letter to the *Times*, of which almost all from the beginning to nearly the end will be denied, but what thus follows will be admitted, by most Englishmen:—

"Every life that is sacrificed in this purposeless and unhallowed war is precious to some one, to some mother, or wife, or daughter, or sister. Even those ragged and unkempt Croats have their ragged and unkempt mothers and wives at home, who will go wild when they hear of the death of their sons and husbands. We have heard to-day of the death of the brave PRINCE OF WURTEMBURG. We may hear to-morrow of the death of a PRINCE OF PRUSSIA, a KING OF DENMARK, a PRINCE OF HOLSTEIN. Let those who have power and influence work for peace without ceasing; but let them work in the true spirit of peace and charity, not in the spirit of hatred, malice, and uncharitableness."

So the war which the Germans are waging against the Danes is called by PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER a "purposeless and unhallowed war." And this is the conclusion of "A German Plea for Germans." Such an end to such an apology would seem rather suitable to an Irish Plea for Irishmen. Every life that is sacrificed in a purposeless and unhallowed war is deservedly sacrificed if he that has lost it engaged in that war of his own accord. If he was only driven into it as a sheep to the slaughter, then his life is sacrificed to gratify the vain ambition of odious people and execrable sovereigns. Every Dane that is slain in the war now raging, is murdered, if that war is, as PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER says it is, a purposeless and unhallowed one. His murderers are the German people in general, and the rulers of the two chief German states in particular. His blood is on the heads of the Germans, and on the heads of FRANCIS-JOSEPH OF AUSTRIA and WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA. On their heads also is the blood of all the ragged and unkempt Croats, together with every soldier in every German regiment, besides the ragged ones, that have been dragged unwillingly to die for nothing from mothers and wives, who will no doubt go wild when they hear of the deaths of their sons and husbands, butchered in vain.

But is the war of fifty to one forced by Germans on Denmark, indeed purposeless? Listen, PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER. As to the purpose of your countrymen and clients, don't you hear a little bird that sings:—

"They 're fighting to steal
The harbour of Kiel."

The war is unhallowed enough; but no more purposeless than assassination committed for the purpose of plunder.

HANTS ON SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

WHAT o' voreign complications,
'If I knows what that word manes,
Most upsets a feller's patience,
Is the Germans and the Danes.
Southern hotheads slays their brothers,
Why? for 'tis their nature to;
But I did think them there others
Too fur north the like to do.

Wuss than French Mossoos, or Spaniah,
Mad on glory and eeclaa,
Here's the Germans wi' the Danish
Gone to war about a straa!
If their word is to be taken,
If their faith ben't all my eye,
Gammon zummut else nor bacon;
If so be as they doan't lie.

This here Schleswig-Holstein rumpus
Han't bin brought about by much,
All, for aught as I can compass,
Speakin Danish for High Dutch.
Here 's a precious cause for battle,
If no more but what they owns,
Slaughter'n Christians wuss than cattle,
Crackun heads and breakun bones!

Fancy in Zouthampton Water,
Ships a batter'n of the town,
Or a scene o' blood and slaughter
Acted out on Twyford Down,
All because the law 's decided,
And the sarvis zaid or zung
In fine English, not provided
In the native Hampshire tongue!

Yaa! if that was all the matter,
'Twould ha' zoon bin zet to rights;
'Tain't about a pint o' patter
As the Danes and Germans fights.
Them there Germans has intentions
Of another sart and kind
From the purpose which they mentions;
Motives what they keeps behind.

Schleswig-Holstein when to sever
They designs from Denmark's State,
Their true object and endeavour
Is a Navy to create.
Don't you credit their profession!
Their design is for to steal,
And thereby to take possession
Of that Baltic Harbour, Kiel.

Let 'um bide; they 're in a hobble,
Zaxons, Austrians, Proossians, Croats;
Mongst theirselves they 're like to squabble:
Let 'um cut ach others' droats,
Whilst Italians and Hungarians
For their liberty combine,
And the Vrench, on them barbarians,
Pushes vorrards to the Rhine.

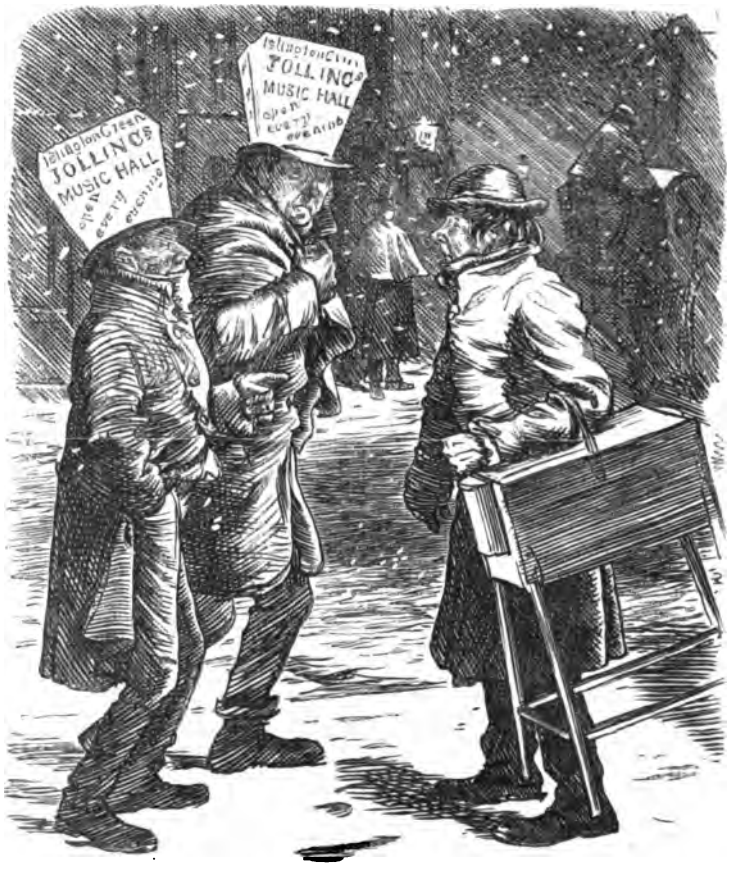
THE GHOST OF A COMPLIMENT.

OUR friend, the *Morning Star*, speaking of a MISS TOWNLEY, says:—

"That young lady appears to have established herself at the Canterbury as the *prima donna* of spectral opera."

This is a new kind of accomplishment. Where, too, is the Spectral Opera generally performed? We suppose, at some of "the Shades." The voices of ghosts, and such spectral subjects, must be, we should imagine, a little gone, and they would be rather inclined, one cannot help fancying, to sing a trifle too deep—so deep that one would not care about following them. By the bye, with a rare qualification, like the one above specified, MISS TOWNLEY should be specially well up in WEBER'S *Ruler of the Spirits*. We suppose the latter would fitly come under the denomination of "Spectral Opera?" and if a ballet was wanted for it, they might appropriately introduce *The Shadow Dance*.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, February 27, 1864.



Potatoe Merchant. "HALLO! WHAT CHEER? DONE WORK FOR THE NIGHT?"
Advertisement (dolefully). "BLESS YOU, NO; ONLY GOING TO GET FRESH CANDLES!"

MR. BULL UPON THE DANISH QUESTION.

I DON'T want to fight; but I don't like to see
Two big bullies a small boy attack:
And it may be deemed selfish and sneakish in me,
While wishing the boy from his bullies were free,
My fists in his aid to hold back.

Mind, it is not for cowardice, 'tis not for cost,
That I stand for the present aside:
And though Tories may tell me my prestige I've lost,
By their taunts into fighting I'll never be forced,
While a loophole for Peace is untried.

Yes, I own that in state-craft not seldom I've erred,
In diplomacy often been duped,
For I've somehow a habit of keeping my word,
A habit that seems to those statesmen absurd
Who so oft to deceive me have stooped.

That my efforts as yet have but little availed
To prevent needless bloodshed I own;
But the quarrel's not mine: and, although I have failed,
No fair reason the critics, my course who've assailed,
For armed interference have shown.

Is my honour in doubt? Have I plighted my word
With my cannon my counsels to back?
Then you'll find by no fear of expense I'm deterred,
And when once the war spirit within me is stirred
'Tis not easy its fury to slack.

For glory, for interest, no war I will wage:
But, once shown 'tis my duty to fight,
Then 'tis fairly recorded in History's page
That I ne'er was a sluggard to throw down my gage,
And to cry, "Heaven prosper the Right!"

Disinterested Opposition.

THE House of Commons going into Committee of Supply on the Naval Estimates, MR. BERNAL OSBORNE moved that their consideration should be postponed till that day three weeks. The Collective Wisdom rejected this proposal, probably considering so precipitate an attempt to embarrass the Government on the part of the Ex-Secretary of the Admiralty, a proceeding somewhat out of place.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FEBRUARY 22, *Monday*. Both Houses came up lively and smiling and bent on mischief. There has been a scheme for a covered Arcade between Regent Street and Bond Street, which would have given ladies and swells a pleasant lounge when the weather was English. But divers interests were menaced, and many shopkeepers very naturally objected to a plan which would offer temptations to their esteemed patrons to make purchases elsewhere than at existing shops. So a formidable opposition was got up, and as, luckily, a useful charity-school would have had to be removed, the Bishops and Clergy were interested in resistance. The brief was given to LORD DERBY, who did his work with his accustomed adroitness, showed that the Arcade would be of no use, dilated upon the probability that naughty persons would go there (the excuse by virtue of which the Quadrant was uglified), urged that the passage would go through an empty space, and thereby check the circulation of air, and he was generally so impressive upon all points except the real one that the Bill was thrown out, though LORD MALMESBURY, as a man of the world, could not resist the temptation of laughing a little at his chief's grave vaticinations of evil. *Mr. Punch*, who is a cosmopolite, often thinks with regret, when the air is drizzle and the flags are slush, of the pleasant Arcades of Paris, and begs to touch LORD DERBY'S classical nature by adding

NOSETIA
MINARC
ADIA

Government has sent out officers to watch the mode in which the Federals carry on the war, in order to obtain any hints that may be useful, but does not send similar envoys to the Confederate camp. On the whole, *Punch* may possibly think that we might learn more by studying the way in which a small nation successfully defends itself against a large one, than by seeking lessons from commanders who have overwhelming resources in hand, but no very brilliant ideas as to the way to use them.

"PUNCH and the Ministers on this divide;
They 'd watch the conquered, he the conquering side."

The Commons plunged into the Dano-German, or rather the DISRAELI-GLADSTONE war. The Conservatives again made demand for the Papers, and were as angry at their being detained as a young articled clerk is, at a slap bang, when the old gentleman in box 9 *will* spell the advertisements in a journal which Mary-my-dear has warned him will be taken "after him." MR. DISRAELI delivered a long and cutting speech upon the deliberate wickedness of the Cabinet in not producing the correspondence, and exclaimed, in a Goethian spirit, "We want light." If he didn't get a light, he got a light answer from MR. GLADSTONE, who complimented him on his skill in letting off "fireworks," and entirely declined to follow him in "saying smart things." In answer to inquiries by MR. DISRAELI as to the seizure of Jutland, MR. GLADSTONE refused to give any information, because he had none. Then LORD ROBERT CECIL dilated upon the "scorn" with which Europe is treating our menaces (we have made none), and then MR. BERNAL OSBORNE saw his way to make capital play. "We will not have harmless fireworks," he said, and boldly moved that the Navy Estimates, which stood for discussion, should be postponed. The spear was fairly thrown, but MR. ROEBUCK spoiled the fun by declaring that the proposal amounted to a vote of want of confidence, and therefore he should support it. Then, of course, MR. GLADSTONE rose up defiant, and offered battle, and MR. DISRAELI had to bring new tactics into work. He had a strong force with him, but it would not do to fight in earnest. So he had to be dignified, to decline to take a vote by surprise, and to hold his men back. But he could not manage this with all of them, and though he and the mass of the Conservatives walked off, MR. BERNAL OSBORNE went to division, the Radical leader of 36 Tories and 11 Liberals, but as there were 220 against him, he did not turn out the Government that time. And then LORD PALMERSTON came in, and took his seat amid plaudits. Is not the game of Parliament a merry one?

Docks at Malta, and Dockyards at home, were the lively themes of a wrangle until 10.30.

Tuesday. Three of the Lords spoke, and all three sensibly, upon the Penal Servitude System. LORD GREY said, very truly, that the difficult question was, as to what the convict was to do when discharged, as honest workmen will not labour with him. There is a problem worthy

the ingenuity of the Peerage, and that body would earn no end of *kudos* by solving the same.

This is worth notice. The Federals have been allowing the French, with the consent of the English, to break the blockade, in order to get at Tobacco, which is much wanted in France. At first the excuse was made that the baccy had been bought before the war. But it came out that ever so much of it had been bought after the war began, and yet LINCOLN let NAPOLEON have it, RUSSELL assenting. Then, the excuse was, that baccy forms part of the French revenue, of which MR. LINCOLN and QUEEN VICTORIA are of course bound to take care. Well, but baccy forms part of our revenue, and, moreover, we want cotton as much as France wants cigars. Why cannot the Federals be as civil to us as to France? Echo answers—but we decline to republish her remarks, as they might offend MR. SEWARD.

MR. LOCKE KING obtained leave to bring in a Bill for lowering the county franchise to £10. He objects to rest, or to be thankful either. The Bill will be thrown out about the middle of April.

On the preceding morning five foreigners, who had been convicted of murder and piracy, were hanged, in a row, at the Old Bailey. To-night the House had a Public Executions debate. MR. HIBBERT (Oldham) described such scenes as disgusting, and contended that the behaviour of the rabble showed that they produced no impression. MR. HADFIELD took the same view, and said that fights and executions were the most popular spectacles of the day, and that if a fight occurred within two hundred yards of that House, there would be a Count. SIR GEORGE GREY, for the Government, defended the system of capital punishments in public; said that the execution of the pirates had taken place with the general approval of the public, that no doubt the very lowest orders assembled at such a scene, and that it was especially to them that its lesson was addressed, that it was impossible to say how much crime was prevented by the knowledge that murderers would be hanged, and that Society was by no means prepared to forego a system which was instinctively felt to deal just retribution and afford valuable security. ALDERMAN SIDNEY complained that almost every criminal was brought into the City to be hanged. LORD HENRY LENNOX had been to the execution, and supported MR. HIBBERT'S view, and next day somebody wrote in the *Times* something which meant that the correspondent and LORD HENRY had been together to see a fight, so that he might also have supported MR. HADFIELD'S view. MR. BONHAM CARTER opposed executions, and LORD GREY DE WILTON said that he went to see LANI hanged, and thought that the impression made on the crowd was salutary. So the matter ended.

Next, we had another smart debate, raised by MR. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD, about those unfortunate Rams of MR. LAIRD'S. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, LORD ROBERT CECIL, SIR H. CAIRNS, and MR. WALPOLE, all went at the iron ships hammer and tongs, like jolly blacksmiths, but the sensation of the night was created by the Conservative MR. THOMAS BARING, Merchant Prince, who drew away from his usual party, and in the interest of Commerce denounced the system of arming privateers in neutral ports to take part in war between belligerents. And MR. BARING asked whether the defenders of MR. LAIRD did not know perfectly well that the Rams were for PRESIDENT DAVIS and nobody else. Of course everybody knew it, but what does that matter in a party squabble? The division (MR. FITZGERALD had asked for the papers) was a near one, and did not mean papers or no papers, but Federals or Confederates, and there were 178 of the former to 153 of the latter.

Wednesday. The Cows' Malt Bill. The agriculturists do not like it much, for they regard it as a tub to the malt-tax whale. One odd thing is, that beer has been brewed with the mixture of linseed which was to make brewing impossible, and Members have tasted it and declare that it is very good beer—for the poor.

Thursday.—Nothing in the Senate except a little pleasant row about differences of opinion as to the desirability of producing the Ram papers. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL had told LORD RUSSELL that they must not be given, and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL had told the Commons that there was no objection to produce them. The fact was, that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL had changed his opinion.

Lord Chelmsford. Ah? When? Before the debate, or after?

Lord Russell. Shan't tell you. The communication is a privileged one.

Opposition Lords. Ha! ha! Ho! ho! Hee! hee!

Lord Granville (*loftily*). Really these points are infinitesimally small. Knowing how busy LORD RUSSELL is, it is surprising that LORD DERBY can pester him with such paltry questions.

Lord Derby (*probably*). I'm sure you're very good. Time to go and dress for dinner. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Bravo, MR. COX! Hooray, LORD FERMOY! These epigrammatic but ardent tributes of admiration and gratitude are most respectfully offered to the above-named Metropolitan Members for moving and seconding an amendment which crushed and smashed a Bill for keeping up a toll-gate between St. Pancras and Islington for twenty-one years more. A likely story, when all the tolls are being snuffed out as abominable nuisances. LORD ENFIELD had put his name to the Bill, but as he had the grace to behave like a nobleman and a gentleman, and say that he was ashamed, and had done it without reading the Bill, we shall merely recommend him in future to bear in mind a beautiful line in his own "Speaker," which says:—

"Mind what you 're at, and likewise what you 're arter."

MR. COWPER did not see why the big clock at Westminster should be kept alight after Parliament hours, but if the House liked to burn no end of gas, it was none of his business. We do not know why the Commons burst out laughing when MR. DARBY GRIFFITH rose to ask a rational question, or why they laughed again when LORD PALMERSTON gave a snubbing answer. There was more reason to laugh when the PREMIER had to admit that having seized the *Tuscaloosa* we had now found it expedient to let her go again; or when his Lordship had to say that though we have got Austria and Prussia to assent to a Conference, they laugh at our suggestion that there should be a suspension of hostilities.

Then the Navy Estimates were taken, and the debate lasted far into the night, and Government had a little beating—31 to 28, about one o'clock. There is a reduction of sea-men and sea-boys, and it does not seem a wise one.

Friday. COLONEL CRAWLEY'S friends in the Lords had a good deal to say for him, and of course made the most of the acquittal. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE was quite pleased with the result, and said that the Colonel had gone back to his command with an unsullied reputation. *Punch* considers that the Colonel is a very lucky man, and that the British Army is also lucky in having so wise a Commander as the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. In fact, we are all pleased.

Under no circumstances is TOWNLEY to be released from penal servitude. The House cheered. We seldom bet, but—however, we won't make an exception this time.

Ireland with all its wrongs, taxation included, was referred to a Select Committee, and is now, we hope, shelved. This excellent act ended a rattling week.

SENSATION CENSUS.

PERICOUS AND PROTECTIVE PUNCH,

Now that the subject of Accidents by Fire in Theatres is on the *tapis*, I want to know if you can induce any one in the House of Commons to move for a Return of the number of killed or wounded, temporarily or permanently injured among those actors who have been engaged for the last two or three years in playing the Heroes and Heroines of those exciting Sensational Productions, now so much the vogue. The official document might be drawn up in the following manner:—

Name of Characters in the Drama.	Specification of Injury.	Number.
Elly O'Connors (in the "*Colleen Bawn*")	Seriously sprained in the Back-fall from the Rock into the Water	*x*
Miles Na Coppaleens (in do.)	Injuries to arm, hand, and head, in taking the Sensation Header	*y*
	In swinging across the Stage on a Rope	*z*
Somebody (name forgotten) in the "*Peep o' Day*" .	Lamed for Life in descending by the falling Branch of a Tree	*x*
Anybodys	*By carrying Young Ladies up Ropes, rescuing themselves or Heroines, or Children-in-arms (half price) from damage by Swimming down Cataracts, Cutting plank-bridges, in two, &c.* . .	*y*

Then again a strict inquiry might be made into the causes of these accidents, and —— but, on looking at my watch, I find that I can write no more upon this subject at present, having promised to dine somewhat earlier than is my wont with a friend at his Club, in order that we may have time to enjoy an anti-dyspeptic cigar before going to witness the new-thrillingly-exciting play lately brought out at the Surrey. Of course the House is nightly crowded, as, you see, if one doesn't take an early opportunity of witnessing a Sensation Piece in which the Lessee himself, as one of the Personages of the Drama, incurs considerable personal risk, why, some untoward accident might happen, which would cause the piece to be withdrawn, and, perhaps, the Theatre to be shut up, an event which would be a matter for perpetual regret to those who had not had the good luck to be spectators of the performance either before or upon the night of the disaster.

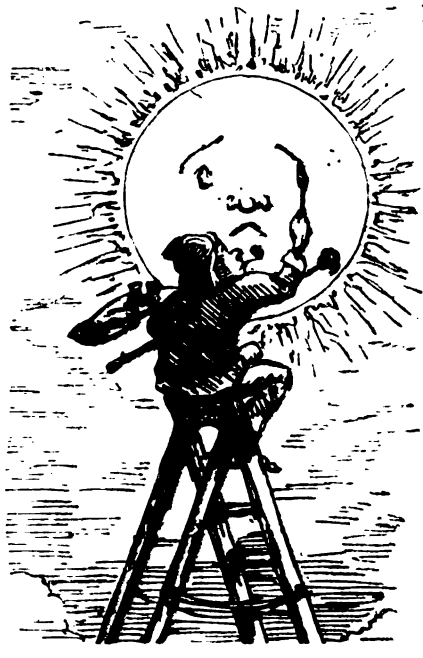
I am, Sir, yours in haste,

Fidena Lodge. VESPASIAN THE VICKED.

Digitized by Google

ADVICE TO SMOKERS.—Cut Cavendish.

SHAKSPEARE AND HIS ASSAILANTS.



N poor dear SHAKSPEARE the designs are as plentiful as pick pockets. Here is one suggested by a writer in that influential print the *West London Observer*:—

"As regards the Stratford-on-Avon Memorial, let it by all means, be a startling object to look upon. Supposing then—in these sensation loving times, when any novel design is sure to attract the support of a public that never weary of new patterns, from Great Eastern to self-threading needles—supposing, then, I say, the suggestion be made to enliven the scenery of the birthplace of the sweet Swan of Avon, 'England's highest pride,' by erecting there a porcelain tower, say of at least one hundred feet high, built with a solid core of brickwork; the exterior could be decorated illimitably with designs in porcelain from the tragedies and plays and poems of the bard, and with enriched galleries from base to top, and stairs giving access thereto—it would, I imagine, be the *ne plus ultra* of enriched design."

HORACE called his works a monument more durable than brass, and we really think that SHAKSPEARE's are more durable than crockery. A porcelain tower doubtless might be made a pretty thing to look at—while it lasted: but we fear that little boys would soon be tempted to throw stones at it, and we know the best of crockery in such cases will crack.

THE STAFF COLLEGE.

DEAR PUNCH,

I HAVE been a month reading for the next Staff College Entrance Examination, but the subjects are so numerous that I am quite bewildered, and want you to advise me what to do. The following is the style of information I have already succeeded in picking up:—

"The Angle A is a right angle, and equal to ninety degrees of Fahrenheit, measured on a scale showing a hundred and twenty-seven Spanish kilomètres to the square inch, multiplied by twice *xy* into the cube root of the ravelin in Cormontaigne's fifteenth system, divided by decimal 000000 of a megalosaurus, completely upset the calculations of ARCHDUKE CHARLES, who, with his army in a highly spheroidal state, was endeavouring, at Marengo, on the Northern frontier of Spain, to turn the flank of the Old Red Sandstone dissolved in bi-proto-carburetted hydrogen; the sandstone escapes, and the hydrogen forms a military road across Mont Cenis, at a distance from Wellington's head-quarters, and three aneroid barometers, doing as much work as seventeen tailors working twenty-six hours a day, and protected by *trous de loup* from the vertical fire of three sapgabions ranged along the shoulder angle of a plane of defilade erected on the *hachûre* of a rhombic dodecahedron."

Ever yours,

A BEWILDERED CANDIDATE FOR THE STAFF.

HARRY *VERSUS* HARRIS.

LORD MALMESBURY having in the debate on the Royal Arcade Bill, thrown out, alluded to MR. HARRY EMANUEL, the jeweller, of Brook Street, as "a gentleman of the Hebrew faith," MR. EMANUEL writes a letter to the *Times*, wherein, after answering the noble Earl's statement connecting him with "the perpetuation of the deficient width in Bond Street," he makes the ensuing remark:—

"I, of course, very much regret that my 'faith' and the fact of my intended removal should be obnoxious to the noble Lord, but am really at a loss to know what either of these subjects can have had to do with the matter under discussion, or why LORD MALMESBURY should have obtruded them into a Parliamentary debate."

It is a curious coincidence that whilst the plaintiff in this case names himself HARRY EMANUEL, the defendant is named JAMES HOWARD HARRIS. HARRY against HARRIS! Such an antagonism would incline us to say, with a certain variation, "When Greek meets Greek," &c., if we did not know that HARRIS in this instance is a Christian surname, knowing as we do that HARRY is only the semblance of a Christian name.

We here see young HARRY, as it were, with his beaver up, and asking HARRIS what he means by dragging his "faith" and his transference of shop into the House of Lords. It is remarkable that HARRY puts the word "faith" in inverts, which seem to imply a smile at the imputation it conveys. HARRIS ought to have better known what Faith is than to employ the speciality of Christianity as a synonym for the creed acknowledged by a gentleman in HARRY's theological position. But there is a difference between the EARL OF MALMESBURY, and the philosopher of that ilk, or any other. MAMMY will be MAMMY!

WHO WILL SAY A WORD FOR THEM?

MY DEAR PUNCH,

THAT was a good letter which you put in your last number, written by a ballet-girl—I beg your pardon, Miss, I mean to say, of course, a "Lady of the Ballet." I hope she and her sisterhood will reap some good in consequence, and now the public know how little these hard-working girls are paid, and what great expense they are put to in the matter of their wardrobe, which the people who engage them by rights ought to supply, I hope the public will at any rate regard them with more charity, even if that charity be not allowed in case of need to take substantial shape. Of course the public is too virtuous to dream of founding an asylum for them, to which they might retire when their dancing days are over, and where, in the event of accident or illness, they might be nursed and tended at the public's own expense. I can conceive the many obstacles there are to such a scheme, and how, even were a Home for Ballet-girls established, it would be next door to impossible to get trustees to manage it. What father of a family could undertake the office, without continual torments in his domestic life? Only just imagine the black looks he would be greeted with, on the days when he returned from an inspection of the Home! Just conceive the pious horror wherewith his wife would shrink and shudder at his mention of that terribly contaminating place! And supposing there should be some slight festivity at Christmas time, as is the custom now at most Asylums, I believe, only think if he confessed that, as one of the M.C.'s there, he had danced with a live ballet-girl, even though she was past sixty, what an earthquake of domestic ties and friendships would result! What matron would receive such a Pariah in her drawing-room? What wife would not seek refuge in SIR J. P. WILDE, his court?

So the notion of a National Asylum for Old Ballet-girls, I put aside as quite preposterous in this our moral Christian land. Yet I suppose, like other mortals, ballet-dancers do grow old, and they can't save much to live on in their possible old age out of their twelve or fifteen shillings salary per week. What becomes then of our Columbines, our Fairies and our Sylphs, when they are over fifty, or are weakened in their legs? Do their Managers provide them with some rural Bowers of Bliss, where they may live in idle ease and happy freedom from the call-boy, until the final call that summons them away? I fear me this conjecture is scarce borne out by the fact that their Managers require them to buy their satin shoes and silk tights and other costly clothing out of their twelve shillings a-week. Yet even ballet-girls must live, even when they are past work, though where and how they do so is a mystery to me. Were a Home for them established, that mystery would be solved: for although it might be difficult to get a building big enough to hold the many applicants who doubtless soon would flock to it, still at the Home funds might be furnished for those who could not live in it to be lodged and fed elsewhere.

I just throw out the suggestion, but of course I don't expect that any one will act on it, for I know that most rich people have far too much morality to think of doing anything for such people as poor ballet-girls, who are supposed to be descended from some of the Lost Tribes. Of course Polite Society can never be expected to take anything like an interest in persons of this sort. Still although Polite Society may not feel disposed to help to keep poor ballet-girls alive, I think Polite Society would not be altogether pleased were ballet-girls extinct. When MRS. OVERR WRIGHTEOUSE gets her annual Christmas box and takes her children to a morning performance of a pantomime (which everybody knows is far more moral than an evening one), I doubt if she or they would like to find the part of Columbine omitted, and to be told that all the fairies had retired from scenic life for fear of being destitute and starved in their old age. So if the ballet-girls be needful to the pleasure of Society, I think Society might stretch a hand to help them in their need.

With a million of apologies to the million of your moral readers for intruding on their notice a subject of this highly objectionable sort, I will only in conclusion add, that if my hint be taken and a subscription fairly started for the purpose I have advocated, I shall be happy to subscribe myself (at the bottom of a cheque, mind)

ONE WHO WILL PAY.

Digitized by Google



OUR DEAR OLD FRIEND BR—GGS, WHO HAS BECOME VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT THE HORSE HE RIDES, PURCHASES ONE OF THOSE EXTRAORDINARY COBS, UP TO WEIGHT, WARRANTED NEVER TO TRIP NOR SHY, AND WHICH ARE SO INVALUABLE TO AN ELDERLY OR A TIMID RIDER! THE ANIMAL HAS, HOWEVER, AMONGST A FEW OTHER PLAYFUL PECULIARITIES, A HABIT OF TRYING TO JAM HIS RIDER'S LEG AGAINST THE WALL, TO SAY NOTHING OF WALKING ABOUT ON HIS HIND LEGS, AS IF HE WERE A BIPED!

[*Tableau. Mr. B. as he appeared on the pavement.*

PA-PERS!

"LORD DERBY moved for papers,—MR. DISRAELI moved for papers.—MR. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD moved for papers, &c., &c., &c. (Left moving.)—*Parliamentary Reports, passim.*

Of products that Japan affords,
Paper deserves to rank her chief;
Houses she binds in paper boards,
Paper 's her pocket-handkerchief;
Her fabrics and her furniture,
From chimney-pot to scraper,
Are nothing, travellers aver,
But paper, paper, paper!

Japanese *cabinets* we know
Have long braved competition,
But now the fashion of Japan
Spreads to the *Opposition*,
When DIZZY, midst the loud applause
Of *Tadpole* and of *Taper*,
Essays to build the Tory cause
With paper, paper, paper!

Lest Japanese embellishments
Should to his work be lacking,
He gives us "fireworks" *quantum suff.*,
And lays on loads of "blacking;"
With lacquer of false rhetoric,
Dazzles *gobemouche* and gaper,
But still the *fond*, though varnished thick,
Is paper, paper, paper!

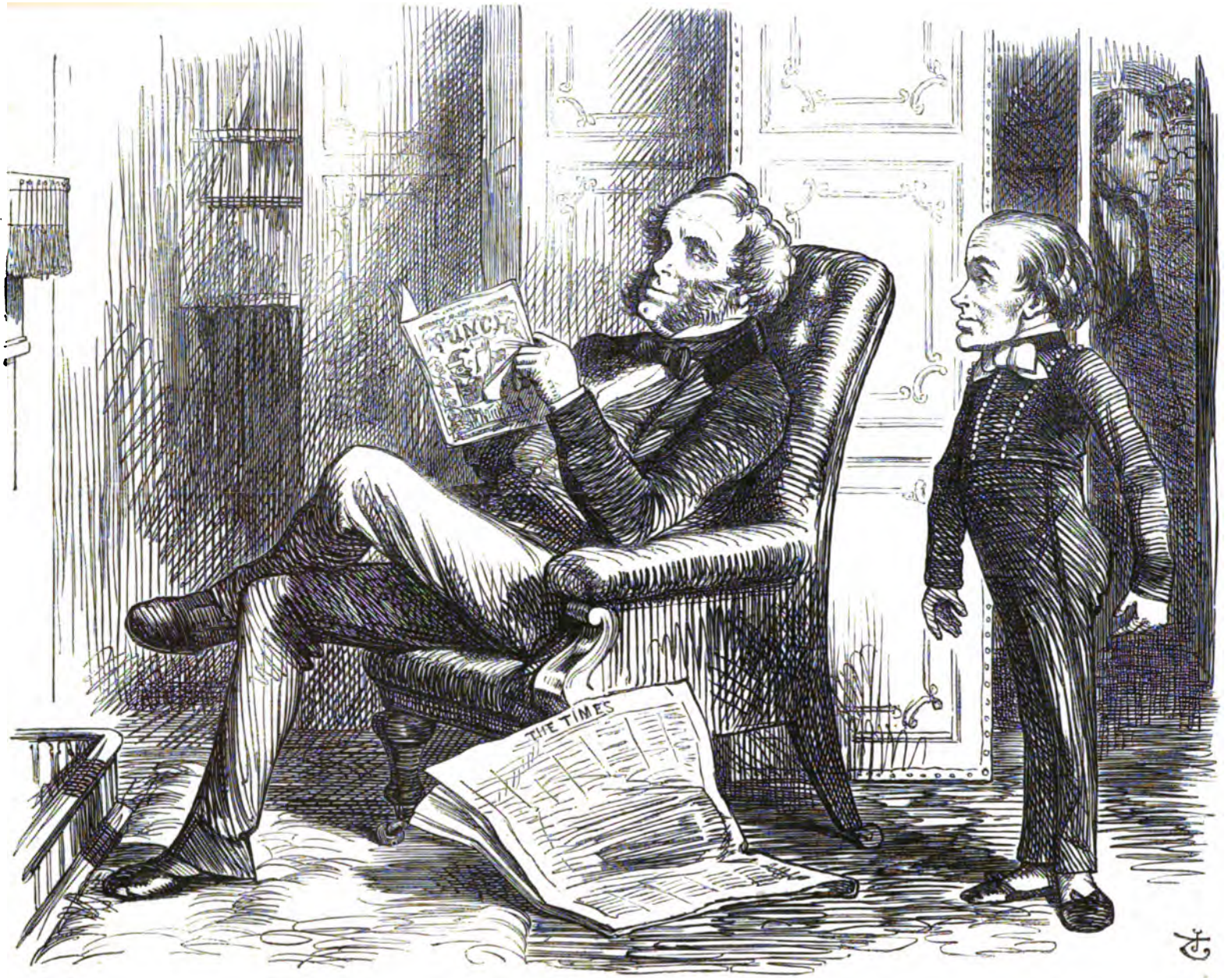
Let those who thus in paper build,
And scorn Fact's bricks and mortar,
Remember *papier mâché* melts
When it gets in hot water.
As a breath floors a house of cards,
And brings to grief its shaper,
So Truth's least whiff will blow up yards
Of paper, paper, paper!

Icarus soared on paper wings;
MONTGOLFIER'S balloon too
Was paper, bursting just as he
Proposed to soar the moon to:
On paper if the light you thrust,
It vanishes in vapour,—
Bad omens all, for those who trust
To paper, paper, paper!

GLADSTONE knows *almost* everything,
But had he been more 'cute, he
Would have foreseen this cry, and not
Struck off the paper-duty.
In sheets, when Truth does penance, we
May be content to drape her,
But Truth 's what *you* least wish to see,
On paper, paper, paper!

Coals to Newcastle.

WE learn from Southampton the arrival of the *Poonah* with the Madagascar ambassadors—their Excellencies RAIN-AND-RAIN and RAIN-FOR-INGIA. Really, considering the wet weather we have had lately, RAIN-AND-RAIN had better have stayed away, and RAIN-FOR-INGIA taken his passage to Calcutta, where he might have been welcome in the dry season.



PAPERS! PAPERS! PAPERS!

JOHN RUSSELL. "PLEASE, MY LORD, THEM TORIES WOULD BE MUCH OBLEEGED FOR PAPERS."

LORD PAM. "PAPERS! HAVEN'T THEY GOT THE *STANDARD* AND THE *HERALD*. WHAT MORE PAPERS CAN THEY WANT?"

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE ROW OF THE ROTUNDA.

THOUGH hush'd the Oirish Harp,
That sung the scrimmage sharp
Fought by MEAGHER of the Swoord, all on the Shannon shore;
Punch has still a voice of thunder,
For the foight ov the Rotunda,
When the SULLIVAN knocked undther, wid the Fenians to the fore!

"Is it Dublin they'd insinse
Wid a statue of the PRINCE,
Rared high to give offince foraninst her College Green?
It's passed the Corporation,
But we'll rise a demonsthration,"
Says SULLIVAN ov the *Nation*, "though I spend my last thirteen.

"There's Father CLARK won't fail,
And for CROTTY I'd go bail,
And Priest LANGAN, it's a dale he'd dare in Erin's name;
And the place is the Rotunda,
Where a meeting I'll call, Monday,
But who'll I get, I wondther, for a spaker at that same?

"Och *million murther*, who
'Ud be like the O'DONAHOO?—
The bould hero of the Glins, County Kerry's darlin' boy—
Is it spakin'?—he's the chat;
Is it foightin'? sure, at that
It's himself's the boy that's pat—and a ruction he'll enjoy."

Bills wint out for Monday noight,
And ould Oireland in its moight
Rose and packed the flure as toight as herrin-casks on Queen'stown Quay;
But from the gallery wickets,
Where SULLIVAN put pickets,
To take money for the tickets, sure the people staid away.

MISTHER GILL moved wid an air
MISTHER CROTTY to the Chair,
And bade Oireland, thin and there, wipe the stain from off her brow,
Of PRINCE ALBERT'S statue seen,
Tow'rin' high on College Green,
"Where GRATTAN'S should have been .... and it's him we'll put there now!"

Thin, majestic from repose,
The O'DONAHOO arose,
To move a resolution, wid permission of the Chair;
But his footing was unstable—
Why'd they put him on a table,
Which was anythin' but able such a weight of words to bear?

And he tould them "how of all
The meetins in that Hall,
There was none but looked quite small to the meetin' in his view,
So majestic in its mien,
So calm, and so serene——"
But there they dthrowned him clean, wid a Fenian hubbaboo!

The O'DONAHOO looked quare,
At the ruction that was there,
Tould how he'd paid his fare from Kerry all the way,
In the cause of the Oirish nation,
At SULLIVAN'S invitation—
But the boys they lost their patience, and the sticks began to play.

It was "SULLIVAN *aboo!*"
And "SULLIVAN GOULAH!" too,
And "Up and down wid SULLIVAN," and *alpeens* at it soon,
To the Fenian "*Faugh-a-ballagh*,"
That bates the "*Rakes o' Mallow*,"
And "*Garryowen*" hollow, for an illigant foightin' chune.

Such a glorious soight, I ween,
In Dublin's not been seen,
Since on Donnybrook's ould green the shillelaghs used to fly:
It was aiche man hit the other,
For the raison why who'd bother?
Sure all Oirishmen is brothers, if you want a raison why.

Sates and forrums wint to desthruction
In this refreshin ruction,
Repoorters, glad to duck, shun the missiles left and right;
Time was the O'DONAHOO
He'd have been at it too,
But M.P.'s larn to subjew every Oirish appetite.

What was the cause of fray
Is more than I can say,
Barrin' somebody hit somebody, and foightin' is like fire;
Or, like fayver, that will spread,
When you sleep six in a bed,
Or, worms in pigs, the crathurs, or murrain in a byre.

There was Fenians there, I'm tould,
That brotherhood so bould,
That 's put down siven thousand pound to free ould Oireland by-and-by,
From the base and bloody Saxon,
That wears whole coats their backs on,
And our pisantry lays tax on—and more power to them, say I!

Whether Fenians or not,
They made the flure too hot
For CROTTY, and The O'DONAHOO from his pidistal lep down:
Fifteen minutes first and last,
In oratory past,
But two hours went all too fast, in nate cracks upon the crown.

They tore up boords and benches,
Druv repoorters from their trenches,
Sure the BLAKES and BURKES and FRENCHES 'ud have joyed to see the soight:
'Twas the Irish race of ould,
Not the people, slaved and sould,
Wid the Saxon sense so cowld, to resthrain them from the foight!

Wid no word but a blow,
The O'DONAHOO & Co.,
The bould Fenians did o'erthrow, and their conquerin' banner raise—
Once a table-cover clean,
When the colour it was green;
Laurel it should have been, and anyhow, 'twas baize.

Then here's up wid Erin's cause,
And here's down wid Saxon laws—
Saxon sinse and Saxon capital—such maneness we eschew;
May the Fenians keep their woord,
And may MEAGHER of the Swoord,
Av he comes here, not be floored as we floored The O'DONAHOO.

THE STOCKS AT ST. IVES.

THE heart of every Sabbatarian beadle in the kingdom who reads the *Times*, will have been warmed by the following paragraph which has appeared therein:—

"REVIVAL OF THE STOCKS.—On Tuesday afternoon three boys were kept in the stocks at St. Ives, Cornwall, for three hours, for having played marbles on Sunday. This mode of punishment had not been adopted in this town for 30 years, and the novel sight consequently attracted several hundreds of spectators."

All honour, that defiance of modern public feeling deserves, to those Magistrates of the good old school who made no bones of putting a set of idle boys in the stocks. It had become fashionable to regard the stocks as a barbarous anachronism, and Justices as not exactly entitled to stand on no ceremony with boys. It is needless to inquire whether, in playing marbles on a Sunday, the boys, who were so very properly punished by the Cornish Magistrates, were violating the law. Anyhow, they were doubtless following their ordinary occupation. To persons, indeed, who know how to appreciate a healthy unscrupulousness in arbitrarily punishing street-boys, and especially to the clerical and pedagogical mind, those Magistrates would have afforded high delight if they had sentenced the boys to the stocks simply for playing marbles, on any day of the week. In visiting juvenile Sabbath-breakers with that punishment almost instantly on the decision of the Queen's Bench in the haymaking case at Leigh, they will be considered by the highly respectable people who admire their courage, to have acted as seasonably as wisely. Sentimental twaddlers will ask if setting children in the stocks for playing on a Sunday is the way to develop their religious feelings? The sufficient answer is "Yes;" with a derisive grin. Accordingly, of course the HOME SECRETARY will not remove the gentlemen who made so edifying an example of a leash of varlets as that which is hereby proposed for his approbation, from the Commission of the Peace. And doubtless a sympathetic British populace must sympathise so entirely with the proper parties in this matter, and is so innocent of any acquaintance with the tragedy of *Lear*, that a line adapted from that noble drama, namely:—

"Who put the boys i' the stocks?"

will not, whenever their worships make their appearance in public henceforth, be shouted in their ears.

Digitized by Google

AD CLERUM.

MR. PUNCH, as the Great Public Moralist of the age, has always entertained the highest regard for the clergy. How much they owe him he needs not asseverate. Some of the happiest things in the popular discourses of the day, have been derived from his columns. In the benevolence of spirit that has always influenced him, he now devotes a chapter on Beards to their service. The Country Clergy require this attention; they are behind the age, and have not the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the improvements of this advancing period. *Mr. Punch* has, therefore, catalogued and arranged the various methods of disposing of Nature's noblest adornment to the face of man, for their service. The Barbine Movement is altogether the property of the Establishment,—no Popish priest in this country has entrenched upon this prerogative. The Dissenters shave in gloomy silence, leaving this noble field of ecclesiastical adornment to the Clergy of the Establishment. The first beard, *Mr. Punch* recommends to his Clerical friends is Mufty. This consists simply of a very bold development of the hirsute privileges of manhood.



Mufty is achieved by giving a complete freedom to Nature. No single hair is to be curtailed in its luxurious growth. Truants are indeed to be brought into order by a proper application of the curling tongs, a charming negligence to be made apparent by the frequent application of a well-greased palm with a circular movement to the mass of beard. But no water must approach on any pretence the sacred precinct admired in the "Monks of Old."

Mufty is an excellent device wherewith to encounter MR. SPURGEON'S "roaring Devils." It answers the same purpose as war-paint on an Indian's face.



Next in Order comes Rufty. This is a most pleasing facial ornament, it answers best where the hair is black and roses and lilies adorn the face of the youthful curate. It consists in a single curl of hair passing under the chin from temple to temple, like the frill of a widow's cap. It must, however, be very neatly arranged. The face must be cleanly shaved, and curling-tongs, bostrokizon, bandoline, and gum Arabic, must all be judiciously applied to put Rufty in good shape, and keep him in good order. A doubt of a moustache may sometimes be advantageously admitted with Rufty. This is a very insinuating beard.



Tufty comes next, a most appropriate ornament for jocose preachers of the SPURGEON class. It simply consists of an oval unshaven spot on the very point of the chin. Neither whiskers nor moustache consort with Tufty, he must be the sole centre of attraction. The advantages of this arrangement are many. Be the preacher never so dull, Tufty keeps up a bye-play of his own, he wags up and down and right and left, with every movement of the chin or draught in the Church. The juvenile members of a congregation are always much edified by Tufty. They watch him with intense interest, and as he sways to and fro "like that white courser's tail, the Giant Steed to be bestrode by Death," they gaze on the fountain of orthodoxy with supreme delight. Tufty gives great point by his waggery to every joke, and he certainly must be esteemed a most facetious arrangement of the pilose adornment.



Next to Tufty comes the Fan,—the lower line of the face must in this case mark the limit to which the razor may go. When the hair has arrived at a certain growth then the razor must clear all superfluity from the neck beneath, leaving half an inch of hair in depth to form the fan. Bandoline and gum Arabic will give this fringe the proper set; it greatly sets off the human countenance as the fans of peacock feathers do the POPE. An insinuating preacher will deeply impress the serious mind by a well-disposed Fan.

A truly patriarchal beard next demands our notice, it is the Mosaic Horn. This is developed by the encouragement of whiskers and moustache, blending them to-



gether in one long roll, pointed at the end, and communicating rigidity by means of gum and bandoline; the chin must be closely cut or shaven. This is a very pious beard.



The animal creation affords us some lessons on this subject which we may improve, and of which the clergy have taken very proper advantage. For instance, the Turkeycock affords us a hint for a very charming arrangement of pilosity. In this case we allow neither beard nor moustache, but a very simple development of the whisker. It is brought down in the shape of a turkeycock's jowls, the scizzors, curling-tongs, with gum, and if needful, a horsehair centre, will bring this admired form to perfection.



We next have the Gibbon, a very becoming fringe, suggested by that amiable species of ape. It is a straight fringe round the face: it only requires frequent brushing to keep it stiff and straight, gum may be required, and *Mr. Punch* does not object to a tint of cosmetic if the hair be turning grey.

The Lynx is most appropriate for preachers of the Boanerges class. It is easily achieved, but requires attention: the eye-brows must be gummed up at the corners, the moustache properly turned up secured with gum, and the chin be cleanly shaved with a semicircular line each side. A good Lynx ter-



rifies evil-doers, particularly of the female class.

The Goat is merely the under beard brought over the cravat;



it is very solemn and patriarchal.

The Niagara is unusual, but in a few cases finds favour; it is formed



by shaving away all hirsute appendages above an ideal line drawn across the face from the tip of one ear to that of the other, and allowing all below the line to grow in perpendicular freedom. It becomes clerical gents of a middle age who still rejoice in hirsute privileges on the lower part of the countenance, and is an assertion of vigorous manhood, especially becoming when the upper sphere of the cranium has been divested of its capillary attractions.

These are the principal beards that adorn our pulpits; they admit of many subdivisions which it would be tedious to particularise. No doubt they greatly strengthen the Establishment by increasing the respect in which the clergy are held. Dissent came in with the razor; LATIMER, CRANMER, and RIDLEY, of course had beards, and it was the beard that awed the rebellious Puritan till the days of LAUD. The Roundheads clipped their locks in mockery of a shaven clergy. The beard alone is wanting to restore unity and piety to the land; it is a sure intimation that the clergy are above the poor vanities of the world—allow Nature to assert her privileges—and are too

much taken up with higher duties to attend to the adornments of their persons.

Mr. Punch concludes by suggesting that as they permit their hair to grow "like eagle's feathers," they should suffer their "nails to grow like birds' claws," the effect of such a conjunction in the pulpit would be irresistible.

SURPRISING ABUSE OF ENGLAND.



SURELY we ought to be very much ashamed of ourselves, as a nation, for declining to sacrifice hundreds of thousands of men and millions of money in taking a part in Continental squabbles. If we had any regard for our reputation, we should feel very much hurt at the scornful and abusive language in which we are spoken of by the foreign Press, as for instance by a paper representing one of the parties engaged in the Schleswig-Holstein quarrel. Here are a few, out of a whole column of cruel things, which this indignant journal says about us Englishmen:—

"England has never made herself remarkable for the knowledge of the condition of other nations, for a just and logical mode of thought, or for the consideration of foreign interests and foreign opinions."

In the struggle against NAPOLEON THE FIRST, for example, England consulted her own interests only, and not those of foreigners at all; witness the enormous national debt which she incurred therein simply to enrich her fundholders. And now we have no knowledge of the state of things in Schleswig and Holstein. We don't know that those Duchies are invaded on a trumpery pretext, and that, in the former of them, numbers of brave men have been slaughtered in the defence of their country—do we? Or if we do know that Schleswig is suffering the horrors of war, cruelly and wantonly inflicted, so incapable are we of a just and logical mode of thought as not to perceive that we ought instantly to send a contingent to the Danish Army and a fleet to the Baltic, blockade every German port, and declare war against Austria and Prussia. This illogical poltroonery is so like us! For:—

"When some years since, the attention of a no longer living English diplomatist, casually residing at Vienna, was drawn to the logical contradictions in certain despatches written by EARL RUSSELL, he replied that England had never based her pride on being distinguished by logic. LORD ELGIN might have easily become acquainted with other observations respecting the character of English politics, and if he had been sincere also, he would have found opportunity to reply that England had never based her pride on being accurately informed respecting justice or injustice; or acting according to other motives than those of her own advantage, united with her arrogance and her insolence respecting the rights of nations; or on magnanimity towards a weaker opponent in renouncing grounded or ungrounded claims."

Thus, of course, we labour under the mistake of supposing that justice is altogether on the side of the Germans, and mere injustice on that of the Danes. With a selfish view to our own advantage only, we not only deny the Danes assistance, but also treat their national rights, violated by Germany, with the contempt of arrogance and insolence. Our want of magnanimity is such that even if we sometimes give up ungrounded claims on a weaker opponent, we never renounce those which are grounded on even the shadow of a foundation. It was to be expected that such a sneaking set of bullies as we are would sympathetically applaud the outrage of Germany on Denmark. No, we are not a magnanimous nation; but:—

"On the contrary, English policy has many times distinguished itself by cringing before the strong and by haughtiness to the weak. It is the character of snobbism which is transferred from English private life to English politics. To yield to the first opposition, and to indemnify itself for so doing on those who can offer no resistance, has for a long time been the heroism of English policy, which has taken good care not to pick a quarrel with the United States, but therefore carries off Brazilian ships because a drunken English officer, who had behaved himself clownishly in the streets of Rio Janeiro, received a due reprimand from the police."

Exactly so; we pocketed the *Trent* affront on the one hand, and did not submit the Brazilian business to arbitration on the other; much less did we accept an award unfavourable to ourselves, and apologise. Snobs that we are—amongst our other mean tricks lying incorrigibly!

As to our Great DUKE OF WELLINGTON, as we call him, he was comparatively a dwarf, and has had the credit of a victory which was won by a giant:—

"We know very well that English children are taught in the schools that England alone freed Europe from French tyranny by the battle of Waterloo; but we know also that the story is otherwise related in German schools, and that, according to German accounts, MARSHAL FORWARD, who was called at that time old BLUCHER, helped England out of the scrape."

MARSHAL FORWARD! Old BLUCHER! The story of Waterloo as related in German schools! Eh! Why, *Mr. Punch*, we thought you had been quoting a Danish paper, abusing us under natural feelings of irritation occasioned by our default to afford gallant little Denmark succour against her dastardly assailants. No, my dear readers, not so; but as our humbler classes say, more t'other. The commencement of the article of which the foregoing samples may have made you smile, is as follows:—

"We are not at all surprised at the position which England has assumed against Germany in the Danish question."

England's offence, you see, consists in the moral aid which she has given strong Denmark against weak Germany, and not in the reverse. It is poor Germany is aggrieved. The journal which throws all the foregoing, and much more, slops at us, is a Viennese paper, said to be the organ of the Austrian Minister, M. VON SCHMERLING. The title under which it appears is that of the *Wanderer*. Well, well! Suppose we call it the *Vagabond*.

A HAUNTED HOUSE!

WONDERFUL facts for the Ghost Club, Sir, as sure as I'm alive. My name is GULL, CHARLES GULL, M.D. I have for some time given my attention to spiritual phenomena, and have on every possible occasion tried to obtain an experimental knowledge of the hitherto, to me, invisible and inaudible world.

Having heard that number B4, Blank Place, a house belonging to MR. and MRS. WHYTEY BROWN, patients of mine, had the reputation of being haunted, I frequently called there. MRS. W. B., a remarkably nice person, has frequently assured me, that, in the absence of her husband, who 's in the City from ten till five, she has often heard queer noises. We watched for many days, from eleven till four, but could detect nothing.

On last Tuesday, the 17th, however, as I was going up-stairs, I distinctly saw the head of a lady suddenly appear out of a door on the landing, and from its pale lips, a solemn and peculiarly plaintive voice proceed, saying—"MARIA, *bring me my body.*"

What fearful crime has, at some previous time, stained those floors with gore, I know not. But I can testify that on the above occasion I with my own ears heard *a lonely head* piteously imploring MARIA, (who, it appears, is the lady's maid, and will henceforth be narrowly watched) to bring *its body*.

I remain, yours faithfully,
CHARLES GULL, M.D.

Appended is the testimony of several witnesses:—

DEPOSITIONS OF CREDIBLE WITNESSES.

No. 1.

My applelashun is ANGELLICER TOMKINS, that is, when in the primacy of me own home. I do permit the young man (between which and me there is a horrible atachment) to call me ANGELLICER. In rellayshins as exist between me and me mistress, she calls me by me own free permishun, MARIAR. I live in the house. On Twosday, 'the 7th *ultimmo*,' as the french say, I were ingashed in a direlock with MISS PIPSON, the nusserry guviniss. I am not in the habit of swayring, but I do hearbye take my oath most solumly, that I hear a voice say "MARIAR, *bring me my boddy.*" (Signed) ANGELLICER TOMKINS.

No. 2.

At the request of MR. CHARLES GULL, the attendant medical man to the family, I will take up my pen to write these few lines, in which I conscientiously assert, that on last Tuesday, the 7th, I, while giving a few directions to MARIA, the lady's maid, heard a voice distinctly saying, "MARIA," addressing, as I have since had reason to suppose, the same servant to whom I was speaking, "*Bring me my body.*" I did not faint.

(Signed) FREDERRIKA ANNE PIPSON.

No. 3.

Many of us as offing see a ed a peering hout off same dore which you see it. To this we taks our somel ofes.

DORRITHEE MINTSER, *Cook.*
REBBEKKER WINN *Housemaid*, (*Under*).
HADDOLFUSS, *Page.*

The following extract from a letter of MRS. WHYTEY BROWN's to a friend, will, perhaps throw some light upon the above extraordinary statements:—

DEAR CARRY,—When *are* you coming to see me? * * * * * * * * You recollect that new skirt you admired so much? Well, I've got *such a love of a body* for it, which you must come and see to-morrow.

Monday, 6th. Yours for ever, BELINDA BROWN.

And finally, from MR. WHYTEY BROWN to his Solicitor, Raymond's Buildings, Gray's Inn.

(*Extract.*)

DEAR SHALLOT,—In answer to yours, I *must* be in the City from ten till five every day. Business is business; but if I catch that GULL I'll kick him.

Yours truly,
County Chambers, Cornhill, Friday 12th. WHYTEY BROWN.

Digitized by Google



THE FROZEN-OUT FOX-HUNTER.

SPORTING MILITAIRE RECALLS TO MIND HIS CANADIAN EXPERIENCES (THE GROUND BEING DEEP WITH SNOW), BUILDS A TREBOGGIN, AND FOR THE MOMENT CEASES TO SWEAR AT THE FROST, OR TO REGRET THE SIX HUNTERS HE HAS EATING THEIR HEADS OFF IN THE STABLE.

A MAN AND A "BROTHER."

I SAH *Punch* owd feller what du yow think o' this here parrygraft as my boy JIM who is my eldest and pretty nigh a Man all thou he 's still a Sunday skollard was a readun of aloud by way o' practisen his wice to me and MISTER SPROGGUNS he 's our parrish clerk and Pork butcher and others of the cumpny as were a setten arter Chuch last Sunday arternoon afore the fire at the Blew Lion—

"BROTHER IGNATIUS.—The establishment of a 'monastery' in Norwich by the 'English Order of St. Benedict' has caused considerable excitement in that city. So great has been the clamour occasioned that the brethren have had to call in the aid of the police, and they have now resolved to admit no one to their chapel except on payment of a small admission fee. Season tickets, at 8*s.* per quarter, have also been introduced. It is announced that the chapel will be solemnly opened on Thursday, and that some 'novices will make their profession of the monastic vows' on the occasion. Brother Ignatius is the master-spirit in all these proceedings."

MISTER SPROGGUNS he declare he doent believe its legal for to keep the Public out of any public plaice of Washup excepten them as pay for the privvilij of goen there But I sah if them there Pussyites air allowed to turn a chapel into a Theaytre i sah Blame it MISTER SPROGGUNS I doent wonder at their wanten to take money at the Doors—yow see them brothers of Sint Benny Dick hev bin a playen of the farce of dressen up like roaming Catholecs and that is what hev caused the Rowdedow there 've bin among the fokes of Norridge which yow know is where the Bishop live and he is one of the Low Church all thou as I 've bin towd he 's over 6 foot high and as sech in course he carnt abide sech Mummery and Phlummery any more nor U nor i can du But what I sah to MISTER SPROGGUNS I sah sposen my bor JIM and me were now in Norridj and wish to sea them brithren of Sint Benny Dick performen and dident feel nit noways under any obliggation for to take a Season ticket seein as how I sah we oney meant to stop one Sunday in the place and I sah sposen as how the Brethren said they woodent let us in I sah to him I sah d' yow think the Law ud let us jest see who 's the Stronger Man i sah and wood it be a False imprisonment sposen my bor JIM and me shood be took up by the Paleece I 'm towd that this here Mister Ignacious who 've bin called a Master sperrit is a sperrety kind o' chap and may be as he 'd show fight the same as he ded wunst or was it REVVEREND MISTER BREWERY* with a right down red hot Poker or some Trifle of that sort But what I sah is if so be as me and my bor JIM shood find ourselves at Norridge and want I say to see the Brothers of Sint Benny Dick performen at their theaytre other ways their Money Starey i sah Blame it JIM I sah i now† Brother Pugnacious as we call him woodent stop us thow he had a sight of other Brothers at his back So i remane your most obedent humble sarvent to comand ROBERT otherways BOB BROADFIST 15 year come Michelmas bellringer and Blacksmith as live nigh Holzer Soffuk.

* *Query*, DRURY? † *Anglice*, know.

VERY PLEASANT NEWS.

OUR friend the *Leicester Journal* contains the following pleasing intelligence:—

"We understand that MR. BENEDICT is putting the last touches to an operetta entitled *The Bride of Song*, which is whispered to be in MR. BENEDICT'S very best manner, and to contain some of the loveliest airs that Master has written for years."

MR. BENEDICT is one of the most delightful of composers, as well as one of the best of good fellows, and we are always eager to welcome anything from his pen. This paragraph shows that his very domestics are as proud of their employer as the musical world is. The word "whispered" evidently means that MR. BENEDICT'S faithful cook has been listening at the door while he was playing on the pianoforte, and the mention of the loveliest airs Master has ever written, is touching in its affectionate pride. The public will be enchanted to have an early opportunity of confirming the verdict of the appreciative domestic.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUCCESSFUL CAREER.—The Editor will be obliged by the address of the Artist.

Digitized by Google

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, March 5, 1864.

A POET IN A PET.



SINCE the "Mouse's Petition," dear to good little boys and girls, *Mr. Punch* has seen nothing more piteous than a Poet's Plaint, which has just appeared in the *Athenæum*. It is indeed a sort of Singing-Mouse's Petition. The sorrows of the unhappy bard must be deep indeed to cause him to emit so lamentable a wail, and we should like to wipe his eyes and comfort him, if we can.

Prosaically stated, his case is this. He, MR. HENRY F. CHORLEY, being by profession a Poet, was employed to write English words, or words which he might suppose to be English, as a "book" for the opera called *Faust*. *Mr. Punch* had the joy and delight of reading these words in his stall at Covent Garden, and he recollects thinking that though they were not worse than MR. FITZBALL'S lyrics, they were not so melodious as that other Poet's remarkable strains. But as *Faust* was not sung in the Chorleian dialect, but in Italian, this did not matter. But when it was decided that *Faust* should be performed, in English, at Her Majesty's Theatre, and MR. SIMS REEVES was to be the victim of the Personage whom LORD WESTBURY "has dismissed with costs," the unsingable character of the Poet CHORLEY'S divine verses became a serious fact, and in short the great English tenor was obliged, after vain attempts to sing them, to stipulate that he should be furnished with language adapted to the music, and to the expression of the various passions of *Dr. Faustus*. Such words were obtained (there must be another great poet in existence, in addition to FITZBALL and CHORLEY, and who shall say that this is not England's Augustan age?) and MR. SIMS REEVES made a grand success. The critics, for some reason, told us nothing about Poet the Third, and though the new words were printed in the theatre-books as "Alterations," the honour and glory of them remained to Poet the Second. He has borne the laurels, vicariously, for some time, but now they seem too heavy for his pensive brow, and he has disclaimed them in that part of our esteemed contemporary the *Athenæum*, wherein MR. CHORLEY usually disports himself with quaint intimations that some Lady whom the town admires is not altogether so bad an artist as she would be if she were worse, or in similar amiable acridities. He complains, with a sweet and touching sadness, that MR. REEVES, without leave from or "warning to" him, the Poet, discarded his effusions and sang those of the other Poet. And as he appeals to the public, it would be rude, as well as unkind, not to notice his hard case.

We have been thinking how best to comfort him, but there are some woes which refuse assuagement, and which time only can cure. Shall we scold MR. SIMS REEVES? It certainly was very hard-hearted in him to refuse to spoil a great part, in the fate of which his own reputation and the interests of the theatre were at stake. He should have felt for the Poet, and struggled through his unsingable lines. If the result had been failure, and the singer had damaged his fame and the opera had not drawn, and the manager had lost his money, and the company had been disbanded; never mind, there would have been balm in Gilead, and also in Columbia, for the Poet CHORLEY'S inspirations would have been sung. But MR. SIMS REEVES would have artistic words, and the Poet wails. Poor dear Poet. Will he dry his eyes and be pleased if *Mr. Punch* looks into the book, and takes out one of the dear little songs which the Poet CHORLEY has written? Let us try:—

"Who needs bidding to dare
By a trumpet blown?
Who lacks pity to spare
When the field is won?
Who would fly from a foe
Tho' alone and last?
Or boast he was true,
As coward might do,
When peril is past?"

There now. Is not that pretty and musical, and is not "blown" a neat rhyme to "won," and is not the first question lucidly put, and is it not sweetly true that a coward might boast when peril is past, and when a foe is alone and last, would it not be absurd to fly from him? Come, Poet dear, out of an opera-full of gems like this you can afford to let a few be sacrificed to the absolute necessity of having the opera properly sung. That's well—we are calmer now?

What? A fresh outbreak! What's the matter now? Rest, rest, perturbed poet. What *is* it? "MR. SANTLEY (the admirable *Valentine*) found that he could not make the Poet's words in the dying scene effective, and got others." Nay, this is piling up the poetical agony, Pelion upon Ossa. *Punch* feels unequal to do more in the comforting line. Here are the two leading artists of the English stage uniting to protest that MR. CHORLEY is not a lyric poet. We give up. All we can say is, that he had better take the opera-house, and come out, himself, as *Faust*, singing his own divine poetry, and afterwards he can give his candid opinion of himself in the *Athenæum*.

A MAD WORLD.

FEAR no more war; the world is grown
Too wise and too humane to fight.
Opinion's rule mankind will own,
And nations do each other right.
None but the warfare of police,
Henceforward will there be to do;
Short work: war but to keep the peace
When troubled by the evil few.

So saying good men went about,
And everywhere such talk was rife,
Ere yet fell NICHOLAS let out
The waters of accursed strife.
Then nation against nation rose;
And prophecies of war no more,
Were answered, by embattled foes,
With clash of arms and cannon's roar.

The world has ever since been vexed
With battle, bloodshed, death, and pain,
We, lest the plague should reach us next,
Ourselves on constant watch remain;
So much our prophets' words were worth,
So vain a tale of hope they told!
The peoples yet are mad; the earth
Is full of violence as of old.

On either side this globe to scan,
And view the havock rampant there,
Man, clutching at the throat of man,
Of humankind might breed despair.
Oh, wretched end of modern light,
If men can work each other woe
For frenzied lust of rule, in spite
Of all those fratricides must know!!

Now Science, which we hoped was given
That mortals Nature might subdue,
Is taxed for bolts that, farthest driven,
May crush their fellows, flying true;
And armour to defend the sides
Of the strong ship that keeps the sea,
Or that which Ocean's bosom rides
With purpose to enslave the free.

And here, e'en here, the fiend's hot breath
We feel, and hear the demon's hiss,
The taunt which, to the work of death,
Would fain provoke us, as remiss.
Despise it; let the world rage, friends;
Whilst unmolested, stand alone;
A Power above will shape their ends:
We'll trust it to direct our own.

Musical Notes.

Minnie Mum.—No, Mum, we are not acquainted with any Italian Opera entitled *The Toothbrush*.

Crotchetty.—M. GOUNOD'S new Opera, *Reine de Saba*, is founded upon a tradition of Freemasonry concerning ADONIRAM, the Tyrian Master Builder. The chief feature in the instrumentation is, we believe, an original accompaniment upon the Masonic Cymbals and triangle.

MISS ELLEN LYTTLE HUMBUG TO HER COUSIN, MISS FRANCES LYTTLE HUMBUG.

Tulip Cottage, January 16, 1864.

MY SWEETEST FAN,

WE are all exceedingly sorry that you cannot come to see us, and thus we two must console ourselves with letters, though a very bad and poor consolation, when we thought of opening our heart into that of a loving and faithful friend. But, alas! our hopes are nothing but bubbles, as TUPPER so beautifully and emphatically says.

Now I must tell you that MISS BELL HOOPOE has come back from Paris last week: she has been absent for six months, in order to complete her education, and has been staying with a French lady of a very good old family, the CASSEROLLES; and, dear, you cannot fancy; no, you can't, how frenchified MISS BELL has become.



Sometimes she seems quite to be lost in French phrases, as "*Par exemple*," and "*Comment vous portez-vous?*"—and then, recollecting herself, she begs one's pardon in the most graceful manner. She told us a great deal about the EMPRESS and the French fashions. No one can fancy, she says, what a rage there is for *fur* at present. FUR and HAIR. She says, it is astonishing to see, hear, and read the requests for *whiskers, auburn hair, blond curls, moustaches* and *brown fronts*. All the caps, bonnets and hats are trimmed with *fur;* and she described to us some beautiful coiffures made of *monkey-tails, cats'-paws*, and a group of little grey and white *mice*. Curley *pigs'-tails* are much worn by ladies of distinction, and many *donkeys'-tails* in the Emperor's household; stuffed *rats, fox-tails* and groups of different *vermin* by elderly ladies (spinsters and such like) and dowagers, mothers-in-law, and maiden aunts.





Of *lions'-paws* and *bulls'-tails* the French seemed *not* to be very fond. MISS HOOPOE did not know or say, why not; but she was quite sure, that a drawing-room full of fashionable ladies is one of the *grandest* sights in gay Paris.

Do you remember JANE EFFIE GOLDFINCH, dear? Poor thing, now, since she has lost her aunt, she has been obliged to go as a *compagnon* to a MRS. TRUMP who lives two miles from here.

But, 'dearest FAN, what a life the poor girl must lead! MRS. TRUMP is always grumbling and taking stomachic drops which smell just like gin (I have heard so), and poor JANE EFFIE has to read to her for hours together. And



fancy, MRS. TRUMP does not care for the political, or literary, or even for the fashionable news—oh, no! but the poor girl has to read all the "Notices to Correspondents" and all the "Advertisements." Then MRS. TRUMP is in her best spirits, and often exclaims: "I wonder who is that gentleman who wants the plain cook at 115, Oxford Square;" or, "Who is that respectable young lady who wishes for a situation as barmaid: Fudge, Pooh, Stuff!" or, "Please, my dear would you read those 'Notices of Marriage' again, my dear?"

So they go on for hours. Fancy, dear, I have to read the Papers, too; but to Papa, who likes but the political news; and now I have a sad time with all the German names and places, and generals in those tiresome duchies, you know, dearest, GENERAL SCHINKENBERG, and PRINCE BLUTWURST, and PRINCE SCHINGELSTEIN. And then Papa says, they were all good-for-nothings with their pipes and sauer-kraut. I don't know, dear, but Papa says so. Now, I wish I could tell you some more news, but we have very little here. I must not forget to mention that we are expecting our new Curate in the beginning of February. We have not heard much about him, but some say he is auburn and wears nice long whiskers,



and is rather HIGH, not in *stature* but in *Church*, I mean, dear. Others say, that he is married; but old MRS. CROWBILL, who has seen a good deal of the world, says, "there is not a greater public and political nuisance than a married Curate who comes to a little place where there are many nice-looking girls." So, now I must finish, for I have to do up some of Papa's neckties—but what does SIR WALTER SCOTT say, dear? "In this critical age, filial piety must hide herself in a closet, if she has a



mind to darn her father's linen." Therefore, don't tell, dear! don't! With love to all, ever your faithful loving and attached friend and cousin,

ELLEN LYTTLE HUMBUG.

Metropolitan Railway.

THE London Butchers' Company (Limited) are going into the Committee Rooms for powers to open a Line, specially for Cattle trains, from the west to the east end markets. The name proposed is The Line of Mutton.



Hibernian Swell (to Young Ensign who is going to India). "YE'RE SHURE TO MEET ME BROTHER SOMEWHERE IM BENGAL, AND YE'LL KNOW'M IMMADIATELY; SHURE HE'S NO BEARD OR MOUSTACHE, BUT OTHERWISE WE'RE AS LOIKE AS TWO PAES."

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING PARLIAMENTARY FIREWORKS (*À LA* DISRAELI).

WOULD you know what the stuff is made of
That 's used by the undertaker
Of the unsavoury trade of
Opposition firework-maker?

Mix inferences and fictions,
With imputations enough,
Add sarcasms and contradictions—
You needn't mind weighing the stuff.—

Steel-filings epigrammatic
And salt for burning blue—
The best, if you have it, 's Attic,
But any salt will do.

Any paper a case will make,
And any stick a handle;
E'en a Ferrand fact you may take,
Or a Hennessy Roman-scandal.

If you 'd damp the stuff in your mortar—
Wet powder smokes more than dry—
Abundance of cold water,
Your party will supply.

Take a lucifer out of your pocket,
Set a light to your firework quick,
It will go up like a rocket,
And come down like the stick.

If the House of Commons admire works
Of this kind, they 'll not charm less,
Since such Parliamentary fireworks
Are warranted perfectly harmless.

'Twas DARBY the fireworks displayed
In the days when Vauxhall was busy;
But now he 's turned over the trade,
And his successor is DIZZY.

TO HORTICULTURISTS.—The Shakspearian Tercentenary Festival at Stratford will, this year, be the Great *Flower* Show of the Season.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

LEAP YEAR DAY, 1864, *Monday*. The MARQUIS OF WESTMEATH (born 1784) has got it into his venerable old head that in spite of M. MAZZINI's denial that he had anything to do with the plot against the life of the EMPEROR NAPOLEON, the ex-Triumvir was concerned in the matter. This is the Marquis's "moral conviction," and he wanted to know whether, if the Government shared it, anything could be done to anybody under the Alien Act. LORD RUSSELL had no such moral conviction, and was going to do nothing. The MARQUIS OF WESTMEATH and the MARQUIS DE BOISSY have several points in common, only the husband of LA GUICCIOLI is the cleverer old goose of the twain.

LORD ST. LEONARD'S "ran over" the Townley case, after which gymnastic performance he intimated his dissatisfaction at that person's escape from capital punishment. The discussion arose on the Insane Prisoners Bill, which was read a Second Time, and may be considered as the Law of the Future.

MR. LAYARD explained to the Commons that the Danish Government had acted with the utmost loyalty and good faith in the matter of a ship that was building, on the Clyde, for Denmark, and which we had detained, as we were bound to do, not being at war with Denmark's enemy, Germany. We hope not to become entitled to let the vessel go. MR. LAYARD also made the House laugh at the expense of MR. DARBY GRIFFITH, who wished to know whether telegraphic messages were printed among the despatches laid before Parliament. They never are, or we should have some pleasant conundrums under the blue covers.

Then we had a personal scene. MR. STANSFELD, Lord of Admiralty, is an old friend of MAZZINI. The *Procureur du Roi*, as he is called because LOUIS NAPOLEON is King of France, if not of Paris, was good enough, in the recent trial of GRECO and his accomplices, to insinuate that an English gentleman, and member of the Ministry, might be in some way cognisant of the assassination plot. MR. STANSFELD gave an indignant denial of the base and lying charge, and though his doing so was about as needless as ever was anything done by anybody, we do not regret it; because MR. STANSFELD had an opportunity of declaring in the manliest way, that he was proud of the friendship of MAZZINI, a declaration of course involving a belief in the impossibility of MAZZINI's knowledge of the plot. But this did not please the POPE's friend, MR. HENNESSY, who renewed the imputation against the Italian gentleman, and called him "this person," and was also impertinent enough to ask MR. STANSFELD whether the "person" was the "MR. FLOWER" spoken of by the Frenchman, and whether MR. STANSFELD himself had ever aided in collecting money for the Italian patriots. On the first point MR. STANSFELD had no knowledge, to the second question he gave a negative, though, had the reply been "Yes," most persons would have added "and quite right too." Then LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON and ALDERMAN ROSE asked other little questions, and the House, ashamed of the scene, shouted "Don't answer!"

MR. DISRAELI made a long and fierce speech in abuse of LORD RUSSELL, and described the Ministry thus: "The drivers have lost the road, the reins have fallen from their hands, the horses are wild. Now," he said, "what *is* your foreign policy?" LORD PALMERSTON retorted with considerable energy, termed the oration "a flash speech," and bade the orator go on reading the Papers, and then he would find out what he professed to want to know. MR. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD declared that we were in a critical position, due to want of firmness, to vacillation, and to alternation of bragging and subserviency on the part of the Government. If these Opposition men believe a quarter of what they say, are they not utterly betraying their trust, as Oppositionists, in not moving a vote of want of confidence? What's the good of snapping and barking, why not try a good bite in earnest?—and then we shall see what we shall see.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER fixed the Budget for Thursday the 7th of April. Twopence off the Income Tax, MR. GLADSTONE, or you will see something in *Mr. Punch's* eye, on the 8th of April, which will remind you of the eye which Seeva opened upon the octagonal Rajah, *vide* the end of *Thalaba the Destroyer*, by ROBERT SOUTHEY, antepenultimate Laureate.

Navy Estimates, and hearken. What do you think we are going to have at South Kensington now? Fortifications? No. A Shakspeare Memorial? No; though the site would be as appropriate as one in the Green Park. Rifle ranges? No. O, you would not guess. A School

of Naval Architecture. You don't believe *that*. But it is true, and what's more, the models from Somerset House are to go there, and LORD CLARENCE PAGET will not undertake to say that the arrangement shall be temporary. No wonder the few Members who could collect their senses after such an announcement divided the Committee, but the fact was, that the House was so stunned that the Government triumphed over foes in a state of coma. A School for Shipbuilding at South Kensington! Arrangements are to be made for launching the vessels into the basin in the Horticultural Gardens, in front of MR. DURHAM'S memorial, and if they don't sink, they are to be carried on the tops of omnibuses to the Serpentine, and there put into commission.

Tuesday. LORD CLANRICARDE takes upon himself to be uncomfortable because certain Americans are trying to raise recruits in Ireland. Does the ex-Privy Seal remember what a father said to his boy in answer to the latter's hint for a fishing-holiday. "Papa, they say the trout are biting this morning." "Well, my boy, you stick to your work, and then they won't bite *you*." Let LORD CLANRICARDE hold his tongue until a Federal sergeant offers *him* bounty-money. Something was said about the Fenians, and LORD GRANVILLE exactly characterised that idiot demonstration. He said that it was utterly contemptible.

LORD HARTINGTON stated that there was to be a grand trial of the rival guns, ARMSTRONG *v.* WHITWORTH. Could not this be made at South Kensington, if the neighbours don't mind about their windows? A School of Naval Gunnery might surely be set up beside the one already mentioned.

MR. MARSH, ex-sheep farmer, complained that the Civil and Miscellaneous Estimates increased enormously. He was quite right. But FRED PEEL said that it couldn't be helped. And he is quite right too.

Wednesday. A Bill for testing Chain Cables, so as to ensure the safety of vessels at anchor, was referred to a select committee, and *Mr. Punch* earnestly hopes that all its members have done a little seagoing, and know something of the enormous importance of the question. It is much more probable, however, that it is in their committee room that they will find themselves at sea.

Thursday. MR. HOPWOOD asked that letters put into the General Post Office on Sunday might be sent off on that day. MR. FRED PEEL strongly objected to this very anti-Sabbatarian proposal, and said that 20,000 letters would be posted, and 220 men required to dispatch them—besides, the provincials would be bothering for similar privileges.

Apropos of which subject, SIR ROWLAND HILL RESIGNS HIS OFFICE. *If every person who has received a letter, for one penny, would contribute one penny stamp* (an organised collection, in every town, would be a labour of love, not to say fun, for unemployed ladies and gentlemen) we might present SIR ROWLAND with the most noble parting Gift ever offered to a public man, and assuredly no public man ever deserved a gift so well as the originator of the Penny Postage. He has done more to civilise the country, and to promote its prosperity, than any living man. Will he take a peerage? Probably not, but if he will, he ought to be in the next *Gazette* as LORD QUEENSHEAD. And the gift, in addition, ought to make him still more like the Rising Sun (as was neatly said) than ever. He ought to be able to tip every little Hill and great Hill with gold. If the people do not show their gratitude, now, we shall cut Britain, and bring Timbuctoo into her place in the scale of nations. But we won't believe that our teaching and his have been lost. Come, ladies and gentlemen, buy books and cards, and set about your collection of stamps. You may print this paragraph for universal distribution.

Evidently the Government does not regard the Yeomanry as the most important portion of our defensive service. It is not to be called out for its week of training this year, whereby £46,000 will be saved. But the proposed arrangement occasioned a great fight in the House, for many Members are yeomanry officers, and the uniform is a handsome one, and the Government was all but beaten—saving itself by one only in a House of 315. Great shouting and counter-shouting. MR. BRAND is said to have whipped splendidly, at the crisis, but then this was said by an enemy, who wanted to show that Ministers were coming to grief.

Blood being up, we had another shindy. MR. FERRAND, whose amiable business it is to bring up wretched old grievances, which were not much when they occurred, and are now utterly stale, had a rigmarole story about the Comptroller of the Navy having worn his uniform and cocked hat at an election in 1859. This is the literal fact; MR. FERRAND meaning of course that the official in question improperly interfered in the contest. SIR J. HAY had a letter from ADMIRAL ROBINSON declaring the allegation to be false, and saying that MRS. ROBINSON having had an odd curiosity to hear FERRAND bellow, her husband had gone to the hall to escort her home. While in the place, not wishing to appear singular, he probably laughed at FERRAND. MR. FERRAND having also abused SIR BALDWIN WALKER, LORD CLARENCE PAGET defended him, and declared that he would rather take SIR BALDWIN'S word than MR. FERRAND'S oath. This, of course, was out of order, and, we shudder to write it, the awful punishment of Taking the Words Down was menaced, but SIR JOHN PAKINGTON humanely spared the country the pain of so appalling a spectacle, by inviting LORD CLARENCE to retract. He begged to substitute the strongest words that were Parliamentary. LORD JOHN MANNERS complimented MR. FERRAND on his "pluck and courage," on which MR. BERNAL OSBORNE said, with exceeding good sense and manliness, "that he saw no pluck in abusing an absent man, and could not call that courage which never withdrew an unjust accusation."

LORD HARTINGTON introduced the Army Estimates. The cost of our Army, Madam, this year will be Fourteen Millions, Eight Hundred and Forty Four Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty Eight golden sovereigns. If your boy has not behaved well at dinner, make him bring that sum into shillings, and then into pence, and then tell you how many pounds of mutton at tenpence the money would bring. But don't think that we are extravagant, O no! We spent £215,349 more last year, we assure you. Make your obnoxious boy tell you what proportion that vast saving bears to the great sum.

Friday. SIR WILLIAM MILES demanded Government recognition o the exploits of CAPTAIN SPEKE. LORD PALMERSTON admitted them, and made a sort of *mezzo forte* excuse for doing no more. DR. LIVINGSTONE (*Cheers*, and we hope that the gallant missionary is safe, and will read this) had done much in Africa. COUNT STRZELECKI had done much in Australia. He could not make an exceptional recognition. PAM does not often talk red tape, but this was of the rosiest. MR. NEWDEGALE hinted that DR. BEKE thought he had preceded SPEKE. Theoretically, he had.

A very proper tribute was paid to the aged Hebrew gentleman, SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE, who has visited the SULTAN OF MOROCCO, and has obtained a strong firman, protecting not only Jews but all non-Mahometan subjects of the Sultan from the oppression and cruelty of which we have heard so much.

The Galway job has resulted in the muddle that was expected.

MR. GLADSTONE has a Bill for turning Government into an Assurance Office. The plan is for the benefit of the humbler classes, and MR. POTTER and that sort of persons are agitating against it, whence we infer that the Bill is a good one, but we wait for the CHANCELLOR'S own explification thereof.

LORD PALMERSTON, in reference to the Soochow massacre, pleasantly said that all nations had their faults, and those of the Chinese were perfidy and cruelty. He hoped that the rebellion would cease, and the EMPEROR'S authority be maintained. Under the circumstances he describes we don't seem to care much about it. Then the sea-doings of the Confederates were discussed, and it appears that Government intends to remonstrate with MR. DAVIS. The awkwardness is that our Remonstrator will probably be caught by the Federals, *en route*. But this might be arranged. The Penal Servitude Bill was debated, and read a Second Time. MR. HARDY commented, with just severity, upon the exceeding mildness of the punishments awarded by some of the Judges, for the most atrocious outrages. We must have a talk to these extra-kind old gentlemen.

A REAL RUFFIAN.

OF all the sensation outrages of the day perhaps this kind of thing is the most outrageous:—

"The up mail train on the North Devon Railway on Monday night had a narrow escape. On arriving about a quarter of a mile beyond Yeoford the driver of the engine saw an obstruction on the line, into which, before speed could be reduced, the train ran. There were one or two severe jolts, but the train passed safely, and was immediately pulled up. The obstruction was found to have been caused by a wooden gate, which had been unhung and placed across the rails, and upon it a heap of large stones had been piled. There was another gate close by across the line."

It turned out that a labourer named GEORGE NOTT had laid these obstructions, and been seized; he admitted his guilt and professed his sorrow. We are happy to say that he is committed for trial, and as the Insane Prisoners Bill will have passed before he gets into the dock, no DR. CRANKEY CRACKER will be able to save him by showing that his grandmother was a little mad, and his maternal uncle was half an idiot. The hideous wickedness of such a crime demands a severer punishment than even a good deal of pain, or else if MR. NOTT were well flogged at each station on the line—and back again—the agricultural mind might receive a desirable impression touching the toleration of Society for such miscreants.

Inquiring Wife to Learned Husband.

"LEAH's a Hebrew word, like EVE, and ADAM,
But what's its meaning, dear, I've no idea?"
"It means what London never will be, Madam,
Of seeing MISS KATE BATEMAN playing *Leah*."

TRULY GRATIFYING.—MR. SMITH, who has lately subscribed five shillings to the National Shakspearian Fund, wishes his name to appear in print, and here it is.

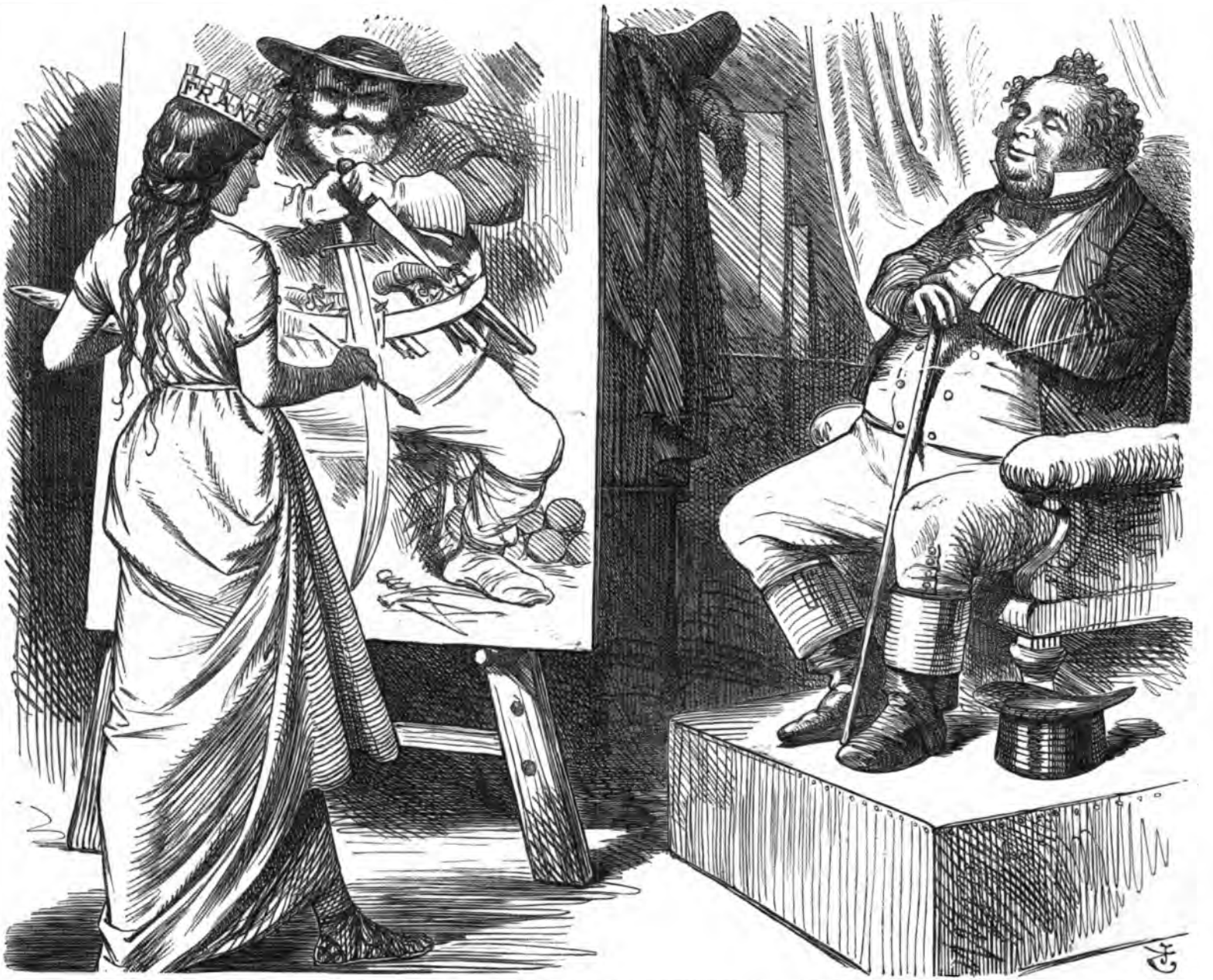
Digitized by Google



BARK AND NO BITE.

PAM. "AH, YOU MAY BARK; BUT YOU WON'T FRIGHTEN MY HORSE, OR UNSEAT ME."

Digitized by Google



ENGLISH ASSASSIN PAINTED BY FRANCE.

M. LE VERRIER. "IT IS ONLY IN ENGLAND THAT MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT ARE FOUND WHO CAN BE ACCUSED, PROOF IN HAND, OF HIRING ASSASSINS."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



A COMPLIMENT TO THE NAVY.

From a Sketch taken in Regent Street.

A KNOTTY POINT IN QUESTION.

MR. PUNCH,—You will have seen that "HUMANITAS," in the *Post*, considers, and very fairly considers, my suggestion that perhaps penal servitude, with the delightful extra of whipping, would be a preventive of murder more effectual than hanging, and accordingly, may be worth a trial. But he deprecates that experiment, and takes exception to the logic of my argument in its behalf. Please to observe, Sir, that my proposition of it is conditional; rests on the supposition of the reality of an apparent fact, which I do not pretend to be cock-sure of. But if that apparent fact is a real one, and no mistake, then I stick to my "argal." And this is what I say:—

A stop seems to have been put pretty nearly, for the present, to garotte robberies by the recent Act which punishes them with whipping in addition to penal servitude. Since the enactment of that statute we have heard very little of them. But several murders have occurred between then and now. Is it really the case that the number of murders committed during that interval has exceeded the number of garotte robberies? For, if so, it looks, at least, as if the cat-o'-nine-tails, superadded to penal servitude has for the criminal more terrors than the other form of hemp. For the murderer, indeed, I may say; because a garotter is a murderer, in point of guilt, and the law hangs him for one if he chances to kill his victim.

It is an early day, just now, to draw a conclusion which time may refute, but if we go on for some time hanging, whilst murders continue to outnumber garotte robberies, there will surely be good grounds for concluding that our punishment for garotte robbery is more effectual than our punishment for murder.

"HUMANITAS" very justly remarks that "Hanging may not be so cruel as penal servitude—real penal servitude, not pampering, with flogging once a week." But the flogging which has been assigned to garotte robbery, and seems to check it, is limited, I think, to thrice. Will that, or less than that, do to check murder? As much as will do is enough for every purpose but that of vengeance. One flogging may suffice. Flogging, to the number of fifty lashes, lasts longer than hanging; and there is reason to suppose that it is more painful. Flogging may therefore be more formidable than hanging to some people, and if those are the sort of people who are prone to commit murder, it is better for Society that they should be flogged than hanged.

I fully admit the force of the argument thus put by "HUMANITAS:"—

"It may not, perhaps, be beside the question to ask why, in the case of the murderer who has destroyed human life, and justly forfeited his own, Society should be burthened with his support for a long term of years?"

This question implies what I have always regarded as the strongest argument for the gallows. It does seem to be hard that Society should have to support a murderer—or, let me add, any other scoundrel. Therefore hang—whom? Any scoundrel, I say, who constitutes himself a nuisance which hanging will abate at the least cost on the whole. Hang burglars, forgers, pickpockets even, if hanging will do this—not otherwise. If there is another punishment which will do this better than hanging, substitute that other punishment. Don't hang for hanging's sake; for the mere congruity of hanging to murder, if murder can be better prevented than by hanging. Can it? Appearances indicate that it can. They may require confirmation, but, if they are confirmed, then, I think, the inexorable logic of facts will coincide with that of your humble servant, really and truly, IN TERROREM.

P.S. The violent opponents of capital punishment certainly expose themselves to be taunted with "mawkish sentiment" by its violent advocates. By "mawkish sentiment" the latter disputants appear to mean what the former call the "milk of human kindness." Cant against cant, *Mr. Punch*. Severity and wrath are as sentimental as love and mercy; and mawkish sentiment on one side may be said to be matched by acrid sentiment on the other. But how can anybody who despises those who object to hanging as milksops, despise the hangman? Why is that officer an object of disgust to any person, if that person approves of his office? Yet some of the steadiest supporters of the gallows shudder at JACK KETCH. On a late occasion they shrank from CALCRAFT; whereas if they regard his function as wholesome, they should have shaken him heartily by the hand.

A SOCIAL POLICE CASE.

BETWEEN Law, Horsewhips, and an improved state of public feeling, certain newspapers which used to live upon the sale of dirty scandal, and upon hush-money paid for suppressing it, have been finally extinguished, and such of the conductors as have not been hanged or transported, have died outcasts. But a new device has just been contrived, whereby the confidence of private life can be violated for the sake of making money. We have not heard that cash has been paid for suppression, but a publication to which *Mr. Punch* is about to refer, owes any success it may have achieved to a shameless outrage against social law. Some large and vulgar-looking pages are issued (we regret to say from the office of a highly respectable newspaper) and on these are printed lithographic facsimile reproductions of letters, many of them antiquated and harmless enough, but others—which are, of course, the feature of the affair—the writing of living persons, who have given no consent to such publication.

In one case a private letter, referring to a very delicate business, was procured from a collector of autographs, on the solemn promise that nothing but the concluding words of form and the signature should be copied. The letter was reproduced in full, and a painful subject is revived, years after it had been forgotten. Other letters have been indignantly rescued from the clutches of the person who had obtained possession of them; but it is, of course, impossible to say whose private confidence may next be sold for sixpence.

This sort of thing is far more objectionable than the old scandal-publishing, because everybody knew that the editors of the dirty journals were scoundrels, and everybody valued their tales accordingly. But a man or woman's own handwriting is evidence of the authenticity of the publication. Old thoughts, opinions perhaps hastily formed and hastily expressed, and since abandoned, private feelings, forgiven offences, regretted animosities—what may not be disinterred, and given to the public, for whom the confidence was never intended?

The system must be stopped, and *Mr. Punch* intends to do his best to stop it. He has ample means of doing so in the manner most damaging to the parties concerned. But he prefers giving a first *avertissement*, and begs to announce that if he hears of another publication of a private letter, without leave from the writer, or his family, the reprisal will not be to the advantage of the offending parties, "which their names is not unbeknown," to quote MRS. HARRIS.

"Importing Denmark's Health and England's too."

THERE is a subscription on foot (though it is a beggar we should like to see on horseback, if that would make it get on faster) for sending money to the Danes who have been wounded by the German burglars. *Mr. Punch* heartily commends it to the notice of all who have money to spare. We rather wish that it had been introduced to the public by somebody else than the MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE, because, as SHAKSPEARE elegantly says, he is more an Antique Rum'un than a Dane, and therefore we re-introduce it ourselves. Money to be sent to the LORD MAYOR, Mansion House, E.C., and money will make the MAYOR go joyfully to the bankers.

Digitized by Google



Picture Dealer. "HUNDRED GUINEAS! NONSENSE, SO YOU MEAN, AN' AS TO GUINEAS I ALWAYS CALL 'EM POUNDS; SAY THE WORD—HERE'S MY BILL AT SIX MONTHS!"

THE MONKEYS OF ST. BENEDICT.

THE essential sameness of Man with the Gorilla has lately been urged with much vehemence by some gentlemen who perhaps in their own persons afford the strongest proofs of it. A plausible argument in its favour, however, may be adduced in the behaviour of that eccentric creature called Brother IGNATIUS, which is highly simious. This ecclesiastical oddity is said to be now performing his monkey's tricks at Norwich, where he, and some companions of his own breed, have set up an establishment, in which they imitate monks. It is called the "Priory of Sts. Mary and Dunstan," which of course one would, *à priori*, take to be a Roman Catholic institution. Its inmates style themselves friars of the "English Order of St. Benedict;" and a blessed lot they appear to be. In the *Times* we read that:—

"Although the weather has been extremely inclement this month, Brother IGNATIUS sits in a room without a fire, goes bareheaded, and traverses muddy and snow covered streets with feet protected by rough sandals only. In fact every possible austerity is practised by him and the brethren, who have received a few additions to their order of late."

By this account it would seem that, if these mimics do not beat real monks, they whip themselves, or perhaps one another. Really these proceedings are much the sort of conduct that might be expected of a rather superior kind of anthropoid apes. If Brother IGNATIUS were at Rome, he would be doing as the Romans do; but what would be his reward? The POPE, perhaps, would not have him put into a cage and exhibited, or send him about with an organ-grinder to display his imitative powers on a table. But Brother IGNATIUS, if he persisted in aping the Regular Clergy, would very likely get shut up by the Inquisition.

The formation of a sham Nunnery at Norwich has been contemplated, and is only impeded by lack of funds. Should it be established, let us hope that the game of Monks and Nuns will end by the former marrying the latter, and thus, in the state of conjugal blessedness, constituting what is the only genuine English Order of St. Benedict.

THE LAY OF DON FERRANDO.

DON FERRANDO WHISKERANDOS is a stout and stalwart knight,
Woe be to the recreant Whigling meets his trenchant blade in fight:
Mounted on his great war-hobby, barded all in brass of proof,
Trampling facts and crushing figures underneath his iron hoof,
Rides this fearsome DON FERRANDO, first a word and then a blow,
Seeking Ogres, setting Giants up that he may lay them low!

DON FERRANDO never stayeth, whatsoe'er he cometh to—
Yawning gulfs of logic leapeth, truth's resistful bars breaks through,
Spurneth breeding's flimsy barriers, into flinders till they fly,
Ridicule's sharp caltrops braveth, and gives laughter the go-by.
Mail of argument he wears not, point of polished fence he scorns,
Of the awfullest dilemma, rushes, fearless, on the horns!

Let the English sing the praises of St. George, the worm that slew,
Let the Irish to the *clairsach* chaunt Milesian BORU;
Let the Cymraeg, in their Triads summon ARTHUR from his cave;
Let the Scot for WALLACE wight bid AYTOUN rhyme and BLACKIE rave;
But let Britain's House of Commons in its DON FERRANDO still
Boast knight-errant more adventurous, bolder front, and blinder will!

If St. George destroyed the dragon, what 's such deed of derring-do?
DON FERRANDO, when he 'd killed the dragon, would have eat him too!
If BOROIHME, that mighty monarch, at Clontarf defied the Dane,
DON FERRANDO thrice has routed all his foes—thrice slain the slain.
If KING ARTHUR braved the Raven, and the Saxon crests laid flat,
Hath not DON FERRANDO smitten CAPTAIN ROBINSON'S cocked hat?
If wight WALLACE wielded falchion, whereof none might brook the blow,
What was WALLACE'S long broadsword to FERRANDO'S longer bow?

With a blare of brazen trumpets and a roll of hollow drums,
Such his pluck, he runs a-muck at all, and oft a "mucker" comes.
Be it Cotton-Lords or Poor Laws, Whiggish Admiralty's wrong,
Or the Charity Commission, into them he goes ding-dong.
Now *non-sequiturs* he dodgeth, cleaveth now *negaturs* through,
If he miss a PAM to fight with, what of that? A BOASE will do!

Like the Knights of the Round Table, DON FERRANDO hath his quest,
'Twas the Holy-Grail they sought for, he still seeketh the mare's nest,
When the great mare's nest he findeth, 'tis a glorious sight to see,
How left and right the addled eggs he flingeth round him furiouslie,
Since *Don Quixote* slit the wine-skins and the windmills' arms defied,
Ne'er was Knight like DON FERRANDO, of fair Devonport the pride!

DEGRADATION OF THE FRANCHISE.

To MR. PUNCH.

SIR,

THOUGH a working-man, I am not a bigoted Tory. On the contrary, I wish that with proper restrictions, the franchise should be extended to all respectable persons, provided that they give evidence of good sense enough to follow the example of their betters in the exercise of their right of voting.

But, Sir, the line must be drawn somewhere, and our glorious Constitution must not be impaired by mock liberalism.

I observe with regret that the Irish Peers are so far unmindful of their station as to be agitating for an extension of the franchise by which they elect representatives, and I am grieved to see that the leading journal, usually the exponent of the feelings of the respectable part of the population, is giving prominence to the complaints of these unwise aspirants to the suffrage.

Education, Sir, should precede political privileges, and I see nothing in the attainments or abilities of the Irish Peers to justify the proposed degradation of the suffrage. I am aware that there are some honourable exceptions to the rule, but I must protest, in the name of our venerated Constitution, against the conferring the suffrage upon a class that does not appear to me fit to be entrusted with political power. We must not open the flood-gates, nor break the dams that have made our nation what it is, the envy of the world and the cynosure of surrounding peoples.

Hoping that you will employ your powerful pen in resisting revolutionary efforts like those of the misguided Irish Peers, I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

Carpenters' Arms. A SKILLED MECHANIC.

QUITE SUPERFLUOUS.—"What the Government required," said the MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON, in moving the Army Estimates, "was a perfect mode of rifling." Haven't they got the Income-Tax?



Volunteer Captain. "MY LORD, ALLOW ME; LET ME INTRODUCE TO YOU No. 450, 2ND BATTALION, LORD KILKOVEY, LORD KILKOVEY, No. 450, 2ND BATTALION."

[*And little Private Tufton, who had been everlastingly boring his Captain to introduce him to his Colonel,* LORD K., *was intensely affronted and left the service.*

IDLE HANDS.

THE Poet who was not for an age, but as you are aware for all time, it is needless to say that I allude to DR. WATTS, has well said, that a certain person, who shall be described as Blank,

"Finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

Often has it been my duty to inculcate this upon my listless twins, HARRY and TOMMY, who pass their days in assisting one another to do nothing. They number nine years between them. They are too young to be sent to school, and too precocious to remain any longer at home. In casting about for some method of disposing of these two little men, short of dealing with them after the manner of the cruel uncle with the Babes in the Wood, my eye fell upon the following advertisement:—

WANTED, a YOUTH used to CUTTING UP Note and Letter Papers. Apply, &c.

Now this sort of employment would exactly suit these children; yes, as the Ethiopian melodists have sung:—

"*It 'sackly suits dis Child!*"

They're always getting into my Study and playing Young HARRY and TOMMY with any of my most important papers that may happen to come within their reach.

If the Advertiser would only adopt as a heading 'Wanted a few Mischievous Boys,' he would soon be fitted with such a supply of the article as would not leave a single sheet of note or letter-paper whole upon his table.

News from Brazil.

BY the latest Brazil and River Plate Mails (March 5), we have received the following melancholy Musical Intelligence:—

"Common Bones Dull."

WE should like to know how the Tambourine is? and will our interested readers unite in kind inquiries after the general efficiency of the Banjo and Accordion. Why does not the Uncommon Bones from the genuine CHRISTY'S Minstrels emigrate, and enliven the Brazilians. If the 'Common Bones' is dull, he'd better leave, as he won't have much chance of making a Lively-hood.

SHUTTING UP OUR SUNDAYS.

AMONG the score or so of deputations that daily pester poor LORD PALMERSTON, there was one the other day composed of carpenters and painters, and people of that sort, who have to get their living by their skill in handicraft, and who requested that his Lordship would kindly stand their friend in the matter of promoting healthy Sunday recreation. It appears some pious persons are doing all they can to make people hate Sunday, by keeping them within doors, or else forcing them to church. The deputation represented that Sunday was the only day on which a great part of the Nation could go and see the pictures which happen to belong to it; and they thought if British workmen were allowed on Sunday afternoons to see the paintings in Trafalgar Square and the statues in Great Russell Street, their minds would not be harmed thereby but sensibly improved, and they would be the better able to compete with foreign workmen in the matter of skilled taste. LORD PALMERSTON, replying with less truthfulness than tact, declared that British works were not inferior to foreign in design or manufacture, and with regard to throwing open the Museum and the Gallery:—

"With respect to the object of the deputation, he believed his opinions were pretty well known—(*hear, hear*)—but he must remind them that there was a very strong feeling the other way. He thought the most prudent course to pursue at present was to remain passive until public opinion was brought round to the object in view, and in the meantime he advised them to inculcate their opinions, and thus hasten on the accomplishment of their desire."

Very good, LORD PALMERSTON. Then the way to get what is wanted is to get the matter talked about, and the way to get things talked about is to mention them in *Punch*. If your Lordship's opinions about Sunday are "well known," so too are *Mr. Punch's*, which happen to agree with them. *Mr. Punch*, however, cannot "remain passive," as you tell the working men to do, and see them robbed of Sunday by the Sabbatarian fanatics, without feeling his fingers itch to take his cudgel up and lay about him lustily. The fanatics once tried to rob the poor man of his Sunday beer, but *Mr. Punch* stepped up in time to stop their brutal act. No doubt the fanatics would like to rob the poor man altogether of his liberty on Sunday, but *Mr. Punch* will not keep passive, while they attempt to do so. If the fanatics had their own way, nobody would be allowed to leave his house on Sunday except to go to church, and his regular attendance there they would compel by the Police. Pious people, who are rich of course, can stay at home and see their pictures on a Sunday: but to throw open a gallery for the pleasure of poor people, would be such desecration of the Sabbath as all proper minds must shrink from and indignantly condemn.

If it be found sinful to improve one's mind on Sunday, by all means let Museums and such places remain closed. But till the sinfulness is shown him, *Mr. Punch* will not believe in it: nor will he "remain passive" while the sinfulness, as he thinks, is wickedly assumed. A man who works hard for six days at a monotonous employment needs in some way recreation as well as rest upon the seventh, and looking at good pictures is as innocent a pleasure as well can be devised for him. By a *reductio ad absurdum* the truth is often to be reached. If it be wrong to see such things as TURNER'S landscapes on a Sunday, it may fairly be contended that it must be likewise wrong to see the fields and trees and sunshine which TURNER loved to paint. For the mere sake of consistency, the people who keep shut our picture galleries on Sunday should endeavour to do something towards keeping Nature's pictures also from the public sight. The Universal Nature Sunday Closing Movement would find doubtless many fanatics quite ready to support it; and if it be found difficult to prevent the flowers from blooming and the sun from shining on the first day of the week, at least a trial might be made, by multiplying the police, to keep people in their houses except during church-time, and to make them all walk blindfold when they went to church.

TO AGRICULTURISTS.—In consequence of 1864 being Leap year, we may be sure it will go off with a good Spring.

MOTTO FOR THE ECONOMICALLY-MINDED MEMBERS OF OPPOSITION.—*C'est le* PREMIER PAM *qui coûte.*

Digitized by Google

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

UNDER the above heading, I engaged to furnish you (at least I think it was you, for my memory is so unfortunately treacherous, that I can scarcely carry anything in my head for more than two consecutive hours) with a summary of the most interesting Home and Foreign Intelligence. In setting my correspondence before the public you will be, I have no doubt, greatly taken with my peculiarly abrupt style; this, if you will, you may attribute to my intense admiration of the works of DOCTOR LAURENCE STERNE: and, if you will not, then you must be good enough to consider that . . . . . (At this moment the servant has just come in to ask me if I dine at home to-day) . . . . . I take up my pen again: I find that I have lost the thread of my narrative: stay, it was not a narrative, no, allow me. I will just read over what I have already written. . . . . To resume; you must be good enough to consider, that for a man gifted with such a short memory as myself (I make no boast of my powers) to carry all the news of the world in his head is almost an impossibility. Besides the work that I am doing for you, I have also in hand a Treatise on Algebra, an historical novel of the LORENZO DE' MEDICI period, a plot or two for farces, a tragedy, and other lighter pieces; a complete refutation of the Gnostic heresy, a new song for a soprano, and a Treatise upon the Potteries of Peru, considered with regard to DR. COLENSO's theory of Mosaics, and a few other papers for various magazines, entering fully into the political aspect of the leading theological problems of the day.

Of course you edit all the matter sent in very carefully, so if you should find among my contributions to your paper, any MSS. of mine touching upon any of the above subjects, would you kindly send them back to me, as they are sure to be of the utmost importance to

Yours very truly, MATTHEW MUDDLE.

P.S. The housemaid has been what she calls "setting my room to rights," an operation which has thrown all my papers into the neatest possible confusion. I haven't time to look over the parcel, but I can't help thinking that I've sent with those intended for your periodical a sheet or two of the Historical Novel, or the Gnostic Heresy, or the Algebraic Treatise, or something. Please return them immediately. M. M.

*** Our Muddleheaded correspondent's letter was in type before we had time to sort his papers. As this has led to some slight confusion, we beg that in future his contribution may be sent earlier in the week. —*Ed.*

Chit-chat and General News.—During the past week the Serpentine, frozen from end to end, has presented a gay and festive appearance. Skaters cutting figures of eights and nines might have been seen . . . No; by the way that was the week before, or the one previous to that; at least I fancy there must have been ice somewhere about that time, as I recollect a little boy saying to me—a dirty little street-boy saying to me, such a capital thing, really sharp and clever as those little fellows do sometimes, about . . . . dear me! how very strange, I had it on the very tip of my pen just now—well, I dare say it will soon come back, and 'tis just as good whether told sooner or later.

The Prussian question has been of course in everybody's mouth, I mean the Danish question, or German, or—you know all about it.

In a private letter from abroad, I hear that the Italian plot in Paris against the EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON, was organised by BERNARDO NARDI, one of the Florentine citizens who had been exiled from his country in the time of PIETRO DE' MEDICI, accompanied by about a hundred of his partisans, surprised the Gate of Prato on the 6th of April, 1470. In the same year, namely, 1476, another conspiracy was formed against GALEAZZO SFORZA, under the leadership of MAZZINI, who, however, as we have read in the *Times*, disavows all complicity in the affair. The theatres are all doing well, and the opera of *She Stoops to Conquer* shows that a man like MR. ——, I forget the composer's name; but I think he is some relation of that eminent comedian, MR. FARREN. Well, I was going to say, that this play proves that the text of SHAKSPERE has suffered from the witless introduction of vain, unthinking actors. And, if the theatres were only made more comfortable, so that one should not be cooped up in a little-ease of a stall, or tortured in a seat of the dress circle, why, there can be no doubt that JEREMY TAYLOR, SHERLOCK, and other divines, who interpret this passage in a sense totally contrary to that attributed to it by DOCTORS TITTMAN, BEVERIDGE, and even the great SAINT HIERONYMUS himself, were unable to obtain a sight of the original Chaldaic version, and have, therefore, made a fierce attack upon TERTULLIAN, who clearly says, as I see by the advertisements, that the Colosseum, in the Regent's Park, is closed, and so there is one popular place of amusement the less in town. I suppose the ascending-room will be sent to one of the new grand hotels for the convenience of the lodgers in the attics—seventeen storeys above the level of the street. There is to be a Volunteer Review, I forget where; but some one informed me of the fact the other day, so you may depend upon my information. [*Slow music—the Ghost suddenly rises through trap in* C. EVELINA *shrieks.*

Evelina. Horror!

1*st Ruffian* (*behind the Arras*). Thine hour hast come.

[*Struggles inside the Arras with somebody.*

2*nd Ruffian* (*on the House-top—real practicable roof*). Hilli ho!

Conspirator (*in the dark on horseback*, L. H.). Nay then—

[*Chorus of Nuns heard in the distance chanting.*

Chorus. We will not return to our Homes
Until The Break of Day.

[*Malastrappzo the Malicious rushes in furiously.*

Malastrappzo. I have longed for this day! My triumph is at hand, I will never yield as long as the Greatest Common Measure of Algebraical Monomials and of Compound Quantities, which can easily be expressed in the form of Monomials, can be found by inspection: for example, the G. C. M. of [illegible] is found by the process by which this result is shewed will be braveth, and the end of the book, appendix, p. ix.

At the same time, I must say that for my own part I do *not* believe the story now current about * * * * dear me! * * * a well-known name * * * However, I'll try and remember who told it me, and then I dare say, if I recollect it afterwards . . . . there, I had it at that moment, only the bothering servant came in to say that luncheon was ready. However, I'll think it over, and let you have the particulars in my next. By the way, you must not depend upon me regularly, but leave a space for my contribution every week, and if I remember it . . . . . let me see, are you a daily, a weekly or a monthly publication? If I think of you, I'll send it. Or, I tell you what you might do, so as to ensure the article—no, never mind, it's better as it is.

P.S. I re-open this to say, that if there is any difficulty you might easily manage to—ah, well! I don't think that would do; but we'll see—and if you think it is feasible . . . . . But that's a matter entirely for your consideration.

P.S. (No. 2.) I've called back the boy to add a line. A piece of intelligence has just been brought to me about Russia: you'll be beforehand with all the papers. You must know, then, that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has at last . . . . . most annoying! Some one came in to ask for an envelope . . . and it has all gone out of my head. Next week will do.

P.S. (No. 3.) I re-open this to say that . . . . no, I can't recollect it.

FABLES FROM THE FRENCH.

THE old story that we English sell our wives in Smithfield, and live on raw beef steaks, doubtless still continues to be prevalent in France. Electric telegraphs and steam-boats have apparently done little for our friends across the Channel in the matter of improving their acquaintance with Great Britain, and enlightening their ignorance of us and our affairs. Here for instance is a statement which our friends have doubtless generally accepted as a truth: we quote it from the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, who is speaking of an article by a French dramatic critic which has recently appeared:—

"As an instance of how perfectly English Society is understood by French writers, I must tell you that I read in this same article that at the 'French play' in London, the laughter follows some minutes after the joke, as the English cannot see the point till they have looked in the dictionary."

We almost wonder that the Frenchman did not proceed to say that, to save our swells the trouble of looking in their dictionaries, a number of interpreters were always kept in readiness, and were let out just like opera-glasses at half-a-crown a night. And he might as well have added that the actors all stopped speaking after every speech, until it had been properly translated to the audience. How such pauses would improve the effect of a stage dialogue it were needless to assert; but the assertion might as well be made by a French writer, as being for its truthfulness a fit sequel to the statement that we quote above.

Again, here is another still more startling tale about us, which we cite from that surprising newspaper *Le Sport*:—

"There are from 3,000 to 4,000 ballet-girls in London, and a purveyor of eccentricities (*un entrepreneur d'excentricités*) is contemplating an arrangement with the Palace of Crystal for an exhibition, at which a magnificent prize will be adjudged to the fairest."

A show of babies might perhaps be permitted here in England, but he would be a bold man who would venture to suggest that we should have a show of ballet-girls. How would highly proper Clapham denounce the dire suggestion! What immense cascades of virtuous indignation would be spouted at the bare idea of such an exhibition! What tremendous force of evidence would every British husband have to bring to prove an alibi, were he accused at home of having gone to such a show! Besides, where is the man brave enough to inspect four thousand ballet-girls and decide which is the prettiest and should bear away the prize? Paris, we suspect, had a rather scurvy time of it with Juno and Minerva, after he awarded the apple to Miss Venus. But the judge who should preside at the show which *Le Sport* speaks of would have four thousand (barring one) offended deities to pacify, and, we repeat, where is the Paris who would undertake the part?



Volunteer Captain (who has, by accident, tumbled into his right place for the first time.) "HULLO! HERE, GOOD GRACIOUS, WHERE ARE YOU GOING? AS Y' WERE! MARK TIME! WHERE AM I?!!"

CANARDS.

SOME of the French Papers we find, upon the authority of an English weekly contemporary, have been filling up their "valuable space" with short paragraphs of the most startling penny-a-lining description. Anecdotes of oysters which have leaped furiously upon their aggressors, are among the mildest of these marvellous accounts. We present the following to the notice of any Parisian Editor whose eye they may catch, and we do not hereby reserve the right of translation.

The Musical Fish.—A well-known Naturalist residing in Rue de M —— fancying that he heard a sweet musical voice singing portions of MOZART'S "Twelfth" in his kitchen, descended to the lower regions for the purpose of ascertaining to whom among the domestics this enchanting organ belonged. There was no one below-stairs; but on the dresser was sitting a red herring, recently purchased, from whose mouth proceeded the most dulcet strains. The fish did not notice his approach, being entirely wrapped up in a piece of music-paper, containing, as it appears, that portion of the great composer's works which he had just been practising.

A Lady in the neighbourhood of Billingsgate was the other day engaged in the delightfully refreshing pastime of picking periwinkles out of their native shells by the ingenious method of applying a pin. One of the creatures becoming furious at this intrusion upon his domain, flew wildly at his tormentor, and bit her savagely on the lower jaw. Assistance was speedily obtained, but not before the ferocious fish, (there is no doubt now but that it was quite mad), had left its marks on the legs and arms of two other ladies who had been similarly occupied. It was subsequently conducted before the Magistrate at Thames Street, who happening to be taking his tea at that hour, immediately eat it.

Danger of Eating Hard-boiled Eggs. Fearful Tragedy.—The other morning as MR. MIVINS was sitting down to breakfast, he espied an hard-boiled egg on the table. On gently attempting to crack its shell with his spoon, the egg leaped up and hit him so violently between the eyes as to cause internal hemorrhage of the triclinial cord. A little boy happening to be looking in at the window, immediately alarmed the neighbourhood with loud cries of "Ah! Balloon! Ah Bal-loon!" Before, however, medical assistance could be procured, the unfortunate gentleman fell a victim to his misplaced confidence. He was taken in a cab to St. Paul's, where, after paying something over the usual fare, he was interred with one solemnity. While the organ pealed forth its grand farewell, there was scarcely a dry eye anywhere for miles round. The festivities were not concluded until a late hour, and all returned home thoroughly satisfied with the efforts made for their amusement.

TERCENTENARY.

PLEASE, MR. PUNCH,

How ought any one to pronounce this Tercentenary word? Is it Ter-*cĕn*tĕnăry? Or is it thus,—

SHAKSPEARE'S Plays with beautiful scenery
We shall behold at the Tercen*tē*nary?

Or is it thus,—

MR. PHELPS, in the *Fourth King Henery*,
Acts for the sake of the Tercen*tĕ*nary?

Tell us, like an authority as you are, and receive the thanks of

A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE UPPER (CLAPTON) CLASSES.

*** Ask MR. HEPWORTH DIXON, or any of the Hon. Little Secs.

To Ecclesiastical Correspondents.

In Verger Clad.—No. A Centenarian is not necessarily a heretic.

A Brompton Beadle.—Wrong again. We never heard of any body of religionists called Roman Candlesticks. Consult WATER-BABY CHARLES, Professor of History.

Max Muddle writes to know to what gender does a Sexton belong? Is the Creature a Male-sexton or a Soft-sexton?

Scrupulous Sam.—Of course you can get a death and burial certificate for yourself; in fact, neither proceeding is legal, at least in England, without it.

GROSS IGNORANCE OF HEBREW.



OUR Police Reports are generally dull, now that stipendiary Magistrates very seldom make ridiculous remarks or pronounce absurd or atrocious sentences, and the representatives of Justice MIDAS, and Judge JEFFRIES in a small way, are to be found only amongst the Great Unpaid.

A case, however, occurred the other day at the Thames Police Court, which has doubtless afforded those who have read it as fully reported in the *Morning Post* much diversion; not, however, by any means at the expense of the Magistrate who adjudicated thereon; but at that of quite another party.

Sacrilege, to be sure, is no laughing matter, and no mirth can be excited, in any well-regulated mind by the statement that:—

"CHARLES EVANS, aged 29, was charged with burglary at the Jews' Synagogue, Great Prescott Street, Whitechapel, and stealing from "the Ark" five scrolls of parchment, containing the five books of MOSES (Pentateuch), valued at £60 or £70."

This was simply a grave charge of violating the sanctity of a place of worship, and stealing property appraised at a very serious sum, and perhaps worth much more. What would not BISHOP COLENSO, or indeed any other Bishop understanding Hebrew, and wishing to know all that he ought to know, give for an authentic MS. of the Pentateuch? But it appears that the gentleman accused of taking Mosaic articles from the Great Prescott Street Synagogue, conveyed them to the wrong market; and herein lies what will perhaps be regarded as the fun of this otherwise merely disgraceful affair. To resume the report thereof:—

"NATHAN ABRAHAMS, reader at the Synagogue, locked up the Chapel at six o'clock on Wednesday evening, and on going there the following morning he found the back window open, and that the five parchment scrolls had been removed from the Ark. They were bound with silk, and covered with silk mantles, and there was an ivory pointer on the scrolls used in reading the Hebrew. He identified the silk and pointer produced as those belonging to the scrolls."

The testimony of NATHAN only went to the disappearance of the Pentateuch from the Ark. But then:—

"EMMANUEL ABRAHAMS, of Cable Street, said he purchased the silk and ivory pointer of the prisoner between twelve and one o'clock on Thursday for 2*s*. 2*d*. There were three pieces of blue silk, three pieces of ribbon, and six pieces of yellow silk."

No one, surely, but a man far too innocent to be a thief would have taken such property for sale to the shop of MR. ABRAHAMS, who proceeded to state what the accused must clearly have been ignorant of, namely, that:—

"He was a Jew, and had seen ivory pointers like that at Jews' Synagogues, but he did not know what they were till a neighbour, named ROSENBURG, told him. About an hour after, a man came from the Synagogue, and he produced the things which were afterwards delivered to the police. That morning he was sent for to the Synagogue, and on his way home he called at a coffee-shop and saw prisoner, and gave him into custody."

What an absurdly simple fellow the alleged thief with a Christian name must have been if he actually went to dispose of the appurtenances of a stolen Hebrew Pentateuch to the repository of a Hebrew merchant! Of course the Synagogue knew where to send for them. To carry them there was just walking into the lion's mouth. It is rather strange that this view was not exactly that taken by the presiding Magistrate; so that:—

"MR. PARTRIDGE expressed his disgust that a Jew attending Synagogue should have bought such articles, and said he should not allow the witness his expenses."

It must be allowed, however, that the light in which the case thus presented itself, in relation to the witness, certainly does in some degree coincide with that in which it was represented by the accused:—

"Prisoner said he bought the things of a man in Petticoat Lane for 2*s*., and that he had been told by EMMANUEL ABRAHAMS to bring him property at any time, whether he obtained it right or wrong."

If MR. PARTRIDGE credited the latter of these assertions, he disbelieved the former; as he committed the prisoner for trial. But those who adopt what we may suppose to have been the Magistrate's opinion on both of those points will not fail to recognise, in the abstraction of a Pentateuch from an Ark in a Synagogue, and the conveyance of its furniture to such an establishment as that of MR. ABRAHAMS, a striking proof of the connection between deficient education and crime. Any but a very ignorant fellow would have known that, whatever might be the rule at that emporium, there were some exceptions, and that these would at least include the goods of the Synagogue.

BUMBLEDOM'S OLD BOGIE.

THERE is an old Bogie that 's kept in the dark,
To be brought out on every occasion,
When a useful improvement awakens the bark
Of BUMBLE, great guardian of Vestrydom's Ark,
And the name of it 's CENTRALISATION.
"Oh, take care of CENTRALISATION!
It 's an awful thing, CENTRALISATION!
What it is we won't say,
But we 'll earnestly pray,
Preserve us from CENTRALISATION!"

When some long-standing brazen-faced job to uphold
Vested interests no longer are able,
And a zealous Reformer, or Minister bold
Takes the bull by the horns, out this Bogie is rolled
From under the vestry-room table.
"He 's on us, is CENTRALISATION!
Police! Here comes CENTRALISATION!—
He wears wooden shoes,
And eats frogs and ragouts,
And will, straight, make *Mossoos* of the nation!"

Of their ill-gotten gains would you squeeze some fat board,
That has battened on snug peculation?
From publicity's bull's-eye throw light on the hoard
Where the gains of some ancient Trusteeship are stored,
Or the spoils of some grey corporation?
"To the rescue! Here 's CENTRALISATION!
Thieves! Robbery! Wrong! Confiscation!
JOHN BULL'S common-weal
The Palladium they 'd steal,
With the jemmy of CENTRALISATION!"

When BUMBLEDOM, big in belligerent pride,
Hands Paup'rism o'er to starvation,
Or has lifted its heel to spurn Misery aside
With so hearty a kick, that Gaunt Misery has died,
(As it will do, for sheer aggravation),
Inquiry is CENTRALISATION!
The Poor-Law Board—CENTRALISATION!
BUMBLE scorns their Inspectors—
They 're bullies and Hectors,
And minions of CENTRALISATION!

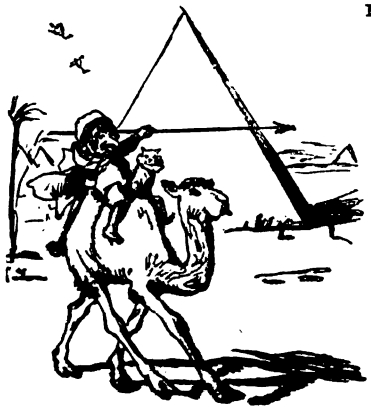
Is a sewer to be made, a foul trade to be stopped
In full swing of its fragrant vocation?
Some plague-smitten court to be drained, sluiced, and mopped?
Some fever-nest purified, upas-tree lopped,
Whose shadow is death's ambush-station?
"Hands off with your CENTRALISATION!
Saws and axes are CENTRALISATION!
Better, self-governed still,
Leave the fever to kill,
Than the door ope to CENTRALISATION!"

Now, when GLADSTONE brings thrift to each working bee's cell,
To guard toil's savings against spoliation,
Offers help that for age labour's nest-egg may swell,
From roguery of rogues, and fool's folly as well
Guaranteed by the faith of the nation—
Cry the Clubs (at paid agents' dictation)
"Give us risk and no CENTRALISATION!
Let Self Government rash
Wind up, spend, sot, or smash,
But don't save us by CENTRALISATION!"

Digitized by Google

PUGILISTIC GEOMETRY.—How many squares make a round?

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



AMIABLE PUNCH,—When LORD BYRON wrote *Manfred*, he rather plumed himself upon the notion that he had written something that nobody could act. But his Lordship was mistaken, as MR. PHELPS has shown, and Drury Lane is crowded nightly by people who applaud with fair discrimination his fine reading of the part. After all, you see, good poetry has still a hold upon the public, in spite of the sensation stuff wherewith they have been dosed. An awkward fact is this for croakers who complain of the degeneracy of the age, and the downfall of the drama, which every dozen years or so is said to be extinct. But the drama has a cat's vitality about it, and, though continually talked of as going to the dogs, it somehow always manages to retrace its steps.

Another old play has been recently revived at the Princess's, and one almost as difficult as *Manfred* to be played. Were SHAKSPEARE living now, I fear his *Comedy of Errors*, if critically spoken of, would be condemned as a mere farce. Although dramatic critics now-a-days are too much prone to write on rose-leaves with a dove's-quill dipped in treacle, I apprehend that such a "comedy" would at least be mildly censured as much overstrained in humour and improbable in plot: and MR. SHAKSPEARE might be gently recommended for the future to confine himself to tragedy, and not to show his versatility by failures of this sort. However, a judicious application of the pruning knife has, by MR. VENIPE's counsel, cut the five acts down to one; and so the farcical construction of the play is not so censurable, now it is reduced to the proportions of a farce. The two *Dromios* are acted by two brothers, surnamed WEBB, who in face and voice and person are so closely like each other that one is really apt to wonder how they know who's who, or which of them is which. People who are fond of being puzzled and bewildered should go to the Princess's, and try and guess which brother is before them in each scene. If they did so I think nine times out of ten they would guess wrongly, and the errors of the Comedy would fairly be exceeded by the errors of the audience.

No doubt you have observed that, with other noble swells, *Lord Dundreary* has returned to his Town house for the Season. A writer in the *Reader* informs me, that his Lordship, on the evening he came back to us, "was welcomed by a crammed and enthusiastic audience." I wonder, had they all been dining at the Mansion House, and there been surfeited with turtle and stuffed with salmon, venison, iced punch and champagne, and all the other dainties wherewith Lord Mayors cram their guests. A crammed house I have heard of, but it is quite a novelty to hear of a crammed audience, and I thank thee, gentle *Reader*, for saying something new. By the bye, I wish his Lordship would give up his silly tricks of stumbling against people and tumbling into ladies' laps. He excites enough of laughter without stooping to such clownisms, which, though they may please the gallery, offend the stalls and boxes, and are excrescences quite foreign to the nature and the humour and refinement of the part. One looks for gag and claptrap tricks from actors who have not the brains to win applause without them; but MR. SOTHERN is too clever to require such stage appliances, and he should not forget that *Lord Dundreary* is a gentleman, and that the faintest smack of coarseness is as much out of his character as it would be for a sailor to walk out in top-boots.

At billiards only two are enough to play the Pyramid; but at the Gallery of Illustration three players are required for it, and their varied style of playing is really worth a look. It is natural of course to find Reeds by the Nile, and, if the scenery be as tempting there as MR. TELBIN paints it, one can't wonder MR. PARRY, who is intensely fond of sketching, should be found there also. What smart dresses they all wear, and what smart sayings they all say, your imaginative readers may think they can conceive; but I fancy if they pay a visit to the Gallery they will own that their conceptions fall short of the facts. Some cynics growl and snarl at entertainments like the *Pyramid*, on the ground that, being judged from a dramatic point of view, there is too much talking in them, and too little plot and action. But to find fault with entertainments because they are not plays, is pretty much as sensible as complaining of plum pudding for not being roast beef. The *Pyramid* has plenty of good writing for its base, and I doubt not, will stand firm on it for many a month to come. The only fault I find with it is, that a piano appears upon the stage in MR. PARRY's presence, and somehow MR. PARRY escapes having to sit down to it. However, after the piano has been brought home from the Pyramid, the charming *Mrs. Roseleaf* gives her little evening party with it, and the efforts of her friends, *Mr. Yeanay* and *Miss Gushington*, together with the stolid man who thumps out the quadrilles, quite make up for any musical shortcomings in the *Pyramid* itself.

One of the critics, we observe, was kind enough to discover a new merit in the *Pyramid*. He stated that it was the author's first dramatic attempt. We do not know whether the theatrical profession rubs its eyes, in private life, when exceedingly surprised, but if so, we can imagine MRS. KEELEY, MRS. STIRLING, MR. WIGAN, MR. CHARLES MATHEWS, MR. WEBSTER, and a distinguished circle of brother and sister artists performing that feat, on reading the above intelligence. Indeed we know that one of them was so excited at the information as to break into epigram, and say, "Well, the *Standard*-bearer may keep the Minstrel's watch, but does not keep his own upon the stage." But criticism is an art of a peculiar character.

ONE WHO PAYS.

PERIL OF PETTY TYRANNY.

THE rational Members of the House of Commons who are concerned to preserve personal liberty from the curtailment with which it is threatened by officious agitators itching to regulate other people's habits under pretence of promoting sobriety in days of decreasing drunkenness, are implored to take notice that, in the absence of all of them except a minority, MR. LAWSON, the Member for Carlisle, obtained leave to bring in a Bill for a Permissive Liquor Law, which will, if it passes, enable a fussy knot of busy-bodies in any district to keep it in a state of perpetual disquiet, by canvassing to bother the inhabitants into voting for the closure of public-houses. In districts amongst whose inhabitants certain fanatics predominate, it will actually subject the reasonable remainder to privation of beer.

In the absence of the rational majority of the House of Commons, MR. LAWSON succeeded in getting his Liberty Restriction Bill read a First Time.

The rational Members of the House of Commons are earnestly requested to take care that MR. LAWSON's Bill for subjecting Englishmen to the despotism of an American Liquor Law, shall not be read a Second Time. It will be, in May, unless they look out, and muster in force on the evening appointed for its Second Reading; which may be changed.

"Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" "No!" says the faction represented by MR. LAWSON. It rests with the Collective Wisdom to outvote the Collective Folly, and say, "Yes!"

THE BANTING CODE.

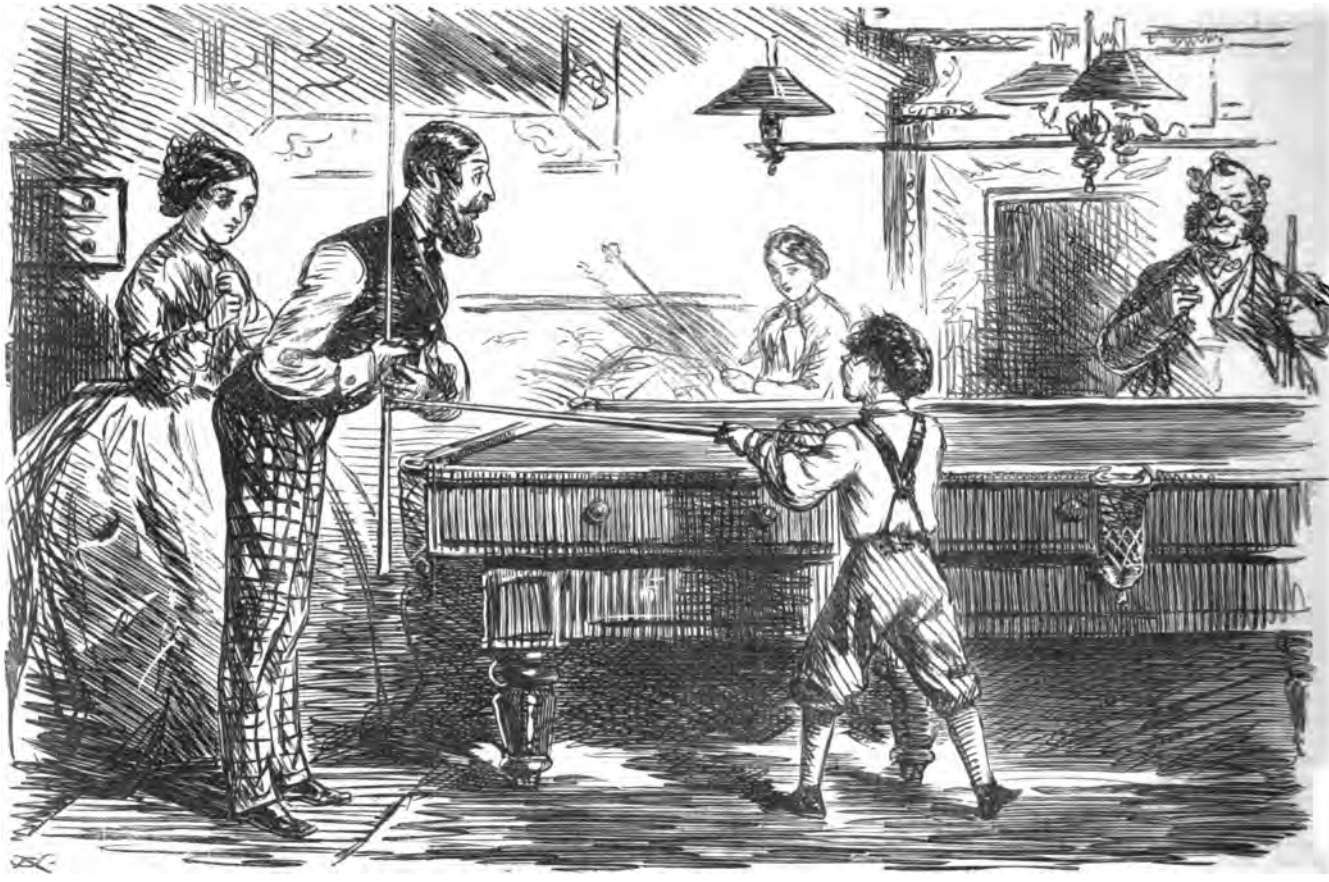
SOME glutton has stated that brave MR. BANTING
Himself has succumbed to the system he taught.
'Tis false, and he lives, neither puffing nor panting,
But down to a hundred and fifty pounds brought.

He 's done it, and so may each overfed nigger
Who 'll simply adopt resolution severe
To avoid, if he wouldn't grow bigger and bigger,
All bread, butter, sugar, milk, tatoes, and beer.

Take a fresh lease of life, and commence a new era,
MR. BANTING's advice makes one long to begin—
"Drink claret and sherry, good grog, and Madeira,
Take four meals a day and—grow gracefully thin."

YOUR FRIEND POTTER.

WHO is the MR. POTTER, who is heading an agitation against the proposed measure of Government to provide real Life Assurance for the working man? Is this the GEORGE POTTER who, some time ago, Secretary to the Trades' Union, figured as the Coryphæus of workmen on strike? Is this the POTTER in whom they put their trust? If so, their POTTER is doing his best to pot them. But if there was once a time when they were as clay in the hands of the POTTER, that time must be past now, and their POTTER will no longer mould them to his purpose, if that purpose is to befool them into preferring untrustworthy to sound assurance. It always appeared evident that MR. GEORGE POTTER had some assurance of his own; but that will now be more obvious than ever if it is the POTTER of the strike who is trying to oppose MR. GLADSTONE's scheme to secure the working man a provision for his old age and his survivors, and to save him from swindlers. If the Trades' Union POTTER does not come forward, and disown identity with the POTTER whose exertions are directed to deprive the labouring classes of a safe Life Assurance, he will find himself pointed at as he goes about. The remark that everybody who knows him will make to the working man will be: "That 's your friend POTTER!" All the working men who suffer themselves to be led by such a POTTER, will be looked upon as the very emptiest of POTTER's vessels.



BILLIARDS.

FRANK (*to Captain Brother, poking him in the ribs with a cue*). "OH, COME, TOM, THAT WAS A FLUKE—A BEASTLY FLUKE!"

[*N.B. The Captain having scored very neatly.*

IN RE JOWETT!

WHAT! pay a salary to JOWETT?
Blow it!
That heretic—arch-heretic, indeed—
One of those rogues who recommends his creed
By honest work and modest learning!
A villain, a perverter of our youth—
One who, like PILATE, dares ask "What is truth?"
A sinner, who if all folks had what's fair,
Instead of a Professor's chair,
Should have a stake and faggots piled for burning.
What! pay a salary to pernicious JOWETT?
Not if I know it!

Learning is dangerous: the works of JOWETT
Show it.
But as we can't remove him from his chair,
For want of Greek, or diligence, or care,
Or any act involving blame or scandal,
It is our duty as spiritual pastors,
Guides of the youth, o'erlookers, teachers, masters,
To gag this trumpeter of "the march of mind,"
To use the first extinguisher we find
To put out so pestiferous a candle!
So to the pack that howls at heels of JOWETT,
What I say 's, "Go it!"

Heresy's seed is rank! Shall JOWETT
Sow it?
Tell me not, sciolists, Greek's not theology:
As if there's not a heterodox philology
That can be wrapped up cunningly in articles,
Impregnate accents, prepositions, particles,
Poisoning texts as strychnine poisons wheat.
The silly crows, no doubt, scoff at alarming,
"What's toxicology to do with farming?"
And peck, and peck, and drop dead as they eat.
E'en so Greek roots poisoned may be by JOWETT,
And who's to know it?

Therefore, as for the salary of JOWETT,
Stow it!
The wolf is in the fold beyond a doubt,
And we, alas the while! can't drive him out.
But as to one point we're determined, flat,
On our lost muttons he shall not wax fat.
Let undergraduates cheer him from the gallery,
But of two evils we will choose the lesser,
And if we *have* a heretic professor,
We'll do our best to chouse him of his salary—
And whatso statute gives fair pay to JOWETT,
Out we will throw it!

A Rowland and an Oliver.

(*Neatest thing out.*)

SHOULD ROWLAND HILL have a Statue? Certainly, if OLIVER CROMWELL should. For one is celebrated for cutting off the head of a bad King, and the other for sticking on the head of a good Queen.

Court Circular.

WHO selected the music for the Royal Christening? When the Head Nurse, MRS. CLARK, who was carrying the Royal child, heard the organ strike up the "*Fall of* Baby-*lon*," she thought she must have fainted.



SIR ROWLAND LE GRAND.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

TALK FOR TRAVELLERS.

SOCIETY has "long felt the want," to quote any modern Prospectus, of a Conversational Guide. You meet your dearest friend, and display the most tender interest in the state of his health by inquiring, "Ah! How *are* you?" To which Dearest Friend returns, by way of answer, "Ah! How *are* you?" and there the matter ends. It is all one to both as if the reply had contained the most ample information upon the subject. Everything must have a beginning, and this will serve as the initiative step in a conversation.

Some people are utterly flustered and dumfounded on being suddenly met, and after the first greeting which may be as above, remain silent, each nervously waiting for the other to begin. Perhaps the next movement is for both to speak at once, and then for each to withdraw his words in favour of the other.

A. sees B. in the street; he doesn't particularly wish to speak to him, and has nothing of any especial consequence to say to him, yet he finds himself compelled, as if by a sudden inspiration, to stop him.

A. (*stopping B. and taking his hand*). Hallo! How *are* you?

B. (*whose powers of thought are immediately prostrated*). Ah! How *are* you?

[*Awkward pause, during which A. begins to wish that he had only nodded and passed on, and B. is considering what novel observation he can make.*

A. You're *looking* well.

This is said in a tone implying that the speaker isn't to be taken in by mere outward appearances, and that there is no use in his friend's saying he's very well if he isn't.

B. Yes, I *am* very well.

This is boldly outspoken, albeit somewhat rashly, as he straightway remembers that he has been laid up with sciatica for the last ten days: so he delivers himself of a sort of corrected copy of his former statement.

B. (*confusedly*). When I say I *am* well, I mean I haven't been well lately.

(It is evident of course that he never meant anything of the sort).

Another awkward pause ensues, after which A., finding that his friend manifests no interest whatever in *his* physical condition, volunteers the following information.

A. Well, I've not been near so well lately as I might.

This conveys the idea that he might have been better in health if he had liked, but he didn't choose to take a mean advantage of his privileges.

And here it may be noted that if you tell an invalid that you yourself are far from well, he immediately takes it as a personal affront to him; a piece of coolness on your part in intruding upon his unhealthy domain not for a moment to be tolerated. It is not unlikely that the slight mention of your complaint will make him literally boast of his physical infirmities. You've had a headache you tell him: "Ah," returns the invalid, "but you don't have pains shooting right through the head, and all over the eye, like sharp knives. That's a headache, if you like," says he, as if it was something to be rather proud of than otherwise. You humbly admit his immense superiority in this respect, and piously express a hope that *you* may never know his sufferings. Yet somehow or another even as you speak you are dissatisfied with yourself, and would like to be on an equal footing, or rather, heading, with him; failing that, you set him down for a bit of a humbug, a man who makes "such a fuss about a mere bilious headache." You congratulate yourself that you are *really* as ill as he is, only you won't show it, and are bearing up like a martyr, while you can't help feeling annoyed with him for trying to obtain sympathy under false pretences.

To continue; B. doesn't wish to hear A.'s symptoms, so observes, that "he is afraid that he is rather in a hurry." Why "*afraid?*" Why "*rather* in a hurry?"

By the way there are some men who are always in a hurry. That fellow TWINCH knocks at the door of my chambers, "*must* see me immediately," I hear him say in the passage, and in he rushes.

"Hallo, TWINCH!" I say, "sit down."

"Can't sit down," says TWINCH, placing his hat upon the table and immediately taking it up again. "Can't stop a moment. I only just looked in to see how you are."

I thank TWINCH, and offer him a cigar.

"No, No, No! can't! haven't time," says TWINCH, shaking his head fussily and walking to the window, out of which he stares for five minutes at the pump or the porter in the court below, while I continue my work.

"Well," he says, presently clapping his hat on his head, "I must go." With that he places himself with his back to the fire spreading out his coat-tails. I go on steadily with my pen, taking no notice.

"I won't disturb you, now," says TWINCH, after a silence of about three minutes, during which he has been gazing up at the topmost and dirtiest window-pane, "I see you're busy."

"No, not very," I tell him, for courtesy's sake.

"Ah! but *I* am!" returns TWINCH, rousing himself and hurrying to the door, which he partially opens, "Must be off. Most important, —most important." This he says while rattling the door-handle. (I can't bear anybody rattling a door-handle.)

"Where are you going?" I ask.

"Eh! Oh! Ah! well I don't quite know; but I can't stop."

"But what are you going *for?*"

"I don't know, but it's most important—most important. Good bye." And with a bang of my door (can't bear a man who bangs my door) he is off.

Not for good; oh, no. He returns in something under five minutes and pops his head in.

"What now?" say I.

"Oh!" the exclamation invariably serves him as a sort of apology, "I wanted to ask you if you know a fellow of the name of MUMPTON, JOHN MUMPTON, eh?"

I own that I have never even heard of MUMPTON.

"Ah!" Now he's rattling the handle with one hand and some keys in his pocket with the other (can't bear this trick). "Ah!" he repeats, with the air of a man who had been utterly thrown out of all his calculations by an unexpected discovery, "Then you don't know MUMPTON —JOHN MUMPTON. Ah! well! it doesn't matter, or else it might be important. Mustn't stop any longer!" And off he goes again, this time in real earnest.

It is all through TWINCH that I have gone astray. The present writer set out intending to give you many valuable and useful hints upon Talk for Travellers, a kind of pocket *Itinerarium* containing what to say and how to say it, but *on his road he met with a*—TWINCH "with his Roley Poley," or something no less idiotic than that insane chorus; and so having been thus delayed, he can only safely promise more hereafter upon this now generally interesting social subject.

CHARITY AND SHAKSPEARE.

SHAKSPEARE,—now please, reader, do not skip this paragraph, because, although you may have read enough of SHAKSPEARE lately, we really have a word or two particular to say—SHAKSPEARE, everybody knows, is to have a celebration on his three hundredth birthday, and everybody is preparing in some way or another to do something in his memory and honour on that day. Now the cheapest way and easiest by which one well can show that one is not forgetful of him, is to buy a bit of ribbon and stick it in one's buttonhole, as one did a year ago at the marriage of our Prince. It was the right thing then to do, for of course it showed one's loyalty, and it also in some measure was conceived to show one's charity, for the ribbons, one was told, were expressly made and sold to aid the poor weavers of Coventry, who for some time previously had "got no work to do." The country was so thick with white favours on the wedding day that it really almost seemed as if it had been snowing them, and everybody trusted that the half-starved folk of Coventry would get many a good meal out of the ribbons they had made. Well, now, British Public, you must do the same for SHAKSPEARE as you did for the Princess, of whose marriage day the christening last week must have reminded you, and perhaps a little stirred again your charitable blood. A ribbon has been designed for SHAKSPEARE's Birthday, British Public, and it is to be bought anywhere, so we need name no address. This ribbon has been designed not merely to commemorate the natal day of SHAKSPEARE, but also to give work to the honest folk of Coventry, whose dinners have been fewer and more far between of late than their stomachs may quite like. So, British Public, go and buy this commemorative ribbon, and be happy in the thought of doing a good deed. If the shade of SHAKSPEARE could revisit this dull earth on the twenty-third of April, perhaps of all the ways by which his memory is reverenced he might best of all be pleased by the pleasant way in which his birthday has been used as an occasion for promoting a little honest labour, and filling a few pockets which have had but little in them for many a long day.

CUSTOMERS FOR STEAM-RAMS.

IT is not to be endured that private ship-builders should have the power, by an evasion of the law, to supply vessels of war to the enemies of people with whom we are at peace, and, by so doing, involve us in war with them. On the other hand it is intolerable that any foreign nation should be empowered to limit the business of any British ship-builder. Did not the Government offer to buy the steam-rams in the Mersey, and was not that offer refused?

Because, then, why does not our dear old PAM ask the Legislature to give Government the power of compelling the sale of any vessel of war which it may think proper to buy at a fair valuation. A power the same as that which is exercised by every money-grubbing railway company, at the expense of anybody, might surely be entrusted to her Majesty's Ministers, for the public good, and to the very slight disadvantage only of unpatriotic shipwrights. Remember, moreover, that the British Navy would be much increased in efficiency by every addition which it received from a private dockyard.

THE WORKING MAN'S WISH.—"Save me from my Friendly Societies."

Digitized by Google

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MARCH 7, *Monday*. The Committee for defending London from railway invasion has reported, and LORD GRANVILLE had the pleasure of announcing, and LORD PUNCH of hearing, that seven of the schemes have been summarily knocked on the head. There is something like system in the arrangement of the lines whose promoters are to be allowed to make out their case if they can. Moreover, the companies are to be compelled to work together, so that one's journey may not be broken in consequence of inter-railwayical malignity. Stick to this provision, our Lords and Gentlemen, and give a traveller, whether on business or pleasure, the means of recovering damages should he be detained five minutes at any point between Kew and the Isle of Dogs, or between Streatham and Hornsey.



OUR COLOSSUS OF ROADS.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL stated that either Federal or Confederate ships were entitled to capture British ships carrying contraband to the port of the captor's enemy. But in each case the prize must be taken to a Prize Court. Therefore, adds *Mr. Punch*, the *Alabama* is a pirate, and CAPTAIN SEMMES, when he reads this, will feel uncomfortable in the region circumvented by his cravat.

MR. DISRAELI requested LORD PALMERSTON's sentiments touching the German burglary in Jutland. The PREMIER replied that the whole invasion was an outrage and an injustice, and of course the Jutland addition was an aggravation. But we had let the Germans understand our opinion of their entire conduct, and it was not worth while squabbling as to each separate step they took. This is contemptuous enough, but the Germans are pachydermatous. Shall we put it plainer for the beer-swillers. When you have apprised a man that you consider him a thief and a scoundrel, you do not watch him for a bit, and then add, "and I also deem you a low cad."

MR. GLADSTONE then explained the Government Annuities Bill. He took two hours about it, and his speech was a treat. The object of the Bill is to give the Working Classes a system of safe Life Assurance. They are, to their honour, very earnest in this matter, and have about 30,000 Friendly Societies of various kinds. But these are mostly based upon false principles, and between 8 and 9000 of them have become bankrupt, while about 100 fail every year. The misery thus caused to honest folks, who have been keeping up payments out of their earnings, on the faith that they were making provision for the future, can be understood. Government, in the most legitimate discharge of the duty of a Governor, proposes to establish a State Assurance, as it established, to the inconceivable benefit of the people, State Savings Banks. The nation will guarantee the payment of the policy, but as the system will be sound, the nation will incur no risk. There is the case, and it seems strange that there can be any objection to an act of common humanity. The pick of the Conservatives at once signified approbation of the scheme, but the Party emits clamours, and in the interest of greedy insurance offices, of inferior type, whose Touts are rampant all over the country, and in the interest of the keepers of public-houses where Friendly Societies convene, there will be a demonstration, in which the enemies of the Ministry will not be ashamed to join. MR. GLADSTONE made such a merciless exposure of the vices of the present system, and MR. BOVILL, Conservative lawyer, told such tales of cases in which defrauders of the poor had come under the unfavourable notice of a sworn dozen of their countrymen, that there was an unusual sensation. LORD STANLEY applauded the Bill. You can't pull down a dirty old house without disturbing the Vested Interests of rats, but dirty old houses must come down for all that. *Mr. Punch* advises the Working Classes of the land to address MR. GLADSTONE, who is a second time giving them an invaluable boon.

Tuesday. The Peers fired up. LORD SHAFTESBURY, the Premier's near connection and bishop-maker, demanded to hear what the British fleet was about. The Germans were waging a war which was wanton and disgraceful beyond any recorded in history. If the Austrians sent a fleet to the Baltic, LORD SHAFTESBURY hoped that it would be met by a British fleet, with orders to defend Denmark. So spoke the representative of the Religious World. LORD ELLENBOROUGH asked whether EARL RUSSELL would stand by and see an iniquitous crime perpetrated. LORD GREY for once agreed with somebody, and that was LORD ELLENBOROUGH, and moreover wished that Parliament could be allowed to declare its opinions. Then a third Liberal peer, LORD HARROWBY, thought the Channel Fleet should be sent to the Baltic. EARL RUSSELL, thus incited, said that noble Lords could not expect him to declare war on his own responsibility, and added that we should not go to war for the Independence of Denmark, IF THAT OBJECT COULD BE OBTAINED WITHOUT WAR. The fleet could easily be got to the Baltic, and he did not think that Austrian and Prussian ships would like to encounter those of QUEEN VICTORIA. Having relieved our minds, us noblemen then went to dinner.

MR. MILNER GIBSON stated the contents of the London Railways Report, which was adopted, after attempts to save certain of the schemes. SIR JOSEPH PAXTON certainly gave some singularly strong reasons why one of the rejected lines should have been preferred to an accepted one, but LORD STANLEY thought that the House, having handed over the subject to the Committee, ought to accept its decisions, or else go into every separate case. So thought the House.

MR. DARBY GRIFFITH's mind is dreadfully harassed about telegrams and despatches, and MR. LAYARD, after a desperate effort to disinter the honourable Member from a chaotic confusion of ideas, and being still told that he had not explained himself, gave up the task, and the House laughed, and cried "order" to MR. DARBY GRIFFITH. But we do not see why any person should be laughed at for trying to increase his stock of knowledge.

Mr. Disraeli. Papers?

Lord Palmerston. No more now, but more soon.

However disagreeable the word may be to the public, we are compelled to write it. Education. We will be as short as possible. The country gentlemen had been awfully well whipped, and the Opposition benches were crowded. The aim was only to compel MR. LOWE to give up a portion of an Education Minute, which ordained that the Government grant obtainable by a school on the capitation principle should be lessened by the amount of the endowment of such school. Those who are interested in the question know all about it, and those who are not will be quite satisfied to know that in the presence of an overwhelming majority, MR. LOWE and the Government gave way.

A Committee was appointed to inquire into the working of the Schools of Art, which are helped with public money. As *Mr. Punch*, who directs the greatest School of Art in the world, is entirely supported by public money, and as he has no time to be bothering in a committee room, answering idiotic questions, he begs to tender his evidence *en bloc*. His School works in the best possible manner, and it will be a wiry time for anybody who presumes to dispute that statement.

Wednesday. An Irish Policeman is as fine looking and soldierly a fellow as you—especially if you are a handsome Housemaid—can desire to hand cold meat to on a summer's day. But the Irish Judges do not think his efficiency equal to his magnificence, and SIR H. BRUCE wished to appoint other constables for watching the Irish towns. There was rather a hot debate. SIR R. PEEL naturally stood up for the Peelers, but was not so respectful in mention of the Judges as might have been expected from his well-known reticence and good taste. He received divers knocks for his irreverence, but the Bill was defeated.

MR. EWART moved the Second Reading of a Bill permitting people to use the Metric System. It was seconded by MR. LOCKE; not opposed by Government, though MR. GIBSON declined to assist in working the

system; it was ridiculed by MR. HENLEY; ably defended by MR. ADDERLEY, who observed that there was no surer clap-trap in England than to laugh at a system for being new-fangled, as every improvement in the world was; approved by MR. HANKEY, and MR. J. B. SMITH; and attacked by MR. WALTER, who also assailed the inoffensive Florin, as a device for cheating school-boys. Now, no schoolboy, with a right sense of dignity, accepts a tip under gold, and we are quite sure that MR. WALTER is the last person who would offer him an insulting guerdon. After some more talk, the Second Reading was carried by 90 to 52. Our dearly beloved Posterity, to you we speak, projecting our mind into futurity. How you, with a complete and scientific metric system, will smile at the reluctance with which we listened to the suggestion of reform, and how you will write of us as we write of our fathers, who ridiculed the idea of Gas ("pay for something you can't even see? Hang it, Sir, don't talk trash to a freeborn Englishman"); the idea of Locomotives ("ride at the rate of twenty miles an hour? Confound it, Sir, are you in or out of Bedlam?"); the idea of Penny Postage ("send a letter to the Highlands or the Land's End for a penny? Bless my wig, Sir, you are a fool"); the idea of an Electric Telegraph ("flash a message to Constantinople in ten minutes, Sir! you ought to be locked up. I am sure you are a swindler"); the idea of *Punch* ("publish a journal of the highest art, the most sparkling wit, the most just criticism, and the most generous sentiments every week for three pence? Go to Bath, Sir, and get your head shaved"). But, dear Posterity, don't be too hard upon us. You will be a bigot, and talk nonsense in your way, *We* know. Why are you laughing at the idea of the Tunnel to America. You have got one to France, and the Night Balloon Service to India. Don't be so irrational, Posterity, and so unjust. We are clearing the way for you.

Thursday. We return to the reign of QUEEN VICTORIA, and do so with the more pleasure that this day, being the anniversary of the marriage of EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, with our beloved ALEXANDRA of Denmark, their first child was baptised by the names ALBERT, VICTOR, CHRISTIAN, EDWARD, the QUEEN holding the baby. Health and happiness to AVCE.

The Story of the Guns came up in the Commons, and the same day a monster of SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG's was fired with ninety pounds of powder against an iron plate made by MR. BROWN of Sheffield, who is going to be the New Member for Sheffield, when it has settled whether to drop MR. HADFIELD as he drops his haitches, or to dismiss MR. TEAREM for not tearing anybody. The result was unsatisfactory to the Gun Party. But LORD CLARENCE said that he thought on the whole we were in advance of the French in the matter of guns. Then Government "snapped" a vote of a million and a quarter, but was violently blown up, and had to disgorge until a debate should have taken place. On the Mutiny Bill, there was discussion on the retention of Flogging and Branding. A majority of 3 in a House of 87 maintained the Cat, a majority of 30 in a House of 130 maintained the Brand. The first was said to be necessary for "blackguards," the second to prevent Deserters from re-enlisting. It was also urged that the French shot men, and the Austrians put them into a torture-room (rather a clever diabolic invention; a room all projecting angles, so that rest is impossible) for the offences for which we flog. *Mr. Punch* is unconvinced.

Listen all who love good liquor, Come and list to what you're told, Better come a little quicker, Or you'll find that you are sold. Moved, to-night, the Bill Permitting Folks to lock up others' drink: Vote, the Commons deem it fitting At such tyranny to wink. LAWSON counted Seventy backers, Freedom only Thirty-Six, Doom this Hobby to the knackers, Down with Humbug, down, my Bricks.

Friday. CLANRICARDE intends to make a speech of inquiries about America. Suppose he appointed a Commission consisting of himself, to visit that region, with power to remain prosecuting his investigations, until recalled by *Mr. Punch*.

MR. S. FITZGERALD and LORD PALMERSTON had a dialogue about the proposed Danish Conference, and a most lucid explanation on both sides left the matter in more Cimmerian obscurity than ever. Apropos whereof, the EMPEROR OF FRANCE has just said that this war is one of "nationalities." This is held to mean that he sides with Germany. To invent a new phrase for the occasion, *nous verrons*.

LORD PALMERSTON proposes to continue SIR ROWLAND HILL's pension to LADY HILL, should SIR ROWLAND's power of taking it terminate while LADY HILL shall be able to receive it. This is a compliment, of course, but a very inadequate one, and LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY might have said a good deal more than he did when informing the Lords of the resignation. *Punch* hears that his Stamp Committees, suggested last week, are rapidly forming, and he means to distinguish those who are foremost in the work.

The week finished with a debate on the Decline of the Population of Ireland. One great point was whether LORD CARLISLE was right in quoting GOLDSMITH, and dissenting from his view that a diminished census was a thing to deplore. SIR ROBERT PEEL made a rattling speech, with a very free-and-easy sketch of the Fenians, whom he compared to gorillas. In the interest of the latter, we protest against the comparison.

INTERESTING INTELLIGENCE.



EVER deficient in the gallantry that naturally belongs to a true gentleman, *Punch* never neglects to make himself agreeable to the ladies: and he cannot do this better than by saying a few words on the subject of the fashions, a topic which in feminine eyes is vastly more important than the War in Schleswig-Holstein, or the Battles of the Railways, or the other minor matters which now interest *mankind*. Listen, ladies, therefore, to the following description of a costume which was lately displayed at the French Court:—

"A dress of lilac silk glacé, with white, at the bottom of which is placed a wide pinked ruche in lilac silk, whilst another smaller one in white silk forms the middle of the lilac one. Above this double ruche are placed seven flounces of rich white blonde. These must be put on close together, and headed by a ruche of white tulle. The top one, however, has a ruche of lilac and white pinked silk, similar to the one at the bottom. The pointed body is trimmed with folds of white tulle, surrounding a ruche of white and lilac silk."

We must just stop a bit to take breath after all these rushes, or ruches as they are called. What they are we dare not work our brains enough to guess. Still less are we inclined to tax our intellect by trying to grasp a true conception of what is meant by this:—

"Behind is a sash entirely new. This sash is composed of lilac silk, and has three ends; the two side ones, short and ruched round with white silk, terminate at the end in points; whilst the third, which is very much longer and wider than the others, ends in two points, and is ruched all round also with white silk. From the waist at the back a small tail falls over the sash, similar to the jockey. This is likewise trimmed with a white ruche."

Pray, ladies, can you tell us whether jockeys are accustomed to wear small tails in France, and, if not, to whose small tail is the one here mentioned similar? When one is told that women have taken to wear tails, one naturally wonders what their tails are like. But leaving her tail now, let us see how the fair wearer of this dress adorned her head:—

"The headdress to wear with this toilette is composed of a mixture of snowballs and Parma violets with leaves, which latter, instead of imitating nature, are of a violet colour, veined with silver."

Violet-hunting in the country is a pleasant sport for children, but how many grown-up folks would gladly join in the pursuit if Nature would but take a leaf out of the fashion-books, and permit her violets to spring up "veined with silver!" But if this be against Nature, so too is the mixture of violets with snowballs, and, to make the thing more natural, we think the snowballs should be made so as to melt away before the violets are seen. Wearing snowballs on the head might perhaps be beneficial to persons with brain fever, but we should hardly have imagined that people in their senses would have ever thought of wearing them. However, of course all the absurdities invented by Dame Fashion are not intended for the use of people who have anything like senses to direct them in the matter of deciding how to dress.

The Successor of Cæsar.

SIR GEORGE BOWYER, in a letter to the *Times*, correcting certain alleged misrepresentations current respecting "The POPE and his Visitors," says that:—

"The ceremony of kissing the foot (derived from the ceremonial of the ancient Imperial Court) is only performed on certain occasions."

Well, to be sure! Didn't you always think that the ceremony of kissing the POPE's foot was instituted by the Apostle, PETER?

MUSICAL NOTE.

WE are not at liberty to anticipate MR. MAPLESON's advertised production of HERR WAGNER's grand Opera. All we can say at present is, that the scene of *Tannhäuser* is not laid in a tan-yard.



THE NEW TELESCOPE SIGHT.

Small-bore Man (who has snapped off about a dozen Caps without exploding his Rifle). "VERY EXTR'ORDINARY! CAN'T ACCOUNT FOR IT! (*With sudden agitation.*) BOY! GI' ME TH' RAMROD! I'M REALLY AFRAID I'VE—BY JOVE! I THINK I MUST HAVE—SURELY CAN'T HAVE—YES!—CON-FOUND IT!—SO I HAVE—LOADED THE TELESCOPE, AND RAMMED THE CARTRIDGE DOWN, FORE-SIGHT AND ALL! THOUGHT IT WENT DOWN RATHER STIFFLY!"

Fellows with the Enfields (with suppressed glee). "OH! WHAT A PITY!"

HOW TO USE YOUR MORLEYS.

MR. HENRY MORLEY, (a writer whose conscientiousness, condensed thought, and felicity of expression need no praise from *Mr. Punch*) having received from a certain organ of clique-criticism the treatment that might have been expected, has thought it worth while to reply. He has done so in a "comment" of serene mercilessness. Since Marsyas came to naked grief for vulgar criticism, few of the Zoilus tribe have been more neatly divested of epidermis than has the *Athenæum* critic been by MR. MORLEY. One little bit of skinning we must note. The book assailed is on *English Writers*, and every student of literature should have it. Among the cackling charges of the critic is one alleging that "the influences of the discovery of printing, of the classical renaissance, of the reformation are not even hinted at." MR. MORLEY quietly says,—

"I have myself always believed that CHAUCER, with whom my book *ends*, lived *before* the discovery of printing, or the Renaissance, or the Reformation."

Well, it used to be thought so, but the *Athenæum* has changed all that, and will probably inform us in an early number that the *Tales of Cauntyrburye* were not printed by CAXTON.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

SCENE—A Shop. HOUR—Midnight. (About Twelve o'clock.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Chemist and Druggist (all in one).
Chemist's and Druggist's Boy (all in one again).

Chem. and Drug. What do you stop out so late for, eh?

Chem. and Drug.'s Boy (who has been to the Lyceum). Please, Sir, I've been to the theayter.

Chem. and Drug. Which theayter?

Chem. and Drug.'s Boy (professionally). Please, Sir, I've been to see Pil-Ammonia. [CHEMIST *kicks him. Exeunt severally.*

POLICE NOTICE FOR CHURCH DOORS.

UNQUESTIONABLY and decidedly, *Mr. Punch* is not going to enter—no, not to advance the tip of his toe—into the puddle which Theology is stirring, to the detriment of Religion. But being a Detective, he simply does his duty in pointing out that the REVEREND DR. PUSEY, who is taking the lead in certain movements, is a theological Ticket-of-Leave Man, and if the Church chooses to employ him after this notice, it is not MR. DETECTIVE PUNCH'S fault. The Oxford Tracts, non-natural interpretations, Puseyism, church millinery, priestly prerogative, are among the memorandums which are marked in the Committal book. The Party has also lately been seen in affectionate conference with somebody whose work is also on the Record, and who, under pretence of going to sermons, haunts the Scotch Stores, and smuggles a Scotch spirit into church. The late JOWETT affair at Oxford was an attempted plant on the part of this PUSEY, who wants to keep all things serene just now, for fear of certain inquiries; but certain parties in the provinces, who also are afraid of inquiries, were not sharp enough to see his game, and so went blundering up and baffled him. Look out for your Spoons—nobody else will be sold.

Police Office, 85, Fleet Street. PUNCH.

REMARK MADE WHILE STARING AT THE PLAYBILLS.

WHEN a certain interesting event in Royal life happened, MR. WEBSTER, with prompt loyalty, put up *Mother and Child are doing well.* Why does not MR. BUCKSTONE put up *The Christening* and *Uncle John?*

To Contributors.

(*Private and Confidential.*)

"A DOZEN or so of Wakefield Men,"
Who approve the work of a certain pen,
Are thanked. Its owner accepts the Poke,
And had real pleasure in *cutting* the joke.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, March 19, 1864.



CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Housemaid. "DEAR THE BOTHERING CHINA CUPS AND THINGS. THEY BE ALWAYS A-KNOCKING UP AGAINST ONE'S CRINOLINE."

SPADES AND CLUBS.

SAVE us from our friends, and save us from our Friendly Societies, ought now to be the cry of all the labourers in England, excepting those, perhaps, who, once a month or so, may want an excuse for getting drunk. Of course the pothouse interest is dead against the scheme which MR. GLADSTONE has proposed for giving poor people the power of getting an annuity, without having to join a pothouse club to do so. These clubs have given a knock-down blow to many a poor man. Under the pretence of saving, he has been tempted into spending; and, in the thought that he is laying by a little that may help him in the hour of sickness, he has laid out a good deal in ruining his health. Pothouse beer and pothouse pipes will make sots of the most healthy, if too constantly indulged in; and the man who may at first be glad of some excuse for going to a taproom, learns speedily to go there without feeling the need of one.

But nothing good is ever done without a few bad words first; and nobody can wonder that the people who profit most by the Friendly Societies should say ill things of the scheme which now would knock them on the head. So we hear an outcry raised, that the Government is threatening to rob us of our liberties, and free-born Englishmen are warned to look after their rights. No doubt, were an election to take place this next summer, such placards as, "No Tyranny!" "No Government Protection!" would be stuck about the country; and various dodges would be tried to make the rural mind imagine, that the Government were trying to pocket all the poor man's money, they could lay their hands on, by promising annuities they never meant to pay.

Labourers of England who *don't* live at home at ease, doubtless, are not difficult to be tempted to a pothouse, where they find a fire to sit by and a chair to sit upon, neither of which luxuries have they, perhaps, so good at home. The poor man and his savings are easily parted when he sets foot in a pothouse, intending to invest them for his future enjoyment. There's no time like the present, says a "friend" at his elbow. O, be joyful, with a mug of beer! while you have the chance. And this sentiment the landlord eloquently backs, offering, for "friendship's" sake, to stand a mug himself, to drink the health of MR. HODGE on his admission to the Club. MR. GLADSTONE must, of course, therefore, expect some opposition at the first to his new scheme; but when it is known how warmly *Mr. Punch* supports it, of course it will be thankfully accepted by the public, although it won't be so acceptable to the public-house.

TURK.

(*See* "POLLY" *in* "*Good Words*" *for March.*)

SILK ears,
Black nose,
Brown eyes,
Calm repose;

Broad paws,
Rough hair,
Fierce looks
Like bear.

Bites, snaps
Beggars' heel;
If he hold,
Makes feel.

Hungry is,
Wants grub;
When dirty,
Into tub—

Washed clean,
Looks white;
Goes out,
Wants to fight;

Gets licked,
Pluck shown,
Finds solace
In a bone.

Sees Master,
Sits up,
Jumps about
Like pup.

Lies down,
To sleep tries,
Can't do it,
Catches flies.

Wakes up,
Gives growl,
Is kicked,
Utters howl.

Day over,
Fasten'd doors,
Sleeps sound,
Perhaps snores.

Robbers come,
Springs from lair,
Hears footsteps
On stair;

Barks loud,
Master wakes,
Gun fired,
Brace of shakes.

Wide awake
As you see,
Turk is the
Dog for me.

Address M. Flower.

MR. PUNCH,—They calls that there Consperrator Chap, GRECO. By the 'count in the trial of un 'a seems to be ITALIANO. Which is 'a now? I be, setterer,

Chalkdown, March, 1864. G. WOA.

*** We do not know what nation GRECO belongs to; but we are happy in being able to say, that he is not a countryman, as our correspondent is.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Solomon.—The Proverb is quoted incorrectly; you retain the precise words, but not exactly the sense in saying, "The merciful man is a beast."

Ecclesiasticus.—There is no monastic order called The Double-chins. Perhaps you 're thinking of the Capuchins.

Digitized by Google

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MARCH 14th, *Monday*. LORD GRANVILLE assured the Peers, that England was not joining any of the other Great Powers in a combination against France. Somebody, with a gift for seeing further into milestones than his neighbours, had found a hint to this effect in a Russian despatch. LORD GRANVILLE spoke the truth, which he always does, being a gentleman. But circumstances, to which *Mr. Punch* is not permitted more particularly to allude, have come under his knowledge; and he has no hesitation in stating, in the most positive manner, that if certain complications of the European crisis should arise, it may need the utmost exertions of diplomatic wisdom to prevent consequences which might have a disturbing effect upon existing arrangements. But this is confidential.

On the west of Africa the slave trade has diminished; on the east, it has very much increased. JOHN BULL, the sea-policeman, does all he can; but his beat is very extensive, and the thieves are very numerous and daring.

These Austrians are perfect cures, and will not take off the duty on English-cured herrings. Perhaps certain fiery Peers would like to go to war about *that*.

The War Office does everything to afford our soldiers the means of cultivating gardens. The topic bristles with pegs for jokes, and sweet songs on the Soldier's Garden might be written. One great soldier was a great gardener, *teste* POPE:—

> "And he whose lightning pierced the Iberian lines,
> Now forms my quincunx and now ranks my vines."

That was LORD PETERBOROUGH, MR. COX, who founded St. Petersburg, and built the Cathedral which you may see on your way to York, if you ever go there; and we don't know why you shouldn't, if you like.

SIR CHARLES WOOD stated his intention of introducing the English Sovereign into India. We thought that she had been lately re-introduced, with some little *éclat*, to a very large Indian circle, by LORD CLYDE. MR. LAYARD stated, that the Danes were blockading a good many German places, one of which, called Swine-munde, seems happily to typify the state of the German World. MR. LOWE spoke of the difficulty of getting the poorer class to vaccinate, adding that they were countenanced by persons who ought to know better. We trust that the latter will catch the small-pox, as we have no mercy for them; and yet they ought to be pitted.

Willingly would *Mr. Punch* abstain from reference to the awful catastrophe at Sheffield. But he may do more good by stating, that when a similar but far less terrible occurrence took place at Holmfirth (for the second time) the nation raised £60,000 for the survivors. Much more will be needed now, and much more will be given. The noble Gentlemen of Sheffield lost no time in hurrying together for the aid of the surviving victims. Ten thousand pounds were on the table before the second day was over. Honour to LORDS FITZWILLIAM and WHARNCLIFFE, honour to good CANON SALE, honour to JOHN BROWN of the Armour Plates, to WILLIAM MATTHEWS, true as his own steel, to RODGERS, the world's cutler, honour to all the good strong men who rushed together to aid the helpless. The PRINCE OF WALES could not be in better company; and *Mr. Punch* rejoices to read the QUEEN's name at the head of the list. In with your money men, women, and children. There are hundreds of men, women, and children who want your help; and nothing more need be said to us Islanders.

MR. ROEBUCK (by the way, his aid was instantly sent, and MR. HADFIELD, writing his message of kindness on Sunday, as was most fit, gave a noble donation, and has forgiven us all fun) asked SIR GEORGE GREY whether an inspector had been sent down to inquire into the whole affair. MR. RAWLINSON, an engineer connected with the Home Office, was to discharge this duty. We believe that it could not be in better hands.

MR. LAYARD had a curious explanation to make. Touching Kagosima and the Bombardment, it would now seem that we have all been expending some slight indignation in excess. We are officially informed that Kagosima had only 40,000 people instead of 180,000, that they all got carefully out of the way of the shells, that nobody was hurt, that the place has been rebuilt in an elegant manner, and that PRINCE SATSUMA sent fruit to our ships in return for our grape, so that our moderation must have pleased the Japanese. The new version is a most delightful one, and *Mr. Punch* is delighted, accordingly.

We mentioned the Government "grab" at the vote of supply. MR. BRIGHT was very severe about it, and MR. GLADSTONE, indignant (for, of course, the affair was an accident) gave MR. BRIGHT a most tremendous lecture. Then LORD CLARENCE PAGET sent him a letter, for which MR. BRIGHT ought to have called him out. We should have had great pleasure in culling this from some contemporary:—

"LORD CLARENCE PAGET and MR. JOHN BRIGHT met this morning in Battersea Park, the former attended by LORD HARTINGTON, the latter by an eminent Member of the Society of Friends. Arrangement being impossible, the men were put up at twelve paces, and at the word both fired. MR. BRIGHT's ball went through an old cow, who was thus happily released from mortal troubles, and LORD CLARENCE's bullet fortunately took effect in the organ of an Italian, who was on his way to early crime. The seconds then interposed, and MR. BRIGHT declared that if it were in accordance with his principles to forgive anybody, he would forgive LORD CLARENCE, whom he thought the noblest fellow out, and LORD CLARENCE replied, that if anything could induce him to become a Quaker, it would be the example of his eloquent and gifted Friend, MR. BRIGHT. The party then went back to breakfast at the Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden, where they were joined by *Mr. Punch*, who lectured them on the folly of duelling, and healths were drunk until it was time to adjourn to the House."

But, law (and Law) there was nothing like this. MR. BRIGHT wrote a frank sort of apology, and offered to repeat it in the House.

Then we had a scene. MR. ROEBUCK made an opportunity of abusing the Federals, whom he sweetly described as corrupt, base, cowardly, and cruel. He then assailed EARL RUSSELL with great fury, but declared his confidence in LORD PALMERSTON. The PREMIER is not the man to accept compliments at the expense of a friend and colleague, so he came out like Ajax in the *Iliad*, and threw his seven-fold shield over the Teucer of the Foreign Office, defying the Hector to hurt him. This was a very gentlemanly thing in PAM, and as he now sees, *Mr. Punch* has taken care that it shall not be forgotten. Well, there was more American talk, SIR J. FERGUSSON protested against Federal enlistments in Ireland, MR. BRIGHT gave it to MR. ROEBUCK hot and hot, and said that the fact was that a recruit for the Federals got £100, and the only marvel was that every Irishman, not a landowner or capitalist, did not run out of his "benighted and unhappy country." LORD ROBERT CECIL thought the Confederates, in their adversity, much above the present war-point of the English Government, MR. KINGLAKE was terribly scornful and sarcastic at MR. ROEBUCK, and MR. CAIRD—the only speaker who was calm, and had information to give, and spoke from personal knowledge of America—said that there was a silent revolution beginning in the labour market, and that it would effectually settle the laws of settlement and removal, but not in the way English employers desired.

Simply noting that there was a preliminary MAZZINI-STANSFELD squabble to-night, when the tempest, to be described in its proper place was indicated, and Ministers hoisted the storm-drum, *Mr. Punch* proceeds to say that there was Committee of Supply on the Navy Estimates, and that MR. LINDSAY, trying to reduce the vote for Dockyard Workmen, obtained 29 supporters against 110 non-reductionists. There was an extremely instructive and excessively stupid debate.

Tuesday. The Lords read the Cow Malt Bill a Second Time, and EARL GREY remarked that those who were pressing a repeal of the Malt-Tax were virtually agitating for an increase of the Income-Tax. Well said, Lord G. But if the Tories were in to-morrow, does anybody believe that MR. DISRAELI would sacrifice six millions? *Punch* is green in perpetual youth, but virility and viridity are two things, and the latter does not extend to his visual organs.

We never blame but with extreme pain, and we have pleasure in stating that MR. FERRAND has been very properly calling the attention of Government to the state of certain reservoirs which have not yet burst, but which are regarded as dangerous.

Another Crawley debate. It lasted all the evening. Will that do? Or shall we add that GENERAL PEEL and the Parliamentary soldiers are exceedingly indignant that civilians should presume to have opinions on such matters.

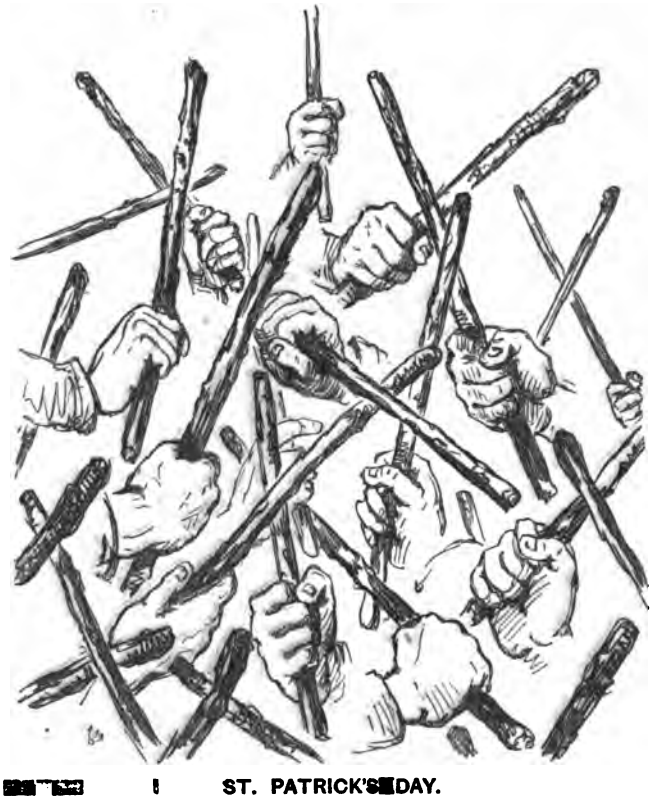
Wednesday. We were to have been spared the theological Wednesdays, but to-day we had a debate which in some sort approached theology. MR. DODSON, of East Sussex, an Eton prizeman, who also distinguished himself at Oxford, proposed to do away with the subscription to the Thirty-Nine Articles, and so forth, at present required at Oxford before a degree can be taken. The opposition was, of course, fierce, and, equally of course, wrong ground was taken. For party purposes, it was contended that the object of the change was the handing over the University to Dissenters. The truth is, and many men know it who will not admit it, that the object is to open the University to Churchmen. Education and inquiry have done their work, and thousands of men who wish to remain members of the Church, object to binding themselves to dogmas propounded in past centuries, and are too conscientious to sign with reservation of right to treat the signature as a form, and to interpret the pledge in any convenient way. Surely these are not the men who should be kept out of the Universities. MR. GLADSTONE, whose loyalty to the Church is chivalry itself, voted for the change, and six distinguished Conservatives did the same, while the son of the EARL OF DERBY would not vote against it. MR. DODSON triumphed by a small majority, and the Lords will throw out the Bill; but the tide, having once swept over the rubbish, will return and wash it away.

Thursday. St. Patrick's Day, and the Commons were appropriately imbued with the spirit in which that esteemed Saint used to be worshipped by his fellow countrymen. But, before the fray, LORD PALMERSTON stated that Denmark had assented to the Conference proposed by England, and it is to be without an Armistice. We have next to hear what France says.

"The way the row began," to quote an old song, was in this wise. MR. GLADSTONE in his masterly speech on the Bill for helping the Poor

Digitized by Google

Man to Honest and Safe Life Assurance, had offended MR. SHERIDAN by certain allusions, and the latter had vehemently protested against



ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

them. To-night the CHANCELLOR vindicated himself at some length, and MR. SHERIDAN had a good innings. He showed much spirit, but was slightly rude, saying that MR. GLADSTONE ought to have taken lessons from ELLISTON if he wished to play the character of a bully. The remark might have come from the great and theatrical SHERIDAN, only he would not have said so coarse a thing. Then SIR MINTO FARQUHAR moved that the Bill be referred to a Select Committee. MR. HODGKINSON opposed this, and made great fun by quoting the miserable doggerel puffs by which certain Assurance Offices try to get business. The verses are not nearly so good as those us servants read on the tawdry placards of the Marine Store Keepers, when we go on Saturdays to sell the candles, dripping, keys, spoons, overcoats, and any other trifles which we have stolen, or hidden away, during the week, to the discontent of our masters and mistresses. But the poems of the Offices and of the Stores are much in the same key, and in this style:—

"O where are you going, you merry throng?"
"To the 'Stunning Assurance,' so you come along."
"But what 'll I get by my going there?"
"Why everything what is right and fair.
You 'll pay very low, and when you die
There 'll be banknotes to wipe your widow's eye."
"Indeed! Then of delays I 'll have no endurance,
But haste with you, dear friends, to the 'Stunning Assurance.'"

(*The above is Copyright*).

The House being thus put into temporary good humour, MR. GÖSCHEN, Member for the City, defended the Bill in a most elaborate and able speech, and the debate was adjourned, for another kind of scene was expected.

SIR HENRY JOSIAS STRACEY, of Yarmouth and Boodle's, moved "that the statement of the Procureur-General on the trial of GRECO, implicating a Member of the House and of the Government in the plot for the assassination of our ally, the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, deserves the serious attention of the House." This was the formal opening of the battle. The whips had been very busy, and more than 330 Members were present. The Opposition thought it saw a good opportunity for an "ugly rush" at the Ministry. And the rush was ugly enough, in one sense. The object was to crush MR. STANSFELD, and the Cabinet, if it should stand by him. And it did stand by him. LORD PALMERSTON's hands were up in no time. *He* condescend to address the EMPEROR because a French lawyer had sought to please his master by talking in the style of those French Colonels. Not old PAM, if he knew it. MR. STANSFELD's answer had been more than satisfactory. "I should have felt humiliated," said the Bottleholder, "had I had to be a party to a communication to tell the French Government that an English Member of Parliament, holding office in the Queen's Government, was not connected with an infamous plot against the life of the EMPEROR." Then he scoffed at the "seeming" friendship of the Opposition for the EMPEROR, and reminded them that having once given assent to a measure for preventing conspiracies, and having found that by breaking their promises to support it they could oust a Ministry, they had pocketed their indignation, and defeated the Bill. A very dexterous smash, this, because it pleasingly brought to the EMPEROR's attention the former affectionate conduct of his new patrons. MR. DISRAELI was very wrathful, and wondered that the Government was afraid of any humiliation after its late exploits. He rang the changes on poniards and assassins, and MAZZINI; and his party cheered him with more warmth than they usually show, for dislikes must be forgotten when we can unite to damage enemies. MR. BRIGHT began with some peace-making observations, but he could not long restrain his ardour for battle, and dashed at the Tories with a charge of trying to exasperate the ill-feeling in France, and with having a hardly less worthy object, than that of "worrying" the English Government. LORD ROBERT CECIL renewed the accusation of sympathy with assassins. MR. GLADSTONE seconded LORD PALMERSTON, and severely rebuked an "unmannerly" interruption. LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON politely said that MR. STANSFELD was either MAZZINI's accomplice or dupe, and MR. COX said something which was drowned in the roar for a division. There were 171 for Government, but 161 against it. Did not both sides shout; one because PAM was victorious, the other because the majority was only 10. Even the ladies behind the gallery beat a tattoo of triumph with their fans, which was unconstitutional. So ended the battle of STANSFELD-MAZZINI.

Friday. LORD ELLENBOROUGH had intended to have a great Dano-German night, but LORD RUSSELL begged him to "shut up," and he closed accordingly, like a gentleman.

More snarling over the SHERIDAN affair—a dull *School for Scandal*.

MR. STANSFELD offered to resign, and LORD PALMERSTON told him to do nothing of the kind. Touching which MR. OSBORNE spoke capitally, and called the conduct of the Opposition a painful persecution, and then made it painful for the Opposition by dint of some damaging ridicule.

A debate on the demolition of the fortresses of Corfu closed the First Act of the Comedy called the Session. An interval of Easter Holidays elapses before the next rise of the curtain. *Vivat Regina*, and decidedly no money returned.

"Quis Tulerit Gracchos de Seditione Querentes?"

WHEN ROEBUCK dropped atop of RUSSELL,
And fierce at his despatches flew,
As "scoldings of an angry woman"
Or "screamings of a cockatoo,"

Who could forbear regrets to see
Brother thus pitching into brother,
And not (though low *tu quoques* be)
Warningly whisper—"YOU 'RE ANOTHER!"

A PRETTY EXHIBITION.

WE thought we were too wise to be surprised at anything; but we certainly were startled to see this in the *Reader*:—

"The private view of the Society of Female Artists will take place this day (Saturday) at their Gallery in Pall Mall."

Baby-shows there have been, we believe, in plenty, but it is quite a novelty to hear of a Lady-show. We wonder how the Female Artists liked being inspected at their private view, and whether many of them showed much colour in their cheeks at it. We presume they were allowed to pose themselves artistically before their being viewed, and to arrange their drapery with an eye to picturesque and personal effect. Most of them no doubt came in their newest bonnets, and their most expansive Crinolines, and chose the dresses that best suited their complexions for the show. We wish we had been present at the private view, for it really must have been a very pretty sight, but as a public character we suppose that *Mr. Punch* was considered inadmissible. We trust next time that this objection will be waived, for we had always rather see a pretty woman than her picture, and if the private view of the Society of Lady Artists (we object to the word "female," save when applied to brutes) be what the writer in the *Reader* leads us to imagine, we certainly should wish next season to attend it. Ladies have in general remarkably short memories (except in millinery matters, for they remember to a ribbon all the dresses at a party held a dozen years ago), but we trust the Lady Artists will recollect our wish, and favour us next year with an admission card to see them at their private view.



Lady. "INDEED, SMITH, I CANNOT BEAR THE LAUGHING AND NOISE DOWN-STAIRS—IT IS QUITE INTOLERABLE!"
Cook. "WELL, MAM! SOMETHING MUST BE DONE TO DEADEN THE SOUND; FOR THE NOISE UP-STAIRS IS EQUALLY ANNOYING TO HUS!"

TEUCER, ASSAILED BY HECTOR, IS SHELTERED UNDER THE SHIELD OF AJAX.

(*Freely rendered into Hexameters by* MR. PUNCH, *from* HOMER'S *Iliad*, Θ. VV. 266—332. *After reading the debates of Monday, March* 14.)

RED-TAPE-STRUNG was the bow, and pointed with gall were the arrows
TEUCER bore to the field; from the quiver that rustled beside him,
Wing'd with grey-goose feathers, sharp missile on missile dispatching.
Not in the open he fought, but from under the buckler of AJAX—
AJAX OILIADES—forth-peeping, shot, frequent, his arrows:
Then, when they sped to their mark, or as they did oftener, missed it,
TEUCER was nimble to run, like a child to the arms of its mother,
Back to the sheltering buckler that AJAX held, sedulous, o'er him—
Many had trusted the shield, and it ne'er failed a comrade in peril.
Say, whom first of the foe smote the arrows of far-shooting TEUCER—
First, the great King of men he wounded, who rules in Lutetia,
There where he stood in his chariot, with DROUYNDELUIOS that drove it:
Bitter the sting of the arrow that entered the joints of his harness,
Silent the King to the shaft, but not the less rankled its poison:
Then of the Teutons he struck many captains, inglorious in battle,
BISMARKOS, RECHBERGOS, and HALLOS the Hyperborean:
Then ADAMUS he smote; SEWARDUS that o'er the wide ocean
Shot with the long bow himself, as industrious an archer as TEUCER:
DARBIUS next and GRAIUS, and HARRIS, the grandson of Hermes.
But the more far-off the mark, the swifter and sharper the missile,
Certain to damage a friend, if, as often, 'twas wide of a foeman.
Him the father of mischief, in black and white that rejoices,
Seeing how swiftly and sharply he shot, drew near and applauded:
"TEUCER, belov'd of my soul, IOANNULUS, archer unwearied,
Still shoot on as thou shootest, if thou wouldst win honour before me;
Chiefs on both sides appalling, that never know whence nor yet whither
Fly thy terrible missiles, which strike where they least are expected.
Let but the powers that I serve vouchsafe the upsetting of Europe,
Setting of kings by the ears, and to loggerheads bringing the nations,
Unto thee, next to myself, I will offer a guerdon of honour,
Either an inkstand of lead, or a patent, self-acting despatch-box,
Furnished with lucifer-matches, and vitriol thy missiles for tipping."
Him thus TEUCER bespake, IOANNULUS, coldly, in answer;
"Why, oh monarch of mischief, thus spur on a horse that is willing?
Ne'er, while I have a hand to steady the grey goose's feather,
Ne'er will I pause from my shooting, not even though friends should implore me;
Four great shots I have fired since first I was famed among archers,
And no shot of them all but sorely astonished the natives.
Many a chief I have pierced, since lately I entered the battle—
Albeit, none of them all seems any the worse for my shooting—
Still there is one dog yonder who barks, and girds at my arrows;
HECTOR TEAREMIDES, big of tongue and brazen of forehead;
So he spake, and an arrow he loosed against HECTOR, but missed him:
Missed him and smote at his side a Confederate chief he protected.
Him great HECTOR in wrath left seeking where TEUCER had hit him;
Down from his high horse sprang, the horse that for kicking and biting
HECTOR himself had trained, impatient of bit or of bridle;
Sharp was the sound of his voice and big and bad was his language,
As at TEUCER he rushed, IOANNULUS, eager to crush him;
Snatching, as was his wont, the first big stone he encountered,
Reckless how heavy or sharp, so it answered his purpose of braining;
Straight at TEUCER he rushed, and his big stone heavily heaving,
Smote him full on the hand, wherewith he shot off his arrows;
Numb the hand dropped at the wrist, with the grey goose feather it guided,
TEUCER sank to his knees, and his quiver-shafts rustled beneath him:
But not then did AJAX abandon his down-stricken comrade,—
AJAX OILIADES,—but o'er him extended his buckler,
Stout with its JOHN BULL hide, that arrows and spear-shafts had blunted,
Strong e'en unto defying the paving-stones wielded by HECTOR.

SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

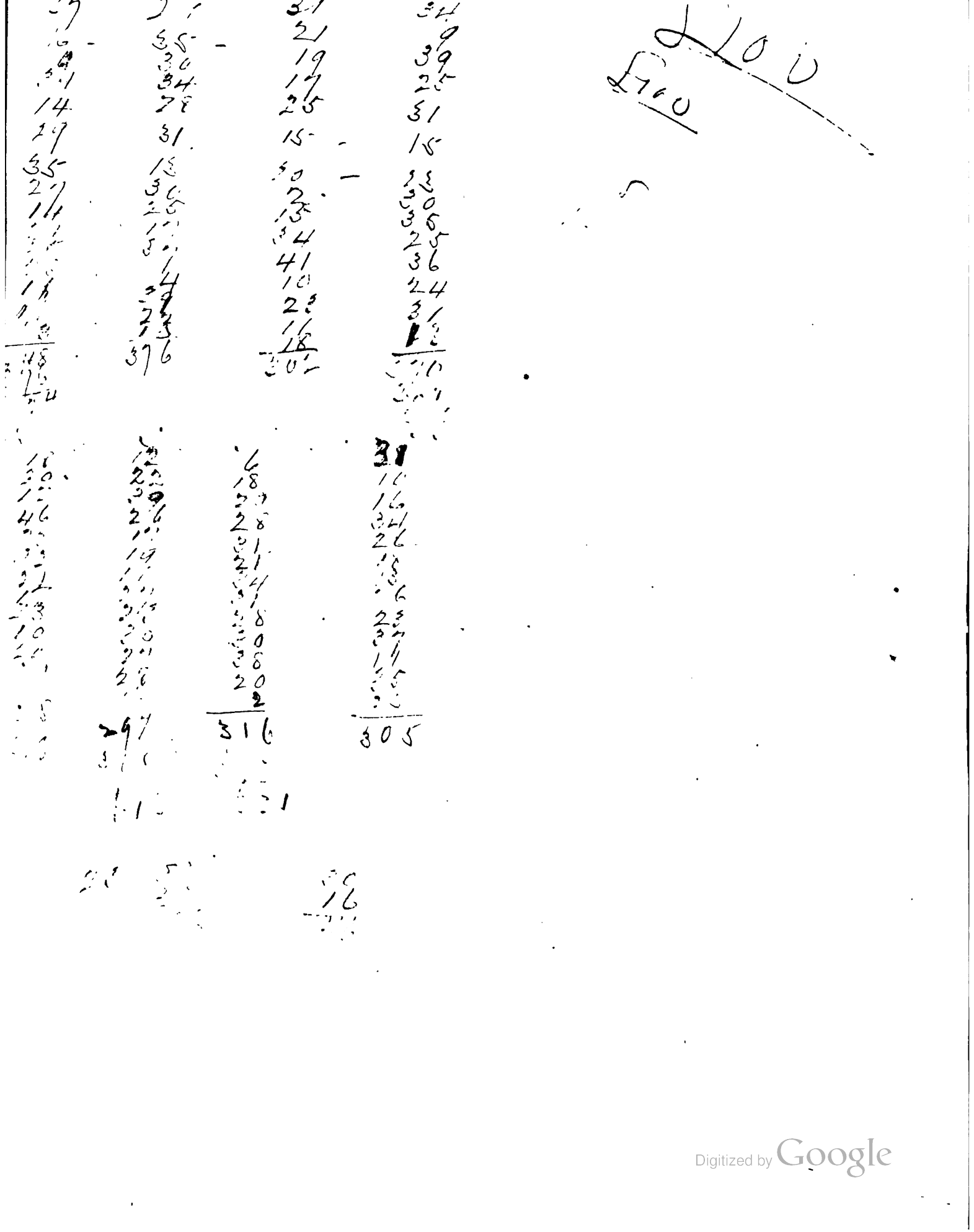
HAPPY will Denmark be when with *Othello* she can say,
O Schleswig-Holstein's *Occupation*'s gone.

Digitized by Google



TEUCER, ASSAILED BY HECTOR, IS PROTECTED BY THE SHIELD OF AJAX.

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

TALK FOR TRAVELLERS.

YOUR Profound Thinker, chiefly on account of his being perpetually lost in the profoundest thought, is the worst possible hand at opening a conversation if suddenly addressed in the street.

CODGER is one of this sort. In his own study CODGER will sit in a perfect bath of papers covered with intricate equations and logarithmical approximations. In the matter of times and seasons I had rather have CODGER hung up in my hall than my present barometer, on which the younger members of my family are fond of marking whatever kind of weather best suits their fancy, thus causing me considerable inconvenience in the matter of great coat and umbrella. Now, although CODGER is such as I have stated him to be, yet I have known him to become absolutely imbecile when unexpectedly hailed in a public thoroughfare. On a pouring wet day I came upon CODGER, or rather we came against one another at right angles.

"Hallo, CODGER!" I exclaimed, and immediately added, by way of a jest, which he from the nature of his pursuits would appreciate, "Quite tropical weather this, eh?"

And CODGER, who was totally unable to bring his tremendous powers of mind to bear upon the manifest absurdity of my observation, gravely replied:—

"Yes, quite."

Now I dare say that after we had parted, CODGER, on his senses returning to him, began to consider that his reply had been the best that could have been given by him under the circumstances.

Some there are who being thoroughly taken aback by their friend's salute, have a happy knack of making up for their want of readiness in conversation, by pretending to make an attempt at recollecting what it was they wanted to say to you.

A. (*Stops B. in the street without any particular object in so doing*). "Ah, BODGER, I *thought* it was you." (*After making this sensible remark, A. smiles in a most amiable and friendly manner.*)

Bodger (*making an equally sensible reply*). "Did you?" (*They both smile*).

A. "Yes." (*Smiles again, and looks at* BODGER, *as much as to say that he can't keep up the conversation all by himself, and that it's* his, BODGER'S, *turn to speak now*).

Bodger (*who has not got the faintest notion of what is to come next, adopts a cunning method for gaining time and collecting his scattered senses*). "Let me see—what was it I was going to say to you?" (*puts his head on one side, like a raven*).

A. To *me?* (*This in a tone of surprise, but merely for the sake of saying something.*)

A. feels that BODGER is acting a part, and BODGER is perfectly sensible that his friend sees to the bottom of his shallow device.

In this little game they waste perhaps ten minutes out of the real business of their lives. Perhaps it does them good.

A. (*after* BODGER *has been in deep thought for a few seconds*). "What was it? can't you remember?"

Bodger (*pretending to be in despair*), "No," (*after an interval of thought shorter than before*), "No!"

A. "Well, it couldn't have been of much importance, whatever it was." (*This, incredulously*).

Bodger (*knowing full well that he is detected, but playing out his part to the last*). "Yes, it was though; I shall think of it presently. All well at home?"

Of course he neither wishes nor waits for an answer to the anxious inquiry, but straightway nods his head, smiles on his friend as if encouraging him to keep on being "quite well at home," and with a mutually hearty shake of the hand, they say—"Good bye."

And away go BODGER and A. in opposite directions. Does "what he couldn't recollect but wants particularly to say to A." ever trouble BODGER'S mind again? Not a bit of it. That laughable farce is over for these two at present.

With some folks, to be recognised from a distance in the street is even worse than being happened upon while sharply turning a corner. For instance, DUMPKINS going down the street, sees EDDIWIGS, at some eighteen feet from him, coming up, on the same side; and at the very same moment EDDIWIGS sees DUMPKINS.

"Here's DUMPKINS," says EDDIWIGS to himself.

"Here's EDDIWIGS," says DUMPKINS to *himself*.

The next thought not expressed in words that occurs to both is, that the meeting is very awkward, and that they wish they could get out of each other's way. As there is no escape, without absolute rudeness, each rather slackens than quickens his pace; DUMPKINS looking from left to right as if unconscious of the approach of EDDIWIGS, and EDDIWIGS looking straight before him, but not at DUMPKINS, but over his head, at an imaginary point in the atmosphere. They have plenty of time, each silently to himself, to arrange at least a fair opening for a sensible and useful conversation; yet such is the fascination that the approach of DUMPKINS works upon the otherwise strong-minded EDDIWIGS, and so powerful is the spell worked by the advancing EDDIWIGS upon the vigorous intellect of DUMPKINS, that each tries to ignore the presence of the other, and each vainly endeavours to distract his own attention from the coming trouble.

DUMPKINS must in all human probability meet EDDIWIGS at last; and so must EDDIWIGS DUMPKINS. I verily believe that were there no personal convenience consulted, they would choose rather to be whirled up in the air, or to vanish somehow suddenly, than come across one another at that precise moment. However, they do meet. Hands are shaken. What is coming now? Nothing. Speechless! grinning feebly at one another like a pair of nervous idiots. DUMPKINS is the first to rouse himself to something like a sense of the absurdity of his position. With a violent effort he says, hesitatingly, "Well?"

This cleverly throws the *onus loquendi* on EDDIWIGS.

But of what *he* says, and of what any one else says, and of what every one under the circumstances ought to say, with the method of saying it, I, if I may make so bold, will treat in a future paper upon this same subject.

A DIGNIFIED CLERGYMAN.

YOU have heard, Sirs, no doubt, of a Reverend Gent,
Who, by name G. A. DENISON, dates from East Brent,
In epistles which often appear in the *Post*,
And of which more epistle than gospel are most.

This Divine, you 're aware, by preferment Archdeacon,
Is a burning and shining light, flames as a beacon
On the highest High Church; and is evermore bouncing
Like a doctrinal cracker, denounced or denouncing.

He 's as busy in each theological rumpus,
When the blast seems to blow from all points of the compass,
As, to word a sea-saying in periphrase blameless,
In a high gale of wind is a Personage nameless.

His last note of triumph, addressed to the *Post*, is
Touching Oxford's Greek Chair; G. A. DENISON'S boast is
The defeat of the statute proposed to endow it:
His success in restringing the income of JOWETT.

What a noble revenge an opponent to wreak on
For a dignified Clergyman, Mr. Archdeacon!
Don't you think that you rather your dignity smother
In your own pocket, striking at that of a brother?

MOTTOES OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

TRANSLATED FOR THE MILLION.

(*From Punch's Peerage.*)

LORD PALMERSTON.—*Civis Romanus Sum.* I am a Judicious Bottle-holder.

LORD RUSSELL.—*Che sarà, sarà.* Rest and be thankful.

LORD DERBY.—*Sans changer.* I should like to change from Without.

DUKE OF SOMERSET.—*Foy pour devoir.* Faith, he 'll devour you.

LORD MALMESBURY.—*Il maintiendrai.* He 'll keep for the present.

LORD WESTMEATH.—*Decrevi.* I have been indiscreet.

LORD LYVEDEN.—*Vir non semper viret.* The VERNONS were always rather green.

LORD CLANRICARDE.—*Ung roy, ung foy, ung loy.* One king, one trump. Won! La!

Model Review.

The Coins of the Ancient Britons. By JOHN EVANS. 26 Pictures.

WE have never seen this Book, and do not even know who publishes it, but it is impossible to resist the opportunity of showing how reviewing should be done. We therefore beg to remark that the Coins of the Modern Britons could not be better laid out than in purchasing the *Coins of the Ancient Britons.*

Epigram.

THOUGH College Bills, like melting snow,
Are of a *binding* nature,
In these the *Pater*—not the *Sun*—
Becomes the *liquidator.*

FASHION IN DOWNING STREET.—A pretty thing in head-dresses is the *coiffure officielle.* The hair is gathered in a loop like a pigeon-hole, and tied with red tape.

Digitized by Google

TOAST FOR TOUGH OLD FELLOWS.—Hanging, flogging, and fagging.



Inebriated Swell (to Milkwoman at 6 A.M.) "CAN *ONE O' YOU* LADIES BE S' KIND'S T' 'BLIGE ME 'TH HAIRPIN, SHOMESTHINGSH' GOT INT' MY LA'SCH-KEY."

THE PECUNIARY TEST.

GLORIOUS majority of the Oxford Convocation; Reverend and Magnanimous Gentlemen! Knowing that the salary of your Greek Professor ought to be ten times as much as it is, you had the generosity and the justice to vote against the proposed statute for giving him the remuneration due to his services. Your most sage reason for doing this wise and noble act was that MR. JOWETT, within the latitude allowed by the Established Church, holds theological opinions which differ from your own.

You had a perfect right to vote that MR. JOWETT should not be paid more than one-tenth of what he ought to receive for teaching the University Greek. That is to say, you cannot be taken up and indicted for the injustice which you have done MR. JOWETT; nor has that gentleman even an action for damages against you.

Yes, you had a right, in as far as you were able, to vote for denying MR. JOWETT the means of subsistence. Much more has anybody, having the power, the right, on the contrary, to give him a living.

There may be some persons, commanding ecclesiastical patronage, who would rather, of the two, that MR. JOWETT should make a living at Oxford than hold one in the Church; but who, since you refuse him the former, will determine to give him the latter.

The Crown would have an indisputable right to prefer MR. JOWETT to a Bishopric; and would not this make very neat amends for the persecution endured by a Regius Professor? What if the ultimate result of your attempt to vindicate your opinions on a solemn subject by rejecting the proposal to raise a gentleman's salary, and thus withholding from an industrious labourer the hire of which you knew he was worthy, should be a BISHOP JOWETT? But that MR. JOWETT was worthy of the hire which you piously withheld from him is perhaps more than some of you did know. There is reason to suppose that, among the reverend persecutors of the Oxford Professor of Greek, there are too many who at any rate do not know the value of that language. Otherwise, for teaching it (to those who are able to learn it) they would hardly have limited him to £40 a-year.

If the Crown should be advised to elevate MR. JOWETT to the episcopal Bench, suppose the *congé d'élire*, the gracious permission to choose the nominee, should be addressed to some of you. Perhaps your Dean and Chapter would refuse obedience to the Royal mandate; and, for conscience sake, submit to the penalty in such case made and provided. Perhaps they would accept the alternative of electing the Bishop, or taking the consequences; and elect the Bishop. Because that is the sort of thing which your Reverences do in retaining your preferment on condition of remaining in law-established fellowship with a man whom you denounce and punish as a heretic, but who, if you were to call him one, might prosecute you for libel. Declining to suffer for conscience' sake yourselves, perhaps your Reverences would be content to assert your orthodoxy by giving a Bishop, whom you feared to reject, as much annoyance as you might be able to cause him by any proceeding which would subject him to a privation of income.

The patience which enables you to put up with a judgment that forces you to endure the communion of those whom you anathematise, is a patience which transcends resignation. So you continue in association with those whom you deem misbelievers, and reconcile your position with your consciences by the consideration that it enables you to persecute them.

A PAIR OF POETS.

THERE is a Bard, the heir of fame,
His countrymen's delight,
He has a universal name—
Mind you pronounce it right.
It seems to rhyme, not, as in gross
Mistake we did suppose,
As o does in cathedral close;
So call him POET CLOSE.

The sons of song in couples run;
'Tis wondrous how they do.
For instance, there is HOMER, one,
And there is VIRGIL, two.
SHAKSPEARE with MILTON we combine;
BEAUMONT with FLETCHER goes;
DRYDEN with POPE; whose mighty line
With that of POET CLOSE?

Just as we SCOTT with BYRON pair,
And WORDSWORTH makes us think
Of SOUTHEY, even so we dare
Two living Bards to link.
In either's verse, with kindred light,
The fire of Genius glows;
And POET TUPPER we may cite
Along with POET CLOSE.

The POET TUPPER has a hold
On playful minds and mild,
And therefore have his poems sold
Like fire of species wild.
The other Poet, doubtless, would
As fast of his dispose,
Were but the sportive, green, and good,
Aware of POET CLOSE.

Oft TUPPER, with unconscious touch,
Will make your sides ache sore;
You 'll laugh at POET CLOSE as much,
But he intends no more.
Nor is his pen to verse confined;
He likewise deals in prose.
Lo both, with graphic art combined—
A book by POET CLOSE! *

Poor CLOSE's pension was revoked,
O revocation hard!
Fun because envious, critics poked
At Kirkby-Stephen's Bard.
What matter, if the Public pays
The Minstrel what it owes,
And gilds, like POET TUPPER's bays,
The wreath of POET CLOSE?

* *Post Close's Grand Sensation Book, The Wise Man of Stainmore, &c.* J. CLOSE, Kirkby-Stephen, Westmoreland. English literature has also just been enriched with *Cithara*; a Selection from the Lyrics of MARTIN F. TUPPER. It contains some new pieces, in which MR. TUPPER has excelled himself: but *Nemo repente fuit* TUPPERRIMUS."

Prize Riddle.

IF a Gang of Labourers on a Railway Line were to emigrate in a New Vessel, why would the Starting of that Ship resemble an Awful Fall of Snow?

Because it would be *a Navvy-Launch.*

THE TATTOO AND THE TRUMPET.



THE New Zealanders have saved the Yeomanry Cavalry. Ha! ha! A martial array of heroes from the Counties marched upon Cambridge House a few days ago, massacred the porter at the lodge (who is as well as can be expected), cut down the hall porter (who is still better), forced its way into the PREMIER'S room, and declared that it would be called out for training as usual. PAM had made up his mind to give way, but did not know what sort of a reason to assign for having let the Government be all but beaten on the question, and then for having changed his mind. So he was awfully affable, showed "characteristic affability and courtesy," says the report, and then, a flash of inspiration coming to his aid, he declared that he had received such good news from New Zealand that he could afford to spend part of the New Zealand vote on the bumpkin chivalry. The heroes were ecstatic, and PAM will very likely gain some stray votes. We wouldn't disturb anybody's happiness, but would in the most abject humility ask how, if a fortnight ago the Government was convinced that the calling out these rustic cavaliers would be an unjustifiable extravagance, it has suddenly become a proper expenditure, because the Government has in hand some money given for quite another purpose. Setting this trifling and perhaps irreverent query aside, *Mr. Punch* joins lustily in the song popularly set to the Yeomanry trumpets:—

"All you that are able,
Come down to the stable,
And water your horses, and give them some corn,
And you who 're unable
To come to the stable,
May lie in the blankets and keep yourselves warm."

ECONOMY IN FUEL.

WE know of no method so simple, so cheap, so instantaneous for heating a house as to contradict your wife. It is so infallible that we intend taking out a Patent for it. Should any married man doubt our word, we only recommend him to try the experiment, and if he doesn't feel considerably warmer after the process, we will consent to lose our reputation of being a good prophet (to everybody that we have commercial dealings with). However, we would advise the bold man not to try the experiment a second time, or else the house may become a great deal too hot to hold him, and he will certainly have to seek refuge in his Club, before he can get cool again.

Anti-Dun Announcement.

WHEN you find it expedient to sport your Oak, you will do well to post outside of it the following notice:—"Gone to the Small Pox Hospital. Return directly."

THE GREAT BOAT-RACE.

1. HAWKSHAW	*3rd Trinity.*	5. KINGLAKE	*3rd Trinity.*
2. PIGOTT	*Corpus.*	6. BORTHWICK	*1st Trinity.*
3. WATSON	*Pembroke.*	7. STEAVENSON	*Trinity Hall.*
4. HAWKINS	*Lady Margaret.*	8. SELWYN	*3rd Trinity.*

Steerer, ARCHER, *Corpus.*

BEFORE THE RACE.

COME, list to me, who wish to hear the glories of our crew,
I'll tell you all the names of those who wear the Cambridge Blue.
First HAWKSHAW comes, a stalwart bow, as tough as oak, nay tougher;
Look at him ye who wish to see the Antipodes to "duffer."
Swift as the Hawk in airy flight, strong as the guardsman SHAW,
We men of mortal muscles must contemplate him with awe.
Though I dwell by Cam's slow river, and I hope am not a bigot,
I think that Isis cannot boast a better man than PIGOTT:
Active, and strong, and steady, and never known to shirk,
Of Corpus the quintessence, he is always fit for work.
The men of Thames will be amazed when they see our "Three" so strong,
And doubt if such a mighty form to mortal mould belong.
"*What son* is this?" they, one and all, will ask in awe and wonder;
The men of Cam will answer make, "A mighty son of thunder."
Next HAWKINS comes at "number 4," the sole surviving pet
Of the patroness of rowing, the Lady Margaret;
When they think of his broad shoulders, and strong and sinewy arms,
Nor parents dear, nor brothers stern, need foster fond alarms.
Oh! a tear of love maternal in Etona's eye will quiver,
When she sees her favourite KINGLAKE also monarch of the river.
Oh! that I could honour fitly in this unassuming song
That wondrous combination of steady, long, and strong.
Then comes a true-blue mariner from the ever-glorious "First,"
In the golden arms of Glory and the lap of Vict'ry nurst;
Though blue may be his colours, there are better oarsmen few,
And Oxford when it sees him will perhaps look still more blue.
Then comes the son of STEPHEN, as solid as a wall;
We need not add, who know his name, that he hails from Trinity Hall.
Oh! in the race, when comes at last the struggle close and dire,
May he have the wind and courage of his tutor and his sire;
May he think of all the glories of the ribbon black and white,
And add another jewel to the diadem so bright!
Then comes a name which Camas and Etona know full well,
A name that 's always sure to *win*, and never will prove a *sell*.
O what joy will fill a Bishop's heart on a far far distant shore,
When he sees our Stroke reviving the memories of yore!
Then old Cam will he revisit in fancy's fairy dream,
And rouse once more with sounding oar the slow and sluggish stream:
But who is this with voice so shrill, so resolute and ready?
Who cries so oft "too late!" "too soon!" "quicker forward!"
"Steady, steady!"
Why 'tis our young toxophilite, our ARCHER bold and true,
The lightest and the tightest who has ever steered light-blue.
O when he pulls the yielding string may he shoot both strong and straight,
And may the flight be swift and sure of his mighty arrows eight!
May he add another victory to increase our Cambridge score;
May Father Thames again behold the light blue to the fore!
But ah! the name of Victory falls feebly on my ear—
Forgive me! 'tis not cowardice that bids me shed this tear,
I weep to think that three long years have looked on our defeat;
For three long years we ne'er have known the taste of triumph sweet;
O Father Cam! O Father Thames! O ye nymphs of Chiswick eyot!
O Triton! O Poseidon! Take some pity on our fate!
What 's the use of resolution or of training or of science,
If anxious friends and relatives to our efforts bid defiance?
If they take our strongest heroes from the middle of the boat,
Lest exposure to the weather should give them a sore throat.
We 've rowed our boat when wave on wave o'er ship and crew was plashing,
And little were we troubled by the steamers and the splashing.
O little do the light-blues care when tempests round them gather,
We 'll meet the raging of the skies, but not an angry Father!
For though our vessel sank, our hearts were buoyant as a feather,
Since we knew that we had done our best in spite of wind and weather.
Then all ye Gods and Goddesses who rule o'er lake and river,
O wipe away the trembling tear which in mine eye doth quiver!
O wipe away the dire defeats that now we often suffer,
Let not the name of Cambridge blue be breathed with that of "duffer!"
O melt the hearts of governors! For who can hope to thrive,
If, when we 're just "together," they deprive us of our "Five?"
And lastly, when 'mid shouts and cheers and screams and deafening dins,
The two boats start upon their course——

AFTER THE RACE.

Heu mihi, Oxford wins!

"Eh? Mother."

Is not our dear old friend, MOTHER CHURCH, a little inconsistent? Of course she is, and a female who is not sometimes inconsistent is not loveable. But it *is* odd that she should, in the Tests debate for instance, declare that Subscriptions are her great support, and yet that she should expect so little from her friends' Subscriptions that she clings to Church-rates. Bless her old soul, nevertheless; in fact rather the more.

Digitized by Google



Maître d'Armes. "PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS, M'SIEU?"
Cornet. "OH WEE, UN POU."
Maître d'Armes. "BIEN, M'SIEU—EN GARDE!"
Cornet. "OH WEE—JE SUIS ON GUARD TO-MORROW, AND ORDERLY OFFICER NEXT DAY!"

THE WAY THE CAT JUMPS.

MR. PUNCH,

WHICH way the Cat jumps in the House of Commons, you can judge from the majority of 45 to 42 against the amendment on the Mutiny Bill, moved by MR. COX, for the abolition of Flogging in the Army.

Should the Cat-o'-Nine-Tails be eliminated from the Land and Sea Forces, will the British Army and Navy, as captains and higher officers in either service predict, become ungovernable? That they will, we cannot be quite sure, because they are not in a state of anarchy now, as gallant gentlemen predicted they would be in consequence of the reduction of the statutable number of lashes from infinity to fifty.

To be sure it is true that fifty lashes and fifty lashes may be very different things; and that five hundred or any number of lashes may be preferable to fifty. The Act of Parliament which limited Courts Martial and Colonels to fifty lashes, omitted to provide that they should be administered by a flogging machine, graduated to act with a certain power, or that the force of the drummer's arm should be limited to a stated sum by a dynamometer.

In this matter of flogging, whatever may be the merits of the question for or against it, the glorious inconsistency which characterises our constitutional legislation in general is particularly manifest.

We flog bad soldiers and sailors, and we flog no other bad men but garotters and unruly convicts. Besides, we only flog bad boys. The theory of flogging supposes fear of bodily pain. Almost the only men we flog are men who for the consideration of their victuals, their lodging, and about three-half-pence a day to spend out of their wages, have of their own accord put themselves in the way of being obliged to expose themselves to the imminent risk of shattered limbs, lacerated bodies, mutilated persons, death in the extremest of torments, or a life of misery to which such a death is preferable. What is the Cat-'o-Nine-Tails to a man who jests at rifle bullets, rockets, live shells, and cold steel, or it may be red-hot iron in the inside of him? If a man has no fear of wounds to which the scratches of the Cat are flea-bites, will he fear the Cat? If he fears the Cat, has he one grain of the courage that is requisite for a soldier? Would not the best thing the Army or Navy could do with him be to get rid of him as soon as possible? He that is afraid of a skin-deep laceration of the back can have "no stomach for the fight," in which that organ is liable to more formidable injury.

If British soldiers and sailors were conscripts, many of them obliged to risk their brains and bones, and viscera against their will, there might, one would think, certainly be considerable necessity for the Cat, or some equivalent, to keep a large number of involuntary warriors in order. But they are all volunteers; and the French, pressed men, are kept in pretty good discipline by other means than stripes. Are those means, as our gallant legislators tell us, bullets? Is it the fact that a French soldier or sailor is shot where an Englishman is flogged?

I do not pretend to say, *Mr. Punch*, because I do not know, that flogging in the Army and Navy could be safely abolished. But this I say, that if it cannot, it had better be re-introduced, and that largely, into the Roguery and Felonry. I don't know what there is in the vocation of defending a land of freedom which should render a man peculiarly liable to the punishment which is regarded as suitable only to a slave, and, if suitable to any slave at all, is suitable to one who has incurred servitude by his crimes. With kind regard to Colonels NORTH and KNOX, believe me, yours truly,

IN TERROREM.

P.S. Could there not be a trial of the suspended animation, so to speak, of the Cat for a year during peace, with a proviso for its revival in the event of war? No, I suppose the Captains and Colonels will say. Their honours and worships always say no to any proposal for trying the temporary discontinuance of hanging or any other corporal punishment. Are they afraid the experiment would succeed?

A SOCIAL POLICE CASE.

MR. PUNCH, premising that his remarks recently made under the above heading did not refer to a publication (a respectable and useful one) called the *Autograph Souvenir*, has to say that he has received two communications from the Editor of the publication to which those remarks did refer. *Mr. Punch* never makes a grave statement in the absence of evidence absolutely confirming it. Having made no departure from that rule in the case in question, he has no intention of either retracting a word of his previous allegations (evidently read by the remonstrant in a state of mind which prevents a charge and its terms from being duly comprehended) or of permitting them to be contradicted, under the circumstances within his knowledge. But he is glad to infer that no second *avertissement* will be needed.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, March 26, 1864.

THE CIRCULAR BORE.

(*To the Editor of "Punch."*)

SIR,—Much as we are indebted to your friend SIR ROWLAND HILL, cheap postage has occasioned one very great bore. I mean the Circular Bore. Some impertinent jackanapes will suggest that a Rifle bore, for instance, is a circular bore. I am not complaining of that aperture or any other. The Circular Bore that annoys me is the Advertising Circular Bore, Sir.

I hate a double rap, as such. It may be the tax-collector's instead of the postman's. No news is good news; and a letter is more likely to contain unpleasant than agreeable tidings. The best that I can expect would arrive is a note asking me to dine; and that will most probably come from somebody who doesn't keep a better table than my own; and then it will give me the trouble of writing back to say "No, I won't," in gracious words.

The postman's knock, Sir, therefore, knocks me over. It throws me into a state of apprehension which lasts until I have got and torn open the letter which it has announced. And that, after all, I find to contain a confounded linen-draper's puff. The fool who sent it! As if, in case I had a wife and daughters, I should not throw it behind the fire as quickly again as I do. Sometimes it is addressed to a hypothetical MRS. S., and if there were one, it would impose upon me through her foolish passion for finery. I congratulate myself that I am not to be imposed upon, Sir. But I have been disquieted, Sir, and subjected to considerable uneasiness, and I hate it.

There is another Circular Bore that is even more aggravating than puffing handbills. That is the Prospectus Bore.

The Prospectus Bore I not only resent as an attempt to take me in, Sir, but also as a mockery of my limited circumstances, Sir. It is the Circular of some new Joint-Stock Bank, Assurance, Mining, or other Bubble Company, a speculation in which it invites me to invest money. Now I have no money to invest, and if I had any I should invest it either in Government securities or freehold property with a guaranteed title. But it exasperates me, Sir, to be reminded that I have no money to invest whilst so many fools have plenty, and are cosened out of it by a swindling circular like that before me; a position, Sir, which it does not long retain. In the meanwhile, Sir, I console myself by exulting in the knowledge that I could not be the dupe of any such humbug, and I gloat, with pleasurable derision, over the considerately supplied form of applications for shares, with its lines all so handily ruled, and spaces nicely left for me to fill up, and the place where I am to sign my name, as though it were a matter of course that I should. I am not of a demonstrative nature, Sir, but, as I look at the trap thus set for me, I cannot help grinning, and whispering, "WALKER!" through my clenched teeth, whilst I press the end of my nose flat with my thumb, and vibrate my extended fingers with a will.

The Circular Bore, Sir, is inflicted through the Post, principally and especially on men whose names, like mine, are to be got at in a professional catalogue. For being thus pestered, my chief consolation, which I would suggest to others, is, that the gentry who have taken the trouble to hunt up my name for the purpose of getting money out of me by a humbugging circular, have at least thrown away a penny stamp on their speculation upon the good-nature or gullibility of, Sir, your humble servant.

SMELFUNGUS.

P.S. It would serve the humbugs right to return their Schedule filled up and signed with the name and address of an imaginary SMITH or JONES, Sir.



THE LATEST FROM ALDERSHOT.

Mr. Snip's Foreman (with great anxiety). "IS MR. ST. LONGWIND AT HOME?"
Faithful Bdtman (who smells a Dun). "MASTER'S GONE TO A COURT-MARTIAL."



WE REGRET TO STATE THAT THE FAITHFUL DOMESTIC HAS MORE REGARD FOR HIS MASTER THAN THE TRUTH, FOR THIS IS MR. ST. LONGWIND.

OUR OWN JO MILLER.

WHO has not heard of JO MILLER? But who has seen the original Publication? We have found this curiosity, and now, in order to promote witty conversation and genial hilarity among those brilliant diners-out whose powers are on the wane, and among the rising generation of wags, who are still at their freshest, we propose from time to time giving a few specimens of those exquisitely facetious stories, which long ago set the tables of our great-great-great-great-grandfathers in a roar, but which have nowadays fallen into most unmerited oblivion. The rare wit and humour of the following anecdotes, be it remarked, does not lie upon the surface, nor can the reader expect at once to plumb the subtle depths, or reach the fine points of Honest JOSEPH'S funny stories. Patience will overcome all the difficulties of the pleasurable task. We will commence with the following gems:—

A DOCTOR'S FEE.

A CERTAIN Quack, calling one day on an invalid, asked him, "how he did?" "I didn't," was the sufferer's reply. "Then," cried the undaunted disciple of GALEN, "It must have been your brother." With this he pocketed his fee, but never returned to the House.

THE CLOWN AND THE POPLAR.

A WAG, happening one day to be walking through St. James's Park, was accosted in a somewhat rude style by an elderly countryman who was staring up at a stick that was suspended on a branch of one of the trees. "Prithee, Sir," quoth HODGE, "is not this an injustice; for I see a piece of wood that never did aught of harm to a soul hanging, while there is a knave below that goes free." "Nay, friend," returned the other, "but I see one that isn't." And so saying he turned on his heel and departed.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



DEAR PUNCH,—A young friend of mine, an Oxford "man" he calls himself (for as babies are born nowadays some five or six years old, a boy of course becomes a man before he is twenty), has recently been staying a few days with me in town, on the plea that his presence was required at the boat-race. To carry out this notion, every day for upwards of a week before the match, he used to stalk into my study directly after breakfast, and say, "Well, old boy, excuse me, please, I must be off to Putney. You see, our men are going to practise a new spurt," this with a knowing glance at me as though to hint they could not possibly get through their work without him. "We dine at six, mind, sharp," I used to bellow after him as he banged the door, and then he disappeared behind a big cigar, and I saw nothing more of him until half-past seven. Of course I knew my stomach better than to wait for him, but I think he must have bribed the cook to keep him in her mind, for she always seemed to me to reserve the nicest dishes for him. A pipe of cavendish was lit directly after the last mouthful, and then he used to entertain me with tales about "our men," and how splendidly they kept their stroke, and what fine form they rowed in. After an hour or so of boating slang, which I understand as much as I do Gaelic or Feejee, he then, just about my bed-time, used to vote that we should go and have a game of pool, and a pipe at Paddy GREEN'S, where we should be pretty safe to drop upon some fellows. Now, when I play billiards I invariably lose, and, as the game thus grows monotonous, I proposed to him one night, just by way of novelty, to look into some theatre. To my astonishment, however, there seemed nothing on the stage that he had not been to see, although he vowed to me he had not been in Town since Christmas. I recommended, first, MISS BATEMAN. "*Queen Leah?* O yes, she's capital. I saw her in October, and didn't she make me cry, just!" Then there's the *Ticket-of-Leave Man:* you like a thrilling drama. "Thank you, my dear fellow, but I saw that twice last summer." Well, then, there's the Haymarket. "What! and see old *Lord Dundreary*, who's been playing for a century?—puff—why, my dear fellow, I saw him—puff—a dozen times at least a couple of years ago—puffpuff—before even I left schoo—puffpuff—hem—puff—before even I knew you—puffpuffpuffpuffpuff."

"Well, it really *is* a nuisance," said I, after a short pause, in which my young friend nearly choked me by the quickness of his smoking; "but if authors *will* write pieces so abominably attractive that they somehow draw good houses for a couple of hundred nights, of course men like you and me, who are getting rather *blasés*, and don't much care to see plays twice, really can't go to a theatre above once in a twelvemonth, and the managers can hardly wonder at our absence. But, come now," added I, just glancing at the *Times*, "swells like you and me don't often cross the Thames in our dramatic expeditions, so what d'ye say to spending half-an-hour with MESSIEURS SHEPHERD and ANDERSON over at the Surrey? I hear that there's an out-and-out good blood-and-thunder nautical sensation drama playing there, with a nice cold-blooded murder and the storming of Algiers in it, and a cataract of Real Water—from some Real Water Works!"

So in desperation and a hansom off we went, and found an audience composed of some three thousand people, packed well nigh as tightly as Sardines in a box, but all sitting in most evident enjoyment of the play, for which I learned that they had paid their sixpence to the gallery and their shilling to the pit. (N.B. No half-price, except to Cræsuses of wealth enough to pay two shillings to the boxes, no daring innovator having yet been bold enough to tempt a bloated aristocracy to patronise the theatre, by stealing from the pittites a row or two of stalls.)

Without quite echoing the playbill, that *Ashore and Afloat* "eclipses *Black-Eyed Susan*," and presents "One Blaze of Triumph" from the first to the last scene, I must admit that, when I saw it, the drama was received with "tumultuous applause;" and there were starings, shoutings, stampings, and hand-clappings enough to be described as "acclamations of wonder and delight." The plot was more intelligible than I quite expected; and all throughout the piece the author clearly did his best to prevent a British audience from making a mistake between villainy and virtue, and so took care that the murder which was done in the first act should be committed *coram populo*, and not behind the scenes. The humour was peculiar, as in these over-water dramas it usually is; but in neither word nor gesture was aught to be detected at all savouring of coarseness; and this is more than may be said at some genteeler theatres which I forbear to name. To tell your friend in confidence, "Well, if 'tis so, it 'tis, and it can't be no '*tis-er*," may not appear, perhaps, a very brilliant epigram, but the audience seemed perfectly delighted with its pungency and point; and when *Hal Oakford*, being tempted to turn traitor at Algiers, turns his quid instead, and, hitching up his trousers, says, "What! sail under false colours? damme, no! sheer off, you monkey-eating swab! I mean to die True Blue, and not Turkey Rhubarb," there is a roar of approbation at the gallant fellow's courage, and the house is quite enraptured at the sparkle of his wit.

Perhaps it is because he has the real cataract in his eye, that the author seems throughout the play to strive after reality, and to make his characters do just what they naturally would do in real life. Thus, in the murder scene, a person who, according to the playbill, is a "wealthy but miserly landlord," while out walking with a friend, on a sudden recollects he has £9000 about him, and so hands him this small trifle to keep for a few days, which is precisely what a miser would most naturally do. Meek villain, miser's bailiff, stabs friend with his pocket-knife (which bears, of course, his name on it, and which he takes good care to drop); and, as the notes for the £9000 are on a bank which breaks unluckily before he gets them cashed, he walks about for four years with them in his pocket, that at the right moment they may prove his guilt. Then, when Algiers is bombarded, on comes MR. SHEPHERD as a gallant British sailor, with a broadsword in one hand and a big Union Jack (a famous thing to fight with) in the other, and a terrific "one, two, over, one, two, under" fight ensues between him and the *Dey*, who also wears a broadsword, as Turks usually do. All this, you see, is strictly true to nature and reality; and people who read history, and are induced thereby to fancy that Algiers was taken by LORD EXMOUTH, may discover at the Surrey that history is quite wrong, and that the capture in reality was made by one *Hal Oakford*, who, with his soft and cheery voice and light and springy bearing, reminded me a little of dear old T. P. COOKE.

As to the sensation scene, which takes place in a coal-mine, its chief novelty consists in the fact that all the characters are left hanging in mid-air at the falling of the curtain, and when the curtain again rises at the bidding of the audience, the rescued heroine and her friends are still in bodily suspense. Perhaps the next sensation climax will take place in a balloon, and a terrific broadsword combat will come off in the car between the hero and the villain, when the villain, being worsted, will proceed to draw a blunderbuss out of his left boot, and, firing bang at the balloon, will laugh ha! ha! as it collapses, and the act-drop will descend while they both vanish down a trap. Of course, in the next scene the audience will learn that the villain has been smashed; and the hero will be seen with one arm in a sling and the other round the heroine, who, being startled at her needle by the banging of the blunderbuss, looked out and caught a glimpse of the balloon as it collapsed, and so, with woman's wit and quickness, scampered from her cottage, carrying a feather-bed, which she laid upon the grass-plat just in time to break her long-loved HARRY'S fall.

Trusting that *Hal Oakford* and the girl he nightly rescues will neither of them break their legs, or even sprain their ancles, before their run is over, I beg leave to subscribe myself as usual,

ONE WHO PAYS.

SHAKSPEARIAN SCULPTURE.

AN Advertisement of the Shakspeare Monument informs the Public that:—

"It is proposed to commemorate the 300th birthday of SHAKSPEARE by erecting in London a monument embracing a bronze statue placed under a decorative canopy in the style of the Poet's period."

It is difficult to conceive a monument embracing a statue, if the monument is not a statue itself, or does not resemble either some animal, as a monkey or a bear, capable of clasping or hugging, or some plant, like a vine or a honeysuckle, accustomed to cling to and twine round objects. Otherwise, a monument could hardly embrace a statue; if one is to embrace the other, the statue should embrace the monument. If the monument embracing the bronze statue to be erected in commemoration of SHAKSPEARE'S birthday is to be itself a statue, well and good. The bronze statue might be that of *Juliet*, and the other *Romeo's*, and *Romeo* might be thus represented embracing *Juliet*. Or the two statues might be a statue of *Titania* embracing a statue of *Bottom*.

TO THE DIRTY.—Try the Soap-and-Water Cure, at the excellent Hydropathic Establishment, *Sud-brook* Park.

Digitized by Google

AN EASTER-OFFERING TO LORD RUSSELL.

EASTER rest to my RUSSELL!
From Parliament's tussle,
From bother and blaster and baiting;
From Derbyite vapours,
From cries for "more papers,"
From 'spounding and 'splaining and stating;
Rest and be thankful!

From snubs of your offers,
Proposals and proffers,
To this and that Foreign Legation;
From neutrality's guarding
Against the bombarding
Of Fed- or of Confed-eration;
Rest and be thankful!

From assaults oratorical,
Quotations historical,
Whig precedents, brought out in batches;
From long-winded lecturing,
(Somewhat like hectoring),
Served up cold, in the shape of despatches;
Rest and be thankful!

From keeping the peace
In broiling-hot Greece,
Warning Eider-Danes, snubbing small-Germans;
From the snubberies of Russia,
And dodgings of Prussia,
And general pooh-pooh of your sermons;
Rest and be thankful!

In the sense that you've done
Ev'rything 'neath the sun
To keep Europe's mines from exploding;
In your hold on conviction
'Gainst Faction and friction,
Friends' coolness, and rivals' ill-boding;
Rest and be thankful!

SHIPLEY SWINE'S FEAST.

SPEAKING of a particularly obstinate fool, DR. JOHNSON said, "Sir; he would lie and tumble in a hogstye as long as you stood and called him to come out." There are some men whose dispositions are wondrously modified by those of the animals with which they are peculiarly conversant; and the agricultural mind, dealing much with pigs, not uncommonly induces the bumpkin whom it actuates to persist in wallowing morally in the mire of prejudice and stupidity. The subjoined extract from a rural contemporary will illustrate the preceding observations:—

"SHIPLEY.

"THE SPARROW CLUB.—The annual meeting of the Shipley Sparrow Club was held at the Selsey Arms Inn, on the 2nd inst., when upwards of twenty members sat down to an excellent dinner, provided by MR. and MRS. SLATER in their usual style. After the cloth was removed, the Chairman proceeded to look over the accounts and award the prizes; and announced that 9,910 bird's heads of various kinds had been sent in during the year, being upwards of 2,000 more than had been sent in any previous year. It was unanimously agreed to carry on the club as before, notwithstanding all that *Punch* and other anti-birdkillers have said about it."

The clowns who constitute the mischievous association calling itself the Shipley Sparrow Club take an evident pride in their determination to persist in their brutal endeavour to exterminate small birds, out of sheer hoggish contradiction to what "*Punch* and the other anti-bird-killers have said about it." The excellent dinner provided by MR. and MRS. SLATER in their usual style for these boors was probably not the sort of meal that they are best able to appreciate, which is manifestly barley-meal. But for their peculiar affinity to swine, the bumpkins who have taken the name of the Sparrow Club would have most justly described themselves by that of the Goose Club; only they would then have been liable to be confounded with more rational societies. The Caterpillar Club would also be a suitable title for a set of farmers who are such blockheads as to conspire for the destruction of sparrows. Their attempt to destroy the destroyers of the vermin that ravage their crops is suicidal; and the injury which they inflict on themselves, in swimming against the stream of enlightened opinion, completes their resemblance to the grunting quadruped which is regarded as the emblem of obstinacy.

Notes and Queries.

THE *Pill*ory was not, in the first instance, a place where an offender was obliged to take medicine, though whoever was placed therein, undoubtedly had a dose of it.

TALK FOR TRAVELLERS.

THE last picture, uniting two subjects, to which I begged to call your attention, was that of DUMPKINS surprised in the street by BODGER, and its converse, of BODGER in the street surprised by DUMPKINS. These together would form an admirable cartoon, and MR. E. M. WARD is welcome to the idea; whereupon I drink a water-glass to his health (to *his* by the way distinctly not to *mine*, not being an hydropathist) and return to our theme. Two persons unexpectedly and suddenly meet one another in the street, and straightway each is more abashed by the presence of the other, than would be any pickpocket caught redhandkerchiefed in the fact. As it is my intention presently to show what *ought* to be said, and what ought to be left *unsaid*, I must, in order to represent what actually *is* said on such occasions as the above mentioned, very briefly recapitulate a portion of a former paper.

Stand up, don't breathe upon the glasses, keep both eyes open and observe,

SCENE—A Street in London. TIME—Mid-afternoon.

Our Dramatis Personæ consist of Two Friends, whom we will call 1st and 2nd Citizen. This may be termed Method No. 1.

1st Citizen (*meeting 2nd Citizen, and feeling compelled to stop him as if he had got something of the utmost importance to communicate*). Ah!

This in a tone of surprise, accompanied by hand-shaking.

2nd Cit. (*in same tone*). Ah!

Now these exclamations ought to be written after the fashion of the libretto of a duet.

1st Cit. } Ah!
2nd Cit. }

1st Cit. How are you?

2nd Cit. (*with remarkable originality*). How are you? (*Then with some slight originality*). Eh?

We have previously noticed that no answer is expected by or from either party.

1st Cit. Well! (*Smiles at the top button of 2nd Cit.'s coat.*) Well! (*Suddenly.*) What are you doing with yourself, now, eh?

This is given as if expecting to hear that his friend is the same good-for-nothing worthless fellow that he always was, only worse. Now on hearing this question, *2nd Citizen* somehow or another does not feel altogether comfortable, and entertains some hazy idea in his mind that, under no circumstances, is an Englishman bound to criminate himself. Consequently, as if he had some deep designs to conceal, he replies, in a careless and indifferent manner evidently assumed, "Oh! um—much-as-usual-you-know" (all one word) "much as usual."

Now this style of answer takes it for granted that his friend has been, for some time previous, deeply interested in his movements; his friend it need hardly be said, has never thought or cared a rap about him. By the way, this phrase "to care a rap" is expressive, and was even more significant when knockers were the sole means of making oneself heard at the street-door. One who "does not care a rap for you" evidently means a man who never thinks of calling at your house. But to hie back.

"Now," thinks *1st Citizen* to himself, "I'll show him that he isn't everybody, and that *I* haven't even heard of him for an age." This is, as it were, an aside for—

1st Cit. (*aloud and in an offhand manner*). Still living at Camberwell?

2nd Cit. (*roused to a sense of snobbish indignation by the thought that there should exist a creature who remembered when he lived at Camberwell; says, as if trying to recollect the time of such residence*). Camberwell? Camberwell? (*Repeats it like a sleepy 'bus-conductor.*) Let me see—(*Suddenly.*) Oh—ah—yesyesyesyes (*all one word, a string of affirmatives*)—Oh! we've left *there* a *very* long time.

1st Cit. (*utterly uninterested*). Oh! then you're—(*cleverly*)—then you're somewhere else now, eh?

This is not a bad hit as far as a mere guess goes.

2nd Cit. Yes. Oh yes, we've moved. (*Debates within himself whether he shall communicate the causes that urged him to his migration; decides that he will do so*). Yes, we've moved; for the fact is that (*alters his mind*) Camberwell was all very well, (*contradicts himself*) but it was rather a nuisance, and so (*finds that he's getting into difficulties*), and so we moved.

2nd Cit. (*who thought that his friend would never come to the end of the story, says with an air of relief*). Ah!

Pause. During which they eye one another, then clear their throats several times, as if they'd each swallowed a chicken bone.

1st Cit. Well—er—

2nd Cit. Well—er—

1st Cit. (*not wishing to be abrupt*). Good bye. I'm very glad we met.

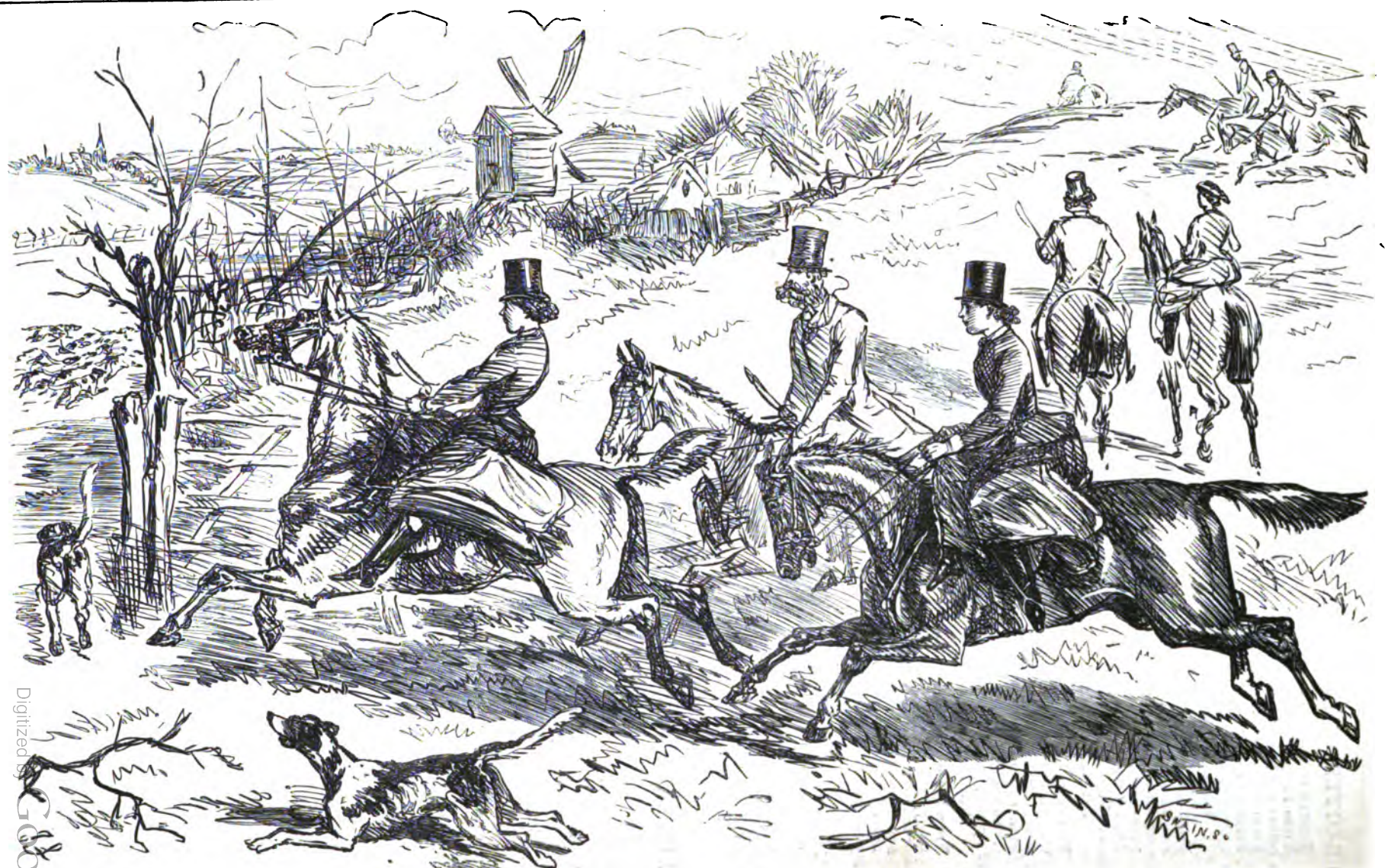
2nd Cit. So am I. (*And evinces his delight by at once saying*). Good bye.

1st Cit. (*as he moves off calls*). Look in and see us one of these days, do. (*Rushes off before his friend has time to ask for his address.*)

2nd Cit. (*speaking really to nobody*). With pleasure.

Of course *1st Citizen* does not want to see *2nd Citizen* again, and *2nd Citizen* never intends to call, and so ends the First Method.

Digitized by Google



A RIDING HABIT TO BE ADOPTED SHORTLY.

"Dear Mr. Punch,—I am anxious that my wife (who intends to hunt with me) 'should do as the ladies do' here, in **** shire. I send you a sketch of the custom of this country, and want to know if you think it graceful and becoming. My wife has a very neat foot and ankle, and thinks one of my paletots would do equally as well to ride in as tying up a yard of useless habit, &c., &c."

Digitized by Google



FRIENDLY ADVICE.

PAM. "MY DEAR JOHNNY, THE EASTER VACATION IS A GREAT INSTITUTION, SO—*REST AND BE THANKFUL.*"

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THAME COUNTY-COURT LAW.

To J. B. PARRY, Esq. Q.C.

MY DEAR SIR,

DID you ever, in the country, happen to see a stable-boy, or the gardener, or a footman in livery, on one of his master's best horses, galloping, full speed, the shortest way to the nearest market-town? Or did you ever notice MR. YOUNGHUSBAND running as fast as he could go in the same direction? Of course; and I presume that you understood the meaning of the phenomenon to be the peculiar one which is expressed in the cry of "Run for the Doctor!"

Now, then, how could you have come to the decision which you are reported by my contemporary the *Bicester Herald* to have pronounced a week or two ago in the Thame County Court in the case of "W. G. WALKER, *v.* the Guardians of the Thame Union." No wonder that the reporter thereof has given MR. WALKER's initials. He doubtless thought that plain WALKER would be taken to indicate a hoax. And, I must say that the judgment, or misjudgment attributed to you in this matter, is almost incredible.

No doubt you remember the suit to which I refer; but my other readers must know that:—

"This was a claim of £3 10*s.* for medical attendance in seven cases of childbirth. MR. SAWYER, barrister, instructed by MR. PARKER, appeared for the defendants. The plaintiff represented his own case, and in opening it said—My case is very simple, as far as I understand. I reside at Brill, and am a medical district officer in the Thame Union."

Brill is, by some epicures, otherwise called workhouse turbot; but I am afraid that it is no part of the dietary allowed in the Thame Union. Pardon the slight impertinence of this remark. I proceed; that is, MR. WALKER does:—

"In that capacity I am called on to attend cases of midwifery. I have done so in accordance with instructions issued by the Poor Law Commissioners. I have now been kept out of my claim for three-quarters of a year; my charge is 10*s.* per case, contracted with the Board of Guardians, and as their medical officer I am bound to attend cases upon receiving an order to that effect from an overseer. Brill, with a population of 1400 inhabitants, has no resident midwife, and the relieving-officer lives at Thame, a distance of seven miles. I have been at great trouble and expense coming over to the Board, endeavouring to get what is due to me, and the last time I attended I was told by the Board that I had no claim upon them. If I have no claim upon them, am I bound to attend to the orders of the overseers?"

A conversation here, it seems, ensued between you and MR. WALKER, and that gentleman read the instructions issued by the Poor Law Commissioners, under which he had acted, and then he appealed to you as follows: with subsequent dialogue:—

"MR. WALKER. What I have read are instructions supplied to us; are they not in accordance with the Act of Parliament?

"MR. SAWYER referred his Honour to the latter part of article 48, where it stated that orders issued by overseers must be in cases of sudden and urgent necessity.

"The JUDGE. Do you consider that ordinary cases of confinement are those of a sudden and urgent necessity?

"MR. WALKER. If I receive an order from an overseer, I am bound to attend."

You then laid the following obstetric law:—

"The JUDGE. What I should term cases of sudden and urgent necessity would be supposing that a woman was taken ill with childbirth on the road or in a field. I should then have no difficulty in coming to a conclusion for the plaintiff."

Now, how could you thus limit "cases of sudden and urgent necessity," duly considering what is usually, ordinarily, and commonly implied in "Run for the Doctor!" I know that some Judges are apt to talk like old women. It would be paying you an unmerited compliment to say that either the foregoing observation, or that immediately subjoined, is anything like an old woman's, whatever may be thought of your succeeding remark about the Guardians in their relation to the public purse, as though that were any reason why they should decline to put money due into MR. WALKER's. Nor is the judgment below recorded one which any old woman would have pronounced, under the circumstances:—

"The JUDGE. The question is, who is to pay you? I am clearly of opinion that an ordinary case of midwifery is not one of sudden and urgent necessity, and, therefore, not one for which the Guardians would be liable to pay.

"MR. WALKER. How am I to act after this, when I receive an order to attend a case? How is it possible for me to ascertain if it is a case that I may get paid for, or one I am bound to attend at my own expense?

"The JUDGE. You must understand that the Board are not in this instance guardians of their own purse, but of the public purse.

"MR. WALKER. Oh, yes! They are certainly guardians of the public purse.

"The JUDGE. Judgment will be for defendants. Plaintiff is nonsuited."

However, you appear to have been prevailed upon to reconsider the case; and—

"The overseers were then called, and MR. HOBBS, in reply to plaintiff, said, as overseer he was applied to for the orders, and he considered they were cases of necessity. Once or twice the births took place in a few minutes after MR. WALKER arrived there. He (the overseer) considered they were all cases requiring immediate assistance; that some of the poor had not means to pay; and in one or two instances the parties for whom the orders were given were really in distressed circumstances."

You stick to your opinion, however, refuse MR. WALKER's application for an adjournment of the case, and again give judgment for the defendants. That judgment is based on the position that the cases which MR. WALKER was called upon to attend were not cases of urgency, although MR. HOBBS, the overseer, swore that they were. I wonder what conceivable case requiring surgical aid you would consider a case of urgency. Would a compound fracture of the skull be such a case, would the case of a foreign body in the windpipe or a wound of the femoral artery? As guardians of the public purse, not to mention their own, the Thame Union Board will now perhaps expect you to decide that not one of the cases just enumerated is a case of urgency among paupers. What case can be, if not that in which, amongst the respectable classes, it is considered necessary to run for the doctor? Is not this, MR. PARRY, parity of reasoning? Well now, Sir, suppose the doctor is run for, and does not come, in one of those cases which you have ruled not to be cases of urgency, and, from accidents which MR. WALKER can explain to you, the patient dies, what will a coroner's jury say? Something doubtless, very hard of the doctor; unless the case has occurred within the jurisdiction of the County Court over which you preside; and then perhaps they will lay the death at nobody's door, out of deference to the judgment of MR. PARRY.

Accept, my dear Sir, the distinguished consideration of your remonstrant servant,

PUBLIC.

Louisa Place, March, 1864.

ADVERTISING A NEW ARTICLE.

IT is well known that some seven Oxford clergymen, holding certain dogmas ignored by the late decision of the Privy Council, have drawn up a declaration of their belief of them, and sent it about to the rest of the clergy for signature, as though with the view of constituting it virtually a Fortieth Article. Not, however, content with the private circulation of this document, they have actually published it in the *Times*, the *Post*, and other newspapers, as an advertisement, preceded by the subjoined solicitation for names:—

"The following DECLARATION, drawn up by a Committee appointed at a MEETING held at Oxford on February 25, 1864, has been issued to every clergyman in England and Ireland whose address could be ascertained. But, as there are upwards of 3,000 of the clergy whose addresses are uncertain, the Committee notify by advertisement that signatures will be received by the REV. W. R. FREMANTLE, Acting Secretary, or by any of the Committee.

"Of the many thousand names subscribed to the Declaration, the subjoined names are published, in order to show the general concurrence with which it has been received.

"(Signed for the Committee) "W. R. FREMANTLE, Acting Secretary,
"Claydon Rectory, Winslow."

Then comes the Declaration, undersigned by about 209 Reverend, some of them Very Reverend, Gentlemen. These, we are above assured, are only a selection out of many thousands; or else we should have been inclined to suspect, that the promoters of an Article 40, having, *à propos* of the approaching SHAKSPEARE Commemoration, been studying the play of *Richard III.*, had taken a hint from the management with which *Buckingham*, as he relates to *Gloster*, converted "some ten voices" of "some followers of mine own" into "general applause and cheerful shout." We should have fancied that, in like manner, the "general concurrence" of some 200 odd subscribers, out of all the clergy, with the Oxford Declaration argued their doctrine and consent with PUSEY.

We wonder what ATHANASIUS would have said to the idea of advertising his creed in order to get it adopted by the Church. Fancy, if printing had been invented in the fourth century, an advertisement in the daily papers of the period, serving instead of a General Council. Such a method of going to work to settle a point of theology would not, perhaps, have tended to edify the heathen; nor can it be likely to have much better effect in the present day. What next? We may expect to see theological propositions posted on the walls, alongside of gigantic playbills, and monster prints of scenes in a circus, and performances of acrobats. We shall, perhaps, be invited, in colossal blue and scarlet letters, to rush to this or that office or committee-room, and record our vote for SO-AND-SO, and such-and-such a definition of faith. To advertise a new Article seems rather a commercial than a clerical proceeding. It suggests the question, "What is the next Article?" The *Times*, certainly, is an œcumenical journal; but the substitution of advertising columns for ecclesiastical councils cannot, at any rate, be regarded as a Nice way of asserting orthodoxy.

Classical.

WERE cheap Omnibuses known to the ancients?

Decidedly. When JULIUS CÆSAR was suffering from a violent cold, ANTONY advised him not to go out walking on a rainy day, as he might get his feet wet. "*Meas pedes!*" exclaimed the snuffling Dictator, "*Ibo in* pedi-bus;" evidently meaning, "penny-'bus."

ON DIT.

AN application has been made, on behalf of one of the principal Barbers and Hairdressers in London, for a Colonnade of Shops devoted entirely to his extended practice. The proposed name is the Lather Arcade.

A NEW PLAY BY SHAKSPEARE.



OUR "facetious contemporary" (need we name the *Athenæum?*) makes what, for want of further evidence, we must presume to be a joke, in its announcement of the plays with which the SHAKSPEARE Festival in London will be celebrated, which our facetious contemporary informs us will be these:—

"On Saturday, April 23, there will be SHAKSPEARIAN performances at Drury Lane, the Haymarket, Princess's, Adelphi, and St. James's; also a grand SHAKSPEARIAN *fête* at the Crystal Palace. On Monday evening, April 25, there will be a SHAKSPEARE performance at Sadler's Wells and at the Strand; on Tuesday, April 26, at the Victoria; and on Thursday, April 28, at the Surrey and the Britannia. All these performances will include a play or a scene from SHAKSPEARE. MR. BUCKSTONE will perform *Twelfth Night*, *Bunkum*, and *Venus and Adonis*; MR. FALCONER, *Henry the Fourth*; and MR. FECHTER, *Hamlet*."

We know that SHAKSPEARE wrote a poem called *Venus and Adonis*, but we were not aware that he composed it for the stage. Will MR. BUCKSTONE, we wonder, perform *Venus* or *Adonis?* Whichever part he takes, it will, doubtless, be a treat to see him in the character; and we shall certainly endeavour not to miss the novel sight.

But what are we to say to the other play, called *Bunkum*, which, after the comedy of *Twelfth Night*, MR. BUCKSTONE will perform? We never before knew that SHAKSPEARE wrote a piece called *Bunkum;* and we must say, that we feel a little moved to wonder, that such men as MESSIEURS CHARLES KNIGHT, COLLIER, HALLIWELL, and DYCE have, in all their SHAKSPEARE huntings, never hunted up this play. However, rather than accuse them of being sadly careless in making their researches, we prefer to think this *Bunkum* is simply a production of our jocose contemporary. Certainly, so far as our recollection serves us, this is by no means the first time that our contemporary has somehow mixed Bunkum up with SHAKSPEARE; and we should not mind predicting that it will not prove the last.

CABBY UNDER A MISTAKE.

THE sympathies of our readers will not be invoked in vain on behalf of the poor driver of a cabriolet whose affecting story may be thus briefly related. His name was CHARLES ROFFEY, and he was hired by MR. EDWARD WESTON, of WESTON'S Music-hall, Holborn, to drive him from that place of entertainment to Tottenham-court Road; a distance less than a mile. On reaching his destination MR. WESTON paid the poor cabriolet driver the sum of 1*s.*, being not more than only twice the amount of his legal fare. Labouring under those excited feelings which sometimes obtain the mastery of cabriolet drivers presented with a remuneration which they deem inadequate, ROFFEY, unable to restrain his emotions, gave utterance to them in observations addressed to certain other drivers of cabriolets who were standing by. To borrow the words of a Bow Street Police Report wherein the foregoing particulars are narrated, he, "addressing some other cabmen, told them that that was MR. WESTON of the Music-hall, who had given him 1*s.*, at the same time applying some filthy expressions to him." The customary utterances of an irritated cabriolet driver, suggestively described as filthy expressions, will be familiar to most persons who are in the habit of hiring cabriolets; and MR. WESTON, offended with their application to himself by ROFFEY, demanded his ticket, which ROFFEY declined to give, and was retiring without delivering it, when he was arrested by a policeman, and compelled to produce that token, which enabled MR. WESTON to summon him before MR. HALL for using abusive language.

The poor cabriolet driver was unable to deny the statement of MR. WESTON, corroborated as it was by a policeman. He had, however, a very remarkable excuse to offer in palliation of the offence which he had committed. According to the above-quoted narrative:—

"The prisoner said, he had begun to move away before MR. WESTON asked for his ticket; and, indeed, he was not going away altogether, but only to the cab-rank. He did not think he was guilty of using abusive language to MR. WESTON, as his observations were addressed to the other cabmen."

Poor fellow! Who does not pity him that thinks of the very pardonable mistake he made in supposing that he kept himself within bounds of the law so long as his observations touching MR. WESTON were made not to that gentleman, but only at him?

The remainder of the tale is painful; but might have been more distressing. With regard to the observations which poor ROFFEY had too clearly intended for MR. WESTON'S hearing:—

"MR. HALL said, they were obviously meant to annoy MR. WESTON, and to excite the other cabmen to deride him. Defendant must pay a fine of 30*s.* and 2*s.* costs.
"The defendant paid the fine."

He might have been unable to pay the fine, and, in default of payment, have been adjudged to a week at the treadmill.

LIQUOR BILL LEGISLATORS.

(*A Parliamentary Cantata.*)

LAWSON *and* SOMES.

How fast doth drunkenness decrease!
Oh, let a law be made
To check that evil, ere it cease
Without our needful aid!

Semichorus of Members.

O greatly called-for legislation!
O interference nowise vain!
Curtail the freedom of the nation
To make all hands from drink refrain!

SOMES.

Accept my Sunday Bill!
Oh, take my little pill!

Chorus of Members.

Quack, quack, quack!
Stow your clack.

LAWSON.

The swine entire my larger measure goes;
A Liquor Law permissive I propose.

Chorus.

BELLAMY, oh, BELLAMY!
Should we not abolish thee?

SOMES *and* LAWSON.

See from Wesleyan Preachers, and Sunday School Teachers,
What a load of petitions I have to present;
Look how many names these are from each Ebenezer;
Oh, concede the demand of Low Church and Dissent!

Chorus.

The subject's liberty betraying,
This House would donkeys' wisdom show;
Whilst here we listen to your braying
Ears at our temples seem to grow.
Both your Bills affront good sense,
We will read them six months hence.

BUOY THE LIFE-BOAT.

THE deaths by fire, owing to crinoline, are very numerous, but no statistics have given us the figures of the victims of tasteless vanity and gregarious folly who, in consequence of wearing prodigious hooped petticoats have been annually, during some years past, roasted alive in their own grates. Great, however, as is the multitude that perishes in the flames, it is smaller than the number of people killed by water. The latter, too, has been partially ascertained, and, in so far, consists principally of men, and mariners, to whom you gentlemen of England that live at home at ease, and you ladies also, are indebted for all the good things which you enjoy, besides home produce, and including some of that.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Royal National Life-boat Institution, held on Tuesday last week at the London Tavern, in the report of the Committee then read, it was stated that:—

"With a shipping representing about fifty millions of tons, and 300,000 vessels which cleared outwards and entered inwards from British ports during the past year, a large number of shipwrecks has become almost a natural sequence. Accordingly it is found that 1,620 casualties took place last year on the shores and in the seas of the British Isles, accompanied with the loss of 568 valuable lives—lives of the utmost consequence to the commerce and defence of the country."

The sum of 568, in the preceding connection, is fearful enough, but see below the amount which would have stood for it, but for the exertions of the Life-boat Institution. The above-quoted paragraph is followed by that which we rejoice to annex:—

"However, it is gratifying to find that during the same period 4,565 persons were rescued by life-boats, the rocket-apparatus, shore-boats, and other means; 498 of these owe their preservation to life-boats, 329 to the rocket apparatus, and 3,738 to ships' own boats, steamers, fishing-boats, and other means."

After the enumeration of the above and other particulars, comes a tabular statement of the number of lives per annum saved during the last nine-and-thirty years. It may be sufficient to cite top and bottom of this column, leaving the intermediate ciphers to be presumed:—

"In the year	No. of Lives Saved	In the year	No. of Lives Saved
1824	124	1863	714

Let us, however, append the total—13,568. Our Actuary being otherwise engaged, we cannot at this moment get him to calculate the pecuniary value of that number of lives, taken at the average on the principles of a respectable and solvent Life Assurance Society, and can only say that we should like to have as much, in order to devote ourselves to the gratuitous instruction and entertainment of mankind, and the advocacy of all useful charities, amongst which the Life-boat Institution will be allowed to rank, even by a Malthusian political economist, and must be considered by everybody to hold almost, if not quite, the very foremost place. Its operations are large and expensive; their enlargement will require increased expenditure. This Institution will save more lives if it can get more money; and its bankers are Messrs. Willis, Percival, & Co., 76, Lombard Street; Messrs. Coutts & Co., 59, Strand; and Messrs. Herries, Farquhar & Co., 16, St. James's Street, London. Subscriptions may also be sent to all the Bankers in the United Kingdom, or to any one of them by persons whose means are not unlimited, and will also be received, with a hooray, by the Secretary, Richard Lewis, Esq., at the office of the Institution, 14, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C. The numerous testimonials to successful speculators, and other somebodies of consequence to nobody but their sycophants and toadies, daily advertised in the papers, prove that there are at present many persons who have much more money than they well know what to do with. If they do not send all of it to the Office, 85, Fleet Street, they had better send some, if not all of it, to that of the Life-boat Institution.

"DRINKING THE SHAMEFUL."



Dear Mr. Punch,—Do you ever smoke? For your own sake and your wife's, I sincerely hope you don't. I never would speak harshly of other people's weaknesses, but I have no sympathy with smokers, so you may fancy with what pleasure I seize on every chance of saying a bad word for them, and bringing them to ridicule and well-deserved contempt.

Now, did you notice the account that Mr. Gifford Palgrave gave before the Royal Geographical Society of his travels in Arabia and his visit to the Wahabites? These delightful people (you will see soon why I call them so) are pious followers of Mahomet, who live in the great central plateau of Arabia, and are more rigorous in adhering to the precepts of the Koran than Mahommedans in general may be presumed to be. From the interesting account which Mr. Palgrave gave of them, I must ask you just to print the following short extract, for the benefit of people who may think themselves more civilised and mentally enlightened than are these benighted heathens, as we presume to call them:—

"The founder of this sect, Ibn Abd-el-Wahhab, who was born about a century since at the beautiful town of Hormedlemeh (through which Mr. Palgrave passed), revived the Mahommedan precepts in all their pristine strictness, so that any one desirous of understanding what Islamism resembled in its palmy days of early enthusiasm could not do better than visit Riadh. His followers are divided into mollahs, or spiritual guides, who have nothing but learning and devotion to recommend them, and the great body of the people, who are governed by an hereditary despotism, perhaps the strictest and most extraordinary of any recorded in history. So rigorously are the precepts of the Koran observed, that a debasing fatalism supplies the place of all religion, of which Mr. Palgrave cited some ludicrous examples. Moreover, there is to Western notions the most grotesque disproportion in the classification of great and little sins. Such sins as murder, robbery, and the like are those of which Providence reserves the condign punishment to himself, whereupon, '*Alla ha Kherim!*' ('God is merciful!') is the consolation that the faithful believer mutters to account for the culprit escaping his just doom. On the other hand, the most deadly and abominable of all sins is tobacco-smoking!—'drinking the shameful!' as it is termed by the horror-stricken Wahabite."

Through the unlucky accident that I was born a Christian, I can't quite go so far as to say that I think murder is a less offence than smoking, or to state as my opinion that all smokers should be hanged. But it would certainly delight me were they viewed with the same horror that a murderer excites in us, and were a very severe punishment awarded for their crime. "Drinking the Shameful" is a very proper name for it, and I should wish all shameful-drinkers excluded from Society as rigidly as niggers are excluded in New York.

This, to some unthinking persons, may appear a harsh opinion; but there really is no calculating what we, as a nation, have lost by letting wretches "drink the shameful" here in England, and how immensely we should gain by their immediate extirpation.

Mr. Palgrave says expressly, that the Wahabites display more taste in their street-architecture than Londoners can boast of; and it is clear their taste is purer, because they do not vitiate it by that pernicious practice which they so fitly speak of as "drinking the shameful." Then see how hospitable and kind they are to travellers who visit them, and how tolerant to those who differ from them in religion. Such virtues are caused, doubtless, by mere abstinence from smoking, which destroys the finer feelings while it ruins the digestion, and dries up all the channels which afford vent for the generous emotions of the heart. As men become dyspeptic, they grow dogmatic and churlish; and I feel sure, that the bigotry which has robbed Professor Jowett of the salary now due to him has mainly had its origin in the fact that Oxford men are sadly fond of smoking, and thereby have become less tolerant than the Wahabites, whom, as poor benighted heathens, they are anxious to exterminate, or at all events convert.

Trusting soon to see an Anti-Drinking League established, which shall include among its members the Drinkers of the Shameful, I beg leave to subscribe myself, Yours without prejudice,

A Tobacco Stopper.

FRUSTRATION OF FOREIGN POLICY.

Oh! let us adhere to strict non-intervention,
Except by advice and remonstrance alone,
Between foreign nations engaged in contention,
Unless we have interests at stake of our own.
In going to war we don't know where we're going to,
The course of events to predict what man dares?
And the Statesman will say this uncertainty's owing to
The great mutability of foreign affairs.

Full many a faithless desertion has taught us
To know that we never can trust our allies.
Forget not the lore that experience has bought us,
If you are not less than the least of the wise.
Our friends of to-day may our foes be to-morrow;
And when you are left in the lurch, unawares,
Oh! then you too late will remember, with sorrow,
The great mutability of foreign affairs.

The tortuous paths of the neighbouring nations
Are not like our own ways straightforward and plain,
They fight for ideas, that is, annexations,
All keeping a look-out their own ends to gain.
And those who are leagued with us fail us whenever
It suits them; behold, in this conduct of theirs,
That makes intervention a hopeless endeavour,
The great mutability of foreign affairs.

Full well we know what is war's only sure issue;
Much money to spend, and to lose many men.
Your alien friends will most certainly dish you,
May side with your enemies—where are you then?
Alone in the glory of vain self-devotion,
A load of taxation to leave to your heirs,
And ponder, meanwhile, with indignant emotion,
The great mutability of foreign affairs.

Alike if we join, or decline interfering
In foreigners' quarrels, they give us ill names,
Inveighing against us, and railing, and sneering,
Because our intentions don't square with their aims.
Then steadfastly leave them alone to their changes,
And ever keep clear of their pitfalls and snares,
Considering what calculation deranges;
The great mutability of foreign affairs.

Digitized by Google



Swell (to Corpulent Cabman). "Haw, here's Sixpence—get yourself—Glass—Beer."

Cabby. "Thank you, Sir, all the same; but I never take it. I'm a follerin' Mr. Bantin's advice for Corpulence, Sir. He says, I may take two or three Glasses o' good Claret, or a Glass or two of Sherry Wine, or Red Port, or Madeira; any sort o' Spirits——" (*Swell, deeply touched, makes the Sixpence Half-a-Crown.*)

PAYNE v. PATER.

See Middlesex Sessions Report for Wednesday and Thursday, March 23rd and 24th.

Mr. Payne may be vain, to crack small jokes too fain,
And the least in the world of a prater,
But not three times Payne's funning, or prosing or punning,
Could excuse the impert'nence of Pater.

If your Smith, Jones or Brown, when he dons wig and gown,
Feels tempted to play the dictator,
And to let loose his fury, on Judge and on Jury,
Let him take timely warning by Pater.

Punch knows not the person he's spending his verse on,
And his luck he conceives is the greater,
For to write himself fully both blunderer and bully,
Seems the principal object of Pater.

No doubt of his fitness to browbeat a witness,
Like a brazen-faced Bar Billingsgater,
Or a foreman to hector, who dares turn protector
Of the witness insulted by Pater.

But for higher vocations, that ask taste or patience,
Law or argument, tact or good-natur',
Mr. Punch's impression's that Middlesex Sessions
Wouldn't find *him* a client of Pater.

When some poor wretch is bullied, his character sullied,
With additions of snob, sot, or satyr,
When jury's been fleered at, and judge has been sneered at,
There's an end of the prowess of Pater.

With Payne he felt pleasure his valour to measure,
Proved himself in abuse a first-rater,
But as thunder draws rain, so on pleasure came pain,
In a twenty-pound fine upon Pater.

For Payne has an odd kin in person of Bodkin,
A practised snob-annihilator,
Pater Payne had defied, ere he'd Bodkin at side,
But Payne with his Bodkin floored Pater.

Then more power to the Bench, and may Counsel who 'd trench
On its rights meet a stunning *negatur:*
And may Payne ne'er want Bodkin to pickle his rodkin
For tickling the toby of Pater!

A Dark Saying.

I Say, Sam? Yah, yah! (*Laughs idiotically.*)
Waal, Nigger? Yah, yah! (*Laughs more idiotically, and whistles like a steam engine.*)
Yar's a Conundidrum. Lookee yar. If I tells you a lie, why's dat like my ole arm-chair? D' ye gib it up? 'Cos it am *de seat* dat I use.
Yah, yah, yah, &c. *ad libitum.*

The Oxford Declaration Made Easy.

"A Pretty state of things, indeed;
Dissent will load us with derision:
Just think!—to have to take our Creed
To Little Bethel(l) for decision!

The Burglary on the Baltic.

We have discovered the motive at the bottom of the German mind which prompted the invasion of Denmark. It is veneration for the memory of Schiller. The countrymen of that great poet have thought to do him honour by playing *The Robbers.*

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—Saturday, April 2, 1864.

THE TRAGEDY OF WILLIAM I.



By a telegram from Berlin we find that:—

"The *Neue Preussische* (Kreuz) *Zeitung* of to-day says:—

"We learn that the King, on the anniversary of his birthday, in a most cordial manner expressed to the Ministry his approval of the policy adopted, both at home and abroad."

As the last anniversary of the King of Prussia's birthday was the 67th, nobody whose desires are bounded by possibility could confidently wish him many happy returns of it. Three more, happy or otherwise, are, unless they are destined to exceed the average number, all that can await him; and, unless he alters his courses, more than anybody who thinks thousands of good lives of more consequence than one evil life, can hope that he will see. The drama, therefore, of his Prussian Majesty's life being so near its close as it is, and its approaching conclusion so clearly as it must be in his Majesty's view, astonishment is created by his approval of a policy which, whatever it may be at home, is abroad a policy of murder. He must know that the curtain is about to fall on an Act comprising the murder of the Danes, dictated by a policy which he avows as his own. Is it possible that he does not ask himself, when the curtain shall have fallen on the last Act of a life which thus winds up with the authorship of a host of murderous atrocities, what is likely to be the fate of the piece and the performer?

BETWIXT AND BETWEEN WERE BETTER FOR BOTH.

Scene—*An English Court of Justice.*

The Law. Prisoner, don't plead guilty. How do you know whether a case can be made out against you?

Prisoner. Thank you, my Lord, but as I did it—

The Law. Be silent, my good man. How do you know you did it—did what your offence is said to be?

Witness. My Lord, he did take—

The Law. Be very careful, Sir. Remember your oath. How do you know that it was this man?

Witness. I have known him, I should think, for—

The Law. Never mind what you think. Did you see him take the thing?

Witness. I was walking—

The Law. Who asked whether you were walking, or riding, or flying, or crawling on your stomach? Answer the question. Did you see him?

Witness. Yes, my Lord.

The Law. Was it at night or in the day?

Witness. At night.

The Law. Can you see in the dark?

Witness. There was a moon, my Lord.

The Law. Of course there was; but did it shine?

Witness. Very brightly.

The Law. You can swear that it was he, and no one else?

Witness. Yes, my Lord.

The Law. Do you know that he has a brother very like him?

Witness. It wasn't his brother, my Lord.

The Law. Answer the question, or you'll get into trouble. Do you know the fact that his brother is very like him?

Witness. He is not so very like, my Lord.

The Law. How dare you say that? It is only your opinion. Will you swear that there was light enough to enable you to be certain that this was the man?

Witness. I know the fellow well enough, my Lord.

The Law. How dare you call him names? You dislike him, evidently, and the jury will be cautious in accepting your evidence. Be careful, Sir!

Prisoner. He tells the truth, my Lord. I did—

The Law. Hold your tongue, my poor man.

Prisoner. But it is true that I took—

The Law. Keep him silent, Gaoler. Go down, you Sir, and feel ashamed of having shown animosity in that sacred box. Gentlemen of the Jury,—Such charges are easily made, but disproved with difficulty. The witness had evidently an animus. The prisoner has borne a good character, at least nothing has been proved against him, and his readiness to admit everything is creditable to him. Still, it is for you to say, Guilty or Not Guilty.

Jury. Guilty, my Lord!

The Law. As the Jury has found you guilty of stealing these sovereigns, prisoner, I have only to pass sentence, which I shall make very light. You will be imprisoned, without hard labour, for a month.

Prisoner. I can do that on my head, my Lord.

[*Flings his nailed shoe at the foreman, and exit shouting.*

Scene—*A French Court of Justice.*

The Law. Prisoner, I am afraid you are an awful scoundrel. Why don't you confess, and make reparation to society?

Prisoner. Because I am innocent.

The Law. You say that with a certain impudence which proves you hardened in crime. How came you to rob your master?

Prisoner. I never did.

The Law. This reiteration of a plea which is clearly false is disrespectful to the Court, and will aggravate your punishment. Are you fond of the theatre?

Prisoner. Yes.

The Law. That denotes a love of pleasure which is frequently found united with dishonesty. Do you smoke?

Prisoner. A good deal.

The Law. Doubtless, to stupify the reproaches of a menacing conscience. Do you go to mass?

Prisoner. At regular times.

The Law. That shows you to be a hypocrite. Now, witness, is he not guilty?

Witness. No, my Lord.

The Law. How dare you say that? Did you commit the crime yourself?

Witness. Certainly not.

The Law. Don't answer in that petulant way. What is your character? Are you fond of the theatre?

Witness. No.

The Law. Just so. A dark and gloomy nature cannot enjoy innocent recreation. Do you smoke?

Witness. Very little.

The Law. You fear to be traced by the smell of your clothes. You know that tobacco increases our revenue, and you wilfully abstain in order to injure your country. Do you go to mass?

Witness. Seldom.

The Law. You feel your evil character unfits you for the solemnities of the Church. Go down. The next. Now, what have you to say, woman?

Witness. The accused is an excellent husband—

The Law. Are you his wife?

Witness. No, my Lord, but his wife's friend, and I know—

The Law. Then the less you have to say in future to the wife of an accused person the better. Perhaps you are in love with him.

Witness. My Lord, I have a husband whom I love, and children whom I adore, and because any of them might be charged falsely, as the prisoner is, I came to say what I can for justice.

The Law. That theatrical sentiment you have learned from some play, and your reciting it here is most indecent. Go down. Gentlemen of the Jury,—It is quite clear that this scoundrel is guilty. His insolent denials, the class of witnesses, atheists, profligates, frequenters of theatres, gloomy conspirators, and the like make his guilt evident; besides which a gaoler heard him say *Mon Dieu* in sleep, which showed temporary remorse. Finally, I happen to know that he is guilty, for I knew his father in his youth, and he was a vile assassin. Gentlemen, you have only to say Guilty.

The Jury. Not Guilty.

The Law. You are a contumacious set of rebellious and illogical pigs, and I shall see whether the Procureur of his Majesty cannot deal with you as conspirators. Meanwhile, abandon the box you have disgraced. [*Exeunt the jurymen, confirmed in Imperialism.*

True to the Letter.

The Mr. Flower, who had his communications addressed to No. 35, Thurloe Square, may be truly called the "Flower born to blush unseen."

England's "Poste Restante."—Sir Rowland Hill in his retirement.

Digitized by Google



DEMORALISING EFFECT OF THE REVIEW.

Ardent Volunteer (to Anxious Wife). "GLORIOUS DAY WE'VE HAD, JENNY. MY DEAR, IT WAS SO LIKE THE REAL THING, THAT I DECLARE SEVERAL TIMES I WAS QUITE SORRY I HAD NOT GOT BALL CARTRIDGE!!"

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

(Or rather the want of it.)

WE instance the following as a good specimen of unintentional *gaucherie*:—

"MR. FECHTER, while playing in *Bel Demonio*, injured his arm through some complication with his sword hilt. The piece having been under-studied, MR. JORDAN at once assumed the character of *Angelo* in this emergency. The injury is not serious."

What injury? The injury of MR. JORDAN playing MR. FECHTER's part? If so, we can assure our blundering contemporary that the injury, far from being "serious," was so slight as not to have been noticed by the public in the least. We cannot accuse *Public Opinion*, from whom we are quoting, of quizzing, for it is generally so staid, and solemn, and soberly collected; but if it cannot quiz with better taste, it had better abandon the habit altogether for the future. It is only adding insult to "injury" to attempt to turn into ridicule a deserving actor, who had zealously taken up the part of a brother-player who had met with a severe accident. Fie, fie, *Public Opinion*.

LADIES WHO ARE THE MOST PRESENTABLE IN AMERICA.

HERE is a paragraph that carries its own acceptable weight with it:—

"It is stated, that some ladies in the Southern Confederacy are sending their plate to the Treasury as a free offering to their country to relieve the pressure on the currency."

The Confederates, whilst they bless the above fair donors, may congratulate themselves that their cause is not so black as the *soi-disant* friends of the slave would wish to paint it. The "plate" thus freely given, is a consoling illustration of the saying, that there is "no cloud so dark but what has its silver lining." Ladies must be patriots indeed, who so disinterestedly give their "services" to their suffering country. We have heard of kingdoms being conquered with gold. Why then should not the South win its independence by means of silver? Should the Confederates ever be victorious, they will be citizens, no longer of the American, but the Argentine, Republic. Out of compliment to the sacrifice of their zealous countrywomen, they ought then to change the name of the Mississippi to that of the Silver Plate.

PUNCH.

UPON THE EXPRESS TRAIN OF THE MICHIGAN RAILWAY.

February, 1864. *Midnight. Mercury at zero.*

WHAT in this far benighted West,
Brings comfort to my lonely breast,
And gives my life its sweetest zest?
My *Punch*.

The ragged boy who brought the news,
Offered me much from which to choose,
Times, *Tribune*, *Herald*, I refuse,
My *Punch*.

But buy with well-worn postage-stamps,
Which CHASE upon his green-backs vamps,
And read, by dim Petroleum lamps,
My *Punch*.

Within the carriage, sickly white,
Were men from Chicamanga's fight,
My eyes were moistened by the sight,
My *Punch*.

"Discharged from hospital," they sigh,
"Where yet a thousand sufferers lie,
And coming home at last." To die!
My *Punch*.

For those sad faces homeward-turned,
Their short-lived pensions fully earned,
How many mothers' hearts had yearned!
My *Punch*.

'Twas scarce a twelvemonth since, I know,
When eager crowds beheld them go,
Their youthful faces all a-glow,
My *Punch*.

And now all twisted by the cramps,
Which wrung them, 'mid the noxious damps,
Of fenny bivouacks and camps,
My *Punch*.

Bright were those eyes, now bleared and dim,
Lithe was each crutch-supported limb,
Merry were once those spectres grim,
My *Punch*.

What contrast between now and then!
Their mothers scarce would know again
Those mournful, feeble, dying men,
My *Punch*.

One speechless on his pallet lay,
They take him forth, "His home," they say,
A wretched hamlet by the way,
My *Punch*.

My wandering fancy sadly bore
My vision to the half-ope'd door,
The tearful clasp—I saw no more,
My *Punch*.

Oh, fearful reign of greed and hate!
Oh Nation, haughty and elate,
Writing in blood its dreadful fate!
My *Punch*.

It haunts me, this repulsive theme,
With gory phantasies, which seem
The nightmares of a troubled dream,
My *Punch*.

For through the surface gloze, so thin,
One sees the Carnival of Sin.
The devil's dice they play. Who win?
My *Punch*.

The train is stopped by drifting snows.
An inn is reached, but no repose
Exhausted hungry nature knows,
My *Punch*.

There I am forced to sit up late,
Amid the chewing crowds I hate,
Who patiently expectorate,
My *Punch*.

The whistle sounds, ere I depart,
I clasp thee to my aching heart,
Balm for the Exile's keenest smart!
My *Punch*.

Digitized by Google



Polite Oxbridge Tradesman (in quest of little Nibbs of S. Boniface, and walking by mistake into the rooms of long Nobbs, who "keeps" on the same staircase). "MR. NIBBS, I BELIEVE?"

Nobbs (who is six feet one, and rowed a trifle over twelve stone at Putney, the other day). "THEN, MY GOOD FELLOW, YOU 'LL BELIEVE ANYTHING!"

A GENUINE IRISH GRIEVANCE.

To TIMOTHY O'MULLIGAN, ESQUIRE, *Bricklayer and Toiler, Doblin.*

OCHONE! TIM, me boy, I've just cut out a repoort, which I enclose for you to read, and as you've niver larnt to read, you must git the Praste to help ye:—

"AMERICAN ENLISTMENTS IN IRELAND.

"The Irish citizens of Charlestown and Boston have been greatly excited this week, in consequence of the arrival in Charlestown of 86 young Irishmen from the city of Dublin, under extraordinary circumstances. These young men, 102 in all, left Liverpool on February 27, in a steamer for Portland, which reached that city on Wednesday morning, March 9. The men took an early breakfast, and then landed. A few of them strayed away from their companions, but the remainder came on to Boston in the afternoon train, in charge of the emigrant agent, a MR. FINNEY, under whose inducements and promises they left their homes. The men are fine, stalwart fellows, young mechanics, all from the city of Dublin. Their story is, that they were induced to come to this country through the representations of this MR. FINNEY, who was announced in the papers as an "emigration agent for the principal railroads in New England, who was commissioned to procure 1,000 labourers." The terms he offered them were a free passage, work immediately on arrival, a new suit of clothes, and two pounds a month and found, for wages."

Ye see this MR. FINNEY, the Emma Grating agent towld us a big lie whin he said he'd got a railway over here for us to work on, where we'd git two pounds a month forbye a suit of clothes and a free passage across, not to mintion that he promised us free lodgins' an' free living, wid turtle soop an' beefsteaks like the Lord Mare gits in London. See this, now, how the spalpeen has desaved the boys who'd faith in him:—

"Upon their arrival in this city the men were conducted to an old building on Bunker-hill Street, Charlestown, belonging to MR. JEROME G. KIDDER, of this city, formerly used for his business purposes, but now improved as a 'Mission House.'

"MR. KIDDER, the owner of the building, presented himself on the night of their arrival, and told the men, so it is reported by several of them, that the work they were brought over to do was not ready. But that need make no difference; they need not be idle a single day. They could enlist at once; and he recommended the 28th, an Irish regiment, to them. Upon this the suspicions were confirmed, which had been growing upon the men, that they had been deceived and enticed from their homes upon false pretences. MR. FINNEY now declares himself to be agent for MR. KIDDER; and MR. KIDDER protests, that he caused the men to be brought over here in good faith, actually and *bond fide* to work upon the Charlestown Waterworks.

* * *

"The condition of the men the morning after their arrival in Charlestown was anything but gratifying. Their number had already been diminished by those left behind at Portland, and of these the recruiting agents had snapped up eight. Without money, without friends, with scanty clothing, with no means to procure sustenance, they would have suffered greatly had not kind-hearted countrywomen supplied their wants. Recruiting agents hovered round them, and in the course of the day gobbled up several. Yesterday morning they were still in Bunker-hill Street, subsisting upon charity, and still pestered with recruiting agents."

TIM, may be ye will mind how the English jintleman we met upon the Key the night whin I left Doblin, an' by jaggers! he 's a Jintleman if ever one was made, forbye his payin' for the whisky so ginrous as he did, an' betther luck nor mine to him! I mind me how he towld us to take care of ourselves an' not to trust thim Emma grating agents, an' bad scran to them! And, whin I towld him I'd engaged meself to come across wid MISTHER FINNEY, he said he feared that FINNEY was a fishy sort of name, and he hoped I wouldn't find a shark in him who had it. By me sowl, an' he was right, an' I was wrong in leavin' Doblin, for though I wasn't rich whin there, I'm now no betther off, an' faix! a big deal worse I'm thinking. Maybe I will turn sodger jist to keep meself alive, an' if I don't git shot maybe I'll die of sheer starvation. I've no call to enlist, an' git my brains blowed out wid a small swoord or a bagginet; but what am I to do to work myself a living whin there 's no work to be got, an' the only way of living is just to run the chance of dyin' as a sodger?

So, TIM, me boy, I'd bid ye, if ye're thinking to come over, jist think twice about the matther, an' maybe second thoughts will turn out to be best for ye. I like fightin' in coorse, wid a shillelagh in my fist an' a friend or two to foight wid me. But foightin' wid an inimy's another thing intirely, an' I think I'd feel no pleasure in gittin' my skull cracked wid a big swoord or a blunderbust. So, TIM, if ye're in Doblin, ye'd best stay where you are until the foighting here is over, and thin if I'm not kilt maybe ye'll find me livin' here, and ready to resave you wid a shake of honest hands, an' not wid a false mouth like that ould shark, MISTHER FINNEY, the mershenary dechaiver as he is,

bad cess to him. Tim, I hope ye'll git this letther, an' ye will if it don't miss you, and, me jewell! maybe so ye'll keep your fut out of the thrap that 's caught your owld frind

Pat O'Honey.

Tim, I open this to tell you that maybe I won't post it till I know if I'm enlisted, or ye'll not know where to write to me, becase I may be kilt, an' in that case plase direct it to the Dead Letther Office.

HOW THE OLD PARTIES SETTLED THE NEW MINISTRY.

Mrs. Standard Gamp *and* Mrs. Herald Harris *are discovered, making themselves comfortable.*

Mrs. Harris (*in continuation*). Wich you never said a truer thing in all your born days, Sairey, and if you was to live till you died, you'd never say a truer thing, and I looks to-wards you. [*Drinks.*

Mrs. Gamp. And you do me proud, Susan, to hear you say so, and hoping always to deserve your precious love and affection, I returns the look, likewise the elth. [*Drinks.*

Mrs. H. Yes, Ma'am. Your words was, bless you, I know em by art as if they was my hone, they was these, neither more nor less, on Wednesday morning last as ever rose, you says, says you,

"It is already, during the few brief weeks that the Session has lasted, evident enough that Lord Palmerston's strength is unequal to the duties of leadership in that assembly. Constant absences on account of illness, confused recollection of details, inability to answer questions upon current events without gross blunders, and, above all, the obvious loss of power to carry on a debate as the hours of the night advance—all these symptoms tell their own tale too plainly."

Mrs. G. Love and bless your dear memory, Susan, what a mind you have, and I feel quite encouraged by having the privilege of calling of you by the name of friend.

Mrs. H. The same here, Ma'am, I'm sure, and more. Yes, Sairey, what this here nation wants is Wigger.

Mrs. G. We hoes it to the nation, Susan, to be wiggerous. I'm not a denying that there was a time when old Pam had something in him, but bless your art, that 's gonebyes. It ain't that them as you knows and that I knows and that knows us and trusts us according, it ain't that those parties wants to take Hoffice—You know that, my woman?

Mrs. H. Ask me if I know it. Why, it was only last week as that dear boy Ben, which will be sixty please the pigs he comes to next year, he says to me, "Susan," says he, and you recollect what a chyce of languidge Ben has—

Mrs. G. Ah, yes, wot did you call it, "not unadorned but hornet eloquence."

Mrs. H. Hornate, my dear woman, when you write to your friends.

Mrs. G. My friends can understand me, Ma'am, and when they don't I'll umbly ask you to interpolate my meanings to them.

Mrs. H. No offence, Sairey.

Mrs. G. Which is not taken when not meant, Susan, and your elth.'

Mrs. H. In love. Which I was saying, Ben says to me, and I hope not to worsen his langwidge by carrying the same, "Susan," says he, "wold I exchange the mellifluous bowers of pleasant Hughenden for the stultifarious invocations of horfice, but for the stale small vice of Dooty as simmums me to haction," says he.

Mrs. G. Ah! Dooty 's a holy thing, Susan.

Mrs. H. Which it are, Sairey, and we'll drink its elth.

Mrs. G. Coupling, if I might be so bold, the sentiment, "A speedy return of a wiggerous Ministry to horfice."

Mrs. H. We have kept these people in power long enough, my dear.

Mrs. G. That we have. And borne with too many of their shortcomings, and too much of their owdacious sauce, my dear.

Mrs. H. But the line must be drawed somewhere, and we must draw it at Wigger.

Mrs. G. That we must. It a pitchus spectacle, Susan, to behold old Pam. That boy Ben is obleeged to lead the Ouse for him.

Mrs. H. And that's very kind in him, and how ungrateful is the return, Sairey. To be told one lets off Fireworks, and makes Flash Speeches.

Mrs. G. Shocking, dear. But bad langwidge is never a sintom of decaying powers.

Mrs. H. In all Rotchfewcoal's Aparties there ain't a truer maxiaum, my loved Sairey. You never hear Lord Derby say nothing in the way of taunt, or try to cast obliquity on another party.

Mrs. G. Never, my dear; and here 's his elth, and may that true nobleman, which never has constant absences on account of illness, and scorns the gout, soon assume his rightful place in the hawls of the Sufferings.

Mrs. H. And dear Mammy, won't it do our arts good to see Mammyboy again a Foreign Officer?

Mrs. G. Don't be so fast, my good woman. He is a dear fellow, but he was thought to be rayther too much of a Foreign Officer, as you call it, and the required article, M'm, is an English officer.

Mrs. H. Sairey, you would wex a saint, which I am not at present; nevertheless, doing my dooty in the spear in which I circulate, and asking you to take back Woman, would purseed to ask you where 's your Englishman for your Foreign Horfice?

Mrs. G. I thought as much, Ma'am.

Mrs. H. And how much might you be pleased to think, Ma'am?

Mrs. G. Ben, or to call a gentleman by his right name, Mr. Disreally, Susan, aperiently does not open all his confidence to you, or you might know, Ma'am, that *there* is the shop for Foreign Unfairs.

Mrs. H. Wavering your politeness, Ma'am, which would go into my eye and me see none the worse, I would ask you in return, who is your Budget? For well you know, Mrs. Gamp, and you can't deny it, as none of our men but Mr. Disreally can be trusted with more figures than they can do on their fingers.

Mrs. G. And wavering ill birds, which I believe you know the proverb, Mrs. Harris, I take leave to say that I love my love with an N because he 's a Narithmetishan, and he took me to the sign of the Nostrum and treated me with Negatives, and the best best thing about him is his Nowledge, and his name is Northcote.

Mrs. H. You make me laugh, Sairey, though I ain't well, and I forgive you; and we'll purseed to the next toast, which is Walpole and Wigger. [*They drink.*

Mrs. G. Which honouring and time flying, let us say Henley and Henergy. [*They drink.*

Mrs. H. Follering whereof comes Manners and Manliness. [*They drink.*

Mrs. G. Preceded—hic—I mean pursued by Whiteside and Windictiveness—no—hic—Whiteside and—hic—Wigger—you can't have too much Wigger, Susan, my dear. [*They drink.*

Mrs. H. Late as is the our, Sairey, we must not forget to pour a—hic liberation—libation—my dear, to Chelmsford and—hic—Chaff—no—Chivalry. [*They drink.*

Mrs. G. And the Church of England.

Mrs. H. Shan't—hic. Whatever you be, Sairey Gamp, be pious.

Mrs. G. Who ain't pious?

Mrs. H. You ain't, dragging in that elth at the hend of the list.

Mrs. G. Don't be angry with me, Susan—hic—I ain't well. Bless your precious art, Susan, what a noble list it is. Nature's Noblemen, likewise Art's, skilful Statesmen, men as the nation takes pride in, and hunger and thirsts to see in horfice. And what a blessed thing to think as you and me elp to put em in orfice. It makes me weep. [*Drinks.*

Mrs. H. Don't weep, Sairey. Be wiggerous. Yes, indeed, my dear—and drat the spagms—(*drinks*)—it will be a grand day for England when those men march into the places of Palmerston, and Russell, and Gladstone, and Bethell, and Palmer, and Layard, and all them debilities. Wigger, my own Sairey, Wigger.

Mrs. G. (*faintly.*) Wigger.

[*They clasp hands with some difficulty, as the curtain falls.*

GARIBALDI'S SWELL GUIDE.

The following observations on the reception proper to be given to Garibaldi, when he comes to London, were delivered by the Honourable Mr. Gandaw in the smoking room of the *Ne Plus Ultra*:—

Haw. Well, now that the fellah Gahwibaldi's coming heeaw we weally ought to give the fellah a weception in some way, faw afta all the fellah 's a fine fellah in his way; a sawt of hewo. What A 'm afwaid of is, that the fellah 'll fall into the hands of the snobs. Of cawse he must go and be glawwified by the Aldamen, and be feasted by the Laud Maya, and pwesented with the fweedom of the City, and all that sawt of thing; but A do awnestly hope that he has some judicious fwend to keep him fwom fwattanising with the wawking men, and the people; because if he does that fellah will wenda it impossible faw fellahs to wecognise the fellah.

The wight sawt of thing would be a dinna at the Wag and Famish, and the pwincipal quack clubs with the officaws of the quack wegiments; to show himself at the Opwa and in Wotton Woe; but not much in the stweets, in fact, scasely eva to the people, except, yes, except at the Dawby. Then, there might be a dinna aw two at the Twafalga, and pawhaps at the Stah and Gahtah. He should be advised to wide, mostly, instead of walking, and not to encourage crowds wound his hauce in demonstwative upwaw; and A should like to pwesent him, by way of testimonial, with an eyeglass faw him to inspect the people thwough.

When he goes to dine at the Mansion House A would have him go by wawta down the wiva, to avoid the bwutes. He should be woed down by a picked quoo of all the quack woers, and if A could woe myself, A shouldn't mind making one of them.

If he dines with us, I should say, let all political subjects be most cahfully avoided, and let the convasation be westwicted as closely as possible to gastwonomy, hauces, and the faiaw sex.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



THE IDLE GOSSIPS.

MRS. GAMP (TO MRS. HARRIS, SNEERING AT THE AGE OF DEAR OLD PAM). "WHAT I SAY IS—HE'S TOO OLD TO BE A CONDUCTOR—WE WANTS SMART YOUNG CHAPS LIKE YOUNG DARBY AND YOUNG DIZZY!" [See page 146.

Digitized by Google



"THIS IS THE NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL!"

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

FROM A LADY CORRESPONDENT.



"My dear Mr. Punch,—I have just read this ridiculous paragraph in one of Papa's newspapers, and though he scolds dreadfully at us girls cutting bits out, which we often do when we find anything awfully good, I shall risk his dear old anger:—

"Smoking in Railway Carriages.—The practice of smoking in railway carriages is offensive to many non-smokers, and especially to women, and we trust that railway boards and railway managers will renew their efforts to check and discourage it. The railway smoking-carriage is impracticable and unattainable, and so the smoker must make up his mind to forego his cherished luxury on railway journeys. This is no real hardship, and gallantry demands that sacrifice of comfort should be made by the stronger sex. Let railway-guards be cautioned against any laxity of practice. It might even be well to reward them for doing their duty in such cases with firmness and courtesy."—*Railway News.*

My dear *Mr. Punch*, did you ever read such horrible nonsense? "Women," as the scribbler politely calls us, like the smell of a good cigar (not wretched sixpenny things, of course) beyond all things, and no girl but would prefer a man's being a little smoky to his carrying perfume. As for any idiotic and fantastic women who can't bear a cigar in a train, let them stay at home, they have no business to travel. I do not smoke, but I may confess to you that I have often said "Please, smoke," to my cousins and their friends, and I have more than once delighted them, when they fancied no fire was to be had, by producing a Vesta from my purse. I once made them smoke in a carriage, in order to drive out a rude old gentleman who made a face at my crinoline, and he was so frantic you can't think, but as the train was express, and didn't stop, he could not complain, and he had no witnesses. I dare say it was he who wrote the ridiculous and ill-natured paragraph. Pray, my dear *Punch*, explain to all gentlemen that it is quite a mistaken notion about our not liking cigars (but then they must be good ones, you know), and if ever you come into our part of the country, and we meet in a train, perhaps—I only say perhaps—I may bite off the end of a very choice weed (don't you call them weeds?) for you. As to the guards, all gentlemen bribe them, and why should not the poor men have an occasional half-crown. I am sure they work hard enough. Anybody may smoke good tobacco where I am, and I am not a fast girl, for all that, and mean to make a very good wife. A ridiculous old idiot! Please show him up, that's a dear.

Believe me, yours very devotedly,

The Hawthorns. Arabella Brick.

HARD LABOUR IN STORE.

Mr. Punch,

Of course you know all about the Conservation of Force. You know that the Conservation of Force is especially instanced in the Coal Fields. You know that the force conserved in the Coal Fields is that of the sun, which, vivifying pre-Adamite tree-ferns and other cryptogams, extracted and appropriated to them carbon from the atmosphere, thus incorporating itself in their substance, of which coals are the remains, and now lying stored up in the coals. You know that we can extract the sunbeams from coals if we cannot get them out of cucumbers.

You know that the force of the sun, latent in coals, is reproduced from them in the form of light and heat, and you know that heat is our principal motive force, much exceeding that of horses. You know that our magazines of force, the coal fields, are in course of exhaustion, which must be completed at no very distant date, and that scientific men cannot at present conceive what we shall possibly do for force when all our coals will have been used up.

Now, *Mr. Punch*, the foregoing considerations surely prove that we ought to economise force as much as ever we can, and not throw away any force which we could anyhow save.

But, Sir, we are throwing force away in the muscular exertions of every convict whom we employ in unproductive labour. And of course we are throwing money away in all the food that is required to keep up the convict's muscular power. For that purpose so much food is as necessary as so much fuel is for the performance of a steam-engine. We can't stint a convict as we stint a pauper, unless we put him to a pauper's lighter work. Flesh and blood will not sustain hard labour on workhouse diet. The hard labour of the crank and the treadmill can only be done on the strength of a certain quantity of molasses, cocoa, bread, meat, and potatoes, and, when done, it is a simple waste of that amount of nutriment consumed. For the stomach is a furnace in its way, equally with the stokehole of that steam-engine which multiplies almost to infinity the numbers of your ubiquitous periodical.

I propose, then, *Mr. Punch*, that we should contrive, if we can, to store up the force which many of our convicts in working a mere handle, or treading a bare plank, unconnected with any useful mechanism, are now only wasting on the prison air.

For instance, they might be employed in pumping atmospheric air into iron cylinders furnished with valves like those which close the chambers of air-guns, to keep the air in. The force put into the convicts in the form of meat and vegetables, would thus be stored in the compressed air, which it, put forth again in muscular power, had driven into the cylinders. A proper register connected with the treadle, or handle, by which the fellows worked the pump, would show when they had condensed the requisite number of atmospheric volumes. The cylinders thus stored with muscular force, so many reservoirs of hard labour, could be put by and kept, to be applied, when wanted, to furnish the motive power of their contents to any purpose for which it might be suitable.

Other and better plans of bottling convict labour for use than the method above proposed may occur to some of your many clever readers. In that case sufficient effect will have been produced by the suggestion of your diligent student, Abel Handy.

P.S. I am trying to invent some means of effecting the conservation of that force which is vainly expended, and as I say, squandered, in dancing.

OPPOSITION SAILING DIRECTIONS.

(*For Getting-in.*)

(by sir stafford northcote, admiral of the true-blue.)

Toss up your caps, rank and file of back-benchers,
Talk big and bounceably, Tadpoles and Tapers;
For loaves to your cup-boards and fish to your trenchers,
Shout, slander, agitate, clamour for papers!
Pitch into Palmerston, ridicule Russell, boys—
(Osborne will help you to gag for the galleries)—
Work the Mazzini-cry, Young Stansfeld hustle, boys—
All sticks are good to beat Whig dogs from salaries!

If things look warlike, lay all to the Minister,
Whose hot head thrusts peaceful Britannia on slaughter:
If things look peaceful, point the thumb sinister
At the sneaks who on John Bull's high heart throw cold water.
If they talk tall, say they're blust'rers and bullies—
"Meddle and Muddle" an excellent phrase is—
If they sing small, style them spiritless cullies,
Who haven't the pluck to go boldly to blazes!

You'll find hosts of weak points, if you but put your souls in it;
First, take all they've not done; and if that's not sufficient,
Take all that they've done, and pick all sorts of holes in it;
Prove 'em neither omnipotent, nor yet omniscient.
Show their dealing with Church-rates a bungle and blunder,
(You needn't, of course, admit ours much the same was;
Show how in attempts at Reform they've knocked under—
(Not a word of what Dizzy's Reform little game was).

Point to the storms on the Continent brewing,
Ask if *these* are the pilots for shoals and rough seas?
Say a deal of what *our* friends would *not* think of doing,
But on what they would *do*, keep as dark as you please.
An indefinite programme one's future releases,
And no hand is so strong as the one that's not shown;
Our business just now's to tear *their* game to pieces,
When we're *in*, 'twill be time to consider our own.

A Painful Reflection.

It is in matrimony, as in warfare, there is many a conference without an armistice. In fact, we have known (to our sorrow, be it mentioned, as well as the sorrow of innumerable others) the fighting to have been all the fiercer whilst the conference was going on, and even to have continued with tremendous severity long after the conference had been over. It may appear like weakness, or cowardice, not to have parted the belligerents, but the truth is intervention, in such cases, is always a most perilous proceeding. He who interferes generally is exposed to the fire of both sides.



A REAL DIFFICULTY.

"Well, dear, if this is the usual style of thing in Derbyshire, the Farmers had better write up 'No Thoroughfare' at once; then people would know what to do."

LATEST SHAKSPEARIAN NEWS.

THE HON. MR. COWPER, in declining to let a procession enter the Green Park, on SHAKSPEARE'S birthday, in order to plant an oak* (the cheapest testimonial we have yet heard of, a little oak costing, we believe, the modest sum of one and threepence) said—

"It is understood, it will be impossible, on the 23rd of April, to take any steps whatever for the commencement of the monument that is to be erected. The design will not be prepared, and the money will not be raised; and no definite step with regard to the monument can take place on the 23rd of April, although on that day there would be a declaration to the public at large of the details of what at that time will be finally decided upon with regard to the monument that is to be erected. A site had been selected in the Green Park, but that site had not been finally decided upon."

There, ladies and gentlemen, that is what your Executive has done for you. Surely you will hasten to pour in your money in golden streams with bank-notes, like white sails, frequently gliding down them. On the 23rd, if you are very good, you shall know "the details of what at that time will be finally decided upon."

* A very good suggestion too, but the top of Primrose Hill is the place for it.—*Ed.*

"The Meed of Praise."

DECIDEDLY *not* the GENERAL MEADE of the Federal army, who has just been summoned to Washington to undergo a judicial examination.

THIS YEAR'S PICTURES.

To Mr. Punch.

DEAR SIR,

IN obedience to your instructions, and while waiting the time to visit the studios of my more distinguished friends, I have gone the round of the R.A.'s, or Rising Artists, who have not yet succeeded in getting their pictures exhibited, but who hope for better luck this year. I have also to state, that, in consequence of these visits, my garments have become so irreclaimably scented with tobacco of the strongest type, that certain differences of sentiment between myself and the partner of my bosom and expenses have arisen; and, in order to prevent unpleasantness, I have withdrawn to Brighton.

Young BOLLIGROBBS has made much progress. His domestic picture, *Skinning Eels*, is very pure and conscientious, and he has evidently studied the subject very lovingly; and a half-skinned eel endeavouring to make its escape, and being seized by the cat, is a charming little episode. JOLLOPER has executed but one picture, but it is very fine. It is called the *Masonic Lodge*, and he has represented with the utmost fidelity all the costumes, emblems, and signs of masonry. The scene has dramatic interest. An intrusive waiter at the Freemasons' Tavern has forced his way into the Lodge, just as a new brother is going to be made, and has instantly been cut down by the sword of the Tiler, while the Grand Master, waving the red hot gridiron, denounces the profane miscreant. The terror of the novice can be seen through the white night-cap drawn over his face. YOWLS has been very busy indeed, he has painted twenty-nine works of great force and merit, but the best, I may say *facile princeps*, is his *Execution of Sam Hall*, which has been done for the Society for the Diffusion of Capital Punishments, and it is a master-piece of gloomy grandeur. I believe that a well-known Comedian of the day has sat for the culprit, whose expression of grim and humorous pathos is worth whole sermons. CHIDDLEWICKER is scarcely up to the mark of Chiddlewickerism, if I may coin a word, yet his *Giblets* are very truthful and earnest, and the gizzard in the foreground is worthy of CORREGGIO. Perhaps his *Lamb's Fry* is more poetical, but is deficient in grouping.

MISS MATILDA TINKLER has executed a marvellous work, and one which will create a sensation by its unrivalled boldness. It is the *Fight for the Championship*, and represents KING delivering the awful blow which prostrated the American Giant. You can hear the "thud," and the crimsoned ground is depicted with Pre-Raphaelite literalness and honesty. The faces are all portraits, and the leading nobility have sat to MISS TINKLER. The likeness of the BISHOP OF OXFORD is superb. Her sister, MISS ROSAMUND TINKLER, has a clever little drawing-room piece, *The Stretcher*, and the calm sternness of the Police as they carry away a strapped and raging virago is very fine. The work is to be engraved for an illustrated and splendid edition of the "Women of England." MRS. SPANKER has done a touching little work, *His First Caning*, which will be a favourite in all educational establishments. The boy has been rather frightened than hurt, and is taking off his shoe to hurl it at another who was clearly the tell-tale.[1] Another lad, who has "caught it" in earnest, is rubbing his hands on a wet slate. The whole is truly feminine and graceful.

HOWBIGGINGS has surpassed himself with his *Dissecting Room*, a work of marvellous fidelity. The shuddering young student, to whom the house surgeon, with calm irony, presents the scalpel, is admirable, and so is the figure of the porter who is bringing in the beer. I must not forget to mention BANDY JOCKLE'S little picture, *The Mudlark*, a sweet study, and the dead cat might have been painted by LANDSEER or ANSDELL, if either had done it. I was greatly pleased with JAMES SNAGGERTON'S *Pickpocket at Bay*, the thief is painted with much honesty, and the face of the woman clawing at the remorseless clergyman who has lost his watch appeals to all the best sympathies of her nature. BARGLE'S *Leap Year* is a happy conceit—a girl who has been crossed in love, as is shown by a torn Valentine, leaps from Waterloo Bridge, but is in no danger, as her lover, who has only tried a little experiment to test her affection, is in a boat under the arch, with a Humane Society's hook, and a marriage licence lies on the gunwale. Lastly I must mention DEWLAP'S refined, scholarly and gracious work, *Napping Pepper*. A mischievous footman, with a white sheet, has appeared as a Pepper Ghost to the cook, who in her ecstasy of terror empties the cayenne bottle over him, and you can literally hear him roaring in torture—the tone is exquisitely delicate and the feeling most tender. I will speak of other works in my next.

Yours respectfully,

The Bedford, Brighton. YOUR ART-CRITIC.

A Suggestion that Comes a Little too Late.

THE Infant Prince has been vaccinated at Marlborough House. We cannot help thinking, that it would have been a step in the right direction to have taken the Royal baby to Osborne, and there to have drawn the vaccine matter direct from Cowes.

REMARKABLE DAY IN 1864.—*April.* The usual Superannuated Grandmothers' Festival will be held on Old Lady Day.

Digitized by Google



THE NOISY BURGLAR, OR THE CAT AND THE MILK-JUG.

Old Lady (en demi-toilette). "TAKE HIM IN CHARGE, POLICEMAN, TAKE HIM IN CHARGE!" *(N.B. The Cat is in a tolerable fix as it is.)*

MRS. GAMP AND MRS. HARRIS ON THE SITUATION.

YES—mum—take a drop of comfort, wich we needs it, *missis 'Arris*—
I ain't one, and you ain't one, my dear, as fetches, nor yet carries,
But down in the servants 'all, they knows how things is a progressin'—
Wich I understand *our* Guvnor's goin' to give them Whigs a dressin'.

Now, I've always made it a dooty, as true as my name 's *Sairey*,
What the fam'ly does in the droring-room to uphold it in the airey,
And nobody can say of me, if the fam'ly thought fit to fight,
But *Sairey Gamp* stood by 'em, and proved as they was right.

But I *do* 'ate stuck-up people, my dear, and of all the stuck-up sets,
Them Palmingston people's the wust I know, and the older the wusser they gets;
I've knowed the old man this many a year, he used oftens to come my way,
And werry civil-spoken he were, and always somethink to say.

And there *'as* been times, when I was young and fresh-lookin'—but, lawk-a-day
What 's the use of talkin' like that, *Betsy*—of days that 's passed away?
But PALMINGSTON ain't the man he was, he 's a gittin' in years, you see,
And it ain't all parties as keeps their looks, nor their wits, like you and me!

I 'ope I know what 's ladylike, and I scorns low language and spites,
But this 'ere PALMINGSTON 's a keepin' *our* fam'ly out of their rights,
Which it 's our dooty to wish 'em well, and say so, and 'elp 'em, that 's clear,
And when they comes into their own, let 's 'ope they 'll think of old sarvints, my dear.

If there 's one thing I 'ate, dear, it 's meddlin' in another party's quarrel,
Wich them PALMINGSTONS *will* 'ave a finger in *every* pie, to a moral:
Not that they 're the English sperrit to go in like men that means fightin'
But, 'drat their bragian imperence, they all'ays quarrels in writin'!
You mark my words, whoever trusts *them* 'll find hisself left in the lurch:
Wich they 're Papishes, if not infidels, leastways they 'ates the Church!
So fill your glass up, *Betsy*, it 's more comfortin' when it 's 'ot,
And 'ere 's 'drat and down with them PALMINGSTONS, for a shabby, scaly lot!

MEASURES, NOT MEN.

SUBJOINED is part of an advertisement appearing in a contemporary:

"GENTLEMEN who DON'T RUN TAILORS' BILLS will find the ECONOMY of CASH PAYMENTS by giving their orders to B. BENJAMIN, Merchant Tailor."

MR. BENJAMIN also advertises a saving of twenty per cent., to be effected by resorting to his establishment instead of employing other tailors. We much prefer this BENJAMIN's terms to those of a certain other BENJAMIN, one of the principals in the House of DERBY & Co. They haven't the assurance to promise us economy of cash payments if we give our orders to them, because they well know that we should find just the reverse, and that, instead of saving twenty per cent. in any way, we should very soon experience an increased per-centage of the Income-Tax.

THE IMPERIAL DYNASTY.

THE PRINCE IMPÉRIAL has been giving a grand dinner to his young companions in arms, "*Les Enfans de la Troupe*," at the Tuileries. Surely a more appropriate place for the banquet would have been the "Hôtel des Princes," so celebrated for its dinners. The above juvenile company, who are so fond of playing at soldiers, must be the well-known "*Enfans de la Patrie*" that the *Marseillaise* is so fond of appealing to in the cheering tones of "*Allons!*" We notice that the young NAPOLEON wore on that festive occasion his stripe for the first time as a serjeant. He is now what you may call the French SERJEANT PARRY—in other words, he is unquestionably at present the first *Serjeant de Paris*, and we beg accordingly, with all the honours, to salute him as such.

TALK FOR TRAVELLERS.

"YES," you will say, whoever you may be, "the First Method of Street Talk is decidedly faulty; but how shall it be mended?" Thus:—

In order that you may never be taken by surprise, and your conversational powers utterly paralysed by the sudden apparition of an acquaintance, be prepared with certain sentences, which shall be equally well adapted for all occasions, ordinary or extraordinary. With such assistance be it mine presently to provide you.

I purpose giving you certain idiomatic phrases; these can be easily acquired, and glibly rattled off at a second's notice. But there will occur to every thoughtful and provident mind, a case of two persons meeting, where, though *one* may be ready with the pre-arranged words, as just now mentioned, the *other*, either from not having duly studied his *Punch*, or from a naturally defective memory, shall be unfurnished with a fit and proper reply. This difficulty shall likewise be overcome.

EASY AND FAMILIAR PHRASES AND DIALOGUES FOR USE IN THE STREETS,

Arranged chiefly on the old Ecclesiastical Plan of Versicle and Response.

THE JOVIAL GREETING.

V. Why, JONES! (*Raise the eyebrows, smile, bring the right hand down with a slap on that of your friend; this is intended to convey the notion of heartiness.*)

R. Ah, SMITH! (*Imitate the above pantomime, and grasp* SMITH'S *hand manfully.*)

V. Hallo, old boy! (*Applicable to a person of any age, from sixteen years old upwards.*)

R. Well, old fellow! (*A modification of the foregoing.*)

This may be termed the Prelude. Now then comes the Topic. In all cases, be it understood, that meteorological and valetudinarian questions be compounded and dismissed as follows:—

V. I see that you are pretty well, perhaps very well—it is immaterial to *me;* and so am I—that is immaterial to *you*. At least, I won't enter into particulars about *myself;* nor do I wish you to say anything concerning *yourself;* time being far too precious to be wasted in details so totally uninteresting to each of us.

R. You are right: and, as you have a pair of eyes and a constitution of some sort, it will be superfluous, on my part, to inform you as to what kind of a day it is.

Instead of commencing, "Did you read the account of the debate last night?" or, "Seen the *Times* to-day? By Jove, how PALMERSTON did," &c.

Politics will be thus discussed:—

V. If, my dear JONES, you have seen to-day's papers, I am unable to add to your stock of knowledge; if not, I have got something better to do than give you a *resumé* of the *Times*.

R. I have read, my dear SMITH, the daily papers, and have arrived at the conclusion, that a slip-shod discussion on important public affairs by two private individuals in the street, can to no great extent advantage the policy of the Nation.

In lieu of commencing social topics with the hackneyed observation, that "Town's getting very full," or, "Not many people in Town now," according to the time of year, the conversation, unaffected by changes of season, shall flow on invariably in this stream:—

V. You know, as well as I do, what 's going on in Town, and whether it is a gay or dull season; and if you do not, it doesn't matter to me.

R. I've not seen you about anywhere; but, of course, I've not looked for you, nor have I missed you.

V. Particulars concerning the operas and theatres you have, probably, as much chance as I have of ascertaining for yourself.

R. True; and your opinion upon such matters will not affect my enjoyment; nor, as I am aware, will mine, yours.

V. I daresay we shall both be at the Derby, or Ascot, or Newmarket. As we neither bet, it doesn't signify.

R. I've no doubt I shall go. Whether we meet there or not is indifferent alike to me and to you.

V. I think that this conversation should now come to an end.

R. Decidedly so.

V. Let me, therefore, say, that we are all quite well at home, or not all well at home, whichever you like.

R. Oh! I don't care; and so are we, in any state you like.

V. Thus having satisfied conventionality without an effort, let us shake hands and say good bye.

R. Good bye.

You may dispense with any Hearty Humbug about, "Look us up, old fellow," "Mind you drop in and see us at any time," and so forth; but let the originally jovial character of the salutation be kept up in the valediction, thus:—

V. "I am very glad that we have met," as it will obviate my calling upon you, and we need not stop one another in the street for a long time to come.

R. "I am really delighted to have seen you," and do not care if I never set eyes upon you again.

V. Good bye, old boy (*kindly*).

R. Good bye, old fellow (*patronisingly*).

These V.'s and R.'s should be got by heart, or rather, by head and mouth, the heart having but very little to do with it. Supposing that you have mastered this dialogue, then, on meeting a friend, at once proceed to throw out a feeler in the shape of the first Versicle; should he not return the proper Response, try him with the second; should he fail in this also, I will explain to you in another Method how the difficulty may be surmounted.

HOW THE WORLD WAGGED

AT THE PERIOD REFERRED TO IN SIR C. LYELL'S WORK ON THE "ANTIQUITY OF MAN."

No CRŒSUS as yet
Had contrived to get
Two guineas together to rub;
Jove spent no rap
At Hebe's tap,
Nor had Hercules joined his club.

No globules then
Up to Number Ten
Could be purchased of MR. EPPS;
No Tartar bold,
We're plainly told,
Had gone up and down the Steppes.

No gents were burk'd,
No garotters lurk'd
Round a corner one's weazand to twist;
No HEENAN'S pate
Had felt the weight
Of a KING'S triumphant fist.

No plated ships
Had left their slips
With an enemy's force to cope;
No world-wide fame
Spread WINDSOR'S name
For either its kings or soap.

No LESSEPPS' canal
Raised a sad cabal
On account of its unpaid Fellahs;
The weather I vow
Was finer than now,
For no people borrowed umbrellas.

An useless task
'Twas then to ask
For a rifle of MANTON or PURDAY;
No BABBAGE as yet
Was made to fret
By the notes of a hurdy-gurdy.

Where herds now browse
Were then no cows
Or horses, that now and then kick us;
None dug up bones,
Or labell'd stones,
Or had heard of a Hortus Siccus.

No cabs were known;
No widow'd crone
Gave balls with a stunning supper;
No beer was fined;
No trunks were lined
With the works of a MARTIN TUPPER.

Unconscious Retort.

SCENE:—An Anglo-Franco-Restaurant in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square.

French Lady (calling). "Garçon!"

English Lady (trying to speak pure French, but with very indifferent success). Gasson!

English Waiter (innocently). On, Ma'am? Oh yes, it 's on to the full, Ma'am. [*General bewilderment of all nations.*

Digitized by Google



THE LOWEST DEPTH.

Inebriated Snob (*to party with paper lamp*). "Which is the way—to—to—the P—P—Poses Plastiques? Why, Hallo! Is that you, Jim? How the dooce did you come to this?"

Jim. "Well—all along o' them Night Publics. And here I am—an 'Illuminated Advertisement!'"

OLD HARRY TO JOHN BULL.

Another surplus? Hullo, you!
Again some millions of taxation?
Oh! come, I say, John, this won't do.
You want a new Administration.
You 're getting on a deal too fast;
All this prosperity can't last,

Unless you change your cards in time,
To dodge the shifting odds of chance.
With men arrived at Fortune's prime
'Tis sure ill luck if you advance.
The tide 's at turning-point, no doubt;
So, now then, turn those fellows out.

See, there 's the Old World and the New,
Both all a-blaze with roaring war;
And, in the meanwhile, where are you?
Why here, aloof, at peace, you are!
Because your Ministers delay
The struggle that must come some day.

Long since you should have joined the game;
And, had you battle's flag unfurled,
You 'd stand, which now you don't—for shame!
This day alone, against the world.
You ought to be at war, and were,
For honour did your rulers care.

Why, Portsmouth should, by this time, shelled
With rifled cannon, be on fire,
The heights of Portsdown being held
By Volunteers; my own desire
Did they who govern you fulfil,
As those that should succeed them will.

By glorious death your gallant youth
Ere now should have been decimated,
And glory's price to pay, forsooth,
At ten per cent. your incomes rated,
And likewise every other tax
Doubly redoubled on your backs.

War must befall you, soon or late;
Trust not a Power I need not name.
Believe in me; believe in Fate;
No matter which—they 're both the same.
Cashier your Palmerston, you fool!
Let Derby and Disraeli rule.

A TRAP TO CATCH A PICKPOCKET.

An interesting invention, which cannot be too soon introduced into this country, is announced, with a delightful account of its mode of action, by the *Lombardia* of Milan, which says:—

"A young man with his arm caught in an iron trap, has just been led through the streets of this city to prison. A person named Varisco had invented a gin to catch pickpockets, which may easily be placed in a coat-pocket, and is so constructed as to hold the hand of the thief as if in a vice. M. Varisco being in a locality which those light-fingered gentry are thought to frequent, and remarking near him an individual of a rather suspicious exterior, took from one of his pockets a handsome silver snuff-box, at the same time assuming a simple air: then leisurely taking a pinch from it, he placed it into a pocket provided with the trap. Presently the stranger approached M. Varisco, slipped his hand into the pocket, seized hold of the bait, and in another second showed by his cries that he was securely caught."

"And such an instrument I was to use," says Jones, "when I went to the Opera, and the Derby, and the Zoological Gardens, and to hear Spurgeon, and to *Punch's* Office at the hour of publication. Only, worse luck, it had not been invented." Well; now it has, and will shortly, no doubt, be on sale at all ironmongers. To be sure the paragraph announcing its invention, headed "The Pickpocket's Trap," appeared on the first instant, but then it was quoted by more than one paper on the same day. Let us, then, hopefully believe that the trap to catch a pickpocket is a fact. Might it not be called the Anti-Artful Dodger? It really will be a very pretty toy for young fellows who are hard up for fun to amuse themselves withal. Going anywhere in quest of game of that sort which is called a lark, they will at least do well to put one of these pickpocket-traps in each of their pockets. The capture of a thief by means of it would be a capital joke in the first place, and would soon become a common occurrence; the frequency of detection would then discourage, and ultimately stop the pickpocket's pursuits. The wearer of the trap, we of course presume, is furnished with a key to it in order to unlock it when, during a fit of absence, feeling in his pocket, he gets caught in his own gin; but he might be in an awkward fix if he forgot himself so far as to put both hands in his pockets, with a trap in either. Self-preservation also demands that the jaws of the pickpocket-trap should not be armed with sharp teeth, which would sometimes accidentally bite the wearer's own fingers.

A GHOST-DOG.

At a late meeting of the Anthropological Society, according to a report of its proceedings, papers were read by the Rev. F. W. Farrar, one of them on the alleged universal belief in a deity and a future state. In the course of this paper the rev. lecturer told a good story:—

"The belief in the existence of some unknown power was not sufficient, Mr. Farrar observed, to prove belief in a Supreme Being, for even animals have a consciousness of the existence of some superior unseen power; and he mentioned the case of a dog that refused to enter a wood that was avoided by the inhabitants in the neighbourhood, because it was reputed to be haunted."

Here is a case for the *Spiritual Magazine*, if it is only authentic. The name and address of the canine prodigy referred to in the foregoing anecdote are desirable. This must be a dog of the same breed with the one in *Pickwick* that pulled up at the caution-board in the plantation, notifying that all dogs trespassing would be shot. In all ghost-stories wherein a dog is concerned the dog always slinks under the table, or behind the spectators, with his tail between his legs. Almost any dog may be terrified with a suitable combination of long pole, sheet, and turnip-lantern. But a dog's avoidance of a wood reputed to be haunted is something more than mere fright at an object which the creature does not understand. It argues spiritual perception if the spot was really haunted, and, if not, at any rate comprehension of the talk amongst the people in the neighbourhood. So, then, this dog must have been one if not supernaturally sagacious, at least uncommonly clever; must have either had a good nose for ghosts, or a wonderful ear for conversation.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



APRIL *4th, Monday.* LORD PALMERSTON is a very cruel man. You may think that he isn't, but he is. The Opposition had been spending their Easter holidays in getting up speeches on the wickedness of assassination, on the duty of doing nothing that could offend their beloved Sovereign the EMPEROR OF FRANCE (less Paris), and on the necessity of turning out a Government that included a gentleman who knew another gentleman who was accused by the French police of knowing something about a plot against the EMPEROR. There was to have been a tremendous storm. But MR. STANSFELD, the first item in the above series, resolved to withdraw from office. LORD PALMERSTON, who had prevented his doing so until the whole business had been gone over, and the Opposition had been defied, now felt that MR. STANSFELD had a right to do as he pleased. That gentleman resigned, and to-night, having a free tongue, and speaking as an independent Member, he once more, and very fully, expounded the Mazzini business; and though he could add no strength to the conviction held by *Mr. Punch* and Society that MR. STANSFELD had done nothing to be ashamed of, he almost made the Opposition ashamed of themselves. Indeed we may say quite; for as soon as they found themselves checkmated, and all their hoarded thunder useless, they walked off, leaving benches as empty as the threats of the usual occupants. But they have driven a valuable public servant away from useful work, and that of course is a comfort.

The DUKE OF NEWCASTLE retires because he is ill. MR. CARDWELL succeeds him, as Colonial Secretary, because——we do not exactly know why, and LORD CLARENDON becomes Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall because he likes a good cigar, and so does the DUKE OF CORNWALL. If anybody can give a better reason, he may send it us or not, just as he pleases, and we don't care which he does.

Tuesday. LORD RUSSELL has been informing the American Minister that we will not allow enlistments of Queen's subjects as Federal soldiers, and MR. ADAMS says that any officer offending shall be dismissed. But the Irish idiots who are kidnapped are tempted so largely that they become accomplices in the crime against themselves, as they find out when, instead of getting work and high pay, they are hurried off to die in the mud of Virginia.

The Lisburn election (no, not Lisbon, MR. COX. What makes you think that the capital of Portugal sends Members to the English Parliament?) cannot be inquired into because one of the Committee is ill; and all the wisdom of the Legislature is unequal to devising a scheme for enabling the investigation to go on. Of course, to appoint a new man, and to give him a day to read the past evidence and bring himself up flush with his colleagues, would be impossible, unconstitutional, inconceivable, unprecedented—and practical.

ALDERMAN SALOMONS wants to rate property in the occupation of Government, but the House, by 52 to 30, decided that he must be content with rating Government itself.

Wednesday. A bill for improving the Royal Court of Jersey—very properly described by MR. HADFIELD as "a barbarous and absurd Court"—was read a Second Time, with SIR G. GREY's approval, but he wishes to hear what "the States of Jersey" have to say about it. Governments are much too tender over the antiquated prejudices and jobbing interests of these ridiculous islanders, and one would think we were afraid of their revolting, whereas the Yacht Club could keep all the islands in the most perfect order without troubling Her Majesty's ships.

Thursday. The Budget Night, and MR. GLADSTONE in full force. *Punch* had thought of giving the right honourable CHANCELLOR's address at full length, as it occupies only ten columns of the morning papers, but on the whole he prefers to state its contents with brevity. Two large cats and a respectable kitten were let out of the Bag.

Cat No. 1 was a great reduction of the Sugar duties. The sum which MR. GLADSTONE takes off will amount to One Million, three hundred and thirty thousand golden sovereigns in a year, Materfamilias, and it will be amusing to you to hear the new set of fictions by which your grocer will prove to you that you ought to have no benefit from the reduction.

Cat No. 2 was the taking off One Penny from the Income-Tax, which is now to be Sixpence. This diminution was of course due to the frightful menaces which *Mr. Punch* had uttered upon all occasions when the iniquitously levied tax came under his indignant pen. MR. GLADSTONE looks to another reduction next year, and *Mr. Punch* particularly advises him to keep his earnest eyes in that direction.

Kitten was a reduction of the shameful duty on Fire Insurances. Half of the three shillings now levied is to be taken off insurances on Stock in Trade only. We hope to see this kitten grow up into a large cat by next April, as people ought not to be fined for trying to save themselves from being ruined by fires.

The great speech was not an adorned one, but was singularly impressive, and where an elevated tone could be adopted, you may be sure MR. GLADSTONE improved the occasion. His noble picture of the commercial greatness of England combined the accuracy of a photograph with the colouring of a TURNER. People who turn away from the figures of arithmetic, as mock-modest people turn away from figures of classic sculpture, may nevertheless like a few points from the speech.

We have had a year of average prosperity.

Our Miscellaneous Estimates do not increase, as is supposed, but rather decrease in amount.

Our Surplus is Two Millions, and £359,000.

Our National Debt has decreased to Seven Hundred and Ninety-One Millions, on which we pay about Twenty-Six Millions a year, and rather like the operation.

England is the champion of Peace and Justice throughout the world, and is in fact the Friend of Humanity.

Remembering that, it is instructive to note that MR. GLADSTONE is happy to say that though the taste for ardent spirits is decreasing here, a large export trade in spirits is growing up.

The British manufacturer, "having been put through his usual paroxysms of alarm" about the baccy trade, now makes more baccy than ever.

The nominal corn duty—one bob per quaster (of corn) is to be threepence per cwt. which is not a Welsh word, as it looks, but means a hundredweight.

The consumption of French wine has increased 300 per cent.

The duty on tea-sellers' licenses is reduced. So is that on Hawkers' Horses, which the DUKE OF ST. ALBAN'S, hereditary Grand Falconer, may like to know if he rides.

MR. DARBY GRIFFITHS was actually mentioned, with applause, by the Great GLADSTONE, for a sensible little proposal about proxy duties, and will henceforth be immortal, like a fly in amber.

"Jaggery" is the lowest form of sugar made in the East Indies.

"Dutch Numbers" is the universal language for construing sugar duties.

The Malt Tax is not to be taken off, and if you were to take off half, it would have to come on again, "and you may tell your children so." The fine barley grower has No Grievance.

We are bound, in spite of our prosperity, to study Economy.

Nine hundred and fifty-four people out of every thousand are self-supporting.

But there exists great distress. We have 840,000 paupers.

Our Surplus, after all the proposed reductions, will be Two Hundred and Thirty-Eight Thousand Pounds.

Having thus set up diners-out with material which will enable them to chatter in the most profound manner, *Mr. Punch* begs to congratulate MR. GLADSTONE on a magnificent intellectual effort, the value of which will not be decreased by the allegation made by MESDAMES GAMP and HARRIS to the effect that the Ministers come in disguise to consult *Mr. Punch*, and to receive his prompting. The loud cheers of the House of Commons as the great orator sat down were nobly earned, and did honour to him and to those whom he had instructed and delighted.

When the House found its tongue, the utterances were not very remarkable. As in a theatre the eyes of men, When any well-graced actor leaves the stage, Are idly bent on him who enters next, Thinking his prattle to be tedious, Is a quotation which frequently occurs to *Mr. Punch*. He will only note that MR. CRAWFORD thought he could improve the sugar scheme; that MR. HUBBARD thought that more ought to be done for the fire-insurers; that MR. WHITESIDE thought something ought to be done about Irish spirits; that MR. MORRELL thought the Malt duty ought to come off, and said he should try to get it off; that MR. BENTINCK thought the duty ought to be re-imposed on paper; that MR. MALINS (who usually objects to everything) was almost half-satisfied with the Budget; and that MR. BASS "thought beer." Vigorous to the last, MR. GLADSTONE took all their points in his target, and progress was reported.

Friday. LORD PALMERSTON assured the House that the interests of the people of Schleswig-Holstein would be very well taken care of at the Conference. Later, MR. DILLWYN, indignant at the bombardment of Sönderborg, desired that our fleet should be at once sent to help the

Danes. MR. OSBORNE protested against MR. DILLWYN's lashing himself into a rage with his own tail, like a lion, and then was smart upon the Cabinet, the Conference, and the Correspondence.

"Smart was his greeting, smarter PAM's reply;
'Tis well, but persiflage is all my eye."

The PREMIER took the opportunity of speaking severely of the Germans, and was reproved by MR. PEACOCKE for being "aggravating," PEACOCKE having been reading nursery poetry, and thinking—

"If I suffer such insolent airs to prevail,
May June pluck out all the eyes in my tail."

The other incident of the night was a singular speech by LORD EDWARD HOWARD, the leader of the English Catholics, who, in reply to a fierce attack by MR. NEWDEGATE upon the Oratorians at Brompton, made some allusions to lost members of his own family, and their position in another world. It was impossible not to be touched with the simple devotional utterances of LORD EDWARD, but they were certainly "extra-Parliamentary." MR. NEWDEGATE's onslaught upon the Oratorians, and monastic institutions generally, seemed to have been prompted by MR. ALFRED SMEE, the medical man, who believes that a relative of his was victimised by priests, but who has certainly been less than considerate in the way in which he has dragged the names of ladies into the controversy. On division, MR. NEWDEGATE's motion for a Committee of Inquiry found 80 supporters and 113 opponents, so the orator *contra* the Oratorians must put on more steam another time. Let him study the Newdegate prize poem for 1828, "*Machinæ vi Vaporis impulsæ*," and then he may attain the glory similarly commemorated in 1844, "*Triumphi Pompa apud* ROMANOS."

PICTORIAL PROPHECIES.



NOW-A-DAYS it is the fashion for members of the modern schools of the Prophets to utter their dark sayings, known as "tips," concerning great and small turf events of the racing season. In the Art-world there be certain spying bands of touts—a tout suite—ahem!—who haunt the studios of each R.A.—a formidable ar-ray of studios—ahem! again—and by a few preparatory intimations, whet the public appetite for the Art-banquet to be submitted to their taste on the first Monday in May. There be starters a many, and favourites not a few. Send us a dozen stamps, and we'll give you some startling information. No deception. Here's a tip or two for you, gratis. Mark this child's words, and, if he's right, show your gratitude, and come again to the real shop for Prophecy.

The visitor to the Royal Academy will have the Assistant-Judge at the Middlesex Sessions, MR. BODKIN, brought up before him for his (the visitor's) judgment. A jury of his enlightened fellow-countrymen will pronounce upon his merits. This likeness (you'll say "There he is!" directly you set eyes on it), which you will see, of course, by day, is, as you will also see, by KNIGHT. That's tip number one. Will this be in the first place among the portraits? Send us thirteen stamps, and you shall hear.

MR. SANT's "*Dick Whittington listening to what the London Bells said*;" not the first instance, by the way, of a lad being turned from his straight course by the Belles—(is this the moral?), whether of London or any other place. Fortunate will that gentleman be who, for a prize, draws what MR. SANT paints. Then, there's a Boy in blue from the same stable—we mean studio. "The boy in yellow," you will remember, "wins the day." As to what place the blue boy (no relation to GAINSBOROUGH's, which, as it happens, wasn't blue at all) will occupy, why, send us fourteen stamps, and you'll hear something to your advantage. The youngster bears the noble name of RAGLAN, of whom all boys, blue coat or red coat, may be justly proud.

Tip the third. Send us twenty-four stamps—"*two-bobs*' worth" in slang coinage—and we will attempt to give you an idea of one ROBERTS' work. MR. ROBERTS, R.A., hitherto renowned for his cool interiors, has at length bestowed some attention upon his exterior. A view—and such a view!—of Rome! *Urbs Roma!* Food for the eyes—a very feast of *urbs!* Ahem! for the third and last time.

And then there is——Hold! enough! Sir Oracle has spoken. Concerning these few we have said our say; and as for the rest, Hang 'em!—Farewell! I sign myself DAUBIGNY.

WICKED WORK AT DYBBÖL.

(*To the* EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA *and the* KING OF PRUSSIA.)

SWEET SOVEREIGNS,

WHETHER or no you dare let your subjects see the *Times* newspaper, of course you take good care to read it regularly yourselves. Doubtless, you were amused by the account of your cut-throats' and incendiaries' doings at Dybböl, given by the special correspondents of that journal at the Danish head-quarters, and those of your rascals respectively.

Particularly delightful to your Royal and Imperial minds must have been the subjoined passages from the pen of the former of the writers above mentioned. To see the attack of your Majesties' brigands upon Dybböl's brave defenders, he had got upon a hill called the Castle Battery, out of harm's way, as you are, only he made himself necessarily safe, in order to do his duty in describing the horrors from which you, the authors of them, keep your distance. And there, he tells us, he "had a magnificent view of the Wemmingbund, and of the Dybböl heights, now flashing fire all along the crest, like a marshy ground in a southern climate all alive with swarms of fire-flies," Prussian locusts and scorpions rather.

"It was not more," he says, "than half-past three;" when you two, doubtless, were snoring in your comfortable beds. "It was one of the loveliest mornings I ever saw here. The air was perfectly still, and the larks were soaring up into heaven with their sweet morning hymn. The moon was far down in the western horizon, with a morning planet in her suite which I think must have been Mercury." Not Mars, your Majesties; and Mercury, you know, was the god of thieves. Is not the star of that order due to old VON WRANGEL and his colleague GABLENZ? "The stars," continues the eye-witness of your wicked work, "were all out. Behind us was the faintest possible streak of earliest dawn." This was earth and sky as Heaven made them; now see what the other power, and its human agents, made of them:—

"The cannonade from the Danish bastion was terrific, the rattle of the shells and their bursting incessant; and, as an accompaniment to the roaring music, the musketry fire swelled up in the air active and lively. Above the somewhat muffled grumbling of the common musket, we could easily discern the sharp ringing ping! ping!* of the Prussian *zündnadelgewehr*. The air was all alive with flashes of fire, as I said, and the smoke lingered pale and ghastly over the vast landscape; the smoke in a thousand puffs from large and small fire-arms, the smoke also from a vast conflagration arising from the doomed houses of the unfortunate Dybböl village."

We Britons, your Majesties, can fancy it Clapham, and bless you as much as if we did.

The narrator adds, for the further satisfaction of your Majesties:—

"It was a scene worth walking many hundred miles to see—a scene worth waiting for many a long day."

Yes; but to my mind, it would have been better worth waiting for many a long day if the primary pyrotechnists of this grand display of fireworks had been roasting in their own conflagration. But the less said about a "conflagration" which has been "waited for many a long day," the better, perhaps, in the presence of monarchs who, if they believe, should tremble.

Let me, your Majesties, quote you another pretty bit, to divert your most gracious Majesties:—

"On my way to the Dybböl Windmill both times I had to pass several carts conveying the Danish wounded. Some came on stretchers, borne on the shoulders of stout ambulance men. They were, for the most part, bleeding at the head, having been struck behind the parapets of the bastions. Not a few were lifeless, and I saw a mangled mass of raw flesh and blood, which, had I not been told, I could hardly believe to have been a man."

It is a pity that there was not on the spot a skilful artist to paint a picture, from death, of this "mangled mass of raw flesh and blood," the image of your Majesties' Maker, marred by your Majesties' slaves. Such a work of Art, German Art, would be a prize for which it would be by no means derogatory to the dignity of your Majesties to compete by lot. It could not be given to the worthier of you, for of you two worthies there is no possibility of determining which is the worthier of such a testimonial. Nobody can say that one of you is more deeply stained than the other by the dastardly bloodguiltiness of a tyrant who carries sword and fire into his neighbour's territory in order to avert from his own head the consequences of his misgoverned subjects' disaffection. Your Majesties cannot conceive the disgust and detestation with which your outrage on Denmark is regarded by

JOHN BULL.

* May it please your Majesties, MRS. GRUNDY says, "I'd ping! ping! you, if I had my will." I wouldn't. That is not how we deal with those whose hands are of your Majesties' colour. We do not ping! ping! them.

Google



THE IDLE GOSSIPS AGAIN!

SENSATION TABLEAU, REPRESENTING THAT "BAGE CREECHER," P–LM–RST–N AND A MINION FROM THE EXCHEQUER, GOING TO BRIBE THE "HOJUS PUNCH." (*For fresh particulars, vide St–nd–rd or H–r–ld.*)

TO MR. GLADSTONE, AFTER HIS BUDGET SPEECH.

POTENT performer! BLONDIN of debate!
Who, on thy high rope of yarns oratorical,
Treadest a path to turn a common pate,
With firm-set foot, and clear brain categorical,
Keeping thy balance, to mankind's amaze,
And ever and anon cracking a joke,
As eggs to make his omelette BLONDIN broke,
Dropping on heads upturned in breathless gaze
The empty shells, as thou the well-turned phrase.

But where *he* bore, across his dangerous track
One desperate party, blinded, in a sack,
Thou, all across thy figures' long-stretched line,
A whole attentive Commons House dost bear—
There being, we know, *at least* two parties there—
As blind, if not as brave, so I opine,
As he whom BLONDIN pick-a-back'd mid-air!

BLONDIN could juggle but with knives and balls,
Thou tossest, calmly, millions to and fro,
Bidd'st exports, imports, rev'nue-rises, falls,
In mazy ring round thy calm forehead flow,
While dazzled, doubting, awed, astonished, all
Listen and look, and hold their breath, and say
"Can this go on? This sum will surely fall,
That total drop." But no—he holds his way,
His balance kept secure, through all that figure-play!

As BLONDIN knew to thrill the crowd intent,
Skilful on nerves or cord his art to ply,
Now tottering, now stumbling as he went,
Till hearts ceased beating, as his fall seemed nigh;

So, now and then, wilt thou a pause essay,
A seeming hesitance, a doubtful air,
And CECIL pricks his ears, and DIZZY's clay
Warms with slow life, and his eye 'gins to glare,
But soon the feint is played, and high in air
The proud head shows serene, the firm step holds its way!

Mysterious mind—whose power no task encumbers!
To grasp our many-millioned debt is thine,
Or with melado, jaggery and Dutch numbers,
And other nice distinctions saccharine,
To play, like one bred in the grocery line!
What task above, what task below thy power?
I own a brother, and with bended hunch
Vow, as I hail thee joint Lord of the hour,
"I would be GLADSTONE, if I were not *Punch*."

WORSE THAN WELSH.

No person who reads *Punch* ever gets tipsy. But possibly some persons of strong imagination may be able to form an idea of what tipsiness is like. To aid them in so desirable a discovery, *Mr. Punch* would say that he never in his life had any doubt whether he was sober or the other thing until the following passage, in a Scotch advertisement, came under his bewildered eyes. A gentleman proposes to sell, *inter alia*,—

"The Estate of Auchendrean and Meall Dhu, also in the parish of Lochbroom, comprehending the Lands of Carn-Breacmeanach, Carn-Breacheg, Corrybuie Fir-rogie, Teangancuisachan, and Lubnachulaig."

We are far from clear that any man has a right to print such aggregations of letters, for to call such things words is to insult *literature*. If we buy the estate, which we have some idea of doing, we shall insist on having it, like *Bottom*, "translated."



GOODY GLADSTONE'S GIFTS.

(*To the Agricultural Party*). "YOU 'VE GOT YOUR 'SUGAR,' AND YOUR 'FIRE MEDAL,' AND THERE'S 'A PENNY' FOR YOU; AND IF YOU 'RE A CIVIL BOY, PERHAPS, SOME OF THESE DAYS, WE 'LL *THINK* ABOUT THE 'MALT.'"

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

A COOK'S ORACLE.



Punch, or rather my dear *Punch*, what can be the meaning of this? You know, when that little event came off which made me the happiest girl—I mean, of course, Charley the happiest man—you advised, in that dear kind way! me always to look after the servants, and have good dinners. Well, I took your advice, and have tried my very best. The cook 's a stupid old woman, but I have done marvels for her, and we have charming little dinners in consequence. The only things I did not like were the legs of mutton; they looked so big. So yesterday, when I went downstairs, I told the cook that I wouldn't have any more of those legs in future, but would have fore ones instead. I can't think what came over the stupid old thing when I said this, I am sure, only there 's nothing to laugh at. She nearly did: but I never let them answer me, you know; so she only curtsied, and said "Yes, M'am;" and I came away; because you know, my dear darling old *Punch* (you don't mind my calling you old, do you?), I was just a little frightened, I don't know what at, though; perhaps of losing my temper. I told Charley when he came in; and, would you believe it? he burst out laughing too, and said, calling me such hard names, "Why, you stupid little duckey, a mutton ain't got fore-legs!"

Now, my dear, dear old (you said you didn't mind my calling you old), wise, clever *Punch*, *do* tell me what it all means; because Charley won't, and I don't like to ask the cook after giving her an order.

Excuse haste. And believe me, my dear, dear, kind, good *Punch*,

Ever your loving,

The Limpets, Lovesacre, April 1st, 1864. Louie.

THEATRES FOR LONDONERS.

The new managerial system of running the same pieces for several years (a system utterly detrimental to dramatic literature and to theatrical art) has produced the natural effect. There is no wrong without a remedy. The Lovers of the Drama (a distinct class from the people who will go anywhere, provided a door is opened) have made representations to the country managers and to the railway authorities, and the result is that special Theatrical trains will start from London, so as to enable the Playgoer to go to the Play in towns where the performances are occasionally changed. The managers at Bath, Bristol, Dover, Brighton, Margate, and many places within easy reach have come into the scheme; and as the trains will be very fast, and the prices very low, Londoners will at last be enabled to see a play now and then. The arrival of the trains will be telegraphed to the theatres, and the overture will begin the moment the visitors are seated. The return transit will be equally well arranged, and people will be at supper in town earlier than they could be if they sat out a London bill. The remedy was absolutely necessary, if the educated classes were not to be allowed to lose all their taste for the theatre, and the actors to lose all their chance of study and improvement.

TALK FOR TRAVELLERS.

Before coming to other methods of Street Duologues, I will devote a few lines to the combination of three or more parties in the street.

Let it be supposed that you, Mr. A, Mr. Anybody, accidentally fall in with B., Mr. Boobitty, and C., Mr. Coobitty.

At a distance of twelve yards you catch sight of one another. "Hullo," says A. to himself, "here 's Boobitty and Coobitty." Straightway he feels that in the approaching engagement he will be overpowered by numbers. He looks to the right, he looks to the left, with half a mind to dare the perils of a crowded road, rather than encounter the united forces of Boobitty and Coobitty. "They 've seen me," he reasons with himself, and very cowardice impels him onward towards his fate. Irresolutely smiling, in painful consciousness of his weakness, and, with his head so well in hand (if I may be allowed) as to be ready to return the slightest acknowledgment on their part.

While A. is thus bracing himself up, B. says to C., interrogatively, not being quite sure as to the extent of the latter's intimacy with A., "Why that 's A., isn't it?"

"Yes," returns B., guarding against any display of emotion, which might possibly be offensive to C. "So it is."

From the moment that they are aware of your proximity, a sudden blight falls upon their conversation. It is sustained, if at all, with difficulty. A few steps and A. meets B. and C. face to face.

Now comes a puzzler; with which of the two is A. first to shake hands? He avoids the difficulty by offering this manual greeting to neither. This negative commencement produces an air of constraint, and all three are obviously embarrassed. A. tries to notice impartially both B. and C. at a glance; and is uncomfortably impressed with a sense of utter failure in the attainment of his object. In his opening sentence he makes a similar attempt, and is equally unsuccessful.

A. (*looking from B. to C.*) Well, you two? (*Joocosely.*) Where are *you* going to? Eh?

This is a false step, bordering, in fact, upon an impertinence; as such it is resented by B.

B. (*in an offhand manner*). Oh, nowhere.

This, of course, is absurd; and so Boobitty feels, for he immediately adds, "at least nowhere particular," which is as much as to say, "Wherever it is we don't want *your* company, my hearty."

During this exchange, Coobitty, whose right arm is supported by Boobitty's left, becomes deeply interested in the passers-by, equestrian currustrian or pedestrian, and apparently pays no sort of attention to the duologue.

A. (*conscious of having been snubbed*). Oh!—Ah—um—well—er. (*Then suddenly inspired*). You 're *both of you looking* very well.

This, you see, is but a multiplication of the old conventionalism.

C. (*unwillingly lugged into the conversation*). Yes—I 'm—a—(*Relieves himself from further embarrassment by pretending a curiosity about a dashing young lady on horseback.*) Who 's that, do you know?

This is addressed to B., who "ought to know," he says, "but doesn't." A. can't even lay claim to acquaintance with the features of the fair creature, and owns that "he hasn't got the smallest idea."

B. (*to whose mind, after looking at A. for a few seconds, an idea presents itself*). You 're in Town now?

A. (*dubiously, as if he wasn't*). Ye-es. (*Wishing to interest B.*) I suppose *you* are, too? Eh!

B. (*decisively, as if Town couldn't get on without him*). Oh yes, yes. For some time.

Up to this point the dialogue has not been so preternaturally sparkling as to preclude the necessity of introducing some enlivening topic. A., oppressed by the fact that he is the third party, the one *de trop*, makes a last effort to be brilliant before pursuing his onward course. He remembers a common friend, and with an air of great anxiety, asks, "*Do either of you*—" Note how cunningly he tackles them both, "Do either of you remember—er—(*Suddenly forgets all about it*)—er—dear me, what *is* the fellow's name? You know, he used to—um—Lor'!—You 'd know the name if I mentioned it, directly."

C. looks at B. inquiringly, and B. (*without the most remote notion of whom either A. or himself is talking*). Do you mean E.?

A. (*who doesn't know what he means*). No, not E. It began with——

Here occurs an incident requiring, on the part of A., the utmost coolness, polite tact and presence of mind. For, while he is yet speaking, a couple of gentlemen, one of whom is a friend of his, saunter past. If A. turns to speak to him, it must appear as if he wished to cut B. and C. If he only nods to F, *en passant*, F. may possibly feel himself slighted. If he takes no notice of the new arrival, it will be for F. to conclude that B. intends a deliberate insult; and this problem, specially to a nervous man, becomes very difficult of solution. The whole case is, I own, of a complex nature, and it may be, exceptional. Yet must one be prepared. In order, therefore, properly to grasp this stupendous subject, and cut the knot sharply but delicately, I will commend the position to my readers' careful study, begging them to send me their ideas as to how *they* personally should act; and it shall be my task to point out to them, should not their own ingenuity or experience render my services unnecessary, the only proper method of gracefully extricating yourself from this perlexing predicament; giving you, to speak, as heretofore, alphabetically, and in some sort, algebraically, the process whereby A. is to be eliminated.



A TRIFLE FROM AMERICA.

MISS LAJEUNE, HAVING JOINED THE "ACCLIMATISATION SOCIETY," RECEIVES A REMARKABLY FINE SPECIMEN OF THE "BISON."

"TIMEO DANAOS."

WE have it on the authority of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, who received it from a correspondent at Flensburgh:—

"Nothing is to be heard everywhere, even from the women, but curses and imprecations on the 'scoundrels and thieves' of Germans, and the whole of the people are in a frightful state of excitement. The men are letting their beards grow, and swear that they will never shave until the Germans are driven to the other side of the Elbe."

This is one way of bearding the enemy. We hope, however, the Danes are reserving their razors for a good patriotic purpose—and that is when they seize hold of these rascally invading German Herrs, they will not allow one of them to escape without a very close shave. If they once get the Prussians on the Elbe, we know they will prove themselves to be first-rate Danish cutters.

HOW TO STOP THE IRISH EXODUS.—Vote several millions of money to encourage it.

REPORT OF A MEETING OF THE AMATEUR CELIBACY SOCIETY, JUNIOR BRANCH.

(*Kindly supplied by the Secretary.*)

THE minutes of the last meeting having been read and confirmed, the Vice-President, in presenting his Report for his term of office, congratulated honourable Members upon the flourishing state of the Society. During the past six months the Society had been instrumental in spreading dissension and discord in no less than five parishes. (*Cheering.*) One parish in particular, where the clergyman used to preach in a gown and read the service, the members of the congregation all joining in the responses from their respective pews (*groans*), while the choir, led by a blacksmith, he presumed a harmonious blacksmith (*great laughter*) on the violin, with flute accompaniment, sang the ditties of TATE and BRADY, had, under the auspices of the Society, been so reformed, that the clergyman now invariably intoned the service (a small choir of boys in surplices ably doing the responses to TALLIS in D), preached in an alb, thought of procuring "beautiful vestments" (*hear, hear*), and had succeeded in replacing TATE and BRADY by plain-song hymns sung by an efficient and highly-trained motett choir, open seats having, of course, been substituted for pews. (*Prolonged cheering.*) There was one little drawback he had omitted to mention, which was, that the congregation had all left the church and gone over to the dissenting chapel, which had been lately enlarged. Honourable Members would, however, join with him in rejoicing, that, by the efforts of the Society, the service in this parish was now performed in so correct a manner as to satisfy the most rigid and most zealous Anglican. (*Thunders of applause.*)

In conclusion, he begged to read to them the following extract from a letter received from a member of this Society, who now held a curacy in a small country parish:—

"We are getting on pretty well, but the people are very slow in taking up new ideas. They object to the alms-bags I have introduced, and much prefer the old metal-plates. My rector is nearly imbecile, so I have it all my own way, and wore a small red cross sewn inside the neck-band of my surplice last Sunday. (*Great cheering, and a voice* "plucky fellow!") All the young ladies at a neighbouring boarding-school are busily employed working me cushions and altar-cloths of various colours from my own designs, and evince a laudable anxiety in the good cause. The congregation, I am sorry to say, falls off; but, by a judicious distribution of the dole, I have secured the regular attendance at matins of five old men and as many aged women. (*Cheers.*) They are not quite up to bowing so often or so low as I could wish. I have spoken to them on the subject, and they assure me their backs are stiff with 'the rheumatics' (*laughter*): so I must try the effect of increasing their allowance. I am practising gymnastics myself, and can already perform the service with much greater bodily ease and mental satisfaction than before. The Society will be glad to learn that I am gradually becoming bald on the top of my head." (*Loud applause.*)

It having been moved and carried unanimously "That this report be adopted," MR. GILBERT ALBAN proposed, and MR. THEODOSIUS CHAD seconded, "That MESSRS. SOFTSAWDER AND SONS be commissioned to supply the Members of the Society with vestments for their approaching commemoration." To prove their fitness for the task, he (MR. GILBERT ALBAN) would read to the meeting the following advertisements which he had received from them in answer to some inquiries he had made:—

REPOSITORY OF ECCLESIASTICAL ART.

MESSRS. SOFTSAWDER AND SONS, Man-Milliners, &c., beg respectfully to inform Clergymen of the Anglican Church that theirs is the best house in the trade for Ecclesiastical Vestments of all kinds, which they provide in the *newest fashion* and of the most *correct* cut. In addition to the usual robes indispensable to an Anglican Clergyman, MESSRS. S. AND S. beg to recommend to the notice of their clerical customers, the following vestments, ecclesiastical and secular, tastefully designed by an experienced *mediæval decorator*, after the most *correct* models of early Catholic times.

THE SURPLICE-ALB.

This chaste Vestment is unique of its kind, and combines with the graceful folds of the surplice the elegant *tournure* of the alb. It has been designed specially to meet the requirements of gentlemen who, compelled by unavoidable circumstances to abstain from wearing the "beautiful vestments" ordered by the Rubric, feel a conscientious objection to that ordinary garb which, worn alike by Low Church and High Church, causes no visible distinction between the Catholic-minded Anglican Priest, and the Protestant Minister of the Gospel. (*Groans.*)

MESSRS. S. AND S. have solved this truly distressing difficulty. The SURPLICE-ALB can be worn in the midst of a congregation sunk in the deepest depths of ultra-protestantism *without detection*, as by the uninitiated it cannot be distinguished from an ordinary surplice. (*Cheers.*) The high-minded Catholic divine can thus satisfy the scruples of his own conscience without exciting any of that party hostility which, though truly gratifying to the amiable Anglican bigot, is but too often followed

by unmerited suspension at the hands of mistaken prelates, entailing not unfrequently serious pecuniary loss. (*Sensation and groans.*)

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW'S DALMATIC.

This gorgeous Vestment is well worth the attention of those zealous Anglo-Catholics, who, regardless of consequences, are desirous of spreading true Church principles by the alluring aid of brilliant colours and glittering tinsel. Messrs. S. and S. assure their customers that this striking garment has never been worn in an English Church without causing *furious dissension*, and exciting passions of a most *frightful kind*. (*Hear, hear.*)

S. B.'s Dalmatic can be had in all colours, but Messrs. S. and S. would respectfully intimate that the sanguineous or blood-red is at the present time the most *fashionable* as well as the most *becoming* colour.

N.B. This really first-rate article is strongly recommended by Brother Ignatius and other well-known Churchmen.

OBSERVE!

Gorgeous Robes, equal to new, lent out on hire for extraordinary ceremonials.

Hair Shirts (lined with the finest flannel) in all sizes (*hear, hear*).

A large supply of Sackcloth kept in stock.

Incense, scented *à la* Jockey Club, Frangipanni, Kiss-me-Quick, and other fashionable perfumes, always in hand.

The reading of these advertisements was followed by loud and prolonged cheering.

The honourable gentleman then, in urging Members to vote for his motion said, that having read the advertisements, he thought it unnecessary to add any words of his own, and the President put the motion, which after a short but animated discussion as to the respective merits of violet and sky-blue silk for waistcoats, was carried by a large majority.

This ending the business of the Society, the President dissolved the meeting.

WHO WILL SAY A WORD FOR THEM?

My dear Punch,

The other day you let me in your columns ask a question which, I dare say, slightly shocked some of your highly moral readers, but which perhaps you will allow me to repeat. Please let your printer put it in a whisper of the very smallest type:—

"What becomes, then, of our columbines, our fairies and our sylphs, when they are over fifty, or are weakened in their legs?"

To this I see that a dramatic paper has returned for answer—

"The General Theatrical Fund admits all pantomimists, as well as performers generally, to participate in the privileges accorded to subscribers, and the Dramatic, Equestrian, and Musical Sick Fund is available for all dancers in the hour of their need."

If this be really so, I am very glad to hear it: and the more people subscribe to these two dramatic funds, the better chance poor ballet-girls will have of being helped by them. But actors, pantomimists, musicians, singers, dancers, acrobats, and horse-riders, not to mention minor stage-folk, such as authors, prompters, carpenters, perruquiers, and scene-painters—all these together form a vastly numerous assembly, and among the many claims of a crowd so miscellaneous, the petition of a ballet-girl may chance to be mislaid, or her share of the funds raised may be too small to bring much help to her. So let these two funds flourish, and let a third be formed for the special use and succour of sick fairies and old sylphs; and to relieve them from the thought that they are wholly helped by charity, let them be asked themselves to contribute to this fund, which then may be expanded out of charitable pockets.

The man who will not help a woman in distress is unworthy of the name of Smith or Brown or Jones, or any nobler appellation. For women in distress, mind, are more helpless far than men: and many a lost name might have been saved by a few shillings. As ballet-girls get old their little salaries decrease, and they are paid the least just when through failing health, perhaps, the most is needful to them. It is with hard work that they earn their living in a playhouse, and they barely after all escape dying in a workhouse. Ever ready with their small means as they are to help each other, charity in their case most assuredly begins at home: and as they minister so largely to the public entertainment, the public surely may be asked in time of need and illness to minister to theirs.

So I would say to Brown or Jones or any other friend of mine who has a pound or two to spare and an ounce or so of charity, "Brown or Jones, my boy, don't forget our actors! *Neque tu choreas sperne, puer*, which (excuse the scrap of Latin) means, And don't forget our ballet-girls! Save them from the snares which beset their path in youth, by giving them the hope of honest comfort in their age, and by your present to their fund make their future happier than it might be without you."

In the hope that others abler may be found to carry out the good work I have hinted at, believe me, my dear *Punch*, that I am ready to subscribe myself (and my bankers know my signature),

One who will Pay.

Dear Mr. Punch,—I write to tell you that I am quite willing not only to "say a word," but also to *act* in behalf of the poor ballet-girls; and two ladies of my acquaintance (whose names I send in confidence, and who both have had a long and active experience in good works) are quite prepared to join with me in any plan you can suggest for properly effecting the good end you have in view. *My* husband need not fear any dark hints or black looks from me, were he to act in such a charity: but, I agree with you, *some* wives might object to see their *spouses* brought in contact with a ballet-girl, were she even over fifty and half dying from sheer want.

Being under a very great weekly obligation to you, my dear *Mr. Punch*, for the pleasant laughs you give me, I shall be glad if I can help in any good work you suggest, with all the influence, time and money which is at my command.

Yours very sincerely, —— ——.

My dear Punch,—This wail for ballet-ladies is utterly a mistake. Most of them, if not all, are working at various trades or professions with their relations, or by themselves, during the day; and the theatre money is really extra what they earn for their living. Independently of this fact, there are two especial funds open to the ballet-ladies, but we can never get them to subscribe, small as the subscription is. * * * Your correspondent would do most good by subscribing to the Dramatic Sick Fund.

Yours ever, A Manager.

Dear Punch,—The Dramatic, Equestrian, and Musical Sick Fund especially provides for ballet-ladies. Threepence per week gives them ten shillings per week; sixpence, fifteen; one penny extra, £10, at death. Added to which, they obtain situations, and, in most cases, get the expenses of journeys paid by the managers to whom they are sent. Once being members, they are relieved in distress, and receive other advantages. There is also the Society of Dancers, which, I believe, is open to them.

Yours faithfully, An Honorary Secretary.

Good Mr. Punch,—One of the dramatic papers says your correspondent does not seem to be aware that the Equestrian and Musical Sick Fund is "available for dancers." Well, as ballet-girls don't sing or even dance on horseback, usually, the name of this same Fund would scarcely lead one to imagine that they were ever helped by it. And are they? That's the question. I see by Rule IV. it is stated that "persons to be eligible must have been the last past three years in the exercise of their profession, and deriving their entire livelihood from it." So if a fairy sprains her ancle by coming up a trap in the third year of her subscription, or if a sylph, hung in mid-air in a grand transformation scene, falls headlong on the stage and breaks her arm or leg thereby, before her third year be completed, not one penny can she claim of any money she has paid to this same charitable fund. Besides, if it can be proved that, while subscribing to the fund, she has ever earned a sixpence by her needle-work or other occupation off the stage, she will be held to be ineligible to be aided by the Fund; and as the ladies of the ballet, I believe, are scarcely paid sufficient salaries to live upon, it is but natural to fancy they must seek elsewhere for work, which by Rule IV. must deprive them of assistance from the Fund they are invited to subscribe to.

Yours truly, Mrs. Candour.

Dear Punch,—Although a clergyman, I own I now and then enjoy a visit to a theatre, when there is a good tragedy or comedy, aye, or even a good farce to see and cry or laugh at. The Reverend Sydney Smith has given us his opinion that nowhere is feeling to be more roused in favour of virtue than at a good play, that nowhere is goodness to be learned with more enthusiasm; and with this revered and reverend opinion on my side, I care little what small carpers may say about my fondness for theatrical excursions. So being a playgoer as well as a parson, I have read with interest your letters about ballet-girls, in whose trials and temptations I feel, as any Christian man must do, much sympathy and interest. But is it possible to help them while living as they do! Low salaries are given on the pretext that the girls can look elsewhere for hire, and what their toes may fail to earn they may bring in by their fingers. What this system tends to morally I need not pause to ask: but I simply would inquire, what scheme can well amend it? Managers may tell me all their "ladies" are well paid, and one way or another have abundant means to live upon; and managers express a virtuous surprise that their ladies don't subscribe to the two provident societies established for their benefit. But is it in the nature of a dancer to be provident? You don't find the brains of sixty with the sinews of sixteen, and I should as soon expect a butterfly as a ballet-girl to be provident.

No, Sir. It is no use our trying to assist the ballet-girls; the best thing we can do for them would be to abolish them. The ballet is a wretched mindless exhibition. It does no good to any, and it does much harm to many. Hundreds more would go to the playhouse than do now, were the ballet swept away with all its immoralities. The managers would profit by the very step they now might fear would bring a loss to them: the girls would easily elsewhere get a less perilous employment: and a great scandal to Society would be happily removed. So I say, Down with the Ballet! and when pantomime time comes let the part of *Columbine*, no matter how the children howl, be left out of the cast.

I send my card in confidence, and will call myself

Yours, Clericus.

I say, *Punch*, old boy, how about the ballet-girls? Have you hit on a good plan to help them when they want it? I 'm ready with my money when you can tell me where to send it. Hang it all, you know we mustn't let 'em go to the bad if we can help it. Just conceive how dull and dismal the stage would look without them.

I enclose my real name (don't let my wife see it, please,) and sign myself

Yours, Laicus.

*** *Mr. Punch* inserts these letters as a sample of the correspondence which has reached him on this subject. It is seldom he intrudes a grave theme in his pages, which are intended chiefly to enliven and amuse. But the present is a subject which he believes must be of interest to all who have the interests of Womanity at heart. To them he would appeal on behalf of the poor ballet-girls for sympathy and succour, if sympathy and succour can by sufficient evidence be shown to be deserved. For this cause he invites further letters on the subject, and as the ballet-girls themselves are presumably the best acquainted with its details, perhaps they or their relations will supply him with some facts to show their own view of the case.

Digitized by Google

A Reflection by an Angler.—Nature's Aristocracy. Mortal Man being but a worm, is therefore by nature of *gentle* birth.



RECOLLECTIONS OF THE REVIEW.

THE GROUND BEING VERY UNEVEN AND FULL OF HOLES, THE "MARCHING PAST" OF OUR COMPANY WAS LESS "LIKE A WALL" THAN USUAL.

ETIQUETTE.

THE Commencement of a brilliant Season! Balls, Parties, Receptions, Drawing-Rooms and Dining-Rooms! There is no rest for the dancers! Sleep no more, my belles and beaux of Society. Very good. *Quo tendimus?* To this point, *viz.*, that several Correspondents have written to us, anxiously imploring our assistance upon uncertain matters of ordinary etiquette. One who signs himself—

BOUNDING TOMMY, informs us, that, on Wednesday evening next, he is to appear, for the first time, at the Grand Ball given by the lovely COUNTESS OF KENNINGTON. By what rules shall his conduct be governed? We will tell him anon.

JUAN THE JUICY complains that Society has arbitrarily trammelled him with laws, which he can neither respect nor obey. He farther wishes to know what those laws are, and how he can best comply with their requirements, when he dines, a month hence, with the HON. COLLY CIBBARITE? He shall be instructed: patience.

These be specimens; of other letters requesting small loans, and asking if we will lend out articles of dress and jewellery for the evening, we shall simply take no notice.

BALL-ROOM ETIQUETTE.

Arrival.—On getting out of your vehicle bow to the crowd, if any. You never lose anything by politeness; if therefore you omit this first ceremony, be not surprised should you find that your pickets have been pocketed—we mean your pockets have been picked.

On entering the Hall give a false name, something long that will last from the bottom of the stairs to the top, and that 'll take five servants to say it properly. Announce yourself, for instance, as COUNT PEPPERYDEWOLLACHEKOTOPOLINSOPILISKOTZKY. Get this well by heart and give it out calmly and quickly; if you are undemonstrative in your manner, they will set you down for his all Serene Highness.

Entering a Ball-room.—Be easy in your deportment. Flourish your handkerchief; run your hand through your curled or uncurled hair; bow to the North, South, East and West; pull your front lock of hair to the Mistress of the House, jocosely winking at her the while; then, with the affability of a true gentleman, turn to the Lady nearest you, and at once enter into conversation. Adopt this formula:—"You look precious hot? Been shaking the light fantastic, eh?" Here you can kick up your heels and cut a caper illustrative of the light fantastic afore-mentioned. Continue thus:—"That 's the time of day! Pretty time, isn't?" Hum whatever the band is playing. "Do they call your hair red or yellow? I never knew the difference? Ain't yer well? You look seedy. Come down and have some lush; a brew of bitter. Come on!" And without farther ceremony, take hold of her hand and lead her down-stairs to the refreshments.

Asking a Lady to Dance.—If you 've not been introduced, do not wait for this mere empty form, but go up to the Lady and commence thus:—"I say, Whatsyourname, will you favour me with this waltz? Don't say yes, if you 'd rather not? Lots of others where *you* come from?" If she tells you she 's engaged; say, "Oh Gammon! I know better than that," and whisk her up off her seat before she can call upon Jack Robinson. Women will admire your dashing style.

The First Dance.—If the dancing has commenced before you reach the Drawing-room, at once remonstrate with the Master of the House, with whom you must now insist upon dancing a polka *à la* SPURGEON.

Sitting Out.—When! you 've nothing else to do, go out on a balcony and address the populace on any subject nearest your heart; say, your flannel waistcoat. Finish by throwing the flower-pots at the linkman. Immediately upon this, return to the Ball-room and mix with the giddy crowd.

Enough for the present.

Hampstead Heath to the Rescue!

THE attention of the Metropolitan Members of Parliament is invited to the alarming fact, that there has now passed through the House of Lords a Bill to Amend the Settled Estates Act, which, it is said, will, if enacted, legalise the enclosure of Hampstead Heath. The representatives of private interests are at their old work once more, trying to smuggle through the Legislature the long-designed scheme for depriving the Londoners of their playground at Hampstead. Defenders of our parks and pleasant places, behold the enemy unmasked! Up, guards, and at them!

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, April 16, 1864.



Noble Lord (*who dabbles in the Arts*). "THINK IT'S LIKE MY FATHER, TROTTER?"

Trotter (*the Earl's Groom*). "AH! THAT IT BE, MY LORD; BUT (*thinking of a flattering compliment*) IT'S WERY EASY TO SEE IT WARN'T DONE BY A ARTIS', MY LORD; I MEAN ONE O' THEM FELLOWS AS GETS THEIR LIVIN' BY IT!".

SONG OF THE PRUSSIAN SAVAGES.

SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, sea-infolded,
Must become our Sovereign's prize,
Prussia being giant-moulded,
Denmark far beneath her size,
Overwhelming German legions
Soon must crush the Danish band,
So as to extend the regions
Of our precious Fatherland.

By our deeds of matchless daring
We 've already won renown.
With a valour that 's unsparing,
Unforewarned we shelled a town.
Danish homes our ordnance battered,
Dashed out Danish women's brains,
Danish children's bodies shattered,
Smashed both great and little Danes.

Prussia's might not only slaughters,
Undiscerning, Denmark's sons,
Torn and mangled Denmark's daughters
Fall beneath our Prussian guns;
All because our resolution
Is the vanquished Danes to bless
With our liberal Constitution,
Our free speech and our free press.

Glory to our royal master!
WILLIAM reigns and governs too.
Kings have met with sad disaster
Through attempting so to do.
But we are submissive cattle
And enthusiastic slaves,
Prompt to spend our lives in battle,
Glad to rot in foreign graves.

Slight Confusion of Names.

Sarah Gamp. Well, JACK, have you bin to see this revolutioneering furrineer which his name is GRIMALDI?

Jack. GARIBALDI you mean, Grandmother.

Sarah Gamp. GARIBALDI, ah, drat it! GARIBALDI and GRIMALDI, bother the names! and which they do sound so much alike, I 'm always a-sayin' one for t' other.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

APRIL 11*th*, *Monday*. In a certain Hall in the City of Palaces,—when you direct a letter, it may be more convenient to the Post Office if you write Oxford—there is hospitably brought out, in ancient and classically inscribed silver, a precious liquid for the delectation of the visitor. It is called Proof. No more need be said to those whose lips have touched that goblet's rim. To the uninitiate nothing could be said, even by the mighty master of language, *Mr. Punch*, D.C.L., that would convey an idea of the splendour of that tipple. Had he that silver in hand, he would empty it to the health of the LORD CHANCELLOR. For to-night that Lord brought in a Bill touching the Greek Professorship in the City of Palaces. We all know how MR. JOWETT has been treated, how the thinking, liberal, young, inquiring, grateful minds of Oxford wished to treat him, and how they were defeated by an invasion of frantic country parsons. But it is not to be borne that what SYDNEY SMITH called Wild Curates should compel a great scholar to teach Greek to the University for £40 a-year. LORD WESTBURY has looked into his patronage, and finds that he has certain canonries at his disposal, and pleasantly calculates that on the doctrine of chances one of them should be vacant in about a year. He proposes, as an act of Justice and of Expediency, to attach a canonry to the Regius Professorship of Greek. He hopes that the Lords will pass the Bill for this purpose, and that Oxford will then endow the Professor with a sum equal to the Canonry income, until the vacancy occurs. *Punch* hopes so too, for the question is not one of creed, but of common honesty. And, LORD WESTBURY, if such a thing should happen as that prejudice should be potent, and the Bill fail, you can give the first vacant Canonry to PROFESSOR JOWETT, without asking anybody's leave, and if you do, *Mr. Punch* will make a special journey to his beloved Oxford for the express purpose of emptying the aforesaid silver to your honour and glory and long life and prosperity.

My Lords had a Danish debate. LORD STRATHEDEN moved that Government ought to have been more vigorous in supporting Denmark's claim for a mediation on treaty principles. The DUKE OF ARGYLE defended the Cabinet. EARL GREY said that it had been timid and vacillating. EARL RUSSELL was fully conscious of the power of England, but did not wish to hurry into war. LORD DERBY called him a Forcible Feeble, and charged him with a breach of pledge to Denmark. We subordinated our political and military position to our trading interests, and our bluster would have no effect on Europe. LORD WODEHOUSE denied that there had been any pledge, and LORD GRANVILLE hoped good results from the Conference. So does LORD PUNCH, but as LORD JOHNNY was not altogether lucky at Vienna, it cannot be offensive to LORD RUSSELL if the other nobleman hints, while RUSSELL is being Dressed for the Fair, like *Moses* in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, that we shall be a good deal more surprised than delighted, if he brings us home a gross of green spectacles, or makes himself a Spectacle of Greenness. The motion, having answered the purpose of drawing the fire of my noble sportsmen, was withdrawn.

MR. HORSMAN demanded whether Ministers would ask Parliament's approbation of any Conference bargain before ratifying it. LORD PALMERSTON, with curious circumlocution, said that Ministers would do all that was proper. MR. HORSMAN was sure of that, but would they answer his question? LORD PALMERSTON then explained that such an undertaking would be wrong, because a plenipotentiary was supposed to have already plenty of power to act. The inextinguishable HORSMAN then asked whether plenipotentiaries could exceed instructions? LORD PALMERSTON said that if they did, they went beyond their instructions, which proposition may, on the whole, be conceded.

It is with regret that *Mr. Punch* announces that MR. GLADSTONE has consented to refer his excellent Annuities Bill to a Select Committee; but it is to be hoped that the measure, invaluable to the poor man, will come out uninjured. Then we Supplied the Army till two in the morning.

This was the day, to be remembered in every household for the next half-century, on which GARIBALDI made his entry into London.

Tuesday. A Bill for flogging certain scoundrel offenders against woman, was read a Second Time, and LORD GREY took the opportunity of rebuking, in strong language, some of our Judges for their habit of inflicting ridiculously light sentences for brutal crimes. *Mr. Punch*

has had to speak of this, and may do so again in a still plainer way. Offences against property are always visited in England with tremendous severity; for instance, in the same newspaper which reports LORD GREY, is the sentence on a barman and a glazier, who, for stealing five-and-fourpence, have five years' penal servitude, and a letter-carrier, for taking half-a-sovereign and some stamps, has three, and the circumstances appear to justify the severity. But a hideous assault on a woman in a condition needing all tenderness, is in the same journal mentioned as earning for the savage but six weeks in prison, and, next day, but two months are given for an outrage too revolting to be detailed here. The principle which prompted these latter decisions actuates several of our Judges, who ought to know better, and if they will not listen to LORD GREY, *Mr. Punch* may try the force of his own Representations.

Another TOWNLEY discussion, and the CHANCELLOR, in defending the HOME SECRETARY, admitted that the present system under which sentences are revised was most objectionable, and he thought we might adopt the foreign plan of classifying the various degrees of murder.

The Ministry were defeated, by 101 to 93, on a motion of LORD ROBERT CECIL'S, for preventing MR. LOWE from allowing the Reports of Inspectors of Schools to be "mutilated." MR. LOWE urged that they were not mutilated, but that he only cut out matter which had no business there. The difference may strike the acute.

Wednesday. When *Mr. Punch* announced, ages ago, that MR. LOCKE KING had introduced a Bill for lowering the county franchise, the Great Instructor added, "the Bill will be rejected some time in April." It was rejected to-day, by 158 to 45. LORD PALMERSTON would not vote against it, because he thought that there ought to be a change in the franchise, but he could not agree to lower it to £10, as that would disturb the balance between trade and agriculture.

On an Irish Trespass Bill, MR. BRIGHT thought that while Irishmen were flying their country, new powers ought not to be given for the protection of game. MR. WHITESIDE did not see the logic, especially as the object of the Bill was to relieve tenants from the hardship of being compelled by their landlords to prosecute poachers. We need hardly say that no two human beings ever agreed upon an Irish question, and at this moment we are utterly unaware whether the Irish Salmon battle, which occupied a whole Session, gave the Salmons the right of voting, or disfranchised them for being Protestants.

Thursday. In reference to the Flogging Bill which has been mentioned, LORD CARNARVON said that all the gaolers who have been examined agree that corporal punishment is more deterrent than any, especially in the case of hardened offenders. The more we can hunt the Cat out of the barracks and into the gaols the better. LORD MALMESBURY took occasion to observe that the laws of England were not like those of the Medes and Persians. The Barons said something different, beginning with *Nolumus*, which BARON MALMESBURY, though an Earl, might have remembered, as he must have learned Latin at Oriel. Is he going to turn Radical?

One CHALMERS accuses the Admiralty of having prigged his ideas about armour-plates. The First Lord was at some pains to prove that though an iron-bound ship had a case, CHALMERS had none.

"Shall not the Budget be postponed until we have discussed the Malt-Tax, which many of us think ought to come off before the Sugar-Duties?" Such was the question put to the House of Commons by COLONEL BARTTELOT, and the entire night was taken up in debating what the answer should be. Finally, it was decided by 347 to 99 that the answer should be "No," although the Malt-Tax had been under discussion all those hours. MR. GLADSTONE'S sugar, corn, tea and stamps resolutions were agreed to.

Friday. LORD LUCAN thinks that soldiers ought to be enlisted for a much longer term than at present. The Secretary of War states that the present system works exceedingly well. Moreover, the change, which shortened the term, was approved by the Victor of Waterloo. Wherefore, the well-intentioned LUCAN may cease his quite superfluous cluckin'.

MR. BAXTER would not take the place vacated by MR. STANSFELD, and it has been given to MR. CHILDERS, M.P. for Pontefract, and we hope he will tear through work at the pace of his Flying namesake, the quadruped of fame. It was extorted from MR. COWPER, that the new Museum at Brompton, is to be large enough to hold the British Museum beasts, and the Patents. Likewise, that a National Gallery is to be built in the Garden of Burlington House.

MR. DISRAELI started up in great alarm, having discovered that there are Five Under-Secretaries of State in the Commons, whereas the Constitution permits four only to sit there. LORD PALMERSTON, equally taken by surprise, begged time to consider the appalling fact. We may be rash, even reckless; but we own that we should dine in peace, had there been six.

Then we had an interesting debate on a motion of MR. FORSTER'S, for a Committee to consider whether foreign nations could not be enabled to communicate direct with the Foreign Office in matters of commerce, instead of being handed backwards and forwards between that office and the Board of Trade. As the interest in question is represented by a receipt of £450,000,000 a-year, it may be just worth while to afford it any reasonable business facilities. A Committee was appointed.

Debate whether the Irish are really virtuous, or whether they only seem so because the Irish police cannot catch criminals, was ended by MR. OSBORNE'S declaring that whatever the people might be, Dublin Castle was a sink of iniquity. After which, an idea of MR. CRAWFORD'S that the Custom-house officers cannot discern between good sugar and bad, was repudiated by the House by 133 to 17, and the Budget, which has been accepted by the nation, made further progress towards its becoming law. *Apropos* whereof, a Bill is coming in for Concentrating the Law Courts.

ON A LATE CATASTROPHE IN PALL-MALL.



REND *Mr. Punch*, *Dis*-GUSTING! Wich such is the exklimashun that bust from my lips, when I see in Pall-Mall, within a few dores of St. Jeames's Pallis, the karrige of the DOOK OF SUTHERLAND, K.G., *torn in peeces*, if I may be aloud so strong an eggspression, by the beestly mob, drored together to welcum GENERAL GARIBALLDI, wich I ave reesun to beleeve he have no reglar Kommishun, honly a specie of gorilla hofficer, and ave not yet thort it *necessary* to call on his hambassador the marky dazelio, wich I ave the honor to meet him frekwently in 'Ouses we visit, and quite the gentleman every hinch of him that I will say, and I am sure *Mr. Punch* you will agree with me sich conduck on this ere GARIBALLDIS part do not say much for his 'ead or his 'eart, nowing ow anxious the hupper classes in this country is that he should do the korrect thing, and not let hisself be made a toole of by the narsty demycrats and that 'ere MAZZINI, wich what *he* is is well-be-known. Owever my hobjeck in at present rightin is not pollyticks, wich I thank my stars I am true-blue pussonnally in my pollytikle prinsaples and hever was, and 'ave always lived in eye-tory famlies, mostly titled, and ope to continue in that stashun to wich it ave pleased Providence to call me. But I wish to tell you what I see with my own ighs in Pell-Mell on Monday hevening, and leeve you to drore your hown conclushuns 'ow far sich doins is or is not a trample hunderfoot of all that is walubble in our soshial cistem. For my own part I haugurs hill of the man that gives an oppertunity and I may say temptashun for sich things, but if Dooks will forgit their stashun, and disend to low sociaty, they must take the consekwences.

Well, Sir, I see on that day, in the very 'eart of the West Hend, leastways the Parliamentary and Club quorter, about the beestliest, wust-dress't, and I may say haltogether workin-classedest mob—wich I ope you will excuse such langwidge, but none huther will eggspress my meening—as I ever see, and all for what?—to welcome this 'ere GARIBALLDI, which seem best known as a rebel and a revoolootionary leeder, similar to those in the peny-papers. I will not bemene myself to speek of the baners and bages, wich trash and trumpry, rags and rubbidge is the only words I can find for that part of the bisness. But lookin' at them from a moral pint of vyew, wot could you eggspekt from a mob drored together by sich a motive? Eggsess and wilence, soshial subvershun and savidge fearosity. Wich all the way along Pell-Mell I see with my own ighs these bad passhuns rampant as I may say about the karridge of the DOOK OF SUTHLAND, containing GARIBALLDI and wh-t is rediklously called his sweet, which I blushed for both the noble Dook, and his long line of annsesters, and the Dutchess Dowger, wich as a mother she is responsable, but seems to enkurage her son in his follys and low-lived abits, and the coatchman, that ad not ort to ave been called to drive any sich low-lived lot, and still more the footmen I need not say, bein myself in that rank of life and reconizin in them men of the world and brothers, who as sich must feel they was bemeanin themselves sitting behind that sort of pussons. Well, Sir, a bitter site it were. There were the doocal Karridge, turned out all korrect of course, but I could rede the feelins of indignashun a bilin in the steddy man that drove, and the two unfortinate parties in the rumble, or I do not know the sentyments of our horder. I see that mob all along pell-mell, wich our peeple was invited to the fust-floor

hover a shop, the pedatare (as we say) of a young swell who is sweet on our second dorter, and the treetment of that 'ere ekipidge by the lower horders words cannot convay. They ad no respect for a Dook's koronet or karridge, harnis, nor osses, feelins nor footmen, not they: they lep on the weels, they tore and durtied the straps and linin', they 'ung on to the box, they climed on to the rumble, wich it can't ardly old too London-sized boddy-servants cumfutable, and I leeve you to judge wot it must ave bin to them too pore young men, akustomed to igh life and refined manors, to ave six, hate, ten, and at times nigh on to twenty low retches and ruffs a clingin and a' clamberin abowt them, and a hullooin' with beestly familiaraty in their hears, and a stickin to the rumble, as if it was their place. I was not surprized at the cartastrephy wich followed. Conseve my orror, when in the midst of that fearoshus crowd I see the rumble sotewally give way under the wilent 'ands of the mob, and my unfortunate brethring a strugglin' for their lives in the mud, and eggsposed to the geers of a brutal poppylase, and their livries as good as ruined, wich if guvnors finds 'ats, cotes, weskets and shorts, we pays for our own tyes and silk-stawkins. It seem to me a humblem of these levellin times. That 'ere karridge was the British Konstitooshin, the Dook cheek by jowl with a man of low eggstrackshun and revolootionary prinsiples repersented the Lords a forgittin theirselves and the ouse of Kommons sich as Reform Bills and-anti-Corn Lore Leegs as made it. And the orrid and orful mob a stormin' and a cheerin', and a rampagin all round, and hendevoring to clime into the carrige, and an 'angin on to the rumble, was demokrisy always tryin to ride as well as its betters, and never so appy as when it can redooce the 'igher horders to its hown level. I card its brootal showt, and blushed for its low ribalry, wen them pore young men come to greef. For them I simpithiges. The Dook of Sutrland I leeve to his konshense and his horder. I do not henvy that man his feelins, with his carridge smashed, his peeple umbled and digraded, a revolootionary firebrand in his ouse, the aristocracy disgusted, and the Soverins of Urup bilin with indignashion. Sich is the mellancolly results of a low turn of mind, and a love of steme-engines and amatoor stokin!

I remane, *Mr. Punch*, your obegient Suvint,

Jeames Fitzjames.

SINGING BY DEPUTY.



The famous *School for Scandal* was performed the other morning with a famously strong cast, as everybody knows, for the benefit of the famous Royal Dramatic College; and everybody knows, that on this special occasion the part of *Sir Harry*, "with the original song," was kindly undertaken by the famous Mr. Reeves, who, everybody might have known, was conspicuous for his absence. The usual medical certificate was produced, and read amid the laughter of the audience, who had clearly come prepared to hear the usual apology which is expected now whenever Mr. Sims Reeves is announced; and their merriment was increased when his apologist informed them that the eminent English tenor, Mr. Paul Bedford, had, in the emergency, been asked to take the part. What cause there was for laughter *Mr. Punch* could not quite see, unless, indeed, the audience expected Mr. Bedford to sing them "*Jolly Nose*," instead of the more sentimental song which Sheridan has put into *Sir Harry's* vocal mouth. Mr. Bedford played the character with far more weight than Mr. Reeves (who is a slimmer man) could do; and if he did not sing the song quite so sweetly as the latter might possibly have done, at least he disappointed no one by *not* singing it. *Mr. Punch* would therefore hope, that in future Mr. Bedford will hold himself in readiness to sing for Mr. Reeves, whenever and wherever he is engaged to show himself. Considering how often Mr. Reeves is indisposed, it is high time that a deputy should be permanently hired for him; and as Mr. Bedford by no chance ever misses to appear when he is advertised, he is about the fittest person to be chosen for the place. As it is, the British Public, when they pay to hear Sims Reeves, are utterly uncertain as to whom they really *will* hear; whereas, their doubt would be dispelled, and their good humour quite secured, were it announced that Mr. Bedford would, if Mr. Reeves were absent, sing in *Faust* or in *Elijah*, or whatever other music might chance to be selected for him. Were it advertised beforehand that "*Comfort ye, my people*," or "*Sound an alarm*," would, if Mr. Reeves were hoarse, be sung by Mr. Bedford, there would be no ground for complaint if Mr. Reeves did not appear. Instead of keeping a physician continually in readiness to certify that singers are afflicted with sore throats, surely managers of theatres and concerts would do well to insist, that every singer whose throat or inclination was apt at the last moment to compel him to be absent, should allow his name to be announced in the advertisements coupled in a bracket with that of his appointed deputy, who, if he sang or not, should share the plaudits and the pay.

ENGLISH EXTRA-SUPERFINE.

The subjoined example of jocular circumlocution is taken from a report of Garibaldi's visit to the Royal Italian Opera. On this occasion admission to the Floral Hall was given to persons going to the boxes, stalls and pit, and to others at half-a-guinea each. And so:—

"The doors were opened for visitors at half-past seven, at which hour many sought admission, and as evening dress had been made a *sine qua non* for all, soon after the hour named the place presented a very pleasing spectacle, filled as it was by a crowd of people whose attire seemed to denote that they belonged to what is usually denominated the 'upper classes.'"

How many people there are whose attire seems to denote that they belong to "that part of society usually denominated the upper classes," when, if it were scrutinised, it would be discovered to be of such a quality as not by any means to denote the thing that it seems to! For the style of evening dress which comes up to *sine qua non*, may be far below the mark of *ne plus ultra*. And even when people's attire denotes them to belong to those classes which are usually denominated, it does not necessarily denote that they belong to those which really are, the upper. Accordingly we are quite prepared for the reporter's succeeding statement, that:—

"For their amusement, previous to the arrival of the distinguished visitor, the band of the Coldstream Guards, stationed at the Bow Street end of the Hall, played a selection of popular music, which the company listened to while perambulating the spacious edifice."

This passage significantly suggests that those who were capable of being amused by "popular" music were a sort of persons whose resemblance even to the merely so-called upper classes was but superficial. We know what popular music is. A selection of music on the principle of popularity would consist chiefly of such pieces as "*The Cure*," for instance, "*The Dark Girl dressed in Blue*," and "*I'm a Young Man from the Country, but you don't get over me*," with "*The Whole Hog or None*," and a variety of negro melodies. The music which the company listened to in the Floral Hall, "while perambulating the spacious edifice," we may well suppose to have been carefully adapted to the ears of "a crowd of people whose attire seemed to denote that they belonged to what is usually denominated the 'upper classes,'" and who are so described in a narrative which may be said to constitute a splendid specimen of what is usually denominated penny-a-lining.

Dr. Cumming's Last.

By advertisement we are informed of another new work by Dr. Cumming, *The Destiny of Nations as indicated in Prophecy*. A motto which the prophetic doctor might prefix to this last production of his literary constructiveness is "Small prophet, and quick returns."



Papa. "LUCY! HERE! HERE'S A GATE!"
Lucy. "ALL RIGHT, PAPA DEAR. YOU GO THROUGH THE GATE. I THINK 'CRUSADER PREFERS THE FENCE."

ROME: NAPLES: LONDON.

THE WELCOMES OF GARIBALDI.

I saw three sisters: each of them a queen:
One with a stern square face, and regal brow,
Deep-lined where pressure of a crown had been,
With no crown save a priest's tiara, now.
Motley her garb: alb, chasuble and cope,
Which, as her chafing still their folds would ope,
Beneath a tattered flamen's gown did show,
Or an Imperial toga's Tyrian sheen,
Frayed, and besmirched with blood, and with debauch unclean.

Deep-bosomed and strong-limbed, and heavy-browed,
She sat like one that on a mighty past
Looks backward dreamily, from out a shroud
Of sin and shame and suffering round her cast,
Yet with an eager quivering of the nerves,
A memory of old conquest in the curves
Of her proud lip, lightnings that faded fast,
Yet still flashed up, under her eye-brows' cloud,
Saying to men, "Beware! I am not crushed, though bowed."

More slight the Second Queen; a sweeter face,
Where Eastern languor tempered Southern fire;
Motions that gave to mirth their easiest grace,
But swept, in sudden storms, from mirth to ire:
The summer sun seemed seething in her blood,
The summer sky seemed mirrored in her mood;
So beautiful, so changeful; from desire
To loathing, from chill frown to hot embrace,
Her passionate gusts, like clouds, did each the other chase.

Bright vine-leaves wreathed her purple-glossy hair,
With grey-green olive, and gold-tasselled maize:
All gay and parti-coloured was her wear,
Half peasant's half princess's were her ways:
Blithe, buoyant, careless of to-morrow's fate,
So but to-day took mirthfulness for mate;
Ready for ban or blessing, scorn or praise;
For those who won her love with love to spare,
For those who earned her hate with a stiletto bare.

Sober and strong the third: of colder hue
And blunter features: yet a true-born queen:
The pure life telling in the brawny thew,
The honest nature in the eye serene.
The muscles knit with toil, whose tools did stand,
Mattock and spade and hammer, near her hand,
Yet not far off might other gear be seen,
Sword, bayonet, rifle, grooved and sighted true;
Unhacked, unbruised, unused they might have been,
Yet yare, and fit for use,—blades sharp and barrels clean.

Crowned with fair towers she was, and from all lands
Trophies of art and industry, and spoils
Of labour and the chase, within her hands
She largely grasped: a mighty cable's coils
Her pillared neck, like Celtic torc of old
Circled with strands of triple-twisted gold.
She looked like one who, honouring manly toils,
Yet fit for more than sordid slaving stands,
And by a higher law than gold's her life commands.

These sisters communed curiously of one
Now in all mouths, one who among us came,
Though with no visible crown upon his brow,
King, crowned by deeds and consecrate by fame.
They knew him all the three, honoured and loved:
But question rose wherefore so greatly moved
Was that Third Queen, by one, to *her*, a name,
No liberator, at whose feet to bow,
So love can but be shown, not recking where or how.

Digitized by Google



MOSES STARTING FOR THE CONFERENCE FAIR.

(LET US HOPE HE WON'T BRING BACK "A GROSS OF GREEN SPECTACLES.")

Primrose . . PALMERSTON. *Mrs. Primrose* ' . . BRITANNIA. *Moses* . . EARL RUSSELL.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Quoth the First Queen: "For me he met the Gaul,
And beat him baffled back, one man to ten:
Held battered bastion long, and half-breached wall,
And bore my flag high in the eyes of men;
But you, oh Queen! sea-guarded and rock-based,
What foe of yours, what leaguer has he faced?
He left no wife for you in Friour's fen,
For you he staked not home and hope and all,
Nor showed he felt, for *you*, the dearest offering small."

The Second Queen said: "It were marvel strong
Should *I* not honour him who set me free
From Bourbon slavery and priestly wrong;
But what the liberation wrought for thee?
I crouched in fetters; his hand touched my chain,
It burst, and, lo! I sprang up free again:
But thou unfettered art, save by thy sea,
Guardian, not gaoler; why thus loud and long,
The welcome of this man from all thy toiling throng?"

The Third Queen smiled, and answered them again:—
"True, gratitude nor love to him I owe,
That he maintained my walls, or broke my chain;
Yet I have chains to fear, and a sore foe.
That foe world-worship, and that tyrant-sway
King Mammon's—worse than Gaul or Bourbon, they!
What living man has laid world-worship low
Under his feet, like this? Who, such disdain
Of chains that Mammon forges here below,
As this plain Captain did for Earth's example show?"

The voices ceased: vanished the vision fair,
But still those voices' music filled the air:
I heard the English crowd that went and came,
Loud pealing Garibaldi's pure and honoured name.

TALK FOR TRAVELLERS.[1]

In the last paper upon this subject I entangled my travellers in a complication of street conversations, and in that network I, somewhat unfairly, as it may seem to a few of the Unthinking, left them. The case proposed was one requiring deliberation. To it, I will, at some future time, venture a return, since it appears to me, that I have incautiously advanced my students into the sixth book, as it were, of street-conversational problems, before they have thoroughly mastered the rudiments of the first.

Let us then consider the Triologue, Quartologue, and Quintologue, &c., as subjects above our reach for the present. Let the last number be unto us as an interpolation; and, herein, we will continue the subject of the Simple Duologue.

And, be it known unto all men, that the present writer's object is, not merely to find fault with the mode and style of such street conversations as come under his notice, but to improve, or rather to induce his fellow-man, by a careful cultivation of expressions, sentences, salutations, and valedictions, to improve the Art of Travelling Talk, hitherto so lamentably neglected by even the highly-educated classes of Great Britain, and I may, without offence, add, Ireland. To this end speaks your Peripatetic Philosopher.

A few there are who, determined to import something of originality into their dialogue, will, after the exchange of the first unanswered greetings (I need not repeat them), come down upon you with the statement of a fact, or a piece of news, which demands a show of interest upon the part of the person addressed. As thus, the invariable prelude being finished:—

A. Well? (*Looks at B. smilingly, wondering if* he's *going to say anything.*)

B. Well? (*Would like to make some remark upon the weather, but thinks he'd better leave that for a last resort, in case nothing better turns up.*)

A. I saw Charley in Town yesterday.

B. (*not at the moment remembering who* Charley *is*). No; did you?

A. Yes. He's in Town now.

B. Oh! (*Here the conversation would come to an abrupt conclusion, but that B. summons up sufficient courage to observe in an inquiring tone.*) You mean Charley Twiggletop?

A. No, no. Charley; my Brother. (*He says this, as if it were absurd to suppose any other* Charley *could possibly be intended.*)

"Oh!" says B., implying that this explanation has materially altered the question, whatever the question might, could, would, or should have been.

A., having stated his fact, can only further impress it upon B. by repetition. "Yes," says he, "I saw him yesterday."

"Ah, indeed!" returns B., to whom it now suddenly occurs, that Charley, being his informant's brother, he, B., ought to exhibit some extraordinary interest in him; so, with this idea, he adds, "I should like to see him."

"Well," answers B., "he'll be in Town for some time."

"Oh!" says A., and seeing that he has necessarily committed himself to a visit, feels compelled to ask, "Is he staying at ——?" This question ends with a blank form, to be filled up by the other party.

B. No, he's at home. (*This answer is intentionally vague, B. not being quite sure as to whether a call from A. would be desirable.*)

A. Oh! at ——? (*Blank again, to be filled up.*)

B. (*who won't fill up the blank, and, thinking it high time to finish the duologue, begins to move off, saying jocosely and sociably*). Yes—same old shop. Glad to see you. Mind you drop in.

A. I will. With pleasure. (*Then, with a view to probing the depth of this hearty invitation, says*) When?

B. (*seeing through it, and not to be done*). Oh! any time, any time. Good bye! (*adding more heartily than ever*) take care of yourself. (*Goes off quickly.*)

A., taking this last unnecessary piece of advice as an impertinence, merely smiles knowingly, concealing his thought by a pleasant double nod.

Now, you see, in the foregoing example, A. is undoubtedly at a disadvantage. B. comes prepared with his statement. This same piece of information, you may be sure, B. will repeat over and over again to everyone whom he may meet, for the next week to come. After seven days or so, his commencement will be thus varied:—

"Charley was in Town last week."

Then, in due course,

"Charley was in Town a fortnight ago."

After a month his single bit of information will assume this form:—

"Oh! Charley was in Town some little time ago."

And finally, retrospective observation yields to the prospective, and B. tells you, with increased pleasure, that

"He expects Charley up in Town shortly," or

"Charley's coming up next week."

Thus, my dear students, you will note how great an advantage it is to be possessed of one invariable subject of conversation, which, by a mere mutation of time, will serve you during an entire existence. Perhaps you may be, unfortunately, obliged to substitute some other name for the familiar one so often used. Ah! even in the midst of these most superficial dialogues of the street, we stumble upon a Reality; and if it should one day chance that, when we meet A., he omits the old formula concerning his brother Charley, let us be cautious how we mention that which he avoids. Yes, my fellow-students, in the casual meetings of the merest acquaintances, each, under cover of the hackneyed greetings and the stalest forms of conventional salutation, may be practising the most thoughtful and courteous consideration for the feelings of the other. There are times, when the depth of the hatband will be, not only a valid excuse, but a sufficient reason, for discussing the state of the weather, the aspect of the country present and future, the police news of the day's papers, or last night's Debate in the House.

A EUROPEAN ROW.

To Mr. Punch.

Sir,

You have a reasonable good ear in music; let you have the tongs and bones: you are particularly fond of barrel-organs, I think, and other locomotive harmonic machines, as well as of their itinerant professors. Do you want a treat, then? If so, let me call your attention to a letter which has been written from Lyons by a gentleman who signs himself "C. S. Merritt, *Sec. pro tem.*" Secretary to a Special Committee of English residents in that city, associated with a larger musical body:—

"On the 22nd of May will be held in Lyons, under the direction of the Commission Générale Organisatrice, a 'Grand Concours' of above 200 brass bands and choral societies, coming from all parts of France, Germany, Belgium, and Switzerland.

"The commission have unanimously adopted the resolution that the English bands and musical societies should be invited to come over and compete."

If the Philharmonic Band and the New Ditto, the bands of the two Opera Houses, the entire vocal and instrumental executive of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and the Monday Pops, together with that of the Musical Union and Frank Leslie's Choir, should unite in accepting the foregoing invitation to go over and compete with three hundred brass bands and choral societies, you will hear a competition unprecedented by anything of the kind, for the contest between Pan and Apollo was another thing. You will hear this competition, *Mr. Punch*, whether you go to hear it or not, if the three hundred brass bands and choral societies on the one hand, and their antagonists on the other perform together—that is as nearly as it will be possible for any conductor to keep them together.

The efficiency of the brass bands will be much promoted if they are joined by the Pope's Brass Band, as, being foreign bands, they might well be; and the House of Commons would be relieved.

I am, Sir, your Philharmonic friend, Smellfungus.

P.S. We can be blind or see at will. Why didn't Nature enable us to stop our ears as well as our eyes, Sir? Oh, that cough below-stairs!

Digitized by Google



A HINT FOR TAILORS.

THIS IS JONES JONES, WHO HAS KINDLY SELECTED MRS. DE COTILLON'S *THÉ DANSANTE*, TO DISPLAY HIS IDEA OF WHAT THE ALTERATIONS IN EVENING DRESS (SAID TO BE MEDITATED BY A CERTAIN R—Y—L P—RS—N—GE) OUGHT TO BE.

OPEN-AIR CONCERTS.

MR. PUNCH hates all street music with so cordial a hatred that he has almost made up his mind to abandon the West End and go and live in Bethnal Green, which is said to be so poor that a street band or a barrel-organ is never to be heard in it. But street music is one thing, and park music another; and the band of the Commissionnaires who perform now every evening in St. James's Park, give unmixed pleasure to those who listen to it. There are few houses in St. James's within earshot of these concerts, and, besides, the band plays at a reasonable hour, when men have knocked off their day's work, and will not be disturbed by the blaring of a trombone or the beating of a drum. So they who like to hear good music in the open air should attend these out-door concerts which are daily given gratis to those who can't afford to pay for entering the enclosure where the band is stationed, for which privilege the sum of threepence is demanded, the entrance-money going to the profit of the band.

There are some persons who say that, as street music gives pleasure to a number of poor people, other people who dislike it ought to grin and bear it for their poorer neighbours' sake. Now, *Punch* is ever ready to stick up for the poor, and would be most unwilling to deprive them of a pleasure, seeing how few pleasures they are able to afford themselves which richer folk can buy. Therefore, much as *Punch* detests and execrates street music, and although it grievously disturbs him in his work, he would not wish to see it prohibited entirely, though he certainly would like to see it kept within fair bounds. This is a free country, and street organs therefore flourish in it; but although they may give pleasure to some people, it is undeniable that they give pain to others, while suffered to disturb sick persons and brain-workers, as they virtually now do. So let street music be kept within some reasonable control, and not be permitted where it is disliked. Spots for outdoor concerts might surely be selected in various parts of town, where poor people might assemble for the sake of hearing music, and to these places let street bands and street organs be confined. Any open air musician found performing out of bounds should be beheaded, flogged, or flayed alive and dipped in boiling oil, according as the magistrate in mercy should decide: and the barrel-organ, bagpipes, fiddle, French horn, flute, trombone, or other instrument of torture on which he was found playing, should be broken up and burnt, or else its fragments sold as firewood and old metal, and the poor-box be enriched with the proceeds of the sale.

Meanwhile, as the evening out-door concerts by the band of the Commissionnaires are certainly a step in the desired direction—that, namely, of providing music for poor people in places where their richer neighbours will not be annoyed by it—*Mr. Punch* hopes that these concerts will flourish and succeed, which, with his approval, they are pretty sure to do.

ON A SNOB

(*Who tore two branches from the Wellingtonia Gigantea, Planted by* GARIBALDI, *in the grounds of the Poet Laureate, at Farringford, Isle of Wight*).

IMBECILE Idiot! Two-legged ass,
For thee my *bâton* bristles!
What's *Wellingtonia* to thee,
Whose natural food is thistles?

Barnacle of the self-same tribe,
(Though thy guilt theirs surpasses)
Who on the Pyramids in large,
Write themselves Snobs and asses.

Thou littlest of all little things
In Cockneydom that be,
With greatness what hadst *thou* to do,
Great man, or giant tree?

Alas! Even a dwarf can reach
To lick a giant's shoe;
And e'en the tiniest worm that bores
Can a great tree undo.

Oh, might the twigs that thou hast stol'n
Burgeon to life anon,
And twist themselves into a rod,
With *Punch* to lay it on!

By nature's law of recompense,
But seldom known to fail,
A head so dense and dull as thine
Should boast a tender tail.

How would I poise the trenchant twigs
And swish with nicest art;
As extremes meet, this were a chance
To reach thy peccant part.

May every needle of the pine
That thou away hast torn,
Within the pillows of thy bed
Become a separate thorn!

A garden of thine own perchance
Thou mayest have, or get,—
Though no great man will e'er come there
A giant tree to set,—

But, if thou hast a favourite tree—
(E'en fools such fancies know)—
May dolts of thine own kidney come,
And lay its branches low.

Irreverent, Reverence's name
That dar'st to take in vain,
Blush for thy theft, repent the wrong,
Thou canst not mend again!

Take the reft branches for a scourge,
In penitential cell,
And as *Punch* is not there to flog,
Flog thyself, and flog well!

Miraculous Escape.

WHEN GARIBALDI visited Portsmouth he saw some artillery practice on board the *Excellent*. A reporter who was present says in a newspaper:—

"The first shot that was fired had a wonderful effect on him."

Indeed it had, apparently. It did not hurt him at all, and he is none the worse for it.

Digitized by Google

A REPLY TO A PINK NOTE.



Dear little Governess, whose pretty name is "Nina," and whose character is evident from her handwriting, complains to *Mr. Punch* of having been offered an engagement by a pretender to religion calling herself a lady, on terms uncommonly shabby, even for a hypocrite. She says, with charming shyness, "I venture to ask you to say something in your own way (without alluding to my letter or the enclosed) upon this case." *Mr. Punch* would be inexpressibly happy to execute this order if he possibly could; but even in stating it he necessarily disobeys part of it. Without alluding both to her letter and to what is enclosed therewith, it is impossible for him even to say that he has received a communication from a young lady, informing him of the wonderful meanness of a party who shall be nameless. He can say no more on the subject, in his own way, or any way, than that the female who wanted his correspondent to teach three children English, French, and Music, to wash them, dress them, mend their clothes, and sleep in the same room with them, for a salary of *nil*, and no other consideration beyond keep, and payment of her laundress, is a humbug, a skinflint, and a screw, and that if her children grow up in ignorance, vice, and dirt, it will be the fault of their mother, who is too stingy to pay a proper price for their education.

Mr. Punch, however, will say this, that if he were a bachelor, he should himself have an eligible engagement to offer on behalf of an unexceptionably handsome dealer, to the darling who bespeaks his censure of a parsimonious hag. The logic of Nina proves her such a true girl, that he should certainly have proposed to her the acceptance of that situation which is now filled by another.

COOLNESS PARSONIFIED.

In matters of Church charity, clergymen are certainly the coolest beggars living, whatever be their warmth in Church doctrines and disputes. Scarcely ever a day passes without our being bored by post, or, worse still, by private interview, to subscribe a five-pound note or so in aid of some pet charity connected with the Church. One of the last attacks upon our patience and our purse was made last week, and, in sending round the cap of maintenance by post, the reverend beggars beg to call our notice to this postscript at the foot of their appeal:—

"Should the reader be indisposed to contribute to the fund, he is earnestly requested to return this Report to Mr. ——— with half-a-crown in postage stamps, in a separate envelope, to assist in defraying the expenses of the appeal."

We have often heard it said that asking costs nothing, but in asking for subscriptions this is not the case, and of course there are expenses incurred in the collection of all charitable funds. Still, we think it rather hard that people disinclined, or who cannot well afford, to contribute to a charity, should be asked for half-a-crown to defray the cost of asking them if they will send a cheque. Fancy a street beggar, when a shilling is refused him, then "earnestly requesting" you to give him a few coppers, to pay him for his loss of time and wear and tear of shoe-leather in making the appeal!

BEERSHOP BEER.

Mr. Punch,

No doubt but what, when you've ben down our way you've zin a feller in a zmock frock out in the rhwoad on a Zunday arternoon, a staggerin fust one zide o' the way and then t'other, zigzag, like a vlash o' farked lightnun, only not so fast, and bimeby perhaps runnun slap into the ditch, and comun vlop down.

You knows, in coorse, that there chap's drunk, and you thinks he've a been drinkun two or dree ga'ans o' beer, as you've heerd zome on us be able to do, and think nothun on't.

Not he. That feller most like han't a had above a pint. How much more ood sitch as he be in case to affoord? I'll tell you what he've ben drinkun of. In the fust place, no beer. The stuff zold under the name of beer that have made that chap drunk, or pison'd un rather, is the same sart of mixtur as what Mr. Du Cane t'other night in the debate on the Malt-Tax gied the House a purscription vor from Dr. Letheby. To be sure that was some of the mess that's sold at places in London, but London beer or country beer, sitch kind o' public-house beer is all one. This here's the compound; and Paamer med ha used it instead o' stricknine:—

"A saccharine body—as foots and liquorice—to sweeten it; a bitter principle—as gentian, quassia, sumach, and *Terra japonica*—to give a stringency; a thickening material—as linseed—to give body; a colouring matter—as burnt sugar—to darken it; *Cocculus Indicus* to give a false strength; and common salt, capsicum, copperas, and Dantzic spruce, to produce a head, as well as to impart certain refinements of flavour."

There, *Mr. Punch*, now you show that reseat to Mr. Somes and Mr. Lawson, and just you say to 'um, "There now, you United Kingdom Alliance what-d'ye-call yourselves, now if you wants to permote temperance and soberness, set to tryun to perwent publicans from sellun sitch rotgout as that there. Dwoan't goo endeavour'n to hender 'um from supplyun holesome drink; but stop 'um from drenchun their custumers wi' foots and lickerish, gentiun, quassier, sumick, terrer japonicer, linseed ile, burnt sugger, cocklus hindicus, salt, capsicum, copperass, and that good-for-nothun Jarman Dantzic spruce." Did that, they'd praps do zum good. Couldn't they lay their two heads together, and if there's any brains in 'um better than addled eggs, contrive a stronger law to punish them as 'dulterates beer? 'Tis too late in the day, these times, to judge sitch offenders to be drowned in their own slops, but I do think they med be condemned to fine and imprisonment, with nuthun to drink but their cocklus hindicus and copperass intire for a week.

In coorse you nose as well as I do that 'dulterated beer is owun to the tax as makes malt dearer than copperass and the rest on't. Well, howsomedever, I spose we must grin and bear the Malt-Tax, 'cause the Incum-Tax is wuss, and the women and children hollers for cheap sugar; zo Malt must gie way to Lollipops.

Your sarvunt, Sir,

Troutbrook, April, 1864. Jacob Homegreen.

AMBI-OCULAR.

The *Mark Lane Gazette* contains the following appeal:—

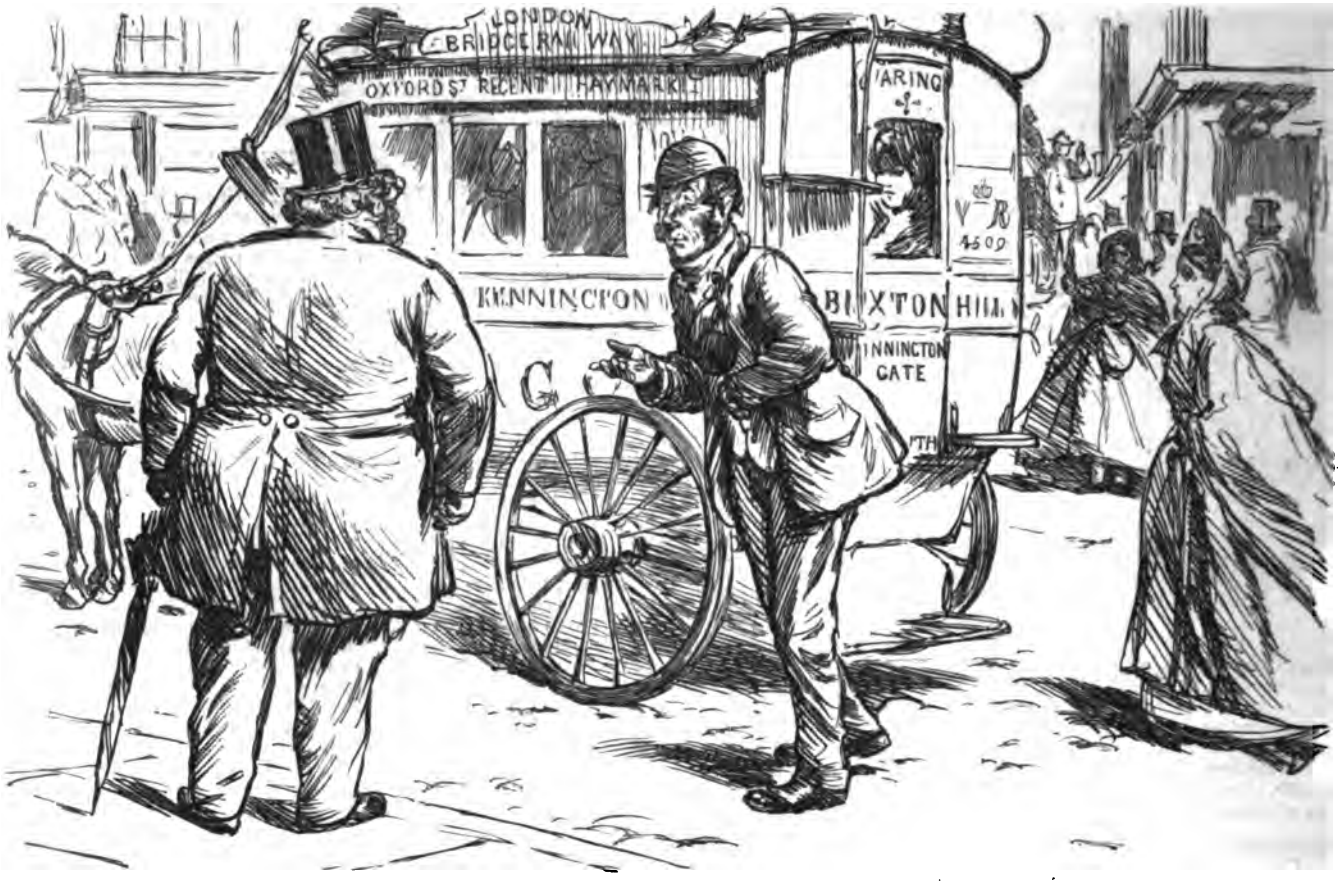
To really evangelical christians only.—Wanted, Board and Residence (superior), in a village where a gentleman acting as a Scripture Reader would be acceptable, and where trout-fishing and partridge-shooting could be procured. Address, Newton, &c.

This gentleman is evidently of the Divine Poet's opinion, that—

"Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less."

There is a certain pleasant frankness about the advertisement. He is particular about the creed of his hosts, but is by no means superior to creature comforts, and the board and residence must be Superior. Our Evangelical friend's combination of sporting and scripture reading shows that Muscular Christianity is not the exclusive right of the Broad Churchman, and we may venture to think that he will generally do his readings in an evening, using the reasonably cloudy days, like another St. Antony, in converting the fishes, only improving on that Popish saint by converting them into Superior Board. As a scholar he will remember *Nulla dies sine Linea*. We trust that he will be particular in his language in the partridge-field, and never say, as alas we have too often heard worldly sportsmen exclaim, "Missed him, by Jove!" or "Near as the Deuce!" because that would be a very carnal way of talking. However, we have good hopes of him, the rather that he signs himself Newton, and has probably been christened after the celebrated John Newton, first slave-trader, next evangelist. The only objectionable word in his appeal is "acting." We hope that he is as much in earnest about his reading as he manifestly is about his table and sports. Altogether we consider the advertiser a very wide-awake gentleman, with an eye a-piece for the celestial and terrestrial globes.

A Black Ball Line.—*Definition.*—Dissenters who would exclude from the Club, to which they belong, all Members of the Establishment, may be defined as the real *Pillers* of the Church.



Conductor. "WHAT! SIXPENCE TOO MUCH! WHY 'T ACTUALLY AIN'T ANYTHINK NIGH A 'A' PENNY A STUN!"

EXCESSIVELY INDISCREET.

THE Conservatives, or at least the Tories, used to pique themselves on politeness to the ladies. At times when the Whigs thought nothing of a woman unless she wore blue and canvassed butchers, the Tory candidates invariably complimented the female auditors of election speeches, and declared that all women were Tories, because they loved their homes, and their duties, and so on. But things are changing. Here, on the supposed eve of a general election, when it is decidedly the interest of all parties to be on the best of terms with the female electors (they have no votes—haven't they, just?), the new Conservative organ, the *Realm*, comes out with the following declaration of war against the ladies. Lion-hunting, says our young friend, has increased, "by reason of the increased liberty enjoyed by the fair sex." (Old-fashioned phrase, isn't it? but never mind.)—

"Ladies formerly stayed at home more than they do now. We speak of middle-class people. Whether it is that modern babies are better behaved, or that sewing-machines save a deal of time formerly spent in stitching, or the fact that a number of articles which used to be carefully prepared in the kitchen are now bought ready-made at the grocer's; whatever be the reason, the modern matron, whose mother would have been immersed in household employments, finds plenty of time, if a Londoner, to go to the Crystal Palace, and patronise JOHN PARRY, WOODIN, and Co.; or if a *provincial dame*, to come up to town lion-hunting. Now we have put the cap on the person whom it fits. It is the provincial lady of the middle-class who is always in exuberant Crinoline, assisting at ship-launches, layings of first stones, presentations of colours, anniversaries, centenaries, tercentenaries—what you will. It is she who tormented the PRINCESS OF WALES all through last season, by pertinaciously driving before and behind her carriage, and staring at her with eyes of double-opera-glass power. It is she who, for want of better game, pursued MR. HENRY WARD BEECHER from Exeter Hall to the ocean steamer in the Mersey. It is she who will now do her best to spoil GENERAL GARIBALDI's temper by her incessant persecution. For goodness' sake! let him alone, Madam."

Now, without saying whether any part of this allegation is true—not that *Punch* is afraid to say anything to the ladies, who adore him as he adores them, and who can never be offended with him—*Mr. Punch* begs to say that the promulgation of such opinions just now is indiscreet. And if the Whig electioneerers know their work, they will reprint the above paragraph by thousands, heading it, "Tory Opinion of the Ladies," and circulate it profusely in every electoral district. Then, when the dissolution has come, and the new writs are out, and that elegantly-dressed CAPTAIN CANVASSER comes smiling into the house, and, "with his best astonishment," vows that he can't even speak to MRS. ELECTOR or look at her until he has kissed those darling little angels who ought to be instantly painted by MR. MILLAIS, &c. &c. &c., he will get a quiet "Do not hurry yourself. You have plenty of time to look at the children, as you need say nothing about MR. ELECTOR'S vote. He has promised MR. BLUEFLAG, who is rather a favourite with us *Provincial Dames*." Dear *Realm*, don't you know that, if speech is silver, silence is golden, at least, when you cannot say pleasant things to folks who can do you no end of mischief. If you lose ever so many elections by your rudeness, don't say we didn't tell you how it would be.

The Shakspeare Monument.

AT length we read that "It is proposed to commemorate the 300th birthday by erecting in London a monument *embracing* a bronze statue of SHAKSPEARE."

The idea is affectionate, but the design will require some care, as the attitude of a monument embracing a statue may seem a little awkward. The monument must not be too tall, or it will have to stoop to the embrace, and remind the public of a gigantic Life-Guardsman playing at kiss-in-the-ring with stumpy nursemaids. However, nothing like a beginning, and we rejoice to welcome a practical suggestion, at last.

WHAT TO CALL HIM.

"Is the A long or short?" says a swell to his pal.
"Why, the rule is as plain as your nose, or a steeple:
Gari-*bāl*-di when Duchesses give him a *bal*;
Gari-*bāwl*-di when up goes the shout of the people."

An Imaginary Being.

A NEW Work is advertised under the title of *A Woman against the World*. This is announced as a story, and could hardly be supposed to be anything but altogether a work of fiction. Who ever knew a Woman to set herself against the world? If *A Woman against the World* is illustrated, the heroine should be represented as wearing no Crinoline.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, April 23, 1864.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



Of course you know, dear *Punch*, that, as our Shakspeare needs no monument, it has suddenly occurred to us that we ought to give him one. There are various opinions as to what his monument ought properly to be, and, since we are poor hands at making monuments in marble, it has been fancied by some few of us that a substantial Shakspeare monument composed of bricks and mortar would better serve our turn. The suggestion, I believe, was first started in your columns that a stately Shakspeare theatre would be the noblest monument that England could erect, and one that Shakspeare, were he living, himself would most approve of. The age that knows not Shakspeare I trust will never come; but, at any rate, its advent would be very much delayed were there a national Shakspeare playhouse in the land that gave him birth, and were it a condition in the tenure of that theatre that one at least of Shakspeare's plays should yearly be produced there, with all the pomp and circumstance the nation could command.

I have heard it sometimes argued that the time may come when Shakspeare will cease to prove attractive, when his plots will be thought feeble, his humour strained and pointless, and his language dull and obsolete. For this the influence of railways is cited as a cause; and though the fancy may seem laughable, there really seems some ground for it. Railways certainly have made people less patient than they were at public places of amusement, and less tolerant of anything approaching to longwindedness, which some of Shakspeare's characters are clearly rather given to. But I have not much fear myself of the bad time ever coming, when Shakspeare will be sneered at as being too slow to keep pace with the age, and so be shunted off the stage as being worn out and old fashioned. Notwithstanding railway influence and fast trains, and men to match, I still hold true to the belief that Shakspeare "lived not for an age," but for all dramatic time, and that, while human nature lasts, his plays, which picture it so faithfully, will ever be attractive. Croakers who pretend to have lost their faith in this, should go to Drury Lane just now, and see how Shakspeare fills it, and how the many hundreds, who nightly are drawn thither by his play of *Henry IV.*, strain eagerly their ears to catch the words that Shakspeare wrote for them to hear, and their eyes to see the action that accompanies the words.

On the whole I think the play is very creditably played, and has been carefully produced. *Hotspur* I applaud for his gallant speech and bearing, but he must be careful lest his vehemence be too much for his voice. I thought perhaps he acted best in the scenes where he is tamed a bit, while prattling to his wife, and his playful rugged tenderness she took as a wife should. *Falstaff* I applaud too, with but little reservation, although if he were more unctuous, he would more be the fat knight. In one addicted so to drink, the humour should not be too dry. The Glendower scene and Welsh song have too often been omitted, and are worthily restored; but, prithee, good *Sir John*, why is your royal Crown and Cushion bit of merriment left out? And, good Mr. Stage Manager, let the tumult of the battle not die away too much while the set speeches are spoken; and it might make the scene more life-like were a few more deaths to happen in it. After such a scrimmage as takes place upon the mound, one would expect a few additions to the four dead men discovered at the opening of the scene, posed neatly two and two, with their legs precisely parallel. The armour, too, is certainly not strictly "of the period," as a glance at *Mr. Punch's History of Costume* will clearly serve to show: but one need not be too critical about these minor matters, if the broader stage effects are attended to with care.

It is the author's fault perhaps that in many of the scenes it pleased me quite as much to see the audience as the stage. They mostly seemed so heartily to enjoy his play, that I myself enjoyed the sight of their enjoyment as much as that of what was causing it. Of course the stalls and the dress circle repress their approbation in obedience to the stupid laws of boarding-school propriety which still govern at our theatres the fashion of the day. There were no stalls or dress circle in the time when Shakspeare wrote, and I'll be sworn that good Queen Bess and the fine ladies of her Court did more than feebly smile and snigger at the humour of *Jack Falstaff* when they went to see the play. It is a bad thing for the drama this abstaining from all natural emotion and applause, and giving vent to feeble sniggers where there should be hearty laughs. To stir up his stage impulses and make him act his best, an actor must have sympathy both visible and audible, and if it fails him from the boxes, he seeks it from the gallery, and is apt to suit his acting to the pleasure of the gods. But despite the seeming apathy of the Swells at Drury Lane and the Snobs who try to copy them, the stalls and boxes show themselves amused and entertained as never a sensation play amused or entertained them; while as for pit and gallery, the way they "brayvo" *Hotspur's* energy, and roar at *Falstaff's* fun, should make the Shade of Shakspeare quit Elysium one evening, and for that night only revisit this dull earth. I say, for one night only, for although at the Princess's his *Comedy of Errors* might have somewhat of temptation for him to prolong his stay with us, I fear that elsewhere on our stage now there is little he would care for. However much we have improved things in the last three hundred years, we certainly have never excelled Shakspeare in our plays. In stage effects and scenery we might show him something new, and as compared with his dim, feebly candlelighted age, we might astonish him perhaps by our superior enlightenment. But after all, one must admit that people go to theatres to hear as well as see; and to people who have anything that they can call a mind, there is less enlightenment in gas and limelight moonshine than in sparkling fancy, and brilliancy of wit.

Well, though we have no second Shakspeare we can boast of, we may at least be thankful for the one we have; and we never should lose sight of his presence on our stage, seeing we have little hope of looking on his like.

One who Pays.

P.S. I must just say two words for the two smart new burlesques which were brought out on Easter Monday, the one at the Haymarket and the other at the Royalty, which latter little nutshell of a theatre is far better than a large one as a place for cracking jokes in. Under Mrs. Selby's management, the Royalty is rivalling the Bandbox in the Strand in its repute for smart burlesques,—smart in scenery and costumes as in parodies and puns.

FANCY BLACK.

Advertised in a contemporary, amidst a lot of other melancholy millinery, we find, "Articles de Fantaisie Pour Deuil."

Only fancy articles of fancy for mourning! Fancy-mourning; fancy-weeds: how fanciful! And what are they?—"Chemisettes, Tulle Sleeves, Berthes, Canzons, Jupons, Robes de Chambres, Garnitures des Robes," &c. What sadly sweet things in mourning! Elegance in sables! The idea of fancy mourning dress suggests that of a fancy mourning dress ball. There is a "Lord Lovel Quadrille," which might be danced on such an occasion, for one thing, and some dance-musical genius might compose a "Coffin Quadrille" for another; also a "Shroud Waltz," a "Knell Polka," and a Cotillon, which might be called "The Cemetery." To descend from the fashionable sphere of dancing to the plebeian, the more vivacious of the gay and festive mourners, attired in *articles de fantaisie pour deuil*, might trip it on the light fantastic toe to an "Undertaker's Hornpipe" or a "Mute's Jig." Fancy mourning, perhaps, is meant to denote the grief of the heirs of rich old gentlemen and ladies.

A NEW FAMILY.

It appears by the police reports that one banner was missing from the Garibaldi procession, and its absence is to be deplored. Somebody detained it from the rightful owners until too late for show. It was the banner of the "Sons of Phœnix." We particularly wish we had seen this illustration of natural history, as we have always had grave misgivings touching our friend Phœnix, and we should much like to be introduced to his family. That he is a downy bird we never doubted, but his sons appear to have carried downiness to the point of softness, or they would not have let their flag be kept from them. But we are glad the magisterial Beak helped the poor honest fellows, and *Mr. Punch* hereby makes up to them the disappointment. Garibaldi might not have seen their banner, he will be sure to see this.

Aërial Musicians.

Macbeth did "murder sleep;" so do the organ-grinders, besides murdering Bellini and other composers. *Owen Glendower* says to his company:—

"Those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence."

Mr. Babbage, and other gentlemen of tender ears, would perhaps be glad if the organ-fiends who distract their souls were hanging in the air no farther off than the Old Bailey.

Digitized by Google



WARM WORK.

Fly Fishing is a gentle Pastime, exercising the Mind without fatiguing the Body. Yet here we have a Gentleman in a sad state of heat and flurry from merely setting up this Young Lady's Rod!

LOW TORY TACTICS.

As IKEY, or BARNEY, down area below,
Whereas he negotiates bargain in clo',
Doth garment well worn search with keen anxious eye,
Now stretching, now holding it up to the sky,
Doth peer o'er each seam, and his whole mind devote
To see if a hole he can pick in the coat;

So DERBY and DIZZY, who hungrily wait
For office, scan Government papers of state,
So in oversharp hurry cry, "Hullo, look here!
A rent!" where, examined, it doth not appear;
Then, humming and muttering, go on, and then
"Well, here's one!" exclaim; are mistaken again.

As when sheriff's cad long and eagerly tries
To get into house which his efforts defies,
He pushes and pulls every door he can find,
On this side, on that side, before and behind,
Tents window and casement with dogged fixed look,
Resolved to gain entrance by hook or by crook;

So hard do those two, bent possession to win
Of Downing-Street premises, try to get in,
As, night after night, they, with obstinate pain,
Press questions, and cavil, and labour in vain,
And, good fruit at home since wise policy bears,
Find fault with their betters in Foreign Affairs.

Who laughs not at hearing those sham malcontents
The Cabinet blame for not ruling events?
For not having had those remonstrances heeded
Which they themselves urged; of which, having succeeded,
No doubt they would claim all the credit and glory.
Such low politicians you can't call High Tory.

For the Use of Schools.

THE Family likeness between the Ancient Roman, Greek and Modern English Languages is well illustrated by the following example:—In Latin, the sea is *Mare;* a very pretty name of many a very pretty lass in England. Good! HOMER in the Greek word for the same, and its epithet, has curiously enough united the two when speaking of the POLLY-*phoisboio Tha*-LASS-*es*.

TALK FOR TRAVELLERS.

TRULY the Peripatetic is also among the Preachers! A thousand pardons for having detained you cooling your heels in the street. You will be crystallised where you stand; or, if it be a broiling hot day and you wear goloshes, your sole may be sticking to the flagstones; *anima tua adhæsit pavimento.* A little exertion! good! Let us rouse ourselves, like merry merry men on a peculiar sort of day, (for further particulars see the popular Glee by the late SIR H. BISHOP), and bestir! bestir!

To return.

He who adopts the Caroline or Charleian method, has great advantages over the man of unsettled plan. *Mrs. Gamp*, it occurs to me, was a Professor of this method. She never could fail in a conversation, as long as she stuck to her *Mrs. Harris*. Make therefore for yourself a *Mrs. Harris*. All difficulty vanishes at once; never shall you falter in a duologue.

Thus: You make WIGGINS your conversation-peg.

Good. You meet X: How are you, &c., &c., &c.

"WIGGINS asked after you the other day," you then begin. If your friend is taken aback, as he probably will be, or does not wish to own his ignorance of one, who appears to have felt such an interest in his welfare, he will say, as if in pleased surprise. "Did he?"

Upon which it is evident that you have it all your own way, and can continue in what strain you will. For instance,

"Yes! he says he never sees you now." Here your friend may feel compelled to account for not having been seen by WIGGINS: if he doesn't make any remark, go on. "By the way, I fancy he's going to be married." "I don't know, I merely fancy so." This may lead to a confession; if not, continue:—"I should like you two to dine with me, at the Club, one of these days." Of course he will be delighted to meet WIGGINS, and may admit at this point, that he can't call to mind where he has become acquainted with WIGGINS, though, he will inform you, the name seems familiar to him. "Oh!" you will answer, "he knows you, well enough, by reputation." This will please him, whoever he is. "And you must meet him. What do you say to one day next week?" Your friend has nothing to say to one day next week, or next month for that matter; but after some show of consideration, he tells you that "he shall be disengaged on certain days," and then looks at you, expecting the invitation forthwith. "Very good," you reply. "Then I'll ask WIGGINS, and find out when he can come. Good bye. Don't forget." As you move away, be very particular on calling out, "Don't forget!" it 's just as good, real, and as hearty as if you had given your friend a positive invitation, date and time fixed. He departs, impressed with the idea that he 's going to dine with you, on one day next week to meet WIGGINS, and subsequently accepts other *bonâ fide* invitations conditionally. Well, the dinner never comes off. What of that? At some future time you two meet again. "Well," says he, quite seriously, "I suppose you couldn't get WIGGINS." You must take care that this does not throw you off your guard; for ten to one but you have forgotten all about the proposed Wigginsian festivity. Be ready; do not appear puzzled—saying, "WIGGINS! let me see—let me see—WIGGINS!" or he *may* find you out, and, henceforth, in all conversations with *him*, you 'll have to be provided with some new topic; which is vexatious. You will therefore say, "Ah! old WIGGINS; he's *so* busy! can't get away for a moment! But he 's going to take a holiday very soon, and then—then—my boy—we 'll—" here, wink knowingly, or use any action or facial expression, that will best describe the Indescribable, without committing yourself to anything. And then? Well then,——

Well——what then?

On my word I am disgusted. I give it up as a bad job. Do I not well to be angry? After preaching for these many weeks past, after pointing out unto my fellow-citizens the faults in their every-day street conversations, hang me if they are not just as bad as ever they were!

Can I struggle with the inevitable? I am a Peripatetic, and to me is not the Stoical patience. Yet will I make a last attempt at a reformation. My boy in buttons shall follow me, carrying a Diogenic tub, something between a caviare barrel and a five-gallon cask. This shall he place at the corners of frequented streets, and I, mounted upon the top of it (BUTTONS will also carry a pair of steps), will fulfil my mission.

Digitized by Google



MR. SPENCER POFFINGTON MAKES A MORNING CALL. HE WILL WEAR AN EYE-GLASS—AND SKIPS LIKE LORD DUNDREARY—AND COMES TO GRIEF OVER A CROQUET IRON, TAKING A HEADER INTO THE ARMS OF LADY HONORIA BOUNCER!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

APRIL 18*th*, *Monday*. About five-and-twenty years ago, when *Mr. Punch's* hair was not so dark as it now is when he has had proper time to attend to his toilette, there appeared in the *Examiner* some very clever papers on Nursery Rhymes. It was sought to prove that the series of apparently artless and not particularly coherent chants with which mediæval Mammas stilled the wails of the babies of the dark ages, really comprised the most remarkable prophecies. *Mr. Punch* remembers being much struck with some of the interpretations, and they were recalled to his mind by the awful event revealed on the Monday he is mentioning. The *Examiner* writer quoted one couplet of which he was unable to discover the secret meaning. It was this Nursery Song:—

"Bibble O, Bobble O, Long Jack and Robin O,
Shut your eye, eat a pie, mind you pull the bobbin, O."

It must be admitted that the mystery of the meaning in these lines might puzzle the Sphynx or DR. CUMMING. But everything comes to him who knows how to wait. Monday revealed the secret. Let us apply ourselves calmly and dispassionately to the interpretation of prophecy, and we shall soon see how beautifully it fits into our grooves.

Bibble O is a rendering of the Greek word signifying a book. *Bobble O* means BOB LOWE. *Long Jack* is more obscure, but PALMERSTON is not short, and his second name is JOHN—this is a trifle when you are at prophecies. *Robin O* is a touching reference to the last "Inspector" of the Children who were taken from their home on the pretence of education, "to be brought up in fair London." *Shut your eye* is a delicate allusion to a matter so notorious, and so pointedly alluded to in the next mentioned debate, that there need be no scruple about it: "MR. LOWE could not see what was going on in the House." *Eat a pie* refers to the pie of humility which it was vainly sought to press upon MR. LOWE. *Mind you pull the bobbin, O*, is in other words, be sure that you have plenty of Red Tape at hand.

Now, dear brethren, put all these things together, and see how the nursery prophecy enshrined the events of Monday. BOB LOWE, charged with mutilating a Book, containing the reports of the Inspectors of the Schools for poor babes, was defended by LORD PALMERSTON, had been unable to see the document his foes were handing about the House on the night of the hostile division, would not eat humble pie, but had to succumb to red tape traditions, and has resigned! Why, if DR. CUMMING could get within a mile of such evidence, he would fix within five-and-twenty minutes the time when the next comet is to knock this world into the middle of the sun. We rejoice to have such an opportunity of showing our own skill, and of recalling recollections of the wit of our old friend the *Examiner*, who, by the way, still upholds the cause of scholarly and epigrammatic writing against the graphic slipslop and gush of the day.

MR. BOB LOWE is no longer a member of the Government, and *Mr. Punch* has something more to say. MR. LOWE'S exculpation of himself from the charge brought against him was incomplete on the first night, as *Mr. Punch* ventured to hint, but was so complete on the second that the absurd thing is that he should have resigned. The Opposition have ejected another good man, and on another frivolous pretence. It is said that the old Whig lot in the Cabinet were very cold about the matter, and did not care to stand by LOWE, as he is not one of the blue blood. Had he been a GREY or an ELLIOTT, he would not have been sacrificed in this summary fashion. However, that is the Cabinet's business, and if it is strong enough to throw away its good cards without equivalent, let the game go on. MR. H. BRUCE, Member for Merthyr Tydvil, succeeds MR. LOWE, and has been re-elected. In his address to his Welsh constituents he showed with much exultation that the Irish are an awful deal wickeder than the Welsh, numbers of course duly allowed for. This is true; but then the Welsh live close to a civilised nation, the English, and have the benefit of the example of their neighbours. We must not be Pharisaical, my Cymry, although it is quite right to set a proper value on ourselves, my bounding goats of Snowdon.

To-day, MR. DISRAELI, in a strain of solemnity that might have befitted the impeachment of LORD PALMERSTON for selling himself to Tartary or Tartarus, opened up the dreadful story of the Five Under-Secretaries. Let us at once allay the agitation of the country by stating that LORD PALMERSTON owned his crime, but charged the other side with being accomplices, and that the fearful danger to the State has been removed. Sometimes it passes through our minds that MR. DISRAELI has a noble ambition to be described in some brilliant political novel of the next century, as "LORD RUNNYMEDE, the sparkling sceptic, who believed in nothing except the British Constitution,

l chiefly in that because he was its sole exponent in an age when u shuddered at first principles."

Tuesday. GARIBALDI having decided on ending his visit to England, ch row arose among a certain class. It was not enough to tell them t GARIBALDI, by no means recovered from a dangerous wound, has take care of himself, and that if he is killed in England he will never able to do anything more for Italy. They roared and spluttered, sted on knowing better than the doctors or the patient himself, sed resolutions, forced themselves into his presence, and all but w him up for daring to have a will of his own. Then it was about that the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH was offended at GARI-DI's reception, and wished him sent away. LORD GRANVILLE and RD PALMERSTON having denied this, the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA was t pitched upon, and the Conference was said to be delayed because t Emperor demanded GARIBALDI's extrusion. This absurdity being inguished, the Snobs did not know what to do, and MR. GLADSTONE shed them all off by stating that he and others had advised GARI-DI to visit only a few of the provincial towns, but that he did not to make distinctions, and thought his best course was to go away. RD SHAFTESBURY has written to the same effect, and it will take a d many tons of Snobbery to balance six words from MR. GLADSTONE LORD SHAFTESBURY. So the hero departed, the PRINCE OF WALES ing done himself honour and pleased the nation by paying GARI-DI a visit at Stafford House. *Mr. Punch* may also mention that RIBALDI received a deputation from the Federals, declared himself a leral, and said that had his sword been needed by the North, it uld have been drawn for MR. LINCOLN. It appears to *Mr. Punch* e needed excessively, but he is extraordinarily glad that it is not to drawn in a quarrel of which the brave, good, but easily-misled RIBALDI sees but one phase only.

Wednesday. There was debate on a Bill about Irish Grand Juries, but tever it was, it was thrown out by 150 to 27, so we need not bother ut that.

Thursday. GARIBALDI visited both Houses of Parliament, but did not long, having to go into the City, and be made a Fishmonger. w he is at least as good as the owner of the Seal of the Fisherman. night, while he was in the Senate, LORD CHELMSFORD was affording CHANCELLOR an opportunity of expatiating upon the excellence of measure for cheapening Conveyancing. And there is no doubt that Act is an admirable one, but what can you do if the Solicitors set nselves against it? And why should not the Solicitors set them-es against it, seeing that the only way in which a skilful gentleman hat profession can get fairly paid for his labour and brains is by ns of long instead of short deeds? A plan must be devised for unerating a scientific gentleman on some other principle than that he bill into which he is forced to stick as many foolish items as ible. Some articles by *Mr. Punch*, at the time the subject was in ation, enabled the CHANCELLOR to carry his Bill, and it is not im-able that the famous tin box, lettered "*In re* FONDLESQUAW," may ain something else to the purpose.

the Commons, after MR. GLADSTONE'S GARIBALDI explanation, SHERIDAN endeavoured to disturb the Fire Assurance arrange-t proposed by the Budget, and was defeated by 170 to 117. rwards an insidious attempt to convert the Committee on MR. DSTONE'S Annuities Bill into a Shelf for that admirable measure also defeated, after a little plain English from PAM.

Friday. LORD DERBY is resolved upon doing something for the ing classes who are ejected from their homes by what COBBETT ingly called "warst Improvements," but which *are* improvements ll that. The Earl insists that railways shall provide cheap trains aking the labourer to and from his work. This is not much to and, when we consider the monopoly conceded to the railways. the remedy will only meet half the grievance. The working want decent houses in and not out of town, and the question of k Colonies will come up sooner or later.

a Chinese debate, MR. LIDDELL clearly showed that we had done ything that was wrong, and MR. LAYARD demonstrated as clearly we had done everything that was right, after which the topic got the hands of MR. FERRAND, and the House of course yawned and ted itself out.

Saturday. *Mr. Punch* published his Tercentenary Number in honour HAKSPEARE, whose birthday this either was or was not, most likely atter, firstly, because Babies are not usually christened on the third secondly, because New Style brings the alleged birthday to the 3rd ay, and lastly, because there was an east wind in spite of the heat, *Mr. Punch* had no inclination to march in processions, or do any-g except contemplate with ecstasy his own magnificent picture of wn Shakspearian procession.

EDICAL.—MISS UVULA wishes to know if the best writer upon throats was DE QUINSEY? All we can say is, as usual, consult a itor.

SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTHDAY AS IT WAS KEPT IN THE WORKHOUSE.

"Is the Union here?"—*Hamlet.*

SCENE—*Inside of a Workhouse.*

Enter BEADLE, *with Followers, bringing in a Sirloin of Beef.*

Beadle. So, set it down. What hoa, Warder!

1st Pauper. Meat, by the mass!

2nd Pauper. Mass, therein thou say'st. It is, indeed, a mass of meat.

3rd Pauper. I marvel what manner of meat it be.

Beadle. What say'st thou, sirrah? Beef, thou knave; ox-beef.

4th Pauper. I would, Sir, I had to my porridge all the milk that ox hath given in his time; yea, in good sooth.

Beadle. How now, mad wag!—thou art malapert. Thou wert best keep thy breath to cool thy porridge, I warrant thee, lest all the por-ridge thou hast be skilligolee. Beef, I tell thee; beef at tenpence-halfpenny a pound: and, mark you, there is mustard too.

Paupers. O rare!

1st Pauper. Faith, I have almost forgotten the taste of beef. I have not tasted beef any time this twenty year.

Beadle. And, sirrahs, there is plum-pudding to follow.

2nd Pauper. Happy man be's dole! Prithee, Sir, be not this Leap Year, an it please you, sweet Sir?

Beadle. Yea, sirrah.

2nd Pauper. Then, belike, Christmas cometh twice a-year this year, Sir, and to-day is Christmas Day in April?

Beadle. Thou art a fool. Knowest thou not whose birthday this is, sirrah?

2nd Pauper. No, Sir.

Beadle (*aside*). Truly, an it were not for the Board of Guardians, I had not myself been much wiser. Sirrah, this is SHAKSPEARE'S birthday.

4th Pauper. Marry, Sir, I wish him many happy returns thereof, and more of them to ourselves, Sir.

Beadle. Go to, go to.

Paupers. We shall, Sir, and heartily.

Beadle. In faith, that's well said. So now, fellows, fall to; and, look you, here is a pot of ale for the nonce, to wash down your beef and pudding withal, and drink the memory of SHAKSPEARE.

Paupers. The memory of SHAKSPEARE! Immortal SHAKSPEARE! Hooray!

(*Scene closes.*)



TEMPERANCE SHAKSPEARE.

DURING the course of last Saturday's festivities, the juvenile members of the Band of Hope were entertained with a Shakspearian Interlude, in which the principal characters were personated by some of the leading mountebanks belonging to the United Kingdom Alliance. In this piece, which is said to be the joint production of MESSRS. SOMES and LAWSON:—

Falstaff abjures sack, and addicts himself to thin potations.

Bardolph is sent to a hydropathic establishment to undergo the water-cure; and does penance in a wet sheet.

Sir Toby Belch drinks tea with *Malvolio*.

Christopher Sly begs for a cup of your Adam's Ale.

Cassio takes the pledge.

WHAT is the best thing to do in a hurry? Nothing.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



SUSPENSE.

(WITH *MR. PUNCH'S* APOLOGIES TO SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.)

Digitized by Google



FAREWELL TO GARIBALDI.

"IF WE DO MEET AGAIN, WE 'LL SMILE INDEED;
IF NOT, 'TIS TRUE, THIS PARTING WAS WELL MADE."—SHAKSPEARE.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

BOTTOM'S DREAM.

Air—*Rousseau's.*

"I will get *Peter Quince* to write a Ballad of this Dream."



Hirling mizmazes,
Sprinkled with daisies,
Where donkey grazes;
Witch upon broom;
Horse upon rider,
Mouth yawning wider,
Cobweb and spider;
Shuttle and loom.

Snout wildfire breathing,
Cat in pan seething,
Huge dragon, wreathing
Tail round the moon;
Meteor and comet,
Beard of Mahomet,
Whale, that doth vomit
Boat and harpoon.

He-goat, all hoary,
Thief's Hand of Glory,*
Face pale and gory,
Ghastly to see;
Razor, triangle,
Fetters that jangle,
Noose, which doth dangle
From gallows-tree.

Pig playing fiddle,
Sphinx with a riddle,
Fool in the middle,
Fairies around;
Demons advancing,
Lord Bishop dancing,
Big glow-worms glancing
Over the ground.

Elf-ships and sailors,
Tinkers and tailors,
Blacksmiths and nailers,
Hammer and tongs;
Joiners and weavers,
Imps of brain-fevers,
Marrowbones, cleavers,
Trumpets and gongs.

Phantoms appalling,
Goblin brats squalling,
Centipedes crawling,
Lizard and snake;
Thornbush and thistle,
Hedgehogs that bristle,
While the winds whistle,
Under the brake.

Images graven,
Magpie and raven,
Humble bee, shaven
Friar in cowl;
Something between a
Fish and hyæna,
Bat, amphisbæna,
Nightjar and owl.

Snails, hornèd cattle,
Armies in battle,
Watchdog with rattle,
Corpses in shrouds;
Skeletons moeing,
Peasblossoms blowing,
Coming and going
Apes in the clouds.

Lightning and thunder,
Rocks reft asunder,
Fathomless wonder,
Where nightmares teem;
Pork chops are stated
One to have sated;
He was translated:
He saw *Bottom's* Dream.

* Magic candle in dead man's hand; implement of mediæval burglar.

CURS AND CRINOLINE.

The *Times* critic of the Cremorne Dog Show says in a judicious notice of that interesting exhibition:—

"The pugs with which Hogarth has made us generally familiar—the rage in the days of Queen Anne and hooped petticoats, and which have become fashionable again under the congenial reign of crinoline—are here in great force. They are as ugly as bulldogs, and as big as what the fancy has left bulldogs now-a-days, but not half so intelligent."

It is curious what a variety of things, many of very different kinds, are associated by some mysterious law of affinity. Some of them, to be sure, are visibly and sensibly related, and go naturally together. Lamb and mint sauce, beans and bacon, ducks and green peas, are intelligible combinations, to be accounted for on gastronomical principles. There is an obvious connection between a bulldog and a ruffian like Bill Sykes. Some may not see at first sight any similar fitness in the companionship between a pretty girl in hooped petticoats and a pug; but, to an æsthetical eye, as is the bull-dog to the knee-tights of the burglar, so is the pug-dog to the skirts of the belle, and the same relation extends to the ankle-jacks of the former and the Balmorals of the latter. Hooped petticoats and pugs have the common property of absurdity, and of a beauty which consists in ugliness. Accordingly, the ridiculous fashion and the grotesque animals in question came in together, continued together, went out together, and reappear together. Hooped petticoats are always in the way, so are pug-dogs;* both agree not only in not being ornamental, but also in not being useful, nay, on the contrary, in being inconvenient. Pugs are nuisances, constantly incurring the execrations and maledictions of men. Between your worse than useless crinoline and worse than useless cur there is a singular concurrence. Very significant, too, is the fact that crinoline finds its natural correspondence in creatures of the canine species; for that evidently denotes it to be an excrescence of female puppyism.

* Except one, a friend of our Toby.—Ed.

Omitted in the Almanack.—*Monday, April* 25. Lion Hunting ends.

THE SHAKSPEARE FLOWER-SHOW.

Poor Mr. Flower, the Mayor of Stratford and the manager of the Shakspeare *fêtes*, has had an anything but blooming time of it of late. He must have wished himself transplanted far away from where they have potted him, for he has clearly not been living in a bed of roses. First one *Hamlet* failed him, and then, alas! another; and when he had come to terms with a *Juliet* in place of them, alack-a-day! the other "leading lady" he relied on sent in her resignation, and left him in a huff.

Well, let us trust that nevertheless the Shakspeare Flower Show will succeed and bear abundant golden fruit. One might have hoped that actors, when requested to do homage to the memory of Shakspeare, would not have let their private jealousies hurt the public cause. As the Flower Show at Stratford was meant solely for *Sweet William*, it was certainly unseemly to show any *London Pride* at it. However, we repeat, we hope it may succeed, and that worthy Mr. Flower, who is the very pink of courtesy, will not in any way be knocked to pieces by the show, but be in his usual blooming condition at the end of it.

AN IRISH QUESTION.

In the Parliamentary Intelligence of the *Times* it is thus printed:—

"Mr. Scully wished to put a question to the Chancellor of the Exchequer relative to the reply he had just given to the honourable Member for Perth, whether in the course of the conversation he had had with General Garibaldi he stated to him that the feeling of the Metropolis of England represented the feeling of the people of Ireland on this subject (*laughter*), and did he recommend him not to go to Ireland? (*continued laughter*)."

Was the honourable gentleman, whose utterly irrelevant question, addressed as above to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, created "*laughter*," and "*continued laughter*," Mr. Vincent Scully or Mr. Num Scull? or both?

City Intelligence.—Should the proposed Asylum for decayed Bill-Brokers, Jobbers, and others on 'Change be ultimately built, it will probably be at Stock-holm.



OTHELLO ON CRINOLINE.

"IT IS THE CAUSE! IT IS THE CAUSE!"———*Othello.*

SINFULNESS OR SWIPES.

IN a speech on the Burial Service, the REV. R. SEYMOUR, on his legs in the Lower House of Convocation, is reported to have cited the case of a clergyman, the Vicar of St. Giles, Cambridge, who, some years ago, had been suspended for refusing to bury a parishioner who had been found dead in a ditch the morning after he had been last seen turned out of a public-house in a drunken state. According to the *Post*, the reverend speaker said, with reference to this unfortunate man—

"Let them strike out all the service but the Bible Lesson and the Lord's Prayer, and even then it would not be a fit service for such a sinner."

"Hear! hear!" from the assembled parsons. Hear what?

Such a sinner? So very great a sinner? How does MR. SEYMOUR know that? Is he prepared to say that the deceased died of mere excess; of drinking more than the equivalent of a clerical quantity of sound port? May not the man have been merely the victim of bad beer? Can MR. SEYMOUR take upon himself to say that this same sinner was not "more sinned against than sinning?"

APRIL GARDENING FOR POLICEMEN.

PROCURE some of the old-fashioned Bow Street Runners, and train them over your windows. A very pretty effect.

CAB-LAW.—If a Cabman or Organ-grinder is impertinent, you may "shut him up," without being liable to the penalties of false imprisonment.

PUFFING AND PLAY BILLING.

PLAY-BILL and Puff used once to be synonymous; and though we *have* reformed the practice in part, we have not reformed it altogether. Managers still blow their own trumpets in their own bills more loudly than good taste justifies. We have not quite ceased to see empty benches in the theatre transformed into "crowded houses," in the bill; and very flat *fiascos* figuring away, in large letters, as "brilliant successes." "Great hit" might still be translated every now and then out of bill-fiction into treasury-fact as "miserable miss." In short, farewell performances are not the only ones as to which the bill of the play is not yet *quite* reliable. But besides being a stage for managers to blow their trumpets from, the play-bill has another function. It is the pedestal for the actor—that unplumed peacock—to spread his tail on, and admire himself, in all the glory of single lines and big letters. Woe to the manager who dares bracket MR. BELLOWS, the eminent tragedian, with MR. SMALL-BONES, the walking gentleman, or to print the name of the great GRIGSBY, that popular low-comedian, in type no larger than that which sets out the name of MR. FUMBLE, the second old man. Rival eminences and pretensions in a theatre are ganged and marked, ticketted and tested by primer and pica, and the lines of demarcation between the histrionic upper-ten and rag-tag and bobtail are drawn by "double-leads," "rules," and "spaces."

Where manager and popular actor meet in the same body, it is no wonder if the play-bill become too small for these two very great gentlemen rolled into one colossus. And in the exact proportion that the name of MR. or M. SWAGGER grows bigger, those of MR. or M. SWAGGER'S unhappy company dwindle, and grow less; till the *troupe* is reduced to the dimensions of the smallest possible rushlights that scarcely dare even to twinkle in the blaze of the great central star. Of course if the rushlights have any power of shining the central star quietly appropriates their light, and revolves on his own axis with immense pleasure to himself, though not always with the same satisfaction to his *employés* or the public. But of all odious forms in which this selfish assumption has lately taken to show itself, there is one quite new, and that puzzles us. We learn that on such a night, MR. SWAGGER will appear (in all the distinction of large capitals), say, as *Bottom, supported by* MESSRS. CYPHER, SMALL, NOBODY, TWOPENNY, HALFPENNY, and MESDAMES SHY, STILL, ASPEN, and QUIVER, &c. (all in the humility of the smallest type).

How MR. SWAGGER comes to be *supported by* actors so immeasurably inferior as his company appear to be in his eyes, we are at a loss to understand, unless it be that he is supported by them in the sense of getting on to their shoulders, making them pedestals for his own elevation, and stepping-stones on his own way to success and fortune. Or it may be that MR. SWAGGER, in describing himself as "supported by" MESSRS. CYPHER, SMALL & Co., means to confess that he is kept on his legs by their services.

In whichever sense the word is used, whether as an avowal of cool assumption or humble demerit, it is too candid. We should recommend our stage SWAGGERS to trust more to their plays and less to their play-bills, more to their theatrical achievements and less to their tricks of type, more to the voice of genuine criticism and less to the sonorous blasts of their own brazen trumpets. They may be sure that as "good wine needs no bush," so good acting needs no puffery; and that if their art be tricky and their triumphs hollow, not all the self-laudation and self-assertion that can be worked by forty-bill-sticker power will ward off the day of detection, or avert the hour of downfall.

The jackdaw *will* be plucked bare of his peacock's feathers, though he spend twenty hours out of the twenty-four in contemplation of his borrowed tail, and have half succeeded in persuading himself, by dint of assuring the public, that the feathers are his own, and that nobody else has any right to wear them.

SHAKSPEARE AND SCIENCE.

ONCE, when MR. BUCKSTONE was performing *Lear*, at Drury Lane, with MR. PAUL BEDFORD in the part of *Edgar*, on his delivery, in his usually impressive style, of that sublime passage—

"First let me talk with this philosopher:—
What is the cause of thunder?"

a precocious little girl, aged nine, the daughter of MRS. CRAMMER HEAD, exclaimed to her mother, loud enough to be heard all over the house:—"Dearest Mamma, I can tell. It is the vibration of the particles of the atmosphere occasioned by the instantaneous transition of the electric fluid."

Horrible!

AN Illiterate Carpenter was the other day arrested upon his own written confession. In a letter to his wife he had said that, "he'd been to the Heastun Countess Stashun to catsh a train, when *he had saw'd his frend in two.*"

Digitized by Google



Great Unrecognised. "Tell me, Horatio!—or rather, I should say, Bill—don't you think there's a good deal of Gammon about this Tercentenary affair? This want of *Hamlets*, too. I fancy I know a Party better than all your Kembles, or Macreadys, or Fechters."

Bill. "Hah! and I think I could tell 'em where to find a very different *Romeo* to anything they are likely to get."

ASSES AT CANTERBURY.

How Shakspeare was commemorated at Canterbury, we don't know; but the *Kentish Chronicle* thus tells us how he has been slighted there:—

"The Sir John Falstaff Inn, Canterbury.—Canterbury has disgraced itself in the eyes of the literary world at a time when all nations are preparing to do honour to the name of our immortal Shakspeare. The Canterbury Pavement Commissioners, by a majority of one! have decreed the removal of Sir John Falstaff in that city. For nearly a century has the sign been suspended by handsome iron-work before an inn at the west entrance to the city, near the Westgate towers. It is but just to say that all the thinking and intelligent members of the Court opposed its removal. As a proof of the obtuseness of one of the *Dogberrys* who voted for its being taken down, he was heard to say that 'Shakspeare's works were rubbish.'"

No doubt there are more people who, like the *Dogberry* above alluded to, think that Shakspeare's Works are rubbish, than are dreamt of in your philosophy of human nature. All the *Dogberrys* hate Shakspeare in their hearts, from a dim consciousness of stupidity which makes them dully sensible of having been ridiculed in the characters of *Dogberry*, and *Verges*, and *Shallow*. The Canterbury Pavement Commissioner who calls the works of Shakspeare "rubbish," has *Dogberry's* wish fulfilled, for *Mr. Punch* has the greatest pleasure in recording him as the animal which his prototype desired himself to be written down—an ass as great as any in Canterbury, and that is saying something, and a great deal more than what *Dogberry* wanted to be booked.

SHAKSPEARE IMPROVED.

To Mr. Punch.

Sir,

I went, ~~the other evening~~, to Drury Lane to see *Henry IV.*, and it struck me that Shakspeare missed a capital point in that play, where *Falstaff*, in Act v., is lying down, pretending to be killed, whilst *Prince Henry* makes a speech over the body of *Hotspur*. Addressing his slain antagonist, the *Prince* says:—

"The earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman."

Here I should have introduced the following improvement:

"*Falstaff (raising his face, to the audience).* Don't it, though!"

But Shakspeare was not funny.

I am,

All Fools' Day, 1864. A Truly Comic Dramatist.

GREAT NEWS! GLORIOUS NEWS!

An Elizabethan Masque.

For the Tercentenary of Shakspeare.

The Scene *was* * The Elysian Fields *set thick with Asphodel, shaded by fair groves, wherein birds sang sweetly, and cooled by runnels of bright water, while far off was a prospect of high hills, in the midst whereof the two-peaked Parnassus.*

Therein, at the opening of the Masque, was discovered Shakspeare *seated on a mossy bank, set with violets, wild thyme, eglantine and musk-roses; around him a company of the stage Poets of all countries in their proper habits, wearing garlands of bays. These were* Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Menander, Plautus, Terence, Calderon, Lope de Vega, Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Webster, Ford, Peele, Greene, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, Racine, Corneille, Molière, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Farquhar, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Goethe, Schiller, Scribe, Talfourd, Knowles, *and many others.*

They gathered in ranks before Shakspeare, *and presented him with this*

HYMN.

(*Full Chorus.*)

Hail! thou in whom the several graces join
Of us who stirred men's reverence, griefs or joys;
Our best brain-metal minting into coin,
Gold, silver, iron, brass, and their alloys;

Thy brain a continent all mines containing,
That breeds all metals without waste or waning,
Red gold, pale silver, brave brass, iron strong—
And, mixed these noblest elements among,
The dross of word-play, quip and crank and rhyme—
The rude and heavy matrix of thy time—
The ore wherein thy bedded metal lay,
As diamond in rock, or gold in clay.

We great in one, *thou* great in every, sort!
For terror, mastering our tragic masters;
For mirth, beyond our chief lords of disport;
Microcosm, rounding life's joys and disasters;
A central eye that sun-like looks on all,
And wakens life where'er it chance to fall!

Our master Shakspeare! At thy feet adown
We bow the heads, before which others bow;
And offer thee of all our crowns a crown,
And Lords ourselves, thee for our Lord avow!

[*Here they bowed reverently, and laid their crowns of bays before* Shakspeare, *who smiled graciously, but with a pleasant gesture waived their reverence.*

Shakspeare. Nay, nay, my masters. I'll no crowns—they are but sorry wearing, be they of gold or green-leaves. I trow 'twere hard to say which hides the more aching foreheads.

[*Here all with reverent act made as they must needs do him homage.*

Shakspeare. But why to-day of all days? Here have I been these three hundred years, and have fared well enough with no such music, and no such moppings and mowings, and no crowns neither, but this bald one that tiles in mine own brain-pan. That never yet felt lack of the bays, Heaven be thanked, that gave me an easy mind, and other gear to think of than mine own greatness!

* If our readers ask why our Stage-directions are in the past tense, all we can say is, that so were Rare Ben Jonson's in his Masques; and as Elizabethan is the word, we follow the fashion.

Digitized by Google

Ben Jonson. What gear, WILL?—what gear?

Shakspeare. My plays and my parts, and my shares and my player fellows, first, MASTER BEN,—thou knowest there was enough there for the best brain to carry, without thinking of what was to come, when the play was over, the traverses drawn, the dresses locked up in the tiring-room, and the players put away with their bravery, for the worms to work their will of the one, as the moths of the other. And then, when I was well rid of London and the Court, the Globe and Blackfriars, Bank-Side and the Bear-Garden, the play-writers and players—Heaven be thanked for that latter quittance!—and came back to mine own Stratford, had I not my beeves and my wheat, my malt and my wool, my crofts and my croppings to see to, New-Place to order, my wenches to guide and marry, my friends and neighbours to help and make merry withal?—to say nothing of the two plays by the year—a plague on them!—that HEMINGE and BURBAGE would still have of me? Nay, I had enough to do, I promise you, without ganging mine own greatness; and, an I had had leisure, what profit in putting it to such use? Since when was greatness the greater for taking thought about it?

Ben Jonson. Ah, thou wert always a scatterbrain; careless of the file; and wouldst let what knave pleased mar thy verses with ill-printing. But as thou wert, thou wert worth us all, brave heart—ay, were we ten times counted. Here, take my crown—I had not been so ready to give it thee, in the days we clinked cans at the "Mermaid."—Take it, prythee.

Marlowe. And mine! There's blood on it . . . but you'll pardon that . . .

Goethe. And mine!

Marlowe. Yours, MASTER GOETHE! . . . (*Here he looked angry, and laid his hand on his dagger-haft.*) There was a *Faustus*, I would have you remember, before the Court Theatre of Weimar was thought of . . .

Shakspeare. Nay (*here he interposed, smiling*), an it come to stealing, let who will guard his crown . . . I was an arrant thief ever, from the days I stole worshipful SIR THOMAS LUCY'S deer, down to my latter end—Apollo pardon me!—that I pillaged MASTER NORTH his Plutarch for my Roman plays. . . . So if every man must to his own again, take my bays among you.

[*Here he took off his crown, as if about to throw it among them.*

All. Nay . . . nay! Not yours to us, but ours to you!

[*Here they offered their crowns again, which* SHAKSPEARE *put from him with courteous gesture. As they entreated and he resisted, came in* MASTER PUNCH, *habited as a Mercury, his bâton wreathed with serpents for a caduceus, wings on his hump, before and behind, and his cap furnished with wings for a petasus.*

Punch. Roo-too-it! Great news! Glorious news!! Second edition!!! Great news! Glorious news!!

Ben Jonson. What noisy varlet is this? He should be Mercury by his habit, but his nose is Roman, or, by 'r lady, Rabelaisian rather, and for his figure . . .

Shakspeare. 'Tis *Master Punch* . . . I know him well . . . a fellow of infinite jest, of most rare fancy . . .

Punch. Roo-too-it! Great news! Glorious news!

[*Here he paused, and put his fingers to his nose . . . which perceiving,* BEN JONSON *chid him angrily.*

Ben Jonson. You filthy knave, know you no reverence?

[*Whereon* MASTER PUNCH *took a sight at* RARE BEN, *and then his face settled into gravity, and he put off his cap and bells, and laid it reverently, with his bâton, at the feet of* SHAKSPEARE.

Punch. Great news, oh mighty Master . . . from the upper-world, and all about *you!*

Shakspeare. About *me!* Have the Germans ceased to find mare's nests in my plays?

Punch. Certainly not. They are as great in that quest as ever, and are training English hunters to the same game, as Sussex peasants train truffle-dogs.

Shakspeare. I am sorry for it. A little more good acting of my plays, and less idle writing about them, were more Germane to the matter.

Punch. But less German!

Goethe. Nay, Master . . . one word for my countrymen . . .

Shakspeare. Too many German words, methinks, MASTER GOETHE, already. [*Then he turned to* MASTER PUNCH.] But your news?

Punch. England has discovered how great a wit it has in you . . .

Shakspeare. Umph! If it have taken England three hundred years to do that . . .

Punch. Better late than never. Your countrymen—with the exception of DEAN CLOSE—are bent on honouring your memory, on this the three-hundredth anniversary of your birth.

Shakspeare. But why the three-hundredth, more than the two hundred and ninety and ninth, *Master Punch?* Why this year more than any of the three hundred, for that matter?

Punch. That I cannot say.

Shakspeare. I had not discovered that my country's love was lacking to me. But it were churlish to spurn honest respect, so they show it fitly. Are they about to act my plays more than they have done?

Punch. On the contrary, many of those who are engaged in doing you honour cry out on plays, count players Sons of Belial, and hold the stage as the ante-chamber to Tophet.

Shakspeare. Methinks I could well spare such worshippers. But you do still act my plays among you?

Punch. When they can be made the pedestal for an actor's vanity, or the pretext for a manager's sensation-scene, the peg whereon to hang a fine show, or the field for fighting a big battle.

Shakspeare. Is it even so! At the Globe and Blackfriars I could draw the Court—and the groundlings too—to my tragedies, comedies, and histories, with a scurvy wardrobe, a ragged curtain, and a half-dozen battered foils. But for your actors . . . the BURBAGES and TAYLORS of your day . . . are they that act my parts still followed?

Punch. If they be French, and fashionable.

Shakspeare. French? Your *Monsieur* did not use to speak our tongue?

Punch. Nor does he now. But JOHN BULL is content to take his stage-English broken—nay, seems to love *your* music best when ground out by a French organ.

Shakspeare. Out on it! If *this* be honouring of me! But what say the English actors to such intrusion from over-sea?

Punch. The big ones refuse to march in French company: the little ones, who must act to eat . . . eat, like your own *Pistol*, "eat and eke swear."

Shakspeare. And so are the players by the ears! Said I not well? They had better have left me quiet.

Punch. But your worship must look beyond the theatre. It is not there the reverence for SHAKSPEARE is to be found now-a-days. It is our men of letters who have combined to pay you honour now . . .

Shakspeare. And how do they pay it?

Punch. Even by quarrelling like the actors. . . . Seven cities contended for the honour of HOMER'S birth: two fight over the honouring of SHAKSPEARE'S memory—London and Stratford. Neither Committee has yet done much, it is true: but they have got strings of great names together, and abused each other, that it would do you good to hear them. All through the length and breadth of merry England your memory is to be drunk at dinners . . .

Shakspeare. "A custom,—more honoured in the breach than the observance." Go on—

Punch. Celebrated in entertainments . . .

Shakspeare. Over which the actors go to loggerheads, and the contrivers fall to fisticuffs. What next?

Punch. Recorded in monuments . . .

Shakspeare. A "fixèd figure for the hand of scorn to point his slow unmoving finger at!" Continue. Beyond this lowest deep what lower deep?

Punch. You are to be immortalised in an ode by MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER!

[*Here* SHAKSPEARE *shuddered, and straightway fell into a swound; the poets groaned, and covered their faces with their hands; an earthquake shook Parnassus, whose peaks were seen to collapse as if in an inward agony;* MASTER PUNCH *stood melancholy, but unshaken.*

AND SO ENDED THE MASQUE.

BISHOP OF LONDON'S BIRD'S EYE.

HEAR the BISHOP OF LONDON, on the Judgment of the Privy Council and the Oxford Declaration:—

"We find that even young Clergymen in the first year of their ministry have been appealed to 'for the love of God' to protest against the decisions of the highest authority in Church and State, and some uncharitable and unchristian sentiments have been published in the heat of controversy.

"Wise men always deprecate such times of agitation. Leaders of questionable orthodoxy are apt to put themselves forward, and have their own serious faults condoned as the reward of their zeal for the protest of the hour."

DR. PUSEY and ARCHDEACON DENISON are respectfully recommended, each of them, to put that in his pipe and smoke it.

Rhymes to Convocation.

GOOSEY, goosey, gander,
Where do you wander?
Up-stairs,
Down-stairs,
In Jerusalem Chamber.

WHO CAN SAY?

ALL the world is inquiring why the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND is to have the vacant *Garter?* Is it on account of his devotion to the Fire Brigade and the (Water)-*hose?*

A SENTIMENT FOR TERCENTENARY SPEECHIFICATION (IN LONDON).—The Swan of Avon and the Geese of Thames!

Digitized by Google



"IN VINO VERITAS."

Customer. "PLEASE, SIR, I WANT A BOTTLE OF SHILLIN' PORT."

Tradesman. "MY DEAR, WE HAVE NOTHING IN PORTS AS LOW AS A SHILLING; BUT,—*WE'VE SOME DELICIOUS DAMSON* AT 15*d.*, AND IT'S MUCH THE SAME THING."

LOGIC AND LIFE ASSURANCE.

AT a late Meeting of the Institute of Actuaries, a Paper on the Government Annuities Bill, commending it as a whole, was read by MR. M. N. ADLER, of the Alliance Assurance Company, a gentleman who may be supposed to have known something of what he was talking about. Another gentleman, a MR. HODGE, said:—

"He objected to the Bill on the broad principle that the Government had no right to interfere in such matters. . . . Life Assurance was as much a business as brewing, or any other industrial occupation; and he contended that, although Friendly Societies worked badly, Government had no right to take their business upon its hands, any more than to turn brewers because bad beer was brewed."

MR. HODGE also made the assertion that:—

"As a rule working men were not provident, and they could not be made so by Act of Parliament."

Then, MR. HODGE, they will not insure in the Government Assurance Office: and if so, how will Government interfere with the business of Life Assurance? Does not your confident argument, MR. HODGE, against the measure proposed by MR. GLADSTONE, evince the specialty of personal assurance rather than that of knowledge about any other? You cannot, at any rate, insure contradictory premises against leading to opposite conclusions.

For the Use of Schools.

The Gorgons.—These were three Terrible Sea Monsters, probably inhabiting some spot in or near the Oceanic Isles. They are described as serpent-fleeced and of aspect hideous to the beholder. On the decline of Heathen Mythology—which is now, of course, as much your-thology as mythology—the Gorgons settled down in a small fishing village, subsequently called Gorgona, and gave themselves up to the pleasant manufacture of the Celebrated Anchovies.

Here please insert advertisement,—which we shan't.—*Ed.*

ACADEMICAL.

PROFESSOR KINGSLEY'S last collection of Lectures is entitled *The Roman and the Teuton.* His next book, with some general remarks on DR. NEWMAN, will probably be *The Roman and the Tutor.*

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

April 25th, Monday. On the previous Saturday, birthday of the divine WILLIAMS, certain working men met at Primrose Hill, to see MR. PHELPS, the tragedian, confirm the plantation of an oak which had been taken from another part of the Park, and which was set up in its new locality in honour of

"The rock, the Oak not to be wind-shaken."—*Coriolanus.*

This having been done, and some verses by MISS ELIZA COOK having been delivered by DR. WESTLAND MARSTON, and some water from the Avon having been splashed over the tree, and the people, according to the Committee, having proceeded to push and poke and pat the tree, in order to promote its growth, the Divine WILLIAMS was dismissed, and another meeting was held. This was a meeting of wrath. It was intended to signify the disapprobation of one BEALES, a revising barrister, and some other folk, at GARIBALDI'S having taken the liberty to go away to Caprera sooner than was expected. But, unluckily, general instructions have been left with the police to the effect that as the Parks are places for recreation, party meetings are not to be held there. So, a policeman intimated to the discontented BEALES that he must not spout there. The hint was followed up by the approach of a strongish body of Peelers, and the anti-GARIBALDI demonstration was somewhat promptly abbreviated. To-night, SIR GEORGE GREY, being interrogated on the subject, said that he had known nothing about the GARIBALDI meeting—thought that, under the circumstances, BEALES & Co. might have been allowed to say out their say, but that as a rule the Parks were not to be used for such purposes. Considering that the other Park was rendered inaccessible to the public the other day by reason of a furious fight between the Catholics and the Garibaldians, quiet folk have a right to request that folks will do their politics somewhere else. But the Primrose Hill grievance will be worked for some time to come.

The House sat late, but the only measure of interest was one for reforming the Irish Court of Chancery, which is said to be a horrible Augean stable. Resistance is made to the Bill, and it is thought that to that peculiar invention, the Irish mind, there is something rather plazing in the old Chancery system, that always works by fits and starts, never quite finishes anything, "depends" so much upon extraneous aid, and usually comes to an abrupt halt for want of means. The new plan is to get rid of the Taxing Masters, to create a Vice-Chancellor and two Chief Clerks, and to assimilate the practice to that of England.

Tuesday. SIR CANNIBAL TATTOO gives us a deal of trouble. To-night long speeches were made about the war in New Zealand, and as to the way we ought to treat the natives. The fact is, that we are in a false position, and must make the best of it. The New Zealanders have found out that a small nation of savages must be gradually improved off the face of the earth by the settlement of white men in the territory, and instead of accepting the situation and resigning themselves to their fate, which we would make as easy as we could for them, if they would only be quiet, they revolt, as we call it, and propose to expel us. As this, of course, is flying in the face of Civilisation and Progress, they at once become outlaws and criminals, and in the interest of humanity we must bring them to a proper sense of things. The colonists are for doing things very abruptly, and have passed a strong Confiscation Bill, and our gallant soldiers are doing their best to enlighten the New Zealand mind. The falsity of our position will be rectified in a few years by the absence of all who should challenge it, but those who know the progress of this colony will not paint its early history in very glowing colours.

MR. LINDSAY again asks for Harbours of Refuge. SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE proposes that they should be paid for by Tolls on Shipping, so the mercantile interest knows what to expect from LORD DERBY'S Chancellor of the Exchequer. The House rejected both propositions, and it is alleged that such harbours would simply be places of refuge for "inferior shipping," whose interests the nation ought not to be called on to protect. We do not think the argument adamantine, but the country will not pay for more harbours, and is grateful for any colourable plea in support of its resolution.

Digitized by Google

Wednesday. MR. NEWDEGATE tried to pass a Bill for arranging the Church-rate question. He had taken a good deal of pains with it, and was quite in earnest in endeavouring to settle the business, but he could get but 60 adherents, and 160 Members voted against him.

SIR J. HAY, who says that the Scotch people prefer notes to gold, had a Bill for enabling them to have more notes, but it was opposed by MR. BLACK, and by MR. GLADSTONE, who enunciated a golden rule of SIR ROBERT PEEL'S, which we shall quote, as we have heard little of currency wisdom lately. "Issue ought to be the subject of strict regulation by the State, but the business of banking should be perfectly free, and depend absolutely on the principle of competition." Floored, as by a cannon-ball, the dead Bill was dragged out of the House, like a slain gladiator, by the heels.

Then, as if to remind the world that one SIR ROBERT PEEL is not the other, the existing PEEL delivered a speech which was certainly the most comic thing *Punch* has heard. On a discussion touching the Irish Police, CAPTAIN ARCHDALL accused them of poaching when they had a chance. Answered SIR ROBERT, old SIR ROBERT'S son,

"He would put it to hon. Members if they had not all of them made free with game in wild parts of the country (*laughter*). He confessed he had himself, when a boy, poached (*loud laughter*); and they were at this moment engaged in the celebration of the Tercentenary of SHAKSPEARE, who was himself a poacher."

The great practical joke of keeping SIR ROBERT PEEL in a Ministry is the grandest thing that even LORD PALMERSTON ever perpetrated. Talk of CALIGULA, who made his *horse* a Consul!

Thursday. The Lords passed a Bill for inflicting the punishment of whipping in the case of certain miscreants, LORD GREY giving the Judges another severe reprimand. The Bill for giving a canonry to the Greek Professor at Oxford was read a Second Time, LORD DERBY stating that it was generally approved by the University. Of course it is, but what can the University do against a rush of frantic country parsons, who stick in the mud of isolation and bigotry, gaining no new ideas, and scarcely rubbing up their old ones, and who suddenly hear a cry of "Orthodoxy, clubs! clubs!" and hurry into Oxford, all prejudice and perspiration, to defeat the real University. *Punch* thinks that there ought, on such occasions, to be Examining Chaplains, who should be put at the last station but one on the railway, and who should be empowered to ascertain whether the reverend voter understands the question he is coming to vote upon, and if, as is most probable, he does not, he should be remitted to his parish to snarl at his Dissenters and string his platitudes for Sunday.

The Commons had a delightful evening over the *Tuscaloosa*. This was the *Conrad*, Federal vessel, taken by the pirate *Alabama*, and pretended to be converted from a prize into a Confederate vessel of war. We let her go once, and the second time detained her, but then let her go again. The Conservatives, who are nearly all on the Confederate side, and who, if they were in office, would recognise the South, and have us at war with the Federals in a fortnight, let off a quantity of indignation about the wickedness of our Government in even detaining the *Tuscaloosa*. Considering that the *Alabama* herself escaped from England by a disgraceful trick, which would perfectly warrant our seizing *her* if we got a chance, the coolness of complaining that we inquire into the character of her captures is "rather rich." By 219 to 185 the Commons declined making cause with the Confederate partisans.

Friday. But it is quite clear that LORD DERBY does not intend to try for office. No man who expected to be hampered with the responsibility of administration, would have delivered himself of the speech let off to-night by the leader of the Opposition. It was about the Seizure of the Steam Rams at Liverpool, and, clever as are many of our lawyers, there is not one of them whom MESSRS. LAIRD could have retained, who could have made a cleverer address for his client, or one which savoured less of the legislator and possible adviser of the Crown. LORD PALMERSTON would as soon have thought of delivering such a speech, when he was supposed to be looking to office, as of challenging the speaker to a game at leap-frog. The Lords enjoyed the clever display, and then LORD RUSSELL quietly tore the argument into ribbons.

The Commons were informed that the Conference had been adjourned, and even the HOME SECRETARY did not know when it would meet again. HUM! ha!

A Committee was appointed to consider the very hard case of MR. BEWICKE, who was entrapped into firing a pistol over the heads of some rascally sheriff's officers, and was imprisoned and ruined in consequence. The case is one of those exceptionally hard ones which seem to demand consideration.

MR. DIGBY SEYMOUR very properly called attention to the systematic violation of the Act for prohibiting the sending little children up chimneys. The cruelties of the system are too loathsome to be dwelt upon. Sentimental and pious ladies prefer subscribing to societies for converting little Hottentots to using influence to suppress these atrocities committed upon white little children at home. But LORD SHAFTESBURY is interested in the question—if the Exeter Hall ladies do not care much about the children, they will surely listen to that serious nobleman. Interference is promised.

A BEGGING LETTER FROM A BLUECOAT BOY.



PLEASE, Sir, *Mr. Punch*, will you just go in and have a shy at our old Governors, and make them change our togs and dress like other fellows, and not go about like girls in those old stupid stuffy gowns, which stick so to our legs that we have to tuck 'em up whenever we play football, and as for fly-the-garter, we never can play *that*, for if you try it with a gown on, you are safe to come to grief. And then in summer time you know our gowns are beastly hot and heavy, and cling about one so that of course one can't play cricket, even if we had a playground big enough to play it in, which you know we haven't, or you wouldn't see so many of us staring through the railings and looking awful wretched, when you pass our school.

I remember you once made a sketch of one of us in Crinoline, which you thought the Governors perhaps would recommend for us, if they meant that we should dress more in the style of modern fashions, and not be togged out in the uniform of centuries ago. I think if we wore Crinoline, our gowns would look so foolish that the Governors would let us take to wearing coats and jackets the same as other fellows, and then perhaps we might leave off those bands, which make us look like sucking parsons, and those beastly yellow stockings which we all of us so hate. Fellows who know SHAKSPEARE say he makes a chap in some play make a big fool of himself by wearing yellow stockings, and as soon as I know Greek I mean to hunt that passage up and turn it into jambics, and send it as a Valentine for our Governors to see. There was a story out last Christmas that they meant to change our dress, but all they've done has been to give us black serge knickerbockers instead of our old corduroy knee-breeches, and they haven't even changed the colour of our stockings, which at least they might have done. JUVENAL says that poverty makes chaps look ridiculous, and if he had but seen our gowns and yellow stockings, I'm sure he would have said that charity does the same.

You know they call our big boys "Grecians;" and if they'd let 'em dress like Greeks, they'd look much better than they do. Greek fellows wear petticoats, but these ain't half so bad as gowns, for they are ever so much shorter and don't drag so at your knees. If we were togged like Greeks we should not look a bit more un-English than we now do, and a Greek costume is ever so much handsomer than ours is. Besides, our Grecians would wear caps if they were dress like Greeks; and that would be a comfort, if but to keep one's head clean. One don't a bit mind going with one's head bare in the country; but one sees such dust and smuts in London that one wants to have it covered; though I don't quite know but what I'd rather go bareheaded than wear those beastly chimney-pots the Eton fellows do.

So please, now, *Mr. Punch*, do just poke up our old Governors, and make them let us dress like Christians; and if you put this letter in, you must print some extra copies, for I mean to buy a couple, one to send to our head-master and one to keep myself. So believe me your affectionate young friend,

AUGUSTUS BLOBBS.

P.S. Couldn't you make a picture of one of our old Governors togged out in our school uniform, and trying to play leapfrog, and so being tripped up by his gown and coming whack upon his nose? If you could, it would be prime fun; only mind and make him ugly, and with awful skinny legs.

P.S. You ought to have a *coloured* drawing of him, so as to show his yellow stockings; and if you make him tumbling down, he should have a bloody nose and a jolly good black eye.

"THE FLOWER THAT IS BORN TO BLUSH UNSEEN."

Not MR. FLOWER, Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon, on the Tercentenary of the 23rd.

RIDDLE FOR MR. NEWDEGATE, M.P.

WHY is the mouth of a conundrum-utterer like a Nunnery?
Because it is a Con-vent.

Digitized by Google



NOT [illegible] MILES FROM H-MPT-N C-RT P-L-CE.

Time—Sunday Afternoon.

WOULD IT NOT APPEAR AS IF THIS TRUCULENT FOREIGNER WAS OFFERING SOME DIRE INDIGNITY TO THE NOBLE RESIDENT IN THE P—L—CE, WHEREAS HE HAS MERELY ASKED HER TO INDICATE ZE ROUTE OF ZE MAIZE.

HORRIBLE OUTRAGE BY HEBREWS.

REALLY, MESSRS. NOSES & SUN (and if the sun burns your noses, we can't help it), this is coming it a little—well, shall we be elegant, like your costhumeth, and say this is going "the whole hog?" *Punch* would not have ventured on such a similitude for the world, for politeness is his essence and nature, but you began it. Very properly taking advantage of the Shakspeariomania to give yourselves a good puff, you have issued a not ill-written pamphlet, in which the poet's mention of various articles of dress is made to lead up to the usual statements in reference to your toggery warehouses. But your author has the indiscretion to promulgate his and your anti-Christian feelings in a way which is really too much for us, addicted as we are to bacon at breakfast. Speaking of SHAKSPEARE's name, you say:—

"What's in a name?—a rose by any other name would smell as sweet"—but the world *does* see something in a name, and would be sorry to designate so imperial a genius as SHAKSPEARE, by an insignificant or vulgar cognomen, such, for instance, as MR. PIG, MR. HOGSFLESH, or MR. DISHCLOUT."

Well, SHAKSPEARE might have been called MOSES, and even then we should have admired his works. But what do you mean by vulgar names? Did you never hear of LORD BACON, or of HOGG the Ettrick Shepherd, or of HAM in *David Copperfield?* But this is not your point. You wish to display your bigoted hatred to us oppressed Christians, and we won't stand it. You leave SHAKSPEARE alone. He never took much pains to say anything for you. With his fine art, he humanised *Shylock*, in order to make his avarice and cruelty come out more strongly, but W. S. hasn't a good word for you in any of his plays, and if he never said anything about MOSES, he took it out in AARON. There's nothing vulgar in "Pig," or "Hogsflesh" either, and if he *had* been called "DISHCLOUT," the Commentators would have shown in the clearest manner that it was a corruption of DAISCLOTH, or the embroidered cloth laid on the dais, or place of honour, and that he was descended from EDWARD THE FOURTH's upholsterer, SIR AMOUR (or hammer) DE DAISCLOTHE. We are frizzling in far too furious a manner, at your insult to Swine, to descend to argument, but we beg to inform you that in seeking to depreciate the most delightful of our meats, you have got the wrong Pig by the Tail, and your intolerance shows how unfit you are to enjoy the toleration conferred on you, in a sentimental moment, by

PUNCH.

WHAT TOBY THOUGHT AT THE DOOR OF THE CONFERENCE-ROOM.

TOBY sits by the Conference-room,
The *Vehm-Gericht* of diplomatists' doom.
Toby sniffs at what runs on the floor,
From the chink below the Conference-door.
Toby doesn't know what to think:
It looks like blood, but he hopes 'tis ink.
Toby listens, with ears on the watch
The bland diplomatists' whispers to catch,
And the pointed pens that the foolscap scratch—
But somehow *Toby* cannot hear,
Such horrible sounds are in his ear,
Of booming cannon and bursting shells
On the Schleswig fiords and the Schleswig fells;
And the groans of the wounded, left to die;
And the wail of the houseless, forced to fly;
And the low of the cattle whose byre is burning;
And the mother's cradle-song changed to mourning:
For a shell that goes up must needs come down,
And 'tis hap-hazard work bombarding a town,
And sex and age are all one to a splinter,
And 'tis ill-bivouacking in Schleswig-winter.
And *Toby* thinks—of the party in there,
Each in his gilt and cushioned chair,
With voices so soft and smiles so bland,
And never a stain on ever a hand,—
And wonders what wool they have in their ears,
That prevents their hearing the sounds he hears;
For if they heard, they never could sit
So smooth of speech, and prompt of wit,
Devising puzzles of war and peace,
Nor bidding that hell of sounds to cease.
And looking more close at the wet on the floor,
That comes and oozes under the door,
Toby sees, as it soaks in the wood,
That the stain is not of ink, but blood;
For blood may by diplomate pens be shed;
And by protocols more than by bullets are sped;
And they that are strong to save, yet stand,
With half of a heart, and a hesitant hand,
When the tiger springs on his helpless prey,
The tiger kills not more than they.—
And *Toby* thought about German culture,
And that, if man will play the vulture,
Ere vulture's folly he imitate,
'Twere well to remember vulture's fate;
For vultures, when their feast they find,
Will gorge themselves both deaf and blind,
Till the wings are weak to lift the paunch
From its carrion perch on scull or haunch,
And, helpless alike to fight or fly,
They 're knocked o' the head by some sportsman sly,
Whose skill in cooking,—*ce n'est pas peu*,—
Can turn e'en vulture to *pot-au-feu*.

More Celebrations.

ANOTHER Tercentenary is announced—this time by the Serious World. CALVIN died in 1564—just three hundred years ago. Now here is a celebration that may be said to be wanted, at least if the memory of CALVIN is to be preserved at all, as sensible people are rather inclining to forget CALVIN and a good deal that he taught. The affair may be made very effective, as fireworks can appropriately be employed to an unlimited extent, and the affair may end with a splendid red-fire business of CALVIN burning SERVETUS for heresy in 1533. Could not some arrangement be made for an amalgamation of the CALVIN and GUY FAWKES festivals?

A Nigger Nut to Crack.

LOOKEE yar you, MASSA BONES, can yer gib dis child an answer to dis 'riginal conundricum:—Why am MASSA CHASE's "greenbacks" like de shoes wid pasteboard soles which MASSA LINCOLN's clothiers hab bin making for his troops? Eh, Sar? Yah! Yah! Yah! you gib him up? Yah! Yah! Well den, Sar, it's cause dey both am *papery shoes*. Yah! Yah! don't you see him? Well den, Sar, you see dey both am *paper-issues*. Yah! Yah! Had yer dat time, Nigger!

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—*What's done can't be helped.* Perfectly untrue when applied to a leg of mutton.

Digitized by Google



A TABLE D'HÔTE AT PARIS.

Attentive Swell (to elegant and fascinating American young Lady, who has been monopolising the adjacent Gentlemen all through dinner). "LET ME GIVE YOU SOME OF THIS" (*handing Article of Dessert*).

Belle Américaine. "NO, THANKS!—WELL, THEN, A VERY LITTLE; FOR *I GUESS I'M PRETTY CROWDED NOW.*"

[*Horror of Swells; triumph of neighbouring Female British Contingent.*

THE TEUTONIC ORDER OF VALOUR.

FIVE Pirates, on a Monday morn,
In front of Newgate lately swung.
'Mid yells of loathing, hate, and scorn,
For some few murders they were hung.
'Tis thus that common caitiffs swing,
Who do but slay their two or three,
Whilst tens of thousands doth a King,
And goes unhanged and gallows-free.

The blood shed in aggressive war,
Which Kings consent to, or command,
Think you that Heaven doth less abhor
Than that which stains a cutthroat's hand?
'Tis murder foul on either part,
As men will own in aftertime,
No difference, to an honest heart,
Except the greatness of the crime.

Old dastard, who in selfish dread
Of peril to thy tottering crown,
Didst send the troops thou durst not head
To batter a defenceless town.
A sea of blood, which they have spilt,
Against thee cries to Judgment's throne!
What doom on earth, for all the guilt
Of Denmark's ravage, can atone?

No, when thy spirit shall take wing,
Air, in thy boots, thou wilt not tread,
But shrieks of mangled Danes will ring,
In thy mind's ear, around thy bed.

As NICHOLAS, the cruel CZAR,
Unscathed of human justice, went,
So thou wilt go to yonder bar,
Not as a small assassin's sent.

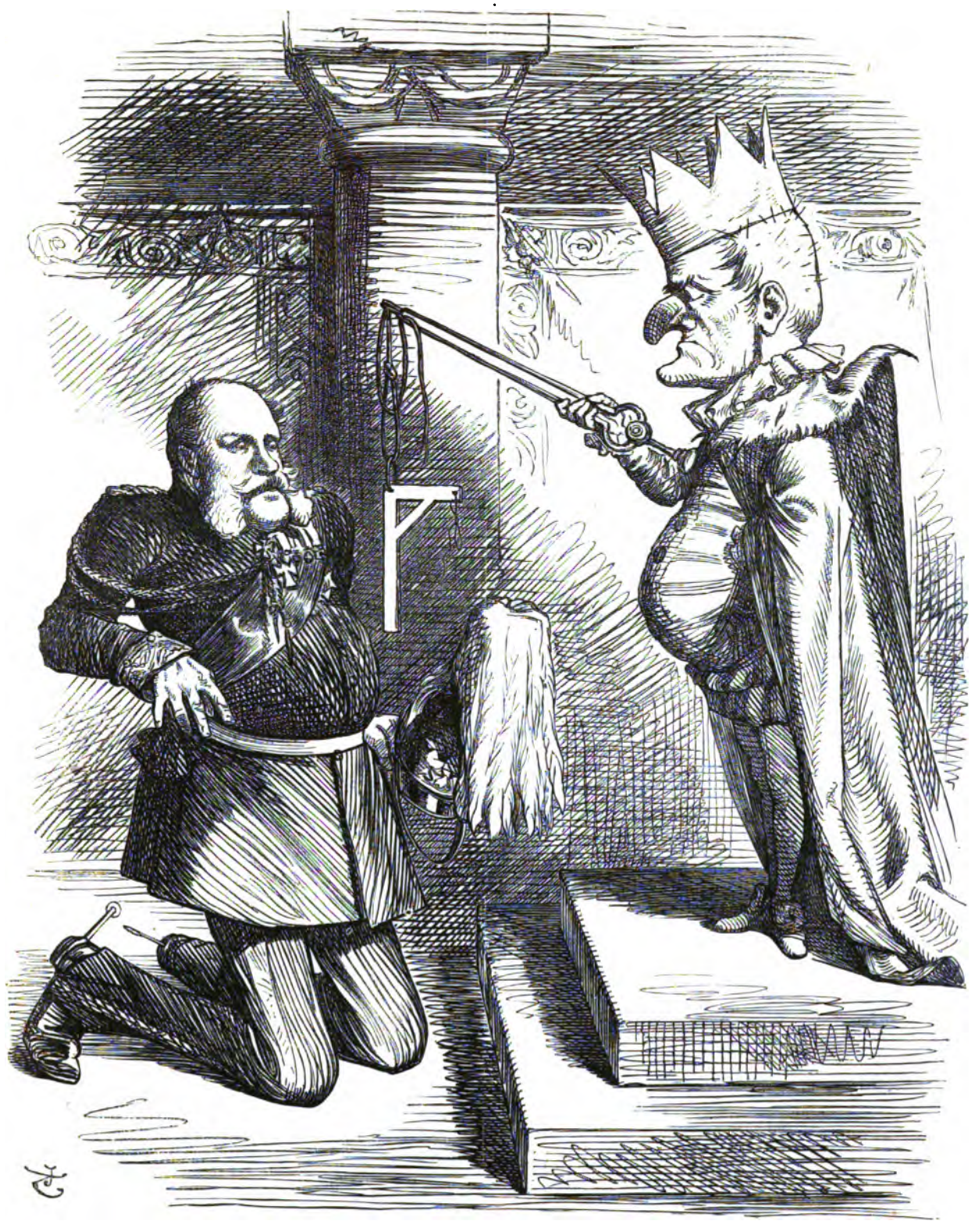
But take this bauble, mimic shape,
In little, of the Triple Tree,
And Noose, which evil Kings escape;
A testimonial, Sire, to thee.
Oh! let it, as an Order, grace
Thy breast, and merit, there display,
More than would well have earned a place
With those men hanged the other day.

ARISTOGYMNASTICS.

"The COUNTESS DE G**** will have a dance in Carlton Gardens on the 6th."

So says the *Post*, and we do not see the slightest reason why a lady who is, we hope and suppose, in the full enjoyment of health and animal spirits, should not treat herself to a little dance round the gardens of her residence. We trust that old WATERINGPOTTS, the gardener, will take care to have the walks properly swept from leaves, and if there are many slugs, he must throw them into the next garden. He has been spoken to once or twice about that heap of litter near the rolling-stone, and we are sure it will not be necessary to mention it again. The lady's maid must and will be in attendance with a shawl, as, after exercise in the open air, a chill is undesirable. We trust that the COUNTESS DE G**** will enjoy her little dance round the garden; and if she likes to take a skipping-rope, by way of change, we see no objection. As we are appealed to by the publication of the paragraph, common politeness compels us to say that we strongly approve of ladies taking *al fresco* amusement.

Digitized by Google



THE REWARD OF (DE) MERIT.

KING PUNCH PRESENTETH PRUSSIA WITH THE ORDER OF "ST. GIBBET."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

SERENADE FOR SOMES.

All ye members, with pretence
To a grain of common sense,
Let the killjoys not quite spoil our week's bright one day, O!
Do not suffer silly SOMES
To confine us to our homes
By the closing of all taverns on a Sunday, O!

Oh! how cruel and severe
To deprive us of our beer,
All the interval from Saturday to Monday, O!
To deny a glass of wine,
To forbid us e'en to dine
At an inn in an excursion on a Sunday, O!

Why, the French will be more free,
And the Romans too, than we;
Though the POPE may make them fast on Hot Cross Bun Day, O!
Yet he lets them take their ease,
And their liquor, if they please,
In a comfortable *café* on a Sunday, O!

But, whatever SOMES may hope,
We will never stand SAM POPE
And a liquor law on any day, or non-day, O!
So, on *dies non* in law,
Leave the landlord free to draw
What his guests may please to call for on a Sunday, O!



ERECTED TO THE MEMORY
OF
THE LONDON NATIONAL TERCENTENARY
COMMITTEE,
APRIL 23, 1864,
BY THEIR FRIEND AND COUNSELLOR,
MR. PUNCH.

WHO SHOULD PAY THE BOXKEEPERS?

A CORRESPONDENT of a penny paper complains, that at some theatres the boxkeepers, instead of being hired by the management, have actually to pay three shillings nightly for their places. Of course this naturally makes them importunate for fees, and greatly fosters the delusion under which they mostly labour, that by virtue, or by vice rather, of their situation, they are privileged to plague people until what they call "the time-honoured shilling" fee be paid.

Now this "time-honoured shilling" custom is a custom honoured more in the breach than the observance; and, like many another old time-honoured custom, should, for the public comfort's sake, be swept away forthwith. Not that we would rob a poor boxkeeper of his beer, or of the shillings that he buys it with; but the shillings, we would say, should be paid by the managers, and should not be extorted from the pockets of the public. If managers pretend that they charge so low for seats that they cannot pay for servants to show the public into them, let the prices be so raised that the boxkeepers may be paid out of the higher sums received. But this, we apprehend, there will be found small need for doing. Many a person is deterred from going often to a theatre by the dread of being plagued and pestered by a boxkeeper; and were this fear removed, doubtless playgoers would increase, for anything that tends to the comfort of the audience must surely tend to draw more people to the house. Moreover, man may do what man has done, and managers may do what managers have done. To his honour, be it said, that MR. WEBSTER was the first to do away with the old system, and MR. FECHTER has been wise enough to follow his good lead. At the Adelphi and Lyceum you are shown into your seat by the civillest of attendants, who hand you a neat playbill, and are forbidden by the management to take a fee for doing so. The consequence of this is, you are in the best of tempers when you settle in your seat, and are in a thorough humour to enjoy the play; whereas if, when you enter, you are pestered for a shilling which you view as an extortion, and grumble if you pay, you take your seat, prepared to growl all through the evening, and to grab at any pretext for getting up a hiss.

Feeling sure that fees to boxkeepers are hated by the public, *Punch* will gladly use his influence to stop them, and will most willingly make known to an applauding universe the name of any manager who has the good sense to distribute playbills gratis, to allow no fees to boxkeepers, and thereby to attract the public to his house.

A BREAK-DOWN IN THE ORCHESTRA.

SUBJOINED is a letter which appeared the other day in the *Orchestra*. It may be thought to need no comment; but some notes are appended to it, in order that the joke which it involves may be rendered intelligible to first-form schoolboys of the meanest capacity:—

"A CLASSICAL TERCENTENARY CELEBRATION.

"*To the Editor of 'The Orchestra.'*

"SIR,—As the Tercentenary of SHAKSPEARE'S birth is now close at hand, it may interest some of your readers to know how the Greeks and Romans did honour to the memory of the illustrious dead. ÆSCHYLUS,[1] the greatest of their tragedians, furnishes the best illustration. He was killed, as is well known, at the Battle of Marathon,[2] B.C. 490, and was therefore regarded as a hero and martyr, as well as a poet. The tercentenary[3] of his death thus fell during the brief sovereignty of CASSANDER,[4] who resolved to hold a celebration of unusual pomp. The Nemean Games,[5] which, owing to the troubled condition of the country, had been discontinued for some years, were revived, and a solemn procession was organized in the usual manner, consisting first of girls bearing basicets (canephoræ[6]), next the riding on horseback, and bacchantes with thyrsi, concluding with the bust of the great dramatist. Sacrifices were offered and libations poured to Apollo and the Muses. Then followed the chariot and horse-races, and the *pentathlon*, or contests in wrestling, running, boxing, and throwing the quoit. The proceedings, which lasted five days, terminated by the performance, in the theatre, of the Prometheus and Agamemnon, after which an ode was recited, composed expressly for the occasion. The author's name is unknown, but PAUSANIAS[7] tells us that HORACE has copied this ode in the opening of his 'Carmen Seculare';[8] as the original, however, has unfortunately perished, we cannot tell if this is the case.

"Any of your readers who may wish to learn more on this subject, and to compare our modern manners and customs with those of the ancients, will find full particulars in the 6th volume of the Leipsic series of 'Byzantine Historians,'[9] where, at page 274, is a valuable fragment of EVAGRIUS,[10] giving a full account of the ceremonies used. A briefer but very spirited narrative will also be found in the 2nd volume of CARL MULLER'S 'Dorians,'[11] *sub voce* 'Nemean Games.'

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

"CAIETAN."

So much for a successful experiment on the stupidity of the *Orchestra*. The editor of that severely critical publication will in future think twice, perhaps, before he accuses of want of education gentlemen who may have at least learned enough at school to constitute him the victim of the foregoing hoax.

NOTES BY MR. PUNCH.

[1] Died at Gela, in Sicily, B.C. 456, according to the old story, of an injury received from a tortoise dropped by an eagle on his bald crown.

[2] In which he had fought, and "lived to fight another day."

[3] Which, of course, occurred B.C. 156.

[4] One of ALEXANDER'S Generals and successors, died 298 B.C.

[5] Ceased B.C. 396.

[6] Marriageable women, who officiated in the festivals of Bacchus, or of Diana, at Athens.

[7] Historian and orator, author of History of Greece.

[8] An invocation of Phœbus and Diana, and other deities, to bless and protect the Roman Empire.

[9] A number of Greek writers on the revolutions of the Lower Empire.

[10] 1. An ecclesiastical historian; flourished in the sixth century. 2. A monk and theological writer, fourth century.

[11] A work of reference, which we have not seen; edited, we believe, by WALKER.

Accident in the Money Market.

THE funds always fall when there appears to be any probability of war. No bones are broken by a fall in the funds, which may portend, but cannot occasion, broken bones.

"WHEN IS A DOOR," ETC.

THE oldest Riddle on record was given up last Tuesday by one of the most eminent Physicians in London. We hope never to hear of it again.

HAIRDRESSER'S MOTTO.—Two Heads (of Hair) are better than one.

Digitized by Google



FIRST OF MAY.—THE RIVALS.

A HINT FROM HAMLET PRINCE OF DENMARK.

LET the KING OF PRUSSIA, who approves of the policy signalised in the bombardment of Sönderborg, and the slaughter of women and children, as well as soldiers, make a note of the circumstance thus stated by the *Times'* Correspondent with the Danish army:—

"A poor soldier passed under our windows, both whose legs had been shot away, and the anguish of his writhing stumps wrung from him heartrending screams not to be forgotten by any one who heard them, an unusual occurrence among these enduring Northerners, who for the most part die without a groan."

SHAKSPEARE, *à propos* of Danes, makes *Laertes* in *Hamlet* say to the priest who superintends the "maimed rites" of *Ophelia's* burial:—

"I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
Whilst thou liest howling."

Has his Majesty of Prussia any conception of what the Poet of this world and the next means by "howling" in the foregoing passage? If he has he must experience qualms. Whom does KING WILLIAM suppose to be, in the first instance responsible for the anguish of the "writhing stumps" of that poor soldier whose legs were shot off by Prussian artillery? Doubtless the "heartrending screams" which that poor fellow's torments "wrung from him," will never "be forgotten by any one who heard them." The hearers of them, were not, perhaps, limited to the *Times'* Correspondent, and other persons within the radius of a mile. Does the KING OF PRUSSIA know to what ears blood wantonly and cruelly shed crieth from the ground? Has he no fear that the screams of that tortured Dane, and other tortured Danes, were loud enough to reach them? Then let him lay his head on his pillow, and sleep in peace.

Theatrical.

WHEN it is announced that an Actor will be supported by the *Entire* Company, it is not thereby meant, that, the said professional is sustained in his arduous part solely by draughts of BARCLAY, PERKINS & Co.

TALK FOR TRAVELLERS.

SIRS, I was walking down St. James's Street, observant: from afar off, I noted a gentleman walking towards me, with whom I have more than a slight acquaintance. "Now," said I unto myself, "here comes one who will have something to say for himself,—one who, as *Falstaff* hath it, will 'Talk wisely, and in the street, too;' whose senses will not be scattered before the breath of my salutation, like chaff before the wind." I knew him to be a careful student of his *Punch;* and at a recent dinner-party he had entertained me with his highly instructive and interesting conversation. Intending that my own form of salutation, and his direct answer to it, should be a model for all passers-by, I stopped him, and greeted him in a loud tone, thus:—

"Ah! my dear MISTER GUZZLE! How *do* you do?"

To which he *should* have replied,

"Quite well," or "Far from well, I thank you, my dear MISTER PERIPATETIC."

But, alas! for this great creature—this man of science—this brilliant dinner-conversationalist!—he was—how can I express it?—he was flabbergasted! I am not sure of the exact meaning of the word, but I am interiorly convinced of its sense, and do here affirm that if ever a man *was* flabbergasted, GUZZLE was that flabbergasted individual. He said, with an idiotic smile, too, that meant nothing, "Ah! How d'ye do?"

Oh, contemptible Conventionalism! enchaining even the spirits most impatient of control! I pitied, and gave him another chance—

"Thank you," said I, with much emphasis, "*I* am very well."

This method, you will observe, was adopted by me, in order to show him, that, though *his* question, coming, as it did, in the second place, had been courteously met, *mine*, put first, still remained unanswered.

He lost his opportunity: he took no heed of the opening thus afforded to him. It was *his* turn to speak, so I held my tongue, wisely, and my breath, anxiously. The words came at last—

"Well," said he, "how do these East winds suit you, eh?"

Oh, heavens! Had I not already told him that I was Quite Well? If it had *not* been so, why should I have lied unto him? If the East winds *had* done me injury, I should, in my answer to his first question, have made it my theme.

Thus, then, I silenced him; reading him a lesson which I sincerely hope he will never forget:—"Sir," I answered, in a Johnsonian style (my friends tell me that I resemble the great Doctor—specially at dinner): this by the way. "Sir, had the meteorological" (I can say this word very effectively, dividing it into well-enunciated syllables), "had the meteo-ro-logical"—take your *meteo* short and crisp, *ro* very long, finishing up with a very rapid *lŏgĭcăl*, as if your pronouncing machinery had got wrong, and was running down with a whizzle—"Sir, had the mĕtĕŏ-rō-lŏgĭcăl fluctuations of this variable climate in any degree affected my general state of salubrity" (here I took breath), "I should have made you acquainted with the interesting fact, when replying satisfactorily" (this word *must* be given with two *l*'s, if you're to make anything of it at all—thus, satis*fac*-torilly) "to the question, which you have already thought proper to put to me. Sir, you have not given me any answer to *my* question, as to the state of your own health; I must therefore suppose, that, you either have 'no health to speak of,' or that you consider any inquiry of this kind, upon my part, as an instance of such unwarrantable curiosity, as has not its parallel in the history of created man. I regret, Sir, that your disdainful conduct has necessitated these observations, and I now leave you, trusting that my words may not be entirely thrown away upon you. Fare you well!"

With that, I, lifting up my hat towards high Heaven, with stately gait pursued my onward course, and left him quailing where he stood.

Proudly wayfaring, I proceeded Pall-Mallwards. At this point I hide my face in my hands—I weep bitter tears of humiliation. I have fallen! *Mea culpa! Mea maxima culpa!* I fell, in the street; on that pavement of which I was the strutting Chanticleer!

My fall was moral. In the ears of two sentinels guarding British Art, in the ears of certain members of the Oxford and Cambridge Club—not to mention nursery-maids, nondescript loungers, a commissionnaire, a War Office clerk, and an intelligent policeman, who had overheard my previous exhortation, and had followed me from St. James's Street, bent upon instruction—yes! in their hearing I fell with a great ruin, and, to the honour of their charity, be it spoken, they did not point the fingers of scorn at me.

I will tell all. To me, conscious of rectitude, there came a jaunty young fellow, who, by profession, is a barrister, but by practice is not. He seized my hand—"How d'ye do? How d'ye do? How d'ye do?" said he.

"Ah!" said I, "HOW ARE YOU?"

Digitized by Google

Flying words! Irrevocable!

Fiendish laughter rang in my ears. I fled—past the sentinels, through St. James's Park, to the ducks—

"Quack! quack! quack!"

Oh, horrid chorus! cruel imputation! I sped onward, onwarder, onwardest.

"Hallo! old fellow!" cried Young SUMWUN, in a fast Hansom, "HOW ARE YOU?"

Gracious Powers! I had not even a second given to me to frame a reply. He was gone—gone, perhaps, for ever! and his question still unanswered. I jumped into a cab, imploring the driver to pursue that rapid Hansom. I was determined that I would retrieve the miserable past, and answer his question at all hazards. We dashed after him. We had gone nigh to catch him, when there met us a four-wheeler, with luggage on the top, likewise being driven furiously. "Hallo!" cries DOODLE, from within, "HOW ARE YOU!"

The answer stunk in my throat, like *Amen* in *Macbeth's*. Should I turn back? No, my bounden duty was to answer in order, beginning of course with Young SUMWUN, who was number one.

And yet—at this moment an omnibus stopped the way. "Ah!" cries a voice from the knife-board, where NOODLE was seated, like a sweet little cherub aloft, "HOW ARE YOU?"

I thank my stars! Humbly, heartily, do I thank my stars, that I was able to answer *him*.

"I am far from well, I thank you, NOODLE!" said I, loudly, yet modulating my voice with a bass, as it were, of melancholy.

The omnibus ceased to obstruct our passage, and our conversation was thus abruptly terminated. I had been permitted to redeem the past, and as further pursuit of the Hansom would have been expensive, I paid the Cabman, and hurried to my own *sanctum*.

MR. PUNCH AND THE NEW TENOR.



HAVE you heard the man of late
Engaged to sing by GYE the Great?
A voice so high, the critics state,
Has rarely been heard in this Island.
His name 's WACHTEL, and all agree
With ease he singeth a high chest C,
A note that is far above you or me,
E'en on our tiptoes tho' we be,
Some say his tone is hard as bricks,
And that with soft notes he plays sad tricks,
But ne'er in his throat the high C sticks,
So he carries the house with a high hand.

In speaking of a singer, it seems only natural to break into song; so instead of furnishing a critical account of the new tenor, which, if written in the style peculiar to critics, would be completely unintelligible to less instructed readers, we prefer to say our say of him in this elegant little poem, and MR. GYE has our permission to buy as many copies of it as he pleases, and present them to each person entering his theatre each evening it is open, until the season ends.

This suggests to us the notion that *Punch* is quite as much an essential thing to have with you when visiting the Opera, as a white tie or an opera-glass or a swallow-tailed dress-coat. Only think, dear boy, what an immense boon it would be to all frequenters of the Opera, were *Punch* put in their hands on entering the house! The Swells would then have something pleasant to amuse themselves withal in the intervals between the acts, and need not moon about the lobbies and saloons as they now do, seeking feeble recreation in exchanging howd'yedah's, and perusing the dull telegrams that come up from the House. Besides, if every one had *Punch* to read between the acts, people in the stalls perhaps would sit still in their seats until the Opera was over, and would not worry other people by treading on their toes, or whisking their big flounces *en passant* in their face. This is the usual nuisance now at the end of every act, and, of course, if folk were properly intent upon their *Punch*, they would not be jumping up and down as they now do, and bustling out and in again whenever there's a chance. With *Faust* upon the stage and *Punch* between the acts, the Opera would really be a rational amusement, and for their own sakes we may hope that MESSIEURS GYE AND MAPLESON will act on our kind hint.

ENGAGEMENT TO MISS FAITHFULL.

THERE are many poor girls too good and too noble to marry for money, fated to meet with no men whom they would be willing to marry, and who would be willing, and likewise able, to marry them. Many an excellent girl is there whose face is her fortune, and a fortune not handsome enough to procure her a husband. Here and there is a thinking girl, who does not believe in domestic happiness, or any other in this world, and had rather not marry at all. Her intention is the same as that expressed by the rustic maiden, who says, in the ballad of *Cupid's Garden*:—

"For I means to live a vargeant and still the laurel wear."

Well; she who ever wears the laurel will never wear the willow, nor the weeds. But, say that she is portionless, how is she to afford wearing the laurel? There is no nunnery for her, and if there were one she would not go into it; would rather pursue her maiden meditation fancy free; not behind the bars of a grate: would not much prefer a Lady Superior to a lord and master. Then there is the not perhaps very exceptional case of the young widow, left destitute, whose affections are in the other world, and who does not like to constitute herself a second-hand wife. But how are all these women to live? Their lot is starvation or industry, and who shall rescue them from the alternative of starvation? MISS EMILY FAITHFULL will, as many of them as she can employ in her Printing-Office. She has set up a Printing-Office for the express purpose of affording women employment, and it has been in operation now for several years. Not a few girls are there whom, perhaps, lack of means would enforce to evil, worse evil, if possible, than even mercenary marriage, if they were not supplied with the opportunity of performing some use by the intelligent benevolence of MISS FAITHFULL.

For one of various means designed to provide women with work, MISS FAITHFULL some time ago started the *Victoria Magazine*, respecting which we extract the subjoined statement from the *Daily News* of the 19th ult.:—

"The *Victoria Magazine* was established in the spring of 1863, and premises, intended as a publishing office for it, were opened at No. 14, Princes Street, Hanover Square; but for the purpose of distributing the magazine among the bookselling trade, and promoting its sale, it has been found desirable to transfer the publishing department to a wholesale City house, the editing and printing of the Magazine remaining in MISS FAITHFULL's hands. The premises in Princes Street have been converted into a bookseller's and stationer's shop, in which MISS FAITHFULL seeks to promote, both directly and indirectly, the object she has at heart—the employment of her own sex. This she purposes to do by using, as far as possible, the services of female assistants, and by engaging in the various processes connected with the stationery trade—such as book-binding, envelope-making, black-bordering, stamping from dies, &c.—as much female labour as possible."

MISS FAITHFULL is entitled to the gratitude not only of her own sex for her endeavours to afford penniless girls a refuge from famine or matrimony. She also deserves the thanks of many a young fellow and old fellow too, who, under infatuation, might make an offer of marriage, which would be accepted by some girl who did not care about him, if, in the Printing-Office of the *Victoria Magazine*, or MISS FAITHFULL'S shop at 14, Princes Street, Hanover Square, she had not found something better to do than constituting herself a life-encumbrance to an unhappy man.

HIGHLY PROPER.

THE Churchwardens of a Church in Hull send us the Easter Balance Sheet of the sacred edifice in question, and we are very much pleased with the following item:—

"Cleaning the Church, &c. Washing Surplices, Vergers, Ringers, &c., £79 2s. 6d."

We are very glad that the Reverend the Vicar and the Churchwardens wash the vergers and ringers. Such attention to the cleanliness of the inferior officials is most laudable, and we know to what cleanliness is next. We have often seen vergers who were far from clean, and ringers are notoriously beery and dirty. *Mr. Punch* hopes that the example of this Hull Church will be followed by the Church of England generally.

Scotch and Shakspeariana.

D'YE ken why ma Neck-handkerchief is like one of MASTER SHAKSPEARE'S plays?

Hoot toit. Ye dinna ken?

Varra weel: then I'll just tell ye: ma neckhandkerchief is like one of his plays, because it 's a *Tie-mon*.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—A Person who wastes money on stone fruit may be described as "one who gives two bobs for a cherry."

Google



Frederick. "HARK! WHAT'S THAT, NOW, LUCY!"
Miss Lucy. "OH! FREDERICK, IT'S THAT DARLING NIGHTINGALE; HOW FULL OF TENDER MELANCHOLY ARE ITS DELICIOUS WARBL—"
Frederick. "UNCOMMONLY LIKE HERR VON JOEL—TO BE SURE!"

WHY DID GARIBALDI LEAVE SO SOON?

IN order to set at rest for ever the above vexed question, which seems to be perturbing a good many people, and causing them to emit the most ridiculous guesses and objurgations, *Mr. Punch* begs to offer, at one view, all the reasons which induced the gallant GARIBALDI to leave this country without allowing the provincials an opportunity of wringing his hand off.

1st. Because he will want his hand to plant the banner of Italy on the fortifications of Venice, and also of Rome.

2nd. Because he heard that MR. TUPPER was coming after him to recite an Ode in his honour.

3rd. Because LORD PALMERSTON begged him to go, lest he might excite democratic feelings, and thereby compel the Ministry to bring in a Reform Bill.

4th. Because the most Illustrious Personage believed that he had designs upon the Crown of England.—N.B. The PRINCE OF WALES's visit was for the purpose of requesting him not to stir up a revolution.

5th. Because the National Shakspearian Committee, having concluded their work, wished to organise a movement for a GARIBALDI memorial.

6th. Because the younger GARIBALDI had fallen so desperately in love with a lady member of the Royal Family, that it was necessary to crush that sentiment in the early bud.

7th. Because it was not certain that MR. CHARLES KEAN might not be coming back suddenly, in which case influence would be used to get GARIBALDI to see that gentleman in *Hamlet*.

8th. Because CARDINAL WISEMAN had blessed seventeen bludgeons, and given them to as many stalwart Irishmen, previously absolved, with orders to demolish GARIBALDI, and give MR. SEELY a great beating.

9th. Because the Cockneys who insisted on riding in his carriage spoke such atrocious Hinglish that it grated upon the delicate Italian organisation, and he was especially annoyed at being called a Nero of a nunderd fights and a most magnaninimous Hexile.

10th. Because the idiotic British Washerwomen made such exceedingly bad work with his red shirts, starching them in the wrong places, as they do with the linen of their countrymen.

11th. Because he had a telegram announcing that the Pope was going to send a brigand expedition to Caprera, with orders to eat GARIBALDI's cook and housekeeper.

12th. Because the Englishwomen bothered his very life out for autographs, and he had sent away the insides of at least three mattrasses, as locks of his hair, to the inconsiderate daughters of Albion.

There now! There are a dozen good reasons why he went away, and each is as good as the other. We now hope that the subject will be dropped.

A CALL FOR A JEWISH SONG.

THE Prussian authorities, under the paternal Government of WILLIAM THE FIRST, in their treatment of Posen, are emulating those atrocities which the satraps of the CZAR inflict on a larger part of Poland, by flogging and otherwise torturing the inhabitants, on the most frivolous or groundless pretences, with diabolical malice. Amongst other victims, a Jew was almost beaten to death by Prussian soldiers, "because he refused to sing a Jewish song." The Israelite might have complied with the request of the miscreants in KING WILLIAM's pay, and sung them one of the Psalms of David, say the 109th, in Hebrew, without any fear that they would have understood it, and comprehended that, in the mouth of the singer, it was an imprecation of divine vengeance on a brutal tyrant.

Meteorology by a Murphy.

(*To the Editor of "Punch."*)

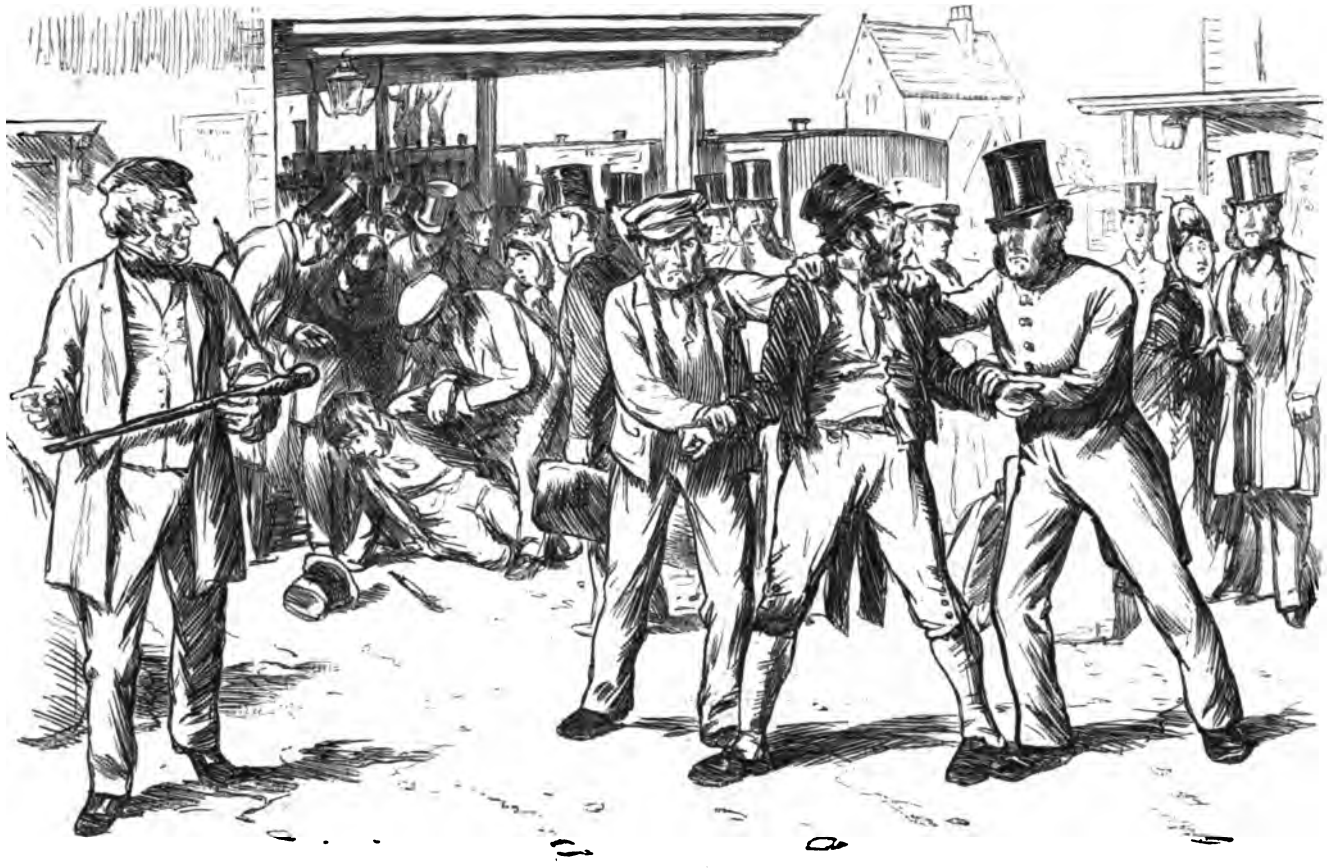
SIR,—The month just past has been distinguished by an unusual absence of the customary rainfall. The April Showers this year may be expected in May.

I am, &c., M.

Hill of Howth Observatory, April, 1864.

Digitized by Google

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, May 7, 1864.



One of the Finest Pisantry (in Custody, having had a Shillelagh difference with a fellow-countryman). "SHURE! MAYN'T OI SEE ME FRIND AFF B' THE THRAIN, SORR?"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MAY *2nd, Monday.* Government has no intention of interfering between the Irish landlord and the Irish tenant. The present system seems to work very well; the tenant objects to paying his rent, and the landlord objects to paying his debts, and the Encumbered Estates Court and the blunderbuss smooth down any little irregularities which interfere with general harmony.

Although the Scotch are stated to prefer notes to gold, because the former are more easily hidden away in the "big Ha' Bible" and in vast snuff-boxes, MR. GLADSTONE gives up his plan for increasing the issue of bank-notes. We suspect, that being a gentleman of refined taste, he has been shocked at the dreadful dirtiness of the paper sent up as conscience-money by penitent Scots, and that he lacks the Vespasian philosophy.

"A loud and general cheer" followed LORD CLARENCE PAGET'S statement that the Channel squadron was in the Downs, that the stores were nearly completed, and that the fleet would be ready to sail anywhere in twenty-four hours.

> "All in the Downs the fleet is moored,
> The steamers smoking in the wind;
> Brave ADMIRAL DACRES is on board,
> And hopes a German foe to find.
> Tell us, our jovial sailors, tell us true,
> Won't you rejoice the Burglars' Ships to view?"

When a young lady wants to be married (and she is quite right to marry if the young gentleman is old enough to know his own mind, is cheerful but steady, and reads his *Punch*), and her lover has no money except his income, he usually assures his life, and settles the amount on her and the probable babies. Would you believe it, young ladies engaged or only hoping to be, MR. GLADSTONE levies a duty on the document which secures the money? He does; and though 124 nice gentlemen, in the ladies' interest, to-night begged him to take off the unkind tax, he got 161 horrible curmudgeons and lady-haters to help him to keep it on. And yet that man speaks beautifully at a wedding-breakfast, gushes like the champagne, and sparkles like the iced-cake. What a world it is! However, do not let his cruelty prevent your accepting eligible offers. Your husbands will undertake so many duties that this little one isn't worth making a fuss about. In Supply we had a great fight about the Dockyard at Malta, and we passed the Penal Servitude Act. Thieves at a distance (who may keep there) will please accept this intimation. No Cards, if they once misbehave.

Tuesday. SIR GEORGE GREY stated that Austrian ships had arrived in the Downs, but that the Austrian Government had solemnly declared that For The Present, the only order given to the commander was to protect German commerce in the North Sea, and to prevent the blockade of the Elbe and the Weser. Our Admiral was watching, but the Minister declined to say what orders *he* had in the event of the Austrians receiving any other orders. This reticence was proper, of course, and JOHN BULL is an excellent policeman and a strict disciplinarian. While folks are off his beat, he does not touch them, but just let them come on it.

The Sioux Indians are cruel savages, who murder women and children, and escape into our territory to avoid the vengeance of the American soldiery. Leave having been asked to pursue them over the frontier, our Governor at the Red River has of course granted it, stipulating that the miscreants shall not be extirpated upon the premises of our settlers. MR. HENNESSY spoke in a tone of remonstrance on the subject. He probably thought that these savages had the same claim to tenderness as the cannibal brigands sent out by the Holy See. So do we, and so does the COLONIAL SECRETARY.

MR. SOMES, anti-beerman, stated that he proposed to let public-houses be open on Sundays from one to two, and from eight to nine. *Mr. Punch* proposes to strike out all the words after the first "to," and for "nine" to substitute "eleven." But he is ready to enact that drunkenness shall not be accepted as an extenuation of other offences, but on the contrary, that it shall be separately and severely punished.

MR. EWART then brought on a debate on Capital Punishments, and a very important step was taken in reference to an important subject. The usual exchange of assertion was made, one party alleging that hanging was inhuman, and did not prevent crime, the other party declaring that it was the only punishment which produced an effect upon the dangerous classes, and deterred them from crime. Much stress was laid upon the frequent escape of scoundrels, who would have been doomed to penal servitude, but whom juries could not agree to hang.

MR. BRIGHT was glad the House had got rid of the Book of Genesis as an authority on the subject. SIR GEORGE GREY believed that it would neither be safe, nor in accordance with public feeling, to do away altogether with executions. MR. EWART's motion was withdrawn, but a Royal Commission is to issue, for the purpose of taking evidence as to the nature and operation of the law, and the manner of the infliction of the death punishment, and to report whether any alteration is desirable. Whatever may be the report of this Commission, it is certain that public opinion demands a graduated scale of punishment, and that crimes, so different in character and atrocity as those of WRIGHT, the woman-slayer, and of PALMER, the poisoner, should not be called by the same indiscriminating name, and treated accordingly.

SIR GEORGE GREY makes an attempt to diminish the nuisance of Night Houses by closing them from one to four in the morning. Those who "make night hideous" at these disreputable haunts are not members of the humbler class, nor will much suppression be effected until they are invited to recover from the excitement of their amiable orgies by spending a couple of days of calm seclusion, improved by the unadorned eloquence of a solitary cell. It would be a pity, by a fine, to deprive them of the money which they turn to so good an account.

MR. BASS introduced a meritorious Bill for the better regulation of street music within the metropolitan district. He proposes to define for what "reasonable cause" a housekeeper may send away the Italian pests. We observe that certain metropolitan Members are inclined, for the sake of mob-popularity, to oppose this measure. If they do, it will be for *Mr. Punch*, in the interest of civilisation, to examine, from time to time, how far they themselves may be liable to come into the list of persons to be dismissed for reasonable cause. At present, if one's child is dying, and a policeman cannot be found (as is nearly certain to be the case), there is nothing to prevent a scoundrel from grinding a nigger melody for an hour under the window, and an indignant parent who shall thrash the vermin away, may be dragged to a police-court on the day of the funeral.

A Bill for making Little Bankrupts was read a Second Time. It is for extending the benefit of the bankrupt law to persons committed by the County Courts. Observe LORD WESTBURY's Bill, introduced on the Friday. Considering the uncommonly rough justice administered at these places, where the plaintiff is regarded as an injured angel, and the defendant as a swindling miscreant, something like fair play should be accorded. On the other hand, some Members think that such a measure will tend to curtail the credit the humbler class now get from shopkeepers. If it should ruin the tallyman's trade, every sensible person will rejoice, and in fact that object should be attained by a more direct process—that of making it penal in a tallyman to sell anything to a wife except in the actual presence of the husband. A good many tallymen would go to gaol for perjury, at first, but that misfortune might be endured.

The useful Partnership Amendment Law ought to have made progress, but, after a debate, the House was counted. MR. THOMAS BARING objects to the Bill, and thinks that capitalists might lend money, without interest, to worthy young men. On reading this, we immediately sent off a note to MR. BARING, asking for ten or twelve thousand pounds on the terms he advocates, but the messenger had not returned with the money up to our going to press.

Wednesday. Dulness carries it, the Metric System is effectually opposed, and all that is to be done at present is to legalise contracts in which the weights or measures mentioned are metric weights and measures. Dreadful nonsense was talked, and some Members evidently thought that the metres meant poetical metres, and that MR. EWART wished to compel us to talk over the counter in rhyme—*e. g.*,

> "No, Miss, that isn't what I mean,
> Cut me three yards of bombazine."

or thus,—

> "My children are such greedy imps,
> I want another pint of shrimps."

or thus,—

> "Some friends have come the country from,
> Draw me a quart of Ancient Tom."

at least, if they did not think so, they spoke so ridiculously about the impossibility of obtaining an accurate metre that the above suggestions would have been more rational. We do not wonder that even MR. COBDEN, who thoroughly comprehends the question, was moved to laugh at his friend, MR. MILNER GIBSON. They will also laugh at us in France, and, for once, their epigrams will be pointed by justice.

Thursday. Supply—ridicule of the Yeomanry, who, however, got their money—and much talk about smooth bores and Armstrongs.

Friday. The CHANCELLOR brought in a Bill for the relief of debtors of the humbler class. At present the County Courts send them to gaol by the thousand for debts of two shillings, half-a-crown, and the like. In future there is to be no imprisonment, except in cases of fraud, creditors may be arranged with, and no beer-house bill is to be recoverable. And there is a dab in the eye for greedy attorneys who are not to bring actions in the Superior Courts for matters which ought to come before the County Courts, as the sharks now do for the sake, of course, of extra plunder.

Most unsatisfactory answers in the Commons about the Conference and the ships, but we screwed out that the *Aurora* is gone to look after the Austrians.

A most interesting debate on the Public School System. Yet the House, which will crowd, and cram, and listen like mice, when any twopenny personal quarrel or scandal is up, was in a hurry to "cut," as MR. GRANT DUFF said, one of the most important topics. Our Public School System is being overhauled, and much good will result, as the various elements which tend to produce manly, self-reliant, governing men will be purified from the brutalities and corruptions that have been fostered by prejudice and bigotry. MR. GRANT DUFF spoke up for the modern languages and lighter accomplishments, and MR. GLADSTONE, as became an Oxonian, admitted their value, but could not allow them to be named with classical training.

MR. SOMES's Anti-beer Bill was refused even a First Reading. SIR G. GREY declined to allow the usual courtesy to such a measure. The hardship of having to do right in certain company was illustrated by a most coarse and vulgar speech from MR. ROEBUCK, who "spat at the Bill," and declared the million or so who had petitioned for it "canting hypocrites," but the right thing was done, and the partial and oppressive measure was rejected by 193 to 87.

ALL IN THE DOWNS.

(*New Words to the old Air.*)

ALL in the Downs the fleet is moored,
The powder shipped, the guns on board;
Long has BRITANNIA endured,
Ere she would give the awful word—
"Go in, my hearts of oak, so tough and true,
And lick sweet FREDERICK-WILLIAM black and blue."

Sweet FREDERICK-WILLIAM on his guard
Has cheap and nasty laurels flung;
While by Court-toady and Court-bard
Sönderborg's massacre is sung.
The Dutchies' crown he grasps with thievish hands—
And though detected all unblushing stands!

Soon from the Downs the fleet unmoored
May to the Baltic shape its course:
Then comes the shock, that ne'er endured,
Of Right and Might 'gainst Fraud and Force.
And King and Kaiser yet may vail their pride
To Strength with Justice once again allied!

A JOKE ABOUT A JUDGE.

Is the alleged fact, stated in this extract from a Parliamentary summary, credible?—

"SIR G. GREY said, in reply to MR. H. BERKELEY, that the convict HUTCHINSON, sentenced to four years' penal servitude for perjury in the case of MR. BEWICKE, of Threepwood Hall, Northumberland, had been released on a ticket-of-leave after eighteen months' imprisonment, upon the recommendation of the Judge who had tried him."

Released on a ticket-of-leave? Why was not the poor man released with a free pardon if he was discovered to have been innocent of the perjury of which he had been found guilty? His evidence, whether true or false, with that of others, had caused MR. BEWICKE to be convicted of felony, to be adjudged to penal servitude, to incur forfeiture of goods, and ruin of health as well as of estate. HUTCHINSON deserved to be hanged as much as any murderer, or he did not deserve any punishment at all; and if, at the instance of any Judge, he has obtained a ticket-of-leave, that most unjust and foolish Judge, whoever he is, has either made a most imperfect reparation to an injured man, or else has been instrumental in turning loose upon Society a scoundrel who will perhaps one of those dark nights garotte him; and serve him right.

Nasty.

THE last advices from—well, we will not mention the name of the place, it can be seen any of these fine mornings in the *Times*—have stated, that, in that part of the world, the "shirtings are unchanged." The shirtings of this people have been in this state for several weeks! Disgusting!

Digitized by Google

FASHIONABLE FOOD FOR HORSES.—Hay *à la* MOWED.

A PILGRIMAGE TO STRATFORD.



SHAKSPEARE GOING TO CELEBRATE HIS BIRTH-DAY WITH AN ARDENTOR OF MR. PUNCH.

MY DEAR PUNCH,

You haven't such a thing as a rhinoceros about you? eh? If you have, perhaps you may arrive at some idea of what it is to be thick-skinned, and I beg leave to observe that in the thickness of my cuticle I resemble a rhinoceros. So don't attempt to dart your shafts of ridicule at me, if I confess I have been making a pilgrimage to Stratford. I would call him a wise man who never in his life had done a thing more foolish than go to pay his homage at the shrine of SHAKSPEARE. Among the names scratched on the ceiling of the room where he was born you may see the name of one whom England mourned last Christmas, and you will hardly care to laugh at me for following his footsteps.

Many pilgrims lately have been visiting the shrine, and many relics of St. Shakspeare have been publicly on view there to excite their veneration. Among the other show-things, they beheld the Shakspeare goblet from which DAVID GARRICK drank, and the Shakspeare snuff-box, which KEMBLE may have sneezed from. They saw a fragment of the mulberry-tree that SHAKSPEARE used to sit under, and they were shown, moreover, the veritable cane which SHAKSPEARE used to carry walking, and possibly belabour the street-boys withal who chaffed him. They saw a score or more of portraits, supposed to have been cut from signboards of the period, which may have adorned the hostelry yclept "the Shakspeare Head;" and they beheld the bran-new cast in plaster of his face, and were requested to hobserve the 'airs still sticking in it, which are a satisfying proof that the relic is quite genuine, although nobody has heard of its existence until now. As an imposing and appropriate climax to the show, they beheld the Shakspeare shield and other handsome bits of plate, which were given to that eminent tragedian, MR. KEAN, who being in Australia, could not himself be personally present at the show. They might drop a tear or not as they gazed upon these relics, and endeavour to look interested, while they possibly felt bored; and having duly "done" the relics, they might go home to their families, and might roll their poet's eye with the fine frenzy of a CLOSE, as they mused on all the marvels which as pilgrims they had seen.

With relics, then, the shrine was most abundantly endowed; but shall I shock you very much if I confess I scarcely looked at them? Will you regard me as a Monster if I own that SHAKSPEARE'S walking-stick had but little more effect upon my bump of veneration than (until the Pope lays hold of me) would St. Goutus's big toe, or the eyeglass of St. Squintus. Leaving others to the relics, my aim was to see the House, and it pleased me very greatly to find that it is carefully and reverently kept, and that the butcher's scales and flesh-hooks have been cast out of the temple. But twenty years ago the House of SHAKSPEARE was regarded with but little more esteem than the house of SNOOKS or SMITH, and at the lowly doorway where the Poet of all time was dandled when a baby, the shopkeepers of Stratford bought their steaks and mutton-chops. But offended *Punch* stepped in and bade the nation buy the house, and the nation did his bidding, as it usually does. So now the house is placed in proper care and keeping, free from damp as well as damage by the penknives of the pilgrims, who, if permitted, long ago would have chipped it up for snuff boxes, and put it in their pockets.

Yet had the object of my pilgrimage but been to see the House, I might have saved myself the journey by just going down to Sydenham. The SHAKSPEARE house is there, as everybody knows, and they who cannot make a pilgrimage to Stratford-upon-Avon, should go and see the slice of it now in the Crystal Palace. But I wished to see the neighbourhood, and to walk where SHAKSPEARE walked, and view the scenes where Nature filled him with her poetry. So, after seeing *As You Like It* very creditably played, I strolled to Charlecote Park, and sat "under the greenwood tree" that haply may have sprouted from the one which SHAKSPEARE had in his mind's eye the while he wrote: and there the herd of deer I saw were haply some of them descendants of the "poor sequestered stag," and the "fat and greasy citizens," whereof he makes his *Jaques* so eloquently speak. But before this I had walked, as SHAKSPEARE often walked, to Shottery, where his sweetheart used to live. "Prithee, friend," quoth I, to a rustic I encountered, "wilt direct my pilgrim feet, to MISTRESS HATHAWAY, her cottage?" "Noa, zur, that a carnt," quod he, "four Oi'm a strarnger hereaboot, an' Oi dunt knaw where she do live." Yes, beshrew me, he said, "do." So, in terror, I forebore from the interchange of further parley with him, lest, may be, I should learn that he knew no more.

But what about the banquet, good pilgrim, and the ball, and all the other revelries that graced the Tercentenary? Nay, friend, ask me not to write anent these matters. When I donned my pilgrim's shoon—I mean my stoutest pair of boots—and grasped my pilgrim's staff—I mean my best umbrella—I whispered to myself, "Pilgrim, thou carest naught for the vain pleasures of the crowd. It delights thee not to listen to dull after-dinner speeches, or to prank thyself in spangled and fanciful attire, that therein thou mayest caper to the twangings of a fiddle, or the tootlings of a flute. Let others feast and flirt and flounce it an they lief; and fancy, if they please, that by so doing they pay homage to the shrine where they are met. Be it thine to take thine ease (if thou canst find it) at thine inn, and, ere thou goest to thy train, to quaff another cup of ale for thy health's sake: for Stratford ale is a rare tipple, and, were SHAKSPEARE living now, it might tempt him to forget himself, as the legend saith he did when fuddling with the Sippers of

> "Piping Pebworth, dancing Marston,
> Haunted Hillborough, hungry Grafton,
> Dudging Exhall, Papist Wickford,
> Beggarly Broom and drunken Bidford."

While such brave beer is brewed there, it needs no Tercentenary to tempt a man to Stratford; and, when in its normal quiet, he will see the town far liker what it was when SHAKSPEARE lived in it, than when blatant with brass bands, and fluttering with flags, and flaunting with the finery of jubilee processions.

Recommending Stratford heartily as a place to pass a day in, be it but to see the pleasantest of little towns and the prettiest of country churches, I remain, my dear *Punch*, yours with reverence,

VAGABUNDUS.

SHAKSPEARIAN NOTE.

SUCH was the inclement state of the weather in the days of QUEEN BESS, that the crops could not be got in after the usual fashion. To this SHAKSPEARE has feelingly alluded, in the refrain of the *Clown's* song at the end of *Twelfth Night*:—

> "With a hay, hoe, the wind and the rain,
> For the rain it raineth every day."

The use of a hoe, in connection with hay, is, we take it, unprecedented in any agricultural annals. If the second line gives us a true view of that time, then for the change of our climate we ought to be truly thankful. This, we believe, escaped the attention of the erudite and laborious DR. FARMER.

A NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION.

THE attention of Parliament will have been called to the subjoined announcement in the *Times*:—

"A VERY QUESTIONABLE HONOUR.—On Sunday the KING OF PRUSSIA conferred the Order of the Black Eagle on his Royal Highness PRINCE ALFRED."

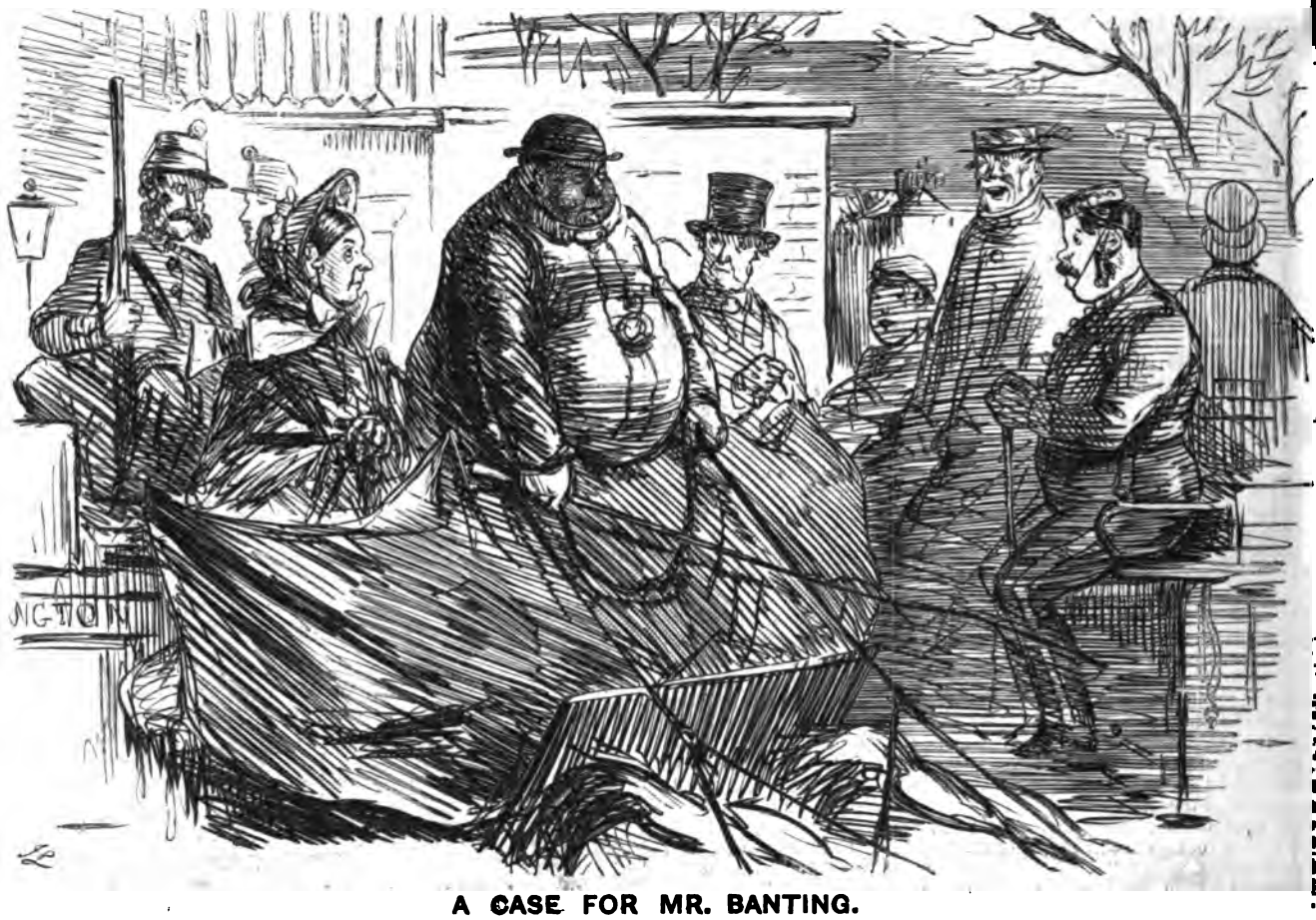
Before these words appear in print an honourable Member will of course have moved that an humble address be presented to HER MAJESTY praying that a gift, the acceptance of which, at the hands of a potentate engaged in an unjustifiable war conducted with shameful barbarity, is derogatory to the honour of the British Sovereign and People, may be immediately returned.

Boxing their Mitres.

THE Bishop-Maker flew into a passion with his bishops the other day. Out of the twenty-four, said LORD SHAFTESBURY, not one had condescended to come and talk at the meeting of the Society for Converting Jews. "It was a gross neglect of duty." Rather strong language for a layman to use in regard to the hierarchy, but we are glad to see that the Head of the Church asserts his mastership. The only excuse that we can think of for the naughty bishops is in the fact, that if you divide the income of the Society by the number of Jews it annually converts, you find that it costs about £750 to make an indifferent Christian, and the bishops very properly discourage extravagance.

The Member for Sugar.

THE House of Commons lately has occupied itself a good deal with the question of the Sugar Duties. Its views of that question do not appear to be so much influenced as one would think they might be by the opinions of an honourable Member who may be supposed to be an authority on the subject of sugar—MR. DU CANE.



A CASE FOR MR. BANTING.

Driver (of the Herring Mould to Party inclining to embonpoint). "HOLLO, BILL! HOW MANY SACKS O' PERTATERS AND HOGSHEADS O' SUGAR 'AVE YER GOT THERE?"

TAKE BACK THY ORDER.

TAKE back, and in thy dastard's face,
As hard as England's might can fling,
Thy badge that would a dog disgrace,
Thou caitiff that art named a King:
Thy brow is crimson with a brand
Outglaring CAIN'S; he slew but one.
Durst thou stretch forth thy red right hand
To decorate VICTORIA'S son?

Keep thy Black Eagle for thine own,
Meet emblem, sign of blood and prey,
Apt symbol for a felon's throne,
Hence with that type of crime, away!
Foul thing! our Prince as well might wear
A halter round his royal neck,
As on his breast that bauble bear
None but a scoundrel's fit to deck.

Not ALFRED'S breast; another place
Is where thine Eagle should be spread,
Mid kites and crows, among the race
Of vermin, nailed on barn or shed.
And structures if there were to choose
The vilest of them would, before
All others, be the one to use,
Sticking thy Order on its door.

Black Eagle, murder's proper meed!
Well doth its colour match the stain
Of guilt, that dyes that coward's deed
Who female slew and infant Dane,
Black Eagles are for blackguards right,
White feather who with black combine.
No English Prince shall be a Knight
Of such black Chivalry as thine.

A WORD WITH SPAIN.

SPAIN is waking up in earnest. Hear the last news:

"It is proposed to construct on Spanish soil a maritime canal, to supersede the Straits of Gibraltar."

We call this mean. After the trouble we took to get (no, not much to get, but) to keep, Gibraltar, we really consider the proposed trick unworthy of a chivalrous nation. However, the world is becoming very vulgar and mercantile, and it is of no use complaining. One would like to know the particulars, and how our flank is to be turned. Perhaps the new canal is to begin at the mouth of the Giddle-kee-veer, (written Guadalquiver, and rhymed to gentle river in young ladies' songs) and come out at Malaga, a very good hundred miles of cutting as the crow cuts, with some nice tunnelling in the way. The Spaniards, of course, can't do it; and if it is to be done, the decent thing would be to offer the job to an English company, whom *Mr. Punch* will back to be through before LESSEPS has done Suez. But why not be economical, gentlemen Spaniards—why not buy Gibraltar of us? We'll sell it very cheap. Spain to turn Protestant, and England to have all the Port for twenty years; or we'll say the Port and never mind the Protestantism. Come, that will be cheaper than the canal. You had better make a bargain, or we may happen to sell the place at Tangier, and bring the Moors back into Europe. Remember, England is a Mahometan power, and with a little reinforcement from India, could easily restore the crescent in Spain. We don't wish to put on the screw, but this Gibraltar notion is so very mean that we are obliged to speak out. But the Spaniards *are* mean. Didn't their great poet, QUINTANA, write a great poem on the battle of Trafalgar, and omit all mention of the French? He did.

Business on an Odd Night.

PETITIONS for the Abolition of Punishment were presented by MR. WALKER from the inmates of all her Majesty's Gaols and Houses of Correction in the United Kingdom.



THE AGGRAVATED POLICEMAN.

JOHN BULL, A 1. "YOU 'RE NOT ON MY BEAT, YOU SCAMPS, OR I 'D LET YOU SEE!"

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER'S REFLECTIONS.

(In the Foreign Office.)

WELL, really, I think when one looks about Europe,
One *may* say that matters are going on swimmingly
For a party who likes to give fools and knaves due rope,
And then seize the opening to lecture them trimmingly.

Not to speak of the numerous tempests in tea-cups—
As, the state of row normal in China, Japan,
New Zealand, or Athens, where Greek against Greek ups
And ats it, in spite of KING GEORGE, poor young man!—

In Turkey there 's ABDUL-AS-IZ looking sickly,
And like to be ABDUL-AS-WAS if his vassals
Go on setting their backs up like porcupines prickly
'Gainst MAHOUND and the Moslem, his Cadis and Castles.

To Roumans and Turks, spite of snubs, sneers, and scornings,
The despatches I 've penned (if they knew how to read)!
The valu'ble lectures, and lessons, and warnings,
I 've fired at the Russians (who paid them no heed)!

There was Tartar oppression and Polish prostration
Gave a chance for a lecture on duties and rights,
And I think I may say I improved the occasion—
If no *other* improvement my labour requites.

I *hope* that my language was all that it should be:
That I trod, with due pressure, on Russia's corns:
And you 'll own, nothing neater or more nimble *could* be
Than the way, when she growled, that I drew in my horns.

America, too, has afforded an opening
For some very complete letter-writing indeed:
And I 'll back my transitions from snarling to soap'ning
For neatness 'gainst most things you 're likely to read.

But of all the magnificent chances for writing
That ever a *born* despatch-writer befell,
The best 's German's quarrel with Dane; while they 're fighting,
I sit in my office, and give it both well.

Where they 're both in the wrong I demonstrate astutely,
What both ought to do I distinctly lay down;
Recommend calm to Denmark, while suffering acutely,
And justice to Prussia, while cribbing a crown.

For foul deeds I can find words still fairer and *more* fair:
As for fighting—it 's always a hazardous game:
And if apprehension of war should breed warfare,
We must plead our intentions, and pocket the blame.

Talk 's the thing I prefer, if I 'm out off my writing:
And a Conf'rence may lead to despatches again:
There 's only one course that I deprecate—fighting—
And such stuff as "BRITANNIA ruling the main."

If we 're cuffed on the right cheek, our duty (we 're told it)
Is to offer the left cheek for cuff number two:
We 've a great deal of cheek yet uncuffed—so let 's hold it
For Prussia and Austria to cuff black and blue.

It is true one still talks of the old British Lion:
But the animal now is the sign of a shop:
As a nation of tradesmen, on business relying,
We must stick to despatches, and armaments drop.

It is true we are strong, that our strength might be mighty
To protect right and weakness from brute-force and wrong;
But business *is* business: such notions are flighty,
Helping weakness don't pay: better side with the strong.

If one 's forced to protest, just to keep up appearances,
We 'll protest in strong language, for words are but wind.
As for action—just think of our cargoes and clearances!
Leave those to draw swords who have no shops to mind.

De Lunatico.

THE Annual Tercentenary Festival will be, as usual, held in the grounds of Colney Hatch, during this present season of Wits-untied.

Blindman's Cricket, Hide Frog, Leap Buff, and other exhilarating games will be played. During the festivities a Band will attend, without their instruments. Admission to any part half-price. Babies in arms only admitted.

PAWS OFF!

MR. PUNCH criticises critics and everybody else. His infallibility claims right to supervise all things. If he habitually lets "the best public instructors" alone rather severely, it is chiefly because they, habitually, write a set of stereotype platitudes which offer no point for comment. Their grand aim is to "give no offence," especially to managers (for reasons which, as no critic is also a dramatic author, *Mr. Punch* never could fathom) and to use as many adjectives and superlatives as can conveniently be enlisted into the service of MR. PUFF, never so dominant as now. But when *Mr. Punch*, who reads everything, perceives a disposition towards better things, he is not slow to recognise the exception to the general and humiliating rule. Last week he observed in his faithful friend and intense admirer, the *Morning Star*, a notice of a new adaptation from the French, a piece called *David Garrick*, and the criticism is a very just and proper one. Indeed, the theatrical critic for the *Star*, though somewhat prone to discover exquisite perfection, sparkling wit, "gems," and the like, in the inferior drama, as presented at inferior theatres, has evidently a sense of the fitness of things theatrical, and if he would treat of those things in the interest of the public, and without the slightest care about anybody *but* the public, might speak his mind with advantage to the drama.

In this new piece, taken from a play of M. DE MELLEVILLE, called *Sullivan*, the character of *David Garrick* has been very objectionably dealt with. The French author took no such liberty, perhaps remembering that the great actor was from the French family named GARRIQUE. It was reserved for the English adapter to depict him in an unworthy manner, and to falsify his history. GARRICK had his faults, who but *Mr. Punch* has none, but the worst was an elaborate vanity. He was a gentleman and a scholar, the intimate friend of JOHNSON, REYNOLDS, BURKE, and GOLDSMITH, his art was of the highest order, he was the admiration of his age, and he was held worthy of a place in Westminster Abbey. That is not the kind of name that should be used

"To point a Playbill, or adorn a Farce."

Furthermore, everybody knows that he married a most estimable and loveable lady, EVA-MARIA VIOLETTA, or VEIGAL, and the touching record that we have of her long widowed life should have prevented a sham love affair and a sham marriage from being presented as part of the history of her husband, presented within a stone's throw from the house which we daily look at with interest from its having been the home of the Garricks.

Wherefore, we read with real satisfaction, the following protest in the *Morning Star*:—

"*Garrick* in the new play refuses a proffered annuity, but agrees to behave in such a manner as shall induce a young lady to regard him with ineffable disgust, and in compliance with this engagement, being invited to dinner, he pretends to be drunk, and behaves so disreputably that the young lady who was enamoured of him herself orders him to leave the house. Now, if ever there was an actor who had a reverence for his art, and a regard for the character of its professors, that man was DAVID GARRICK. It was quite natural that he should counsel the father of a love-sick girl, who had been smitten by seeing him as *Romeo*, to disenchant her by showing him to her in a repulsive character; but to impute to him the deliberate degradation of his vocation in the eyes of those who already held it in no high esteem by mumming bestiality for the mere satisfaction of a stranger's wish which he was in no wise bound to respect, is a foul libel on his memory, and, as such, should be resented and denounced. But this is not the only liberty which the adapter takes with biographical veracity. He makes *Garrick* desperately in love with *Ada Pigot*, and marries him to her at the end of the third act, leaving it to be supposed that their wedded life was a short if not a merry one, and that she disappeared from this mortal sphere in time to allow GARRICK to marry MOLLE. VIOLETTE seven years afterwards, and disappeared so thoroughly that contemporary history gives no hint of her existence. The piece in which the greatest of English actors is thus scandalously misrepresented," &c.

Mr. Punch cordially endorses this protest. Where is the system of mangling and disfiguring biography to stop? MRS. GARRICK died so recently as 1822, so that a lapse of forty years entitles a dramatist to break into a reverenced house, upset the old Lares and Penates, and substitute plaster images of his own. The families of later actors than GARRICK had better look out, or we may have the noble figure of CHARLES KEMBLE introduced upon the stage, and see him marry, not MISS DE CAMP, but some gouty alderman's daughter of the Regency period—nay, why stop at gentlemen—could not MRS. SIDDONS be fitted with a farce-scene and a second match? "Hast no reverence?" By the way, what is a Licenser for? Had the profaned character been the grandfather of one of our Dukes, or even the Marquis of Steyne, the piece would have been promptly ordered into dock for refitting. Ha!

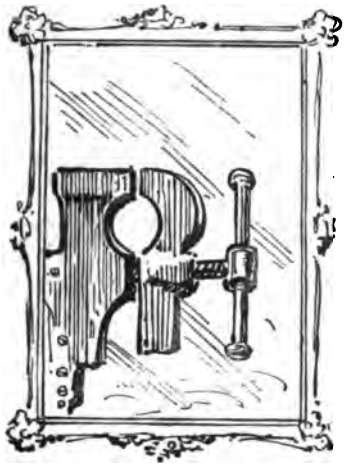
Nursery Rhyme,

*Formed upon an old Model, and dedicated to any Dyspeptic Anti-*BANTING *of the Livery of the City of London.*

'Tis the voice of the glutton,
I hear him complain,
My waistcoat unbutton,
I'll eat once again.

Digitized by Google

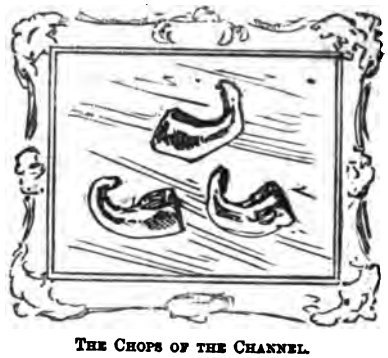
THE REJECTED OF THE ACADEMY.



VICE.

SIR,—Leaving to such of your critics as like to paint refined gold and gild the lily, the work of dilating upon the merits of the artists who have attained fame, and whose pictures are this year exhibited, let me rather console the unfortunate by noticing a few of the Rejected Works. I have made a pilgrimage through the haunts of the meritorious but unsuccessful painters, and have made in some cases slight sketches of the paintings. My own private opinion is, that there is an immense deal of unrecognised talent in this country, and when the new and vast Halls of Art at Burlington House shall be opened, and the malevolent Academicians shall be deprived of their only excuse for rejecting the works of young rivals, you will see how cruelly rising genius has been dealt with.

For instance, Sir, here is young SYLVAN BLUGGERBY'S picture. He simply calls it, *Vice*. How would the conventional artist have treated it? Most likely in an objectionable manner. We might have had vice rendered fascinating, and the temptations of St. Antony might have been reproduced, really with a demoralising purpose, though under the pretence of moral teaching. Look above, Sir, at BLUGGERBY'S way of presenting *Vice*. Is there anything demoralising there? Is that in the ETTY or FROST style? No, Sir; Clapham might buy that picture. And yet look at the subtle moral. Observe the conscientiously painted screw, and see how, after one twist, this Vice will hold its victim in an iron clutch. Who would be vicious after gazing on this? And yet this was rejected. Is the Hanging Committee truly virtuous?



THE CHOPS OF THE CHANNEL.

Now, Sir, we come to a sea-piece. I know that a good deal is said about MR. STANFIELD'S wonderful waves, and the deep cool sea-green of MR. HOOK. But look at this painting, by JAMES DOLLOPPS, of *The Chops of the Channel*. The composition is beautiful, the pyramidal or School of Athens form is classically adhered to, and there is a movement about the whole which shows true inspiration. The flesh tints are exquisite, and so is the contrast between the meatiness of the chops and the transparency of the water. Any one who has ever seen a similar scene can testify to its fidelity.

Then, *Mr. Punch*, I present to you an outline of a work by SAM BLIBE. It bears the same title as one of F. STONE'S pictures, but is treated far more poetically. Anybody can draw a sentimental boy and girl, but look at this, *The Old, Old Story*. Is there not poetry there? The old place is by the sea, as you may notice by the gulls flying, and the artist subtly hints, with the poet, that Love (*the Old, Old Story*) "still hath something of the sea, from whence his mother rose." I wish you could see the light upon the falling shutter, aërial perspective has never been carried to such perfection.



THE OLD, OLD STORY.



THE MILL RACE.

This is, again, a rural scene, by EDWARD SMACKER, and is called *The Mill Race*. When the *Mill on the Floss*, or any other sporting story, requires illustration, here is the artist. Look at the vigour of the figure a little in the rear, but soon to be first. MICHAEL ANGELO never drew anything like that hind leg. The work was originally called *Don Quixote's Dream*, but the homelier name was preferred.

This grand, yet simple work is called, after an interesting work on the lower orders,—*The Missing Link*. The artist, the young and accomplished SNAPPERTON, had intended to call it *Thais*, but the absence of explanatory figures seemed to make this less desirable. MR. RUSKIN writes eloquently upon the way in which you should first do your picture, and then stick in a bit of red, "and all is in a flame," and I hope he will call and see the bit of red at the end of this link. It is marvellous. So, in its way, is SCRUMBLEBOY'S picture from *Macbeth*, "*This is a sorry Sight!*" The vigorous drawing, and the profound knowledge of anatomy displayed here, speak for themselves; and truly artistic is the reticence with which the face of *Macbeth* is kept in the side-ground, so that the idea of shrinking and terror may be maintained. Let me next ask you to examine MISS ASTRAGAL'S lovely and poetical *Venus Rising from the Sea*. Here, a subject which is better let alone *is* let alone, and in place of an undraped coquette staring at sea-monsters, we have a sparkling planet ascending from the waves. In the original the natural effect of the water dropping off the rays of the star, which is still wet, is given with a fairy brilliancy. The clouds have a roundness of intense truthfulness. I have only time and space to introduce one more. It is painted to illustrate a remarkable series of papers contributed by MR. RUSKIN to the *Cornhill Magazine*, and intended to show (I cordially approve the doctrine, not



THE MISSING LINK.



"THIS IS A SORRY SIGHT!"

being myself violently addicted to labour) that everybody ought to be paid the same whether he works much or little. The articles were called "*Unto this Last*," and the painter, BUNYAN CORNEY, has preserved the title. For faithful rendering of nature this picture is unequalled. Avoiding the conventional, and even the Pre-Raphaelite, it shows you what the article is, yet does not give every knot and scratch in the wood; yet the juncture-lines are marked in a way that tells how reverently the artist has sat himself down before the last, and received lessons at the feet of nature, like GAMALIEL.



VENUS RISING FROM THE SEA.

Sir, with such works ready for Academy or purchaser, I for one refuse to believe in the decadence of British art, and I am proud to subjoin myself

Your respectful ART-CRITIC.

Athenæum Club.



"UNTO THIS LAST."

RESTAURATIO MAGNA.

BATH Abbey is to be restored. This is well, for it has great and singular merits, besides containing an enormous array of epitaphs

"That show how well Bath waters lay the dust."

But we cannot think that the excellent Bishop, LORD AUCKLAND, who has just made an appeal to the public for funds, was quite justified in one statement. He said that "they had got MR. GEORGE GILBERT SCOTT, who was himself a Tower of Strength." This may be, but to expect that MR. SCOTT will abandon his profession, and let himself be built into Bath Abbey, is rather too much. We know his honourable devotion to cathedral architecture, but this is too Pointed a Style of address to him, and savours of the days of the Early English who buried people in walls. Even an old Gothic architect would not have been so self-sacrificing, but perhaps the Bishop thinks *Quod non Gothi, hoc* SCOTI. But we want MR. SCOTT ourselves, to restore several things, and especially to restore our peace of mind about Salisbury Spire, said to be tottering. If meddlers bring *that* down, *Punch* pledges himself to turn Dissenter.

Touching Scene in the French Legislature.

M. JULES FAVRE, ("*with eyes overflowing with tears, goes to wring the hand of* M. EMILE OLLIVIER, *who is being converted to Imperialism*".) Your hand!

M. EMILE OLLIVIER. No, Sir! (*Turns away, but presently softer sentiments enter and possess his soul, and,* "*with tearful eyes and his voice 'probably' choked with sobs*".) Yes, there is my hand.

M. JULES FAVRE. C'est trop tard, Monsieur. (*Turns away. Sensation. Pocket handkerchiefs. General emotion. Private laugh from* M. DE MORNY.)

GEOGRAPHICAL.—One of the Counties of England remains to this day in an imperfect condition. In the next corrected and revised Map of England, we hope to see another Half added to this incomplete county, making *Whole*-fordshire out of *Half*-fordshire.

THE BRITISH WORKMAN'S FRIENDLY IMPROVIDENT SOCIETY.

THIS excellent Society has been established solely to relieve the British Workman—of all the money he can weekly save out of his wages, with the view to lay it by for times of sickness or old age.

In order most effectually to guarantee that this relief shall be with certainty secured, the Improvident Society will always hold its meetings at a public-house, and the following regulations will be rigidly observed:—

RULE I. That every British Workman who entertains a wish to join the Improvident Society shall, as a preliminary step, show his fitness for so doing by spending at the very least a clear half of his wages in porter, ale or gin, or other alcoholic liquor, on the day on which he first applies to be a member.

RULE II. That six weeks shall elapse between his application and the day of his election, and that, as a further test of his fitness for the membership, the candidate shall nightly, during his probation, attend the public-house where the Improvidents' assemble, and spend not less than tenpence before he goes to bed.

RULE III. That on the night of his election the candidate shall stand at least a pot of beer to every member of the Society who is present at the meeting, and a shillingsworth of spirits to the treasurer and secretary and each of the trustees, who will therein drink his health on his admission to the Club.

RULE IV. That all the members shall assemble every Friday and Saturday at eight o'clock at night, those being the evenings on which wages are now paid; and that every member who, from any cause, is absent on either of those evenings shall be fined a shilling for each night of his absence, which sum shall be demanded of him when he next attends, and shall be spent in beer or other alcoholic liquor by the members of the Club.

RULE V. That a subscription of one shilling shall weekly be paid in by every Improvident; and that, at the time of his paying his subscription, he shall drink a pot of beer and smoke not fewer than six pipes.

RULE VI. That when any claim is made on the Society for any illness, accident, or death of any member, it shall be lawful for the treasurer to call a special meeting to investigate the claim, when a special pot of beer shall be served to every member out of the Club funds.

RULE VII. That, if the claim be sanctioned, another special meeting shall be convened for payment of the sum awarded, when another pot of beer shall, in like manner, be served to every member who attends; and the secretary, treasurer, and trustees of the Club shall be allowed a bottle of wine a-head out of the Club funds, or if they prefer it, a bowl a-piece of punch.

RULE VIII. That when any death occurs in the Society, all the members shall assemble to attend the funeral, and, to show their grief becomingly, shall spend the evening afterwards at their usual public-house.

RULE IX. That the funds of the Society be confided to the keeping of not less than four trustees, who shall not be held responsible for any misappropriation, shortcoming, or misuse.

RULE X. That it shall be lawful for the trustees, whenever they think fit, to break up the Society, without assigning to the members any reason for so doing, and without being required to exhibit their accounts, or to surrender any money remaining in their hands.

With such admirable rules to provide for its safe working, it is impossible to doubt that the Improvident Society will prove a splendid boon to every working man who joins it. Clearly the establishment of similar societies will prove how needless and uncalled-for, not to say tyrannical and wickedly unjust, is the threatened interference in the matter by the Government, who, by their proposed measure, have been seen in their true colours as the violent oppressors of the British working-man. Through the wisdom of the rules by which it will be regulated, the Improvident Society will very clearly demonstrate what good habits are engendered by clubs held at public-houses, and with what absolute security the working-classes may entrust their hard-earned weekly savings to the friendly hands held out to relieve them—of their coin.

Two Bad Names.

THERE are two names that we should rejoice to see in the list of bankrupts. One is—

HOHENZOLLERN, Butcher, Berlin.

And the other is—

HAPSBURG, ditto, Vienna.

ALFRED IN THE DANISH CAMP.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA (and like his impudence) has given PRINCE ALFRED the Order of the Black Eagle. The young Sailor intimated that he should like to reciprocate with the Order of the Black Eye.



SERVANTGALISM IN AUSTRALIA.—A FACT.

Domestic. "IF YOU PLEASE, 'M, I HAVE AN HOUR TO SPARE, AND I'M A-GOIN' TO TRY MY NEW 'ORSE!"

POOR OLD DEARS!

OUR dear old friends, *Mesdames Gamp* and *Harris*, continue to scold us in the most outrageous manner; and though we assure these ladies, with tears in our fine eyes, that nothing from them can make us angry—we owe them too much—we cannot help feeling their unkyindness. But for *Mr. Punch*, who would know that such organs of the Great Conservative Party were in existence? When the very chiefs of the G. C. Party repudiate the poor old women, simply because they have grown aged and a little discursive, is it not chivalrous in *Mr. Punch* to uphold the bewildered matrons, and to insist upon honour being shown to their grey hairs? Dear *Gamp* and *Harris*, you do not know what pains *Punch* takes for you. He has repeatedly, in private (for he is very intimate with all clever folk), reproached some of the best of the Conservative lot for the scorn or neglect with which they treat the Conservative press; and what is the constant answer? "Hold your tongue, you cynic, won't you! We can't get any clever fellows to go the whole hog with us, and what's the use of these twaddling, emotional, Sword-of-Gideon beggars?" The language is not refined, but a certain licence is permitted to the angry. *Mr. Punch* has replied, sweetly, that a Party claiming half the Commons, and two-thirds of the Lords, and no end of parsons, squires, and beadles, ought to have an Organ, and that organ should play authorised music. Fresh abuse, too painful to set down, has been the result, and *Mr. Punch* has even been informed that he takes an unfair political advantage in attacking the Tories for anything that *Gamp* and *Harris* may "cackle." Yes, cackle was the coarse word; and when LORD ****** reads this, let him blush. But *Mr. Punch* does not mean to desert his dear old women. "What—an old woman must not be cast away," says DRYDEN. And for the dear angry old souls' complaint that *Mr. Punch* makes "no fun" out of the "humiliated honour of England," and the British Lion crouching miserably at the heels of the French poodle, all he answers is, Wait a bit. Wait till the Tories come in, and then we will have fun enough and to spare. *Mr. Punch* has put them out twice within the last ten years, but the way he will do it when they come in again shall even make *Mrs. Gamp* and *Mrs. Harris* crack their old staylaces and sneeze themselves into fits of laughter. Bless the old dears!

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS IN TROUBLE.

THAT England is the land of liberty, what foreigner will doubt who reads the subjoined paragraph from the *Times*?—

"A NEW CRIME.—On Tuesday morning seven gipsies were charged, before the REV. URIAH TONKIN, at Hayle (Cornwall), with sleeping under tents, and were each committed to 21 days' imprisonment in the county gaol, with hard labour. The party consisted of mother and six children, aged 20, 16, 15, 13, 10, and 8 years."

The punishment of twenty-one days' imprisonment and hard labour is one which is very terrible to evil-doers. A thief would much rather "have three months." An imprisonment of twenty-one days, with hard labour, is also imprisonment with hard fare—imprisonment on a diet so low as to be insufficient to support life for a much longer period. Such a punishment as this is well calculated to impress upon gipsies, and especially gipsies of ten and eight years of age, the illegality of sleeping under tents, if that repose is illegal, which it must be, or else the REV. URIAH TONKIN had better be relieved of the office of administering what he imagines to be justice. Let us hope that the incarceration, by the fiat of that worshipful and reverend gentleman, of a mother and her six offending children, for taking the liberty of passing the night after the manner of the patriarch ABRAHAM and his family, will operate as a salutary example on unthinking persons of the better orders who do not mind what they are about when engaged in a pic-nic under the shelter afforded by MESSRS. EDGINGTON.

The King of Prussia's Triumphal Song.

(Adapted from North-Country rhyme.)

THERE'S Germany, FRANCIS, and I,
Three great lusty men,
We've wholloped a poor little bairn
Till it couldn't get up of its sen.

SAID AT THE ACADEMY.—*Punch* doesn't care *who* said it. It was extremely rude to call the Commission on Capital Punishments, the Hanging Committee.

Digitized by Google

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, May 14, 1864.



THE STICKLEBACK POACHERS DETECTED.

A SKETCH ON THE SERPENTINE.

(*Mem.*—WE THOUGHT IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER IF THE PARK-KEEPER HAD LOOKED AFTER THE ROUGHS AND THEIR YELPING DOGS, WHO RUSH AFTER THE HORSES IN THE RIDE, INSTEAD OF INTERFERING WITH THESE POOR LITTLE ANGLERS.)

TALLYHO THE GRINDER;

OR, LORD WESTBURY'S COUNTY COURTS' BILL.

THE Tallyman has, heretofore,
Than greedy wolf unkinder,
With legal engine ground the poor,
Sing, Tallyho the Grinder!

A wife would run a man in debt
Who didn't duly mind her;
Then he was in the huckster's net:
Sing, Tallyho the Grinder!

In County Court the victim, sued,
Of justice not a finder,
Had out of him the money screwed:
Sing, Tallyho the Grinder!

But now is WESTBURY'S new Bill
For Tallymen a binder
From screwing so poor people still:
Sing, Tallyho the Grinder!

'Twill strike a heavy blow at tick,
A stunner and a blinder,
And disappoint the tally trick,
Sing, Tallyho the Grinder!

To tempt a wife, then, with a gown,
Trust not the spouse behind her;
The word's "Cash up and stumpy down!"
Sing, Tallyho the Grinder!

Agricultural Distress.

IN the Agricultural districts there has lately been much distress, arising from the inability of large farmers to resolve the following problem:—

Q. If a man, having one Dairy, found that the building another was of vital consequence to the pecuniary interests of his milk-trade, why ought the erection of such house, as aforesaid, to be a matter of but minor importance?

The answer to this is:—Because such a building as above-mentioned would be, from its very nature, only a *Second-dairy* Consideration.

AN ANSWER REQUIRED.—DR. CULLEN says the backbone of Ireland has gone to America. He omitted to state when the jawbone was to follow.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MAY 11. *Monday.* Yes, only the eleventh of May, but the public will be happy to hear that the Session is already considered as virtually over. "Its neck is understood to be broken," says the *Times*, and the CHANCELLOR this week spoke of the impending "massacre of the innocents." This is truly delightful, and who knows but that some of these days it may not be discovered that the sun can rise, and men can dine, and the young can marry and be given in marriage, and undertakers can prosper, and all in the absence of Parliaments. We are horribly in advance of our age, we know; but every year some superstition is vanishing, and why should not MR. LEFEVRE'S wig fly up to the stars and shine with Berenice's hair.

LORD CAMPBELL tried to get up a Polish demonstration, and LORD RUSSELL replied to him in so exquisitely Whiggish a way that it ought not to be forgotten. "Poland's true policy is to wait until the Russian Liberal Party shall come into power." The dear little old man thinks but of lobbies, and divisions, and party cheers at four in the morning, and fancies that he hears PRINCE SUWARROFF, and DUKE CONSTANTINE, and BARON KNOUTEMALL announcing that they merely hold their places until His Constitutional Majesty the EMPEROR shall be pleased to nominate their successors. Russian heads must be punched considerably in the meantime. As a burlesque writer would probably say—

"A Russian Speaker now were out of place,
Czars must nap *pepper* ere they give the *Mace*."

In the Commons there was a curious scene. It was announced that the Conference had arranged an armistice, for a month, between the Danes and the Germans. A few minutes later a telegram was read, stating that three Danish vessels had engaged five Austrian vessels near Heligoland, that the Danes were victorious, and the Austrians were hurrying away for Heligoland, so as to be in English waters. The House of Commons rang with cheering.

We had a long Supply debate, with a little infusion of Catholic and Protestant rancour (a school question) to make it endurable—the Partnership Bill was much mangled, and will probably be withdrawn, and FRED PEEL brought in a Bill enabling the QUEEN to grant a lease for 999 years of the College of Physicians, in Pall Mall East. Ah! Long before that lease shall be out it is to be hoped that the world will have learned to do without physicians, of any kind.

Tuesday. LORD ELLENBOROUGH withdrew his Bill for establishing a sort of Council to revise Capital Sentences, the Government having assented to the appointment of a "Hanging Committee." LORD REDESDALE expressed his dislike of "extenuating circumstances." They never were so ingeniously pleaded, in MR. PUNCH'S recollection, as when a Frenchman, who had murdered his father, and also his mother, hoped that the Court would have mercy on a poor Orphan.

MR. WHITE, of Brighton, objected to our present system of taxation. MR. GLADSTONE admitted that it had objectionable points, but said that the question was not how to do what was best in theory, but how to get the money out of people's pockets. The House was Counted Out.

Wednesday. This day was rather remarkable. It may be mentioned in history with the days on which CÆSAR crossed the Rubicon, MARIO went over to the Covent Garden Opera, and LORD DERBY abandoned the Reform Ministers. MR. BAINES moved the Second Reading of his Bill for lowering the suffrage in boroughs to £6. This is avowedly a Radical measure. The Conservatives have always opposed it on their own grounds. The Liberals (since they have been in office) have met such proposals by objecting that they were made at a wrong time; that the public did not care about the matter; that the franchise might properly be lowered, but that the amount proposed was not a wise one; that the scheme was only fragmentary; that the Government ought to have charge of such measure, and so forth; and this sort of thing was expected from the Minister who might have to speak to-day. But MR. CAVE having moved the previous question, the CHANCELLOR OF THE

EXCHEQUER, and M.P. for Oxford University, arose, and delivered himself of a very strong speech in favour of MR. BAINES's Bill. Parliament, he said, had not done its duty in regard to Reform—there ought to be a sensible increase in the Constituency from the working classes—those who would exclude 49-50ths of that class ought to show why this should be—he believed that if the upper portion of the lower order were admitted, they would not vote for demagogues, and that there was a very good feeling between that class and their superiors. He supported the Bill, and paired off in its favour with MR. LEVER, who was against it. MR. WHITESIDE expressed his astonishment, and wished that LORD PALMERSTON had been present, as he would have proved to his refractory Chancellor that such a Bill ought not to pass. There was a longish debate, and the Bill was rejected by 272 to 216. All the world wants to know the meaning of this sudden conversion of the Conservative Member for Oxford to the views of MESSRS. BRIGHT and COBDEN. Is he going to throw the University over, and offer himself for Finsbury? If so, MR. COX had better stand for Oxford, and we advise him to go down to Commemoration, and get made a D.C.L.

Thursday. Yankee agents are very active in kidnapping poor ignorant Irishry and the like, pretending to engage them for railway work, but really catching them for the Federal army. LORD RUSSELL promises to remonstrate, but he will do no good, the temptation to smuggle the article Irishman is too high. We can only enter these grievances in an account to be set against the demand with which we are threatened, for compensation for the damage done by the vessels we have allowed the Southerners to steal out of our dockyards.

Are we never to hear the last of the Education squabbles? SIR GEORGE GREY and the Government have found out, after a month, that their honour is wounded by the vote which caused MR. LOWE to resign. So they demand a Committee to inquire into their conduct. MR. BERNAL OSBORNE took an opportunity of giving some very hard words to LORD ROBERT CECIL and his party, in reference to their charges against MR. LOWE, and was in no way daunted by the threat that his words should be taken down. On the following night, MR. LOWE himself had something rather severe to say about Members who avail themselves of information supplied by disloyal or discharged servants of Government. Touching which, there is much to be said on both sides. One hates a man who is not true to his employers and his "salt," but just as our allegiance to the QUEEN over-rides all smaller ties and obligations, it may be that a duty to the nation may interfere with technical devotion to a certain office and set of head clerks. All such cases must be judged separately, and on their own merits, and in the present case, though MR. LOWE is a loss, it is quite clear that a most objectionable system of suppression has been brought to light through the spite of his enemies.

We had rather an amusing debate, in Supply, about the Parks. Regent's Park costs about £10,000 a-year, though we have no idea how the money can go, unless it is in lozenges for the men who make night hideous by bellowing frantically "All out," until they get frightfully hoarse. It is not spent in cleansing the Ornamental Water, the odour from which is at times simply poisonous, nor is it spent in keeping order in the Park, and preventing great coarse louts from insulting nursemaids, knocking down children, and beating their remonstrant little brothers. In fact, Regent's Park is the worst kept of all the Parks, and the representations and complaints made to *Mr. Punch* upon the subject are awful.

Friday. While the armistice lasts, the German robbers are to desist from robbing the Jutlanders. LOUIS NAPOLEON, our dear, do you so *very* much want that German frontier? We are not desirous to spoil our maps, but if your heart is so very deeply set upon it—"we will speak further of this business."

LORD WESTBURY's plan for doing justice to PROFESSOR JOWETT has not met with the approval of the Lords, who incline to try whether the University itself cannot be brought to do what is right. The hard thing is that, if the matter were left to the University itself, justice would be done at once; but it is the outlying parsons, saturated with the prejudices of stagnant parishes, who rush perspiring into Oxford and neutralise the votes of the men who think, and who are really interested in the question. The Bill stands over, LORD WESTBURY not forgetting to say a sharp thing or two about "hollow pretences." It came out the same night, in the Commons, that the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has the right of conferring the degree of M.D. Let him exercise it in favour of MR. JOWETT, and order him to bleed and shave the heads of the frantic majority that is bringing the Church into contempt by bigotry.

Here we would mention, that twice this week there was interesting debate touching MR. HERBERT, the painter, and the glorious fresco which he has set up in the New Palace of Westminster. Let us record a generous tribute paid to the work by MR. BRIGHT, who was for a large vote in reward for so noble a creation. The unanimous homage of the House was liberally paid to MR. HERBERT, and yet it was impossible to extort from Government more than a promise that the mean pay already MR. HERBERT's by right should be, in some muddling and unexplained way, somewhat increased. Had it been a case of some clumsy sea-officer (with high friends) who had smashed one of our ships on a rock, and wanted compensation for the loss of his own outfit, it would have been instantly and fully accorded, with a severe rebuke to any low-minded economist who would add to the sufferings of a gallant officer by refusing to buy him a new dressing-case. How "the Services" would have started up and borne tribute to the clumsy man's merits. But here was only a painter who has done a work that will live when every name in both the Army and Navy Lists shall be utterly forgotten.

We finished the week with an American dispute. That is to say, MR. THOMAS BARING, Conservative, is scandalised that the pirate *Georgia*, which was got away from England by false pretences, and has since been devastating Federal commerce, should now be in Liverpool, and yet not be seized. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL had to justify our non-action, and his technicalities were highly satisfactory to those who desired an excuse for not doing anything. To speak confidentially, and on the understanding that things go no further, the case is this. If we only knew which way the war was going! If we were certain that the glorious and almighty bird of freedom that waves its alablaster wings in Washington and smiles on all that is free and enlightened, would triumph over those savage, disloyal, ferocious rebels, those stealers and floggers of men and women; those ruffians, assassins, and what not, we should know what to do. But if that resolute and gallant band of Confederated gentlemen, who have withdrawn from the vulgar and tyrannical Yankees, and, aided by their faithful coloured vassals, have maintained so noble a resistance against the loafers, jobbers, miscreants, scum and spawn of the North—if these Southern patriots should establish their independence—why——.

Therefore, you see, the crisis demands the greatest amount of talk and the least amount of action; so we had an awful long talk, and then we Counted Out.

SILENCE THOSE STREET ORGANS.

THE name of MR. BASS is announced as that of the author of a Bill for the abatement of the Organ-nuisance, thus epitomised in the *Times*:—

"STREET MUSIC.—MR. BASS's Bill is very short. It describes the existing law as insufficient for the protection of householders from annoyance by street musicians, and it proposes to enact that any householder, personally or by his servant or by a Police Constable, may require any street musician or singer to depart from the neighbourhood of the house; and a penalty up to 40*s.* is imposed on every one who, after being so required to depart, sounds or plays upon any musical instrument or sings in any thoroughfare near such house. It is to be lawful for a Police Constable to take the offender into custody without a warrant. The Bill extends only to the metropolitan police district. The second reading is fixed for the 8th of June."

May the manly voice of BASS prove effectual when raised in Parliament against the childish treble of the dissonant pipes of those grinding organs which delight none but idle nursemaids and their squalling charges. If MR. BASS carries his much-required measure, we shall have a higher opinion of him than ever; and he is a legislator of whom we have never thought small beer. The interests of beer, it must be remembered, are deeply concerned in the suppression of barrel organs. The beer which MR. BASS is famous for brewing will keep in any climate as long as nobody drinks it; but even BASS's beer is liable to be turned sour by organ-grinding. Should his Bill for the protection of householders' ears become law, we shall have no hesitation in recommending his beer as safe to remain sound under all external conditions. We shall also propose that the relief from organ-grinders obtained by MR. BASS shall be commemorated by a monument inclusive of a *Basso rilievo*.

There will be time enough between this and the 8th of June to rectify any portion of the wording of the Bill which may be capable of any latitude of construction. Let it distinctly provide that the organ-grinders, singers, and bands, shall, when required, be obliged to go entirely out of hearing, and make themselves altogether scarce, and no mistake.

The Great Well Paid.

AT the annual Ascension Dinner at Lambeth Palace, given by the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY to the Bishops, the four Archbishops of England and Ireland were present, together with the BISHOPS OF LONDON, DURHAM, WINCHESTER, ST. ASAPH, CHICHESTER, OXFORD, BANGOR, LLANDAFF, GLOUCESTER, SALISBURY, ELY, CARLISLE, WORCESTER, LICHFIELD, ST. DAVID'S, DOWN AND CONNOR, and LINCOLN. Their united incomes amounted to a considerable sum.

MOTTO FOR PROSPECTUS OF JOINT-STOCK COMPANY.

"The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,
And this is of them."

Natural Science.

STOUT, Porter, or other Beer, is the most proper tipple with oysters; since Nature herself often shows us the Oyster and the Purl, coexisting in the same shell.

GREENBACKS FOR THE GREEN.



Respectable American paper, or perhaps, to speak more exactly, the respectable American paper, the *New York Times*, thus announces and explains an act of rascality which has just been committed by the State Legislature:—

"Breach of State Faith.—It appears to have been decided by the Assembly that the interest on the State debt shall be paid to foreign holders as well as to native ones, in paper and not in coin. In other words, a foreigner who purchased our bonds in the belief that he would receive six per cent. in the standard currency of the world, namely, gold or silver, or its equivalent, will this year receive about four per cent., and possibly only three.

As a, or the, respectable American paper, the *New York Times* indignantly repudiates this act of partial repudiation, instead of glorying in it. In thus expressing an honest opinion that journal has distinguished itself by an act of courage which, let us hope, has not caused its office to be demolished by the public of New York.

Our own *Times*, in its American correspondence, contains, besides an account of the roguery above related, the statement following:—

"New York, however, does not stand alone in its dishonesty. The State of Ohio, which had a reserve in gold sufficient to discharge the interest of the debt due to its domestic and foreign creditors, had the meanness to sell at a high premium the gold which it held in reserve to meet its liabilities, to pay its creditors in greenbacks at par, and to pocket the difference."

The sufferers by the financial dodges above specified will of course be exclusively foreigners. What Yankee would ever lend money to his own State? The greenness of the greenhorns who have sunk their cash in the New York and Ohio securities, falsely so called, is suitably repaid in greenbacks. There are probably not a few of these unfortunate yokels. The world has grown but little if any wiser than it was when Sydney Smith said that he had invested in Pennsylvanian bonds in common "with many other unwise people." The cheated creditors of Ohio and New York, to be sure, may say that they were never such fools as to expect that those States would be restrained from cheating them by any moral considerations. They perhaps relied only on the assurance that the greatest rogues will pay just interest if it is their interest so to do, as it may be supposed to be if they wish ever to be trusted again. But Yankees take a short-sighted view of their own interest, which for the present lies in cheating other people out of theirs. If they look farther, they speculate on the forgetfulness of mankind, and the ignorance or disregard, on the part of fools, of the warnings afforded by the fate of other fools.

Another Case of Starvation.

"Lady Mivin's first dinner is fixed for Monday, May 31st."—*Vide* Jenkins's *Fashionable Intelligence.*

Her first dinner! poor thing! How old is she? and why has she not been fed before this year of "grace before meat," 1864? There will doubtless be a great concourse of people to see this gentle creature ravenously devour the dainty morsels. In any case this "giving out" concerning the dinner will end in a "take in."

Fashionable Intelligence.—A New Club, composed entirely of Aristocratic Literary Ladies, is in course of formation: it is to be called "The Blue Lights."

Prophecy for the Derby.—The hatching of rooks this season partaking of the general backwardness, pigeon-pies for the Derby-day will be unprecedentedly scarce.

THE THREE CROWNED LIBERTINES.

Solo—Alexander.

Here are we,
Sovereigns three,
From all restraint our hands are free,
For none can get at you and me.

Trio—Alexander, William, Francis-Joseph.

With a whack and a crack, stick and knout tear back,
Till the wretch's ribs are bare;
Let the great guns flash and the death-shot crash,
And the blazing homesteads glare;
They may scold and preach, but we 're out of reach;
We are safe, and so don't care.

Solo—Alexander.

Mark, how I crush the Poles,
Their bodies and their souls!
Their hamlets waste I lay,
With stripes their ladies flay,
Flog, hang, shoot, right and left,
And banish the bereft
Amid Siberia's snow
To howl in life-long woe.
Hurrah! the skies are deaf;
Hear not their cries and groans,
And curses, in wild tones,
Invoked on me and my Mouravieff.
Chorus. With a whack, &c.

Solo—William.

I have smitten the Danes with the hand of the strong,
With the might that is right, and can never be wrong;
My men picked off their brave with our sure needle-guns,
And we slaughtered their daughters as well as their sons,
In Sönderborg, battered till strong Düppel fell,
And we smashed their young fry where we pitched the live shell;
So I turn up my eyes and go down on my knees,
And give thanks that I'm able to do as I please.
Chorus. With a whack, &c.

Solo—Francis-Joseph.

I helped those Danes to smite;
We durst not go alone,
But did combine to fight;
So they were overthrown.
There 's Hungary under my thumb,
There 's Venice beneath my sole;
Where the Western Powers can't come,
I trample without control.

So let us join our hands,
And trip it round and round.
To do our worst commands
As long as slaves are found,
We 'll work our omnipotent will,
We 'll torture and burn, and slay.
Let but England and France keep still,
And a fig for what they say!
Chorus. With a whack, &c.

"DEBTOR AND CREDITOR."

(*See "Times" lately.*)

Sir,—I looks towards you as a Light on any subject. Lest the Rushlight, general Candle, and Wax trade should snuffer, I mean suffer, from the statemunts regarding them "Tally men" as goes about deluging the soft sex among the Country laborers better halfs with their trickery trumpary finerry, made by (I mean the statemunts not the finerry) his Lordship's Honour the Judge of the County Court in a digditch of South Wales, I beg to say that *we* of our bisuniss have no connection with any Tally man, tho I sighns myself

A Tally Chandler.

P.S. *I* say, let 'em be hunted out of the Country, with a pack at their back, and a Tally Ho!

PP.S. Or, Sir, if the Drama is to hold the Candle up to Nature, see Shakspeer, let us have a Play in which the villain should be the Tally man. This Light might be thrown on the System, from my favurite Theayter, the Wick, New Cut.



ANOTHER PRETTY LITTLE AMERICANISM.

Englishman (to Fair New-Yorker). "MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF DANCING WITH YOU?"
Darling. "I GUESS YOU MAY—FOR I CALC'LATE THAT IF I SIT MUCH LONGER HERE, *I SHALL BE TAKING ROOT!*"

POLICE REPORT EXTRAORDINARY.

Two ruffianly-looking personages of foreign appearance, and speaking broken English, who gave their names as FREDERICK-WILLIAM LOUIS HOHENZOLLERN, and FRANCIS-JOSEPH HAPSBURG, were charged before MR. BULL, the sitting Magistrate, with an aggravated assault and highway robbery, accompanied by brutal and unnecessary violence, on a poor little Dane, CHRISTIAN GLUCKSBOURG.

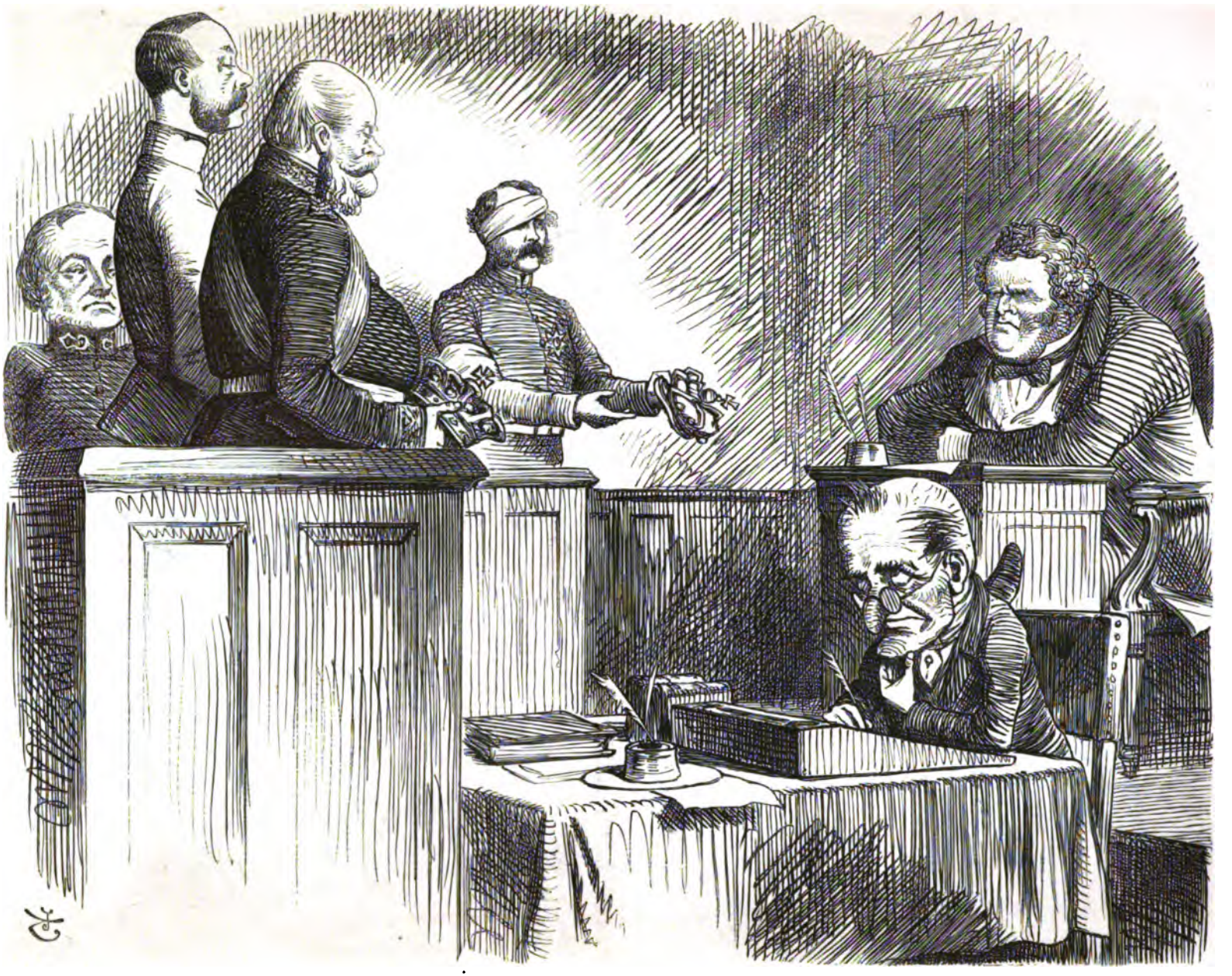
The complainant presented a frightful spectacle.. His head was enveloped in surgical bandages, one of his arms in a sling, the hand of the other strapped with adhesive plaster, and he seemed unable to crawl except with the support of two sticks. When offered a seat on the bench by the worthy Magistrate, he seemed so affected by the brutal treatment he had so evidently received, as at first to distrust even the worthy Magistrate's kindness, declaring in broken English, with a strong North German accent and much angry vehemence, that England was a verdammter deceiving place—that he had suffered from trusting Englishmen: how did he know the officers might not pull away the chair from under him, and let him down suddenly; he had been let down once too often already; how did he know they weren't all in league with those wretches, pointing to the prisoners; and a great deal more to the same effect; showing great obstinacy in his asseverations, and resisting every attempt of the worthy Magistrate to stop him, or to obtain explanation of the particulars of the assault. The worthy Magistrate at last interposed, and begged the complainant to compose himself. He was among friends there, and need not be afraid either of being taken in, or made the subject of practical jokes or ill-treatment. He (MR. B.) sat there in the Court of public opinion, to administer the law, and inflict summary punishment, and he would take care the complainant had full justice.

The complainant on this became calmer, and as well as his fearful injuries and imperfect knowledge of the English language would allow him, went on to state that he had recently succeeded to a considerable, though rather embarrassed, Estate in Copenhagen, including some outlying land in Jutland, Schleswig and Holstein, as to the ownership of some parcels of which—more particularly the last—there had been long disputes and much litigation in the time of the former owner. The prisoners at the bar appear in the first instance to have gone to this land, of which the complainant had just taken possession, under cover of a regular writ of ejectment, which they insisted on serving, as agents of certain claimants. But whether this claim rested on an alleged title as heirs-at-law, or as mortgagees, by virtue of a failure of covenant, or what its exact character was, we found it impossible to make out, from the very confused account of the complainant, the constant interruption of the prisoners, and the extremely imperfect efforts of several volunteer interpreters who intruded their services with rather suspicious eagerness. At last the worthy Magistrate got a little impatient, and said "he was not sitting there to try a nice question of title; a brutal assault had evidently been committed. You had only to look at the unfortunate object in the witness-box to see that."

Here the older and more plausible prisoner, HOHENZOLLERN, interrupted with great vehemence:—"GLUCKSBOURG was a bully and a tyrant; he had behaved shamefully to his (prisoner's) relations, and all he (prisoner) had done was to protect his relations from the complainant's violence. This gentleman (pointing to the other prisoner) had gone with him to help him."

The worthy Magistrate said, "Surely, it did not require two great hulking fellows, like the prisoners, to deal with one small and weakly person, like complainant, even if they *had* any legal rights, or good ground of grievance against him."

The complainant protested "he had never ill-used prisoners' relations; he only wanted his rights, of which the prisoners and their relations had ousted him." He then stated that on going down to take possession of his property, prisoners, who had collected an armed posse of followers just outside the gate, declared, with very bad language, that they would be the death of him if he dared to set foot on the land. Complainant remonstrated, and offered to go into the papers with them, and to make an appointment for the earliest day possible with his men of business for the purpose. The prisoners said "that



BRUTAL ASSAULT—REMANDED FOR A MONTH.

"YOU 'RE BOTH REMANDED FOR A MONTH; AND IF YOU DON'T SETTLE WITH THE COMPLAINANT, 'TWILL BE THE WORSE FOR YOU."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

was all stuff and nonsense: that they'd been humbugged long enough; they'd be —— if they'd stand any more palaver; they meant to have the land then and there; they were twenty to his one: if he resisted, it would be the worse for him."

Complainant told them he wasn't to be bullied, and warned them off at their peril: "If he was weak, he'd friends who wouldn't see him ill-treated and robbed"—(here the complainant became much affected); "he thought he might say that: *had* had friends who had promised to stand by him and see him through it—they hadn't kept their word: he would rather not say who those friends were."

The prisoners replied that "he and his friends might be ——." Was it necessary to repeat the exact language?

The worthy Magistrate said it was not necessary.

"Prisoners then advanced, threateningly, to the gate. He tried to hold it, with the help of two farm-servants, and a woman who was weeding, and a small boy who had been fetched from crow-keeping in the neighbouring fields, but the prisoners and their followers, who carried fire-arms, had forced the gate, nearly—if not quite—murdered the complainant's servants—he saw the men on the ground, a huge fellow running after the boy with a jack-knife, and several men kicking the woman, before he lost his own senses—then knocked down complainant, beat and cut him fearfully, firing several shots into him as he lay on the ground, jumped on him with heavy boots, tied his hands and feet, tore the clothes off his back, took all his money and papers, and would no doubt have finished him outright, but for the arrival of a strong body of the European police-force, who had been drawn to the spot by the disturbance."

The worthy Magistrate said it was very extraordinary there never seemed to be any lack of policemen after an outrage. He only wished they were as active in preventing rows and assaults, as they were ready to make their appearance in that Court, and talk about them after they were over.

INSPECTOR RUSSELL "hoped the worthy Magistrate didn't mean the police neglected their duty; because if such a statement was published by the reporters with the worthy Magistrate's name to give it weight—"

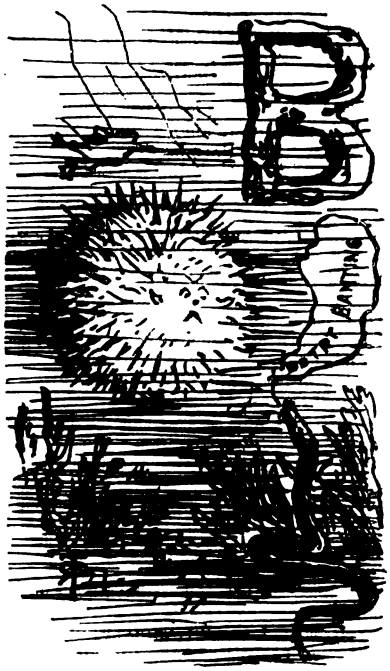
MR. B. "could only say that he wished the police would now and then try the plan of looking the stable-door before the steed was stolen."—Laughter in Court, which was instantly suppressed by the worthy Magistrate: "He would clear the Court if that was repeated. This was a very serious case; a poor man had been brutally ill-treated, robbed, and beaten within an inch of his life—if he ever got over it." Here the complainant became very faint, and was supplied by the Usher with a glass of water, which revived him.

The prisoners, on being called upon for their defence, made a rambling and contradictory statement, to the effect that they had only been acting for their relatives, the real owners of the property, who had been kept out of their rights by the complainant and the owner he claimed under; his legal title was bad. Didn't remember that they had once recognised his title and signed a paper to that effect. (On being shown the paper.) Had no doubt they did; but that was in consideration of promises that hadn't been kept. Always kept their own promises. The prisoner, though he looked small and weakly, was really a very violent, harsh, tyrannical, and bullying person. Prisoners were hard working men, who paid their way, respected other people's rights, and only wished to do as they'd be done by. They had been called in by their relations, who required protection from complainant. They were very fond of their relations—quite a happy family. Their relations were *not* now in possession—quite the reverse. They (prisoners) were, and meant to remain so—in trust for their relations. Their feelings were outraged; they might have used a little more violence than was necessary, but it was all the prisoner's fault. Hoped the Magistrate wouldn't be hard on them. They were willing to own the prisoner's title now, and to make it square with him if they had a chance."

The worthy Magistrate said "he would remand the case for a month, and the prisoners had better try to settle matters with the complainant in the meantime. It was one of the most brutal outrages he ever remembered; and if a satisfactory arrangement were not made, with ample compensation to the complainant for his sufferings and losses, he (the Magistrate) would promise the prisoners the heaviest punishment he was empowered to inflict."

These observations were followed by applause from the bystanders, which was instantly suppressed by the Magistrate. It was stated in the Court that the complainant is a most quiet and inoffensive person, and that he has a daughter very respectably married in this country. We condole with her sincerely on the abominable usage which her father has experienced.

SIR GIOVANNI FALSTAFF.



LESS thee, *Bottom*, bless thee! thou art translated!"—

But whether into High Dutch, Portuguese, French, Feejee, or Italian, *Peter Quince* doth not inform us. Still we really should not wonder if, some evening at the Opera, we be introduced to *Il Dolce Bravo Bottom*. That certainly would scarce sound stranger in our ears than *Sir Giovanni Falstaff*. Imagine plain *Jack Falstaff* being dubbed SIR GIOVANNI! Conceive his being spoken of as *questo grasso Cavaliere!* Fancy hearing him complaining of the scurvy trick played on him by *le Mogli Scherzanti*, and his describing in a recitative how they had half smothered him *nel cesto del bucato;* and then only think of his calling to the tapsters, "*Olà da ber portate—dov' è 'l mio sack?*"

Assuredly "plump *Jack*" is one of the last persons we should have ever dreamed of seeing appear as an Italian, and warbling a duet. But SHAKSPEARE has been acted everywhere of late, and one can surely no more wonder to find him at Her Majesty's than to see him at the Vic.

As presented at Her Majesty's, the weakest part in *Falstaff* is *Sir John* himself. O that LABLACHE the Great had lived to play the character! What a jollity would he have thrown into the part, and, even without padding, how well he would have looked it! Still *Falstaff* (barring *Falstaff*) is most creditably "executed," as the slang phrase goes, and a special word of praise is due to FRAULEIN TIETJENS, who is the chief executioner. They who have heard her best in tragedy—say as *Norma* or *Lucrezia*—might doubt if she could play one of the sprightly Merry Wives. But let them go and see, and then if they have any eyes they will soon see that she can; and if they have any ears than what *Il Dolce Bravo Bottom* possessed in his translation, they will certainly discover that she can sing her part as sweetly as she sprightly performs it. The other *Moglie Scherzante* too is really vastly pleasant; and, thanks to good SIGNOR ARDITI, who does not drown the voices to show how fine his band is, the music of *Sir Giovanni*, Sir, in spite of his rotundity, has not such solid stuff in him as *Giovanni, Don.*

INTENSELY SYMBOLICAL.

WE have a friend who is great in mathematics. In fact he is so wrapt up in them that he converses solely in mathematical language. He addresses communications to his cousin, ENSIGN A., of the Fifth, "*n* sin *a*." He is equally precise in other matters. Finding him one morning deeply immersed in Lunar Theory under the inspiration of the fragrant weed, we asked him how he could possibly read and smoke; to which we received answer, "That he was one of those men who considered that the pipe and cymbals (symbols) harmonised." Speaking to him of the fate of HENRY THE EIGHTH'S wives, he observed, that with regard to ANNE BOLEYN and CATHERINE HOWARD, it was certainly a case of "oblique axes." Since which we have quite despaired of reforming the "excentric Angle."

A Barbarous Name.

BY a letter from St. Petersburg we are informed that—

"The GRAND DUKE MICHAEL, brother of the EMPEROR, Lieutenant of his Majesty in the Caucasus, and Commandant of the troops stationed there, will for the future bear the title of Commander-in-Chief (glavnocomandouyoustchy)."

The sound of "glavnocomandouyoustchy" may be laughable, but its sense is no joke. To us "glavnocomandouyoustchy" seems only a hard word, but the unhappy people who are subject to the satrap so denominated probably find his tyranny hard lines.

THE BEST NEWS FOR MANY A DAY.

THE combined flotilla of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA and the KING OF PRUSSIA has been defeated.

So have the troops of the KING OF DAHOMEY.

Digitized by Google



Customer. "A SLIGHT MOURNING HAT-BAND, IF YOU PLEASE."
Hatter. "WHAT RELATION, SIR?"
Customer. "WIFE'S UNCLE."
Hatter. "FAVOURITE UNCLE, SIR?"
Customer. "'UM—WELL, YES."
Hatter. "MAY I ASK, SIR, ARE YOU MENTIONED IN THE WILL?"
Customer. "NO SUCH LUCK."
Hatter (*to his Assistant, briskly*). "COUPLE O' INCHES, JOHN!"

BRAYVO, BASS!

(*A Song for Bass-Voices, but not for Barrel-Organs.*)

If I met an Organ-man, wot wouldn't go,
D'ye think I'd wallop him?—No, no, no.
For who knows what the beak who applies the laws
Might be pleased to admit was "reas'nable cause?"

There are beaks with heads so uncommon thick,
They defy you sense into 'em to stick;
And some with skulls so uncommon thin,
They won't hold sense, when it's been got in.

There are beaks who can see no "reason" at all
For stopping an organ's catterwaul,
Unless there be one in the house so ill,
That the organ's grind is likely to kill.

The grinning rascals who organs grind,
More sympathy oft from such beaks will find,
Than the scholar whose brain o'er his volumes reels,
Or a BABBAGE abstracted among his wheels,

Or the artist whose fancy, on wings of wind,
Flees from the dread perpetual grind,
Or the weary watcher whose hard-earned rest
Is snatched as he can—not as likes him best.

But BASS proposes to ask the law,
Definition of "reas'nable cause" to draw;
And as law will be law, though the beak be an ass,
Mister Punch his cry is "Brayvo, BASS!"

Not BASS's bitterest barrel of beer,
Is bitter as are these barrels I hear.
E'en good music on them drives me mad . . .
Then think what it is when the music 's bad!

A barrel-organ 'mongst those that brew
Is BASS from China unto Peru;
But a barrel-organ the throat that cheers,
Not a barrel-organ that racks the ears.

When BASS's Bill into law is past,
The organ-grinder has ground his last;
And my days untortured shall quiet pass
In a constant blessing on MR. BASS.

And when MR. BASS after ailing long,
Is received the blessèd brewers among . . .
I'll his epitaph write, "MR. BASS lies here,
Who brought organ-pests to their bitter bier!"

A SCENE OF HIGH COMEDY.

LAST week a deputation waited upon the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in order to call him to account for his real or supposed share in causing the departure of GARIBALDI at an earlier date than was pleasing to divers persons who had intended to hook themselves on to the Italian Liberator during the progress he had originally designed to make through the provinces. The deputation consisted of persons whose names are nearly all unknown to *Mr. Punch* and to the public, but MR. GLADSTONE received his visitors with the most preternatural affability, and the following is a slightly condensed report of the interview:—

A MR. BEALES. We thought that you wanted to see us.

MR. GLADSTONE. Well, no, that is not it. But you may ask me any questions you like, and I may mention that I have read a speech by one of you, called SHAEN, which contains statements that are untrue.

MR. BEALES. He says they are not.

MR. GLADSTONE. Really. But as nobody but GARIBALDI and myself were present at the interview MR. SHAEN pretends to describe, I don't know how he means to support his allegations.

A MR. SHAEN (of the Irish persuasion) then made a statement.

MR. GLADSTONE explained what had really occurred, and declared the rest of the story to be "absolute invention." He, on the part of eight gentlemen, had told GARIBALDI that he had undertaken what would be perilous to his health.

MR. SHAEN believed that the General believed that pressure had been put upon him.

MR. GLADSTONE had told GARIBALDI that fables were abroad, and therefore had made an explanation in the House of Commons.

MR. SHAEN said that people were under an impression.

MR. GLADSTONE. People should not get under impressions. There was such a thing as being too clever and outwitting oneself. LORD ABERDEEN used to say, that he had a habit of believing people, and it was a very good habit. He, MR. GLADSTONE, detested an atmosphere of suspicion.

A MR. ODGERS. The working class are not satisfied. They had nothing to do with his keeping bad hours, as they always wanted to see him between six and nine in the morning.

MR. GLADSTONE. Why couldn't you leave him to rest in bed?

MR. ODGERS. He said he was well enough.

MR. GLADSTONE. I can't go into the question of his health, but there is DR. FERGUSSON'S letter.

A MR. BAXTER LANGLEY. Being in the Medical Profession myself, I consider that letter unprofessional.

MR. GLADSTONE. Dear me, are you, and do you? But I really cannot go into that subject.

MR. BEALES. The excitement was pleasureable.

MR. GLADSTONE. *Do* you think so?

MR. BAXTER LANGLEY. The people think that you have been made a tool of.

MR. GLADSTONE. Really. Well, now, I think GARIBALDI did right to forego the tour. No man, not even LORD PALMERSTON, could have gone through the proposed work.

MR. SHAEN. LORD SHAFTESBURY was told by GARIBALDI that he hoped it was not expected that he should tell a lie.

MR. GLADSTONE. I know nothing about that.

MR. BAXTER LANGLEY. The QUEEN'S name has been mixed up in the matter, and reports are about tending to diminish the popularity of the PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

MR. GLADSTONE. People might be considerate enough to remember that the Prince and Princess are not so happy as I am, and cannot meet estimable deputations and defend themselves.

MR. BEALES. Well, on the whole, we think that you have been explicit.

Digitized by Google

MR. GLADSTONE. I am rejoiced to hear you say so. I am exceedingly happy to hear you say so. It will be the pride and joy of my heart to recollect that you have said so. If my friend the ATTORNEY-GENERAL were here, I would ask him to lend me his hymn book that I might sing a little hymn of rejoicing to hear you say so. Going? Must you go? Well, if you must. (*Rings.*) Door, SNUMPS. Good bye—Nay, I must shake hands with all of you—you, and you, SHAEN, and you, LANGLEY (never mind pulling your glove off), and you, BODGERS,—

ODGERS.—ODGERS.

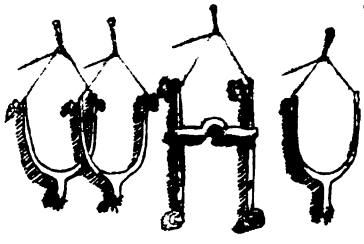
MR. GLADSTONE. I beg your pardon, ODGERS—I know it rhymed to codgers—good bye—mind the stairs. You don't know how happy you have made me. [*Exeunt the Deputation.*

MR. GLADSTONE (*solus*). Well, if there *were* a secret, I think one might almost manage to be a gentleman and keep it, at the risk of losing the good opinion of that sort of people. *Populus me sibilat*, and so forth. Are they gone, SNUMPS?

SNUMPS. Yes, Sir. The Irishman wanted to make a speech to BLOBBS, the hall-porter, but BLOBBS didn't seem to understand, and said he had nothing for him.

MR. GLADSTONE. Ha! ha! Open the windows, SNUMPS, and give me that volume of PLATO—thanks.

TALK FOR TRAVELLERS.



SHOULD we not touch upon Equestrian dialogues, having done with Pedestrians?

The Horse presents at once a subject for remark, and removes all difficulty in opening a street conversation. Whether you understand a horse's points, or not, is of no consequence. A. is on horseback, and B. is on foot. If both were pedestrians they would be at a loss for a topic, merely repeating some few of the inanities, which have been, in these papers, so often reprobated. As it is, B. is the first to speak, and either placing his hand on the horse's mane, if near enough to the kerb, or critically examining his hoofs, he says,

"That's a nice animal you've got there."

B. calls him an animal, as if uncertain whether it is a cow, a pig, or a buffalo that his friend is bestriding.

"Yes," replies A., slightly stooping forward, and patting the horse; "he's not bad."

"A very nice nag," says B., who will not commit himself to particularising, by calling it a mare, or a horse. He would probably like to venture upon saying something about a cob or a filly; but as names of this sort are likely to lead the user of them into the difficulties of an unknown country, he adopts the safer course of generalising.

"Have you had it any time?" he inquires. Observe that B. does not venture upon saying Him or Her. Of course it is perfectly immaterial to him whether the horse has belonged to A. for one, seven, fourteen, twenty-one, or any other term of years.

"Yes," says A. vaguely, being quite aware that whatever information he may give is a matter of not the slightest interest to his interrogator; "I've had him some time." He then adds in an off-hand manner,

"He suits *me* very well."

This is to give B. to understand that *his* opinion, whatever it may be, will have not the slightest weight with A., and therefore B. need not trouble himself to form one.

"Yes," returns B., "he looks a good, useful,—er—sort of —er—"

B. has some difficulty in finishing the sentence: he doesn't like the sound of "horse." Mare, from his friend's conversation, is evidently not the word; and it sounds insulting to call him a beast.

So, after a few seconds of er-er-erring, during which he eyes the hind quarters, he happily hits upon a way out of his muddle.

"Yes," says he, making a sort of corrected copy of his speech, "a very useful sort of creature."

"I only back him," observes A.

"Ah!" returns B., as if this was exactly what he had expected.

"You don't ride much yourself, eh?" asks A., feeling that it is his turn to start afresh.

Mark what an absurd form of question this is. B. either rides or he does not. If he rides, he rides, himself; whether much or little is not to the purpose. It is himself who rides, when he does ride.

"No, not much *now*," answers B.

By this B. would imply, that, at one time, he used to keep six horses at least, and ride every day and all day.

"Going into the Park?" asks B.

"Yes, I think so," answers A., hereby implying that his friend can't suggest any better destination for an equestrian.

"Well," says B. "Good bye."

The horseman only nods a farewell, and so they part company.

The above dialogue, translated for general use, will run as follows, and should be learnt by all Equepedestrian Conversationalists:—

B. I see you are on horseback and I'm afoot; but you're not a bit the better for all that. I speak to you because I rather like to be seen talking to a man showily mounted.

A. I permit you to stop and talk to me, because I feel some sort of pity for your situation on the pavement.

B. I don't know anything about a horse, but it's not worth while abusing it, so I may as well say it's a nice animal.

A. My dear B., I don't care a rap for your opinion one way or the other, but, as you say it *is* a nice animal, I do not mind informing you that you are right.

B. I should like to find fault with him if I could, and, I've no doubt but that a horsedealer would tell you the brute isn't worth sixpence; yet, as it in no way concerns me, I repeat that it seems a very useful sort of creature.

A. Yes, and you would be very glad to have such an one yourself. I don't think you can ride, I'm pretty sure you can't afford to keep, or hire, but I'll just flatter you, my poor fellow, by asking you if you ride much yourself? I'll stop for your answer merely out of indolent politeness, only I hope you will give it as quickly as possible, because I've really had quite enough of you.

B. You're not acquainted with my means, and for aught you know, I can ride as often as I like; however, as you have never, to my knowledge, seen me when mounted, it will be as well to answer that I don't ride much *now*. As an impertinent fellow like you, may ask certain other needless, but uncomfortable, questions, I will suggest your pursuing your road immediately, by asking if you're going into the Park.

A. I am, because that's what I came out for; but I shall not say so for certain to you, or else you'll make a point of following and nodding to me in Rotten Row, or waylaying me at the corner of the Drive. Ta-ta my poor B., I am for an Equestrian Swagger among Equestrian Fellow-Swaggerers; for aught I care, while I wave my hand and smile cheeringly upon you, you may go to the blank. Ta-ta.

MY Mission is accomplished. Henceforth I will be silent; oyster-wise. Dumb until, that is in good Latinity, dumb, *dem* the voice of necessity evokes again the Social Prophet and Reprover.

Farewell, my Pedestrians of Piccadilly. Remember my lessons, short and easy. Give to every man, as his due, such answer as befitteth his question.

Farewell my Equestrians!

Forget not, my Riders, my propositions. Ye mounted ones in Hyde Park, know that Society is Rotten at the Roe.

Farewell!

The voice of the Peripatetic dieth away.

His heart is full: so, soon shall his mouth be.

Lo! he dineth.

Peace to his Hashes. *Tace!*

THE LUCK OF MR. SPURGEON.

UNDER the heading of "A Valuable Dead Letter," a newspaper paragraph, the other day, related a good story about MR. SPURGEON, to the effect following. MR. SPURGEON, like a sensible man, is in the habit of declining to take in letters which are not prepaid. One amongst the epistles rejected by the reverend gentleman having been opened at the Dead Letter Office, was remitted to him with a statement that, being anonymous, it could not be returned to the sender, and that it contained something valuable. On this hint, SPURGEON accepted the letter on the usual terms. It enclosed a £20 note. He will probably take care in future how he turns away any note from his door, and at any rate we shall ever observe that caution. Now, here is a chance for any person really gifted with clairvoyance. Whosoever can engage to tell, by that faculty, whether an unopened letter contains a banknote, may be assured of lucrative employment at 85, Fleet Street. The clairvoyant shall receive half the amount of every note so discerned in any unstamped envelope that may be sent to *Punch*.

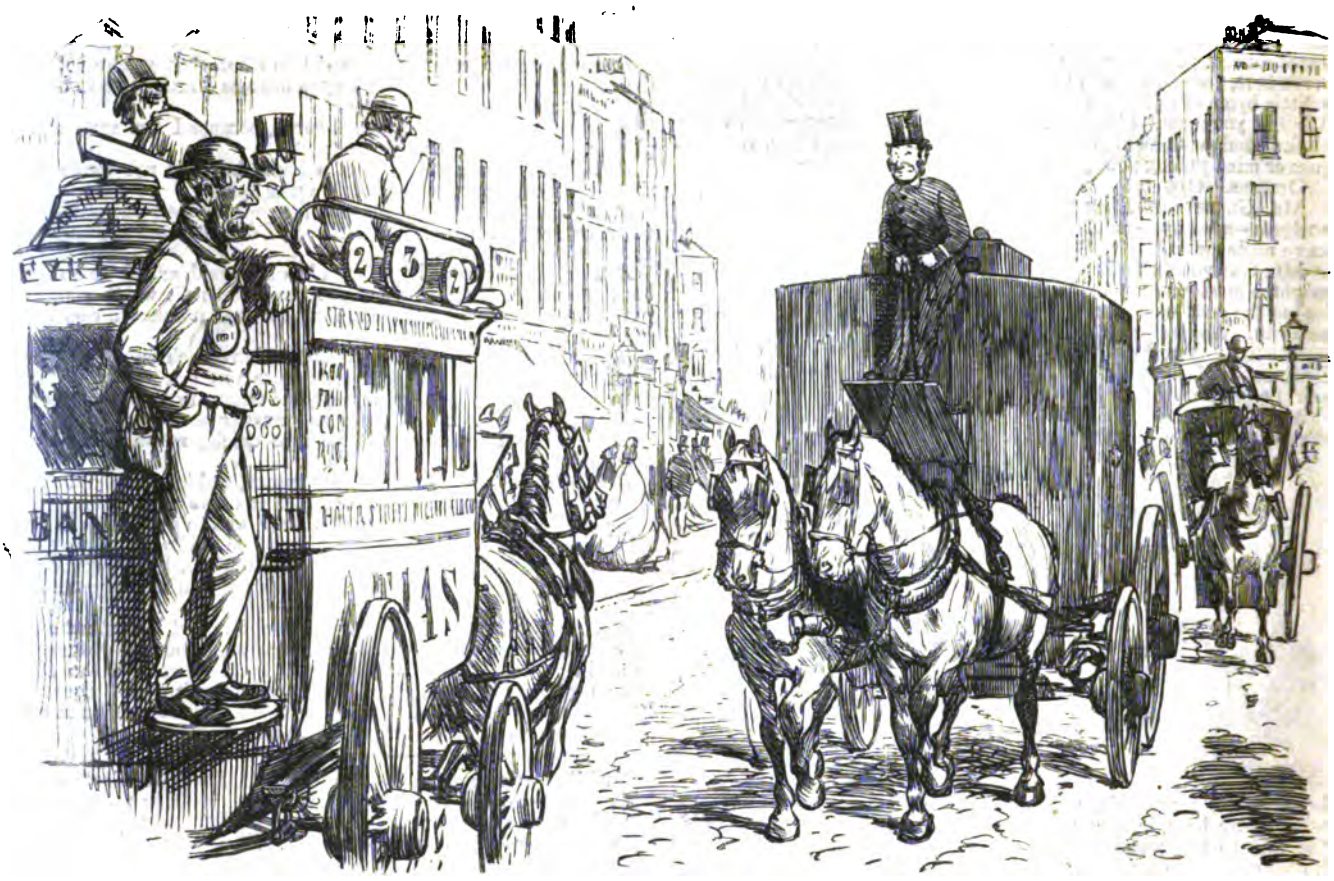
Court Fashions.

Head-Dress.—With a view to making this present season one of unusual brilliancy, ladies should adopt the style of head-dress recently worn at Her Majesty's Concert by H.R.H. the Duchess of Meddlinburg-Seidlitz, which was composed entirely of Jets. Arrangements for the use of this novel ornament can be entered into with any Gas Company.

ROYAL OFFENDERS.—The KING OF PRUSSIA and the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA have had a month given them. We wish it was six months.

THE ANCIENTS OUTDONE.—Talk of Dædalus and Icarus! A man made wings to his house, and had a fly in it!

Digitized by Google



FRIGHTFUL LEVITY.

Bus-Driver. "HULLO, GOV'NOUR; GOT ANY ROOM?"
Policeman, Driving Van (with great want of Self-respect). "JUST ROOM FOR ONE; SAVED A PLACE A PURPOSE FOR YOU, SIR."
Bus-Driver. "WHAT'S YER FARE?"
Policeman. "BREAD AND WATER; SAME AS YOU HAD AFORE!"

THE DEFRAUDED OF DELHI.

DELHI will have fallen seven years ago come next July. Will the captors of Delhi have been by that time paid the prize-money which is due to some 3,000 of them? As yet they have received only the first instalment of it, and nothing whatever subsequently to the payment of that, one year and eight months since. The interval has been occupied by the Government with an inquiry into what it calls "contingent claims." So much is stated by one of those who, on this pretence, have been kept out of their money. According to this complainant, who writes to the *Times* under the signature of "THE FATHER OF ONE WHO FELL," the soldiers, whose valour is rewarded by protracted delay in rendering them their portion of its fruits, are getting impatient of the treatment which they thus experience at the hands of the nonsolvent authorities. He says that "More than one regiment has threatened that, if called out for active service, they would protest against going till its claim was satisfied." The Government perhaps thinks it a good joke to recompense the troops who quelled a mutiny by driving them to the verge of mutiny themselves. The following extract from the letter above-quoted will show how the Delhi prize-money is paid, when any of it is paid at all:—

"On behalf of a son who fell in the July of the siege I, last year received £8 12*s.* at Chelsea College, but before I could do so had to walk eight journeys of seven miles each. Two policemen were stationed at the door, and every man who could offer them a small bribe was first admitted, while those who had no cash to spare were obliged to wait."

To give a man the trouble of going seven miles eight times to get £8 12*s.* is to do what is calculated to discourage him from continuing to go for the money. If this persevering person had not persevered, had stopped at the seventh journey, and, instead of going the eighth, had given up his demand as a bad job, he would have done that which those who gave him all that trouble apparently wished to make him do. He was fubbed off and fubbed off, like *Dame Quickly* by *Falstaff*, and, for all that is visible, with equal honesty. It is inconceivable how the redtapism, "contingent claims," can be any other than a shuffling excuse. If contingent claims did not prevent a first instalment of the Delhi Prize Money from being paid, in what way do they prevent the payment of another, or the whole? Why is the money to be paid at long intervals, as a dividend is declared out of a bankrupt's estate? Does Downing Street do business after the manner of Basinghall Street? If Downing Street is not the quarter infamous for not paying the soldiers, what is that which is? Is it Whitehall, or do Whitehall and Downing Street divide the infamy? Base are the knaves who do not pay what they owe, and why are the rogues who retain the money they are bound to administer like a musical instrument? Because they are double-base. And who are they who retain the Delhi Prize Money? Some gentleman in the House of Commons will perhaps ask the SECRETARY FOR INDIA. Let the accountable parties be immediately called to account, and not suffered to get off by pretending that they are bad hands at accounts, and have not chalk heads sufficient to settle "contingent claims."

Sporting Intelligence.

Starters for the Derby.—There will be a great number of Starters this year, chiefly from the Metropolis, weather permitting, and we hope they'll get down to Epsom safely.

(*By Electric Telegraph.*)

There will be only One Starter for the Derby. MR. ——, we forget the name, but he carries a flag. He will not start Himself.

Court Mourning.

THE KING OF DAHOMEY, who had set out upon a murdering and plundering expedition into the country of an unoffending neighbour, has been defeated, and one thousand of his soldiers have been killed, and many wounded. The Courts of Berlin and Vienna have, in consequence, gone into mourning, out of compliment to their royal brother.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, May 21, 1864.

DRAWN FROM THE BANK.

THE City article of the *Times* is to be illustrated in future by lively woodcuts, appropriate to the several items of intelligence.

Some forcible representations have been made for this purpose by eminent merchants who desire to impart a genial interest to the mass of figures now so painfully correct and stiff, and which, in their deportment, really ought to be allowed a little play. This hieroglyphic news will be more read than the present prosy sentences, and while one glance at the sketches will suffice for the busy merchant, continual amusement will be afforded by them to his junior clerks.

A specimen of this improved money column, with the meaning of each sketch, will show at once how pleasant it will be to look at the Illustrated Article.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

The Bourse opened flat,



But assumed a more lively appearance after business hours.



Leather Market.—Hides active, but with a downward tendency.



Iron Market.—Pigs dull.



Cotton Market.—Stripes tending upwards. Grey shirtings still unchanged. Soap, no demand. Tallow, yielding. Lard, lively. Paper, no news. Rags, scarcely covering remittance for rents. Chaff, no end of.



Foreign Stocks.—A shade higher, and gold advanced.

Confederate Bonds.—Those still on hand are not so tight as formerly.

Among the new companies lately formed (which will soon be enough for an administrative battalion) is the "Butcher's Beefsteak Association (Limited)." This is a joint-stock concern.



NEWS FROM SYDENHAM.

GODFATHER to the Crystal Palace, and having in that capacity carefully tended it from the erection of the first iron to the end of the last concert, and being moreover on the whole tolerably well satisfied with his god-child, *Mr. Punch* has received, not without emotion, a circular upon one subject which has always given him pain.

There is no doubt that the Refreshment Department at the Palace has been the Blot on the Transparent Escutcheon. No civilised person ever thinks of dining there. Yet it would be the pleasantest place near London for the great business of life, could that business be performed with befitting rites. How delightful it were, to the husband whose occupation keeps him in town during the day, to appoint a meeting at seven, at the Rosery, with her whom he has sworn not only to cherish but to nourish, and with whom, sweetly smiling at his punctuality, he might proceed to the brilliant saloon, or the quiet cabinet, feast, tastefully, yet not extravagantly, and then, emerging into SIR JOSEPH'S lovely gardens, send up the only cloud that should come over the happiness of good-tempered persons in easy circumstances. How pleasant for the father of a couple or a leash of bright-eyed daughters—for the manly and kindly-bantering son of an attached mother—for the attentive nephew of two not unendowed and non-evangelical aunts—for the lover of a graceful maiden and (for the time) of her placid Mamma—to finish a charming promenade in that Palace with either a merry, calm, or sentimental repast, according to idiosyncrasy. But hitherto the thing has been impossible.

Not, *Mr. Punch* repeats, without emotion, has he received a touching Circular or Communication, stating that a new era has commenced. Two new Men appear upon the scene. He knows nothing, literally nothing of them, but their names are of good omen. One is called BERTRAM, a name dear to the admirers of *Robert le Diable*, and the other is called, not *Robert*, but ROBERTS, a name that hath been borne by many good men, and by no bad men that we remember. Let us overhaul their manifesto.

They promise Important Improvements. *Mr. Punch* assures them that the field is almost unlimited.

New Dining Saloons, adapted for from four to thirty people. Thirty be hanged, but a room for four will hold *Mr.* and *Mrs. Punch*, and he often wants a room that will hold eight, and never sits down with more.

ROBERTS is, personally, to superintend the *cuisine*. We like the word "personally." It would be pleasant to us to know that he had kicked a cook, *pour encourager les autres*. Let him be stern, and never make an excuse for a cook under any circumstances whatever, except the non-punctuality of guests, whom, under such circumstances, we hereby authorise him to insult, blandly. A cook is the slave of Time, and owes his chief allegiance there. In any other case of complaint, let the cook's second offence be his last.

The Tariff will be arranged with Moderation. All very well, but cheapness is dearness if nastiness be present. Charge reasonably for good viands. We do not want a slap-bang on Sydenham Hill, neither do we want to pay as at Richmond, where a season hath three months only. We will dine with you all the year round if you will make it worth our while.

"The Wines have been selected from the best cellars." We shall take the liberty of testing this statement before we offer a remark, beyond saying that we have drunk,—at least tasted—wine—at least fluid—whereof we can only say that we have no doubt that it was selected from the best cellars, to be got rid of, as we select weeds from gardens.

"ALLSOPP'S Pale Ale. BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S Porter." These be good words; *pace* MR. BANTING.

"The Refreshment Counters will present an increased display of light refreshments." Well, an improvement on dry sandwiches and stale sponge cakes is conceivable. "There will be greater quickness of attendance." Hitherto, so far as *Mr. Punch* has observed, the waiters either quarrel frightfully, or converse confidentially, and in neither case is the public a gainer. "The Tea and Coffee will be of the highest character." We never tried the tea, but, urged by unwise women, have three or four times ordered what was called coffee, and though it might be good enough for ladies at the Crystal Palace, no high-minded gentleman at penal servitude would praise it. *Mr. Littimer* would have said that it did him good to be tried with the coffee of affliction, and *Mr. Uriah Heep* would have said that it was 'umble stuff and we ought to be 'umble. When one thinks of the coffee in Paris—*Bôm!*

Well, *Punch* is true to his god-child, and gladly gives it this one more chance in regard to Refreshments. It is the most important question connected with the well-doing of the Palace. Make the CRYSTAL DINNER a London feature. We shall be down, *incog.* one of these fine days, and our report of the proceedings shall be as frank and outspoken as has been our welcome of the promise. Shall we not take our ease in our Crystal?

PUNCH.



Cousin Florence. "WELL, TOMMY, AND SO YOU LIKE YOUR LITTLE FRIEND PHILIP, DO YOU; AND HOW OLD DO YOU THINK HE IS?"

Tommy. "WELL, I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW; BUT I SHOULD THINK HE WAS *RATHER* OLD, FOR HE *BLOWS HIS OWN NOSE!*"

COURTSHIP À LA MODE.

Lover and rich Mistress walking in garden.

Lover (*loq.*) My lady's cheeks are like the rose
Aside. (The yellow rose, I mean);
My lady's eyes are, like the sloes
Aside. (When they are *very green*);
My lady's lips are like the cherry
Aside. (The *white* ones—not the red);
My lady is a diamond
Aside. (Ay—*diamond black lead*).
My lady's teeth are sets of pearls
Aside. (But then they're not her own);
My lady is a rich ripe peach
Aside. (*Because her heart's a stone*);
My lady is a spring bouquet
Aside. (When it is *very* old);
My lady is the queen of flowers
Aside. (She is my *Mari-Gold*).

"ASKING FOR MORE."

THE poor Custom House officials are clamouring for more pay, and no wonder, when their salaries have remained unimproved for twenty years. *Mr. Punch* feels that the time has come when we should mend our *Customs*, our *Manners* having advanced with the age. The Custom House clerks ask to be put on a footing with their brethren of the Inland Revenue, and why should they not? It is by no means the custom of *Mr. Punch* to underpay any of his *Civil Servants* who do their work well, and he hopes the Government will listen to the unanimous and forcible petitions which have been presented in shoals to Parliament, and that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will loosen the strings of the public purse, and enable the deserving and hardworking Customs' officials to live in a decent and respectable way. Those collecting twenty-four millions of money must feel the tortures of Tantalus, when they see "Money, money, everywhere, but almost none for them;" whilst their more fortunate *confrères* in the squandering departments of the Civil Service receive respectable salaries.

THE RECRUITING SURGEON.

WE are not as yet at war, so that there is no extraordinary number of legs and arms in the Army requiring amputation, nor do any bullets need to be extracted from the bodies of any British soldiers, except those engaged in fighting the Maories, not to mention the blackamoors of Ashantee, who fight shy. What is there, then, to account for this advertisement, which has appeared in the *Times*?—

ARMY MEDICAL DEPARTMENT, 6, WHITEHALL YARD, 22nd April, 1864.

ACTING ASSISTANT-SURGEONS being REQUIRED, for temporary service with the Army in the United Kingdom, gentlemen duly registered to practise medicine and surgery under the Medical Act of 1858, and desirous of obtaining such appointments, may apply immediately to the Director-General for the printed form required to be filled up by every Candidate previous to employment. They will receive pay at the rate of 10*s.* a-day, and allowances equal to those of a Staff Assistant-Surgeon. Gentlemen are not eligible for these appointments whose age exceeds forty years.

J. B. GIBSON, M.D., Director-General.

Whence the pressing demand for Army Surgeons, manifested by the foregoing notice? Simply, from the revocation, at Head Quarters, of the Royal Warrant of 1858, which assured Surgeons in the Army of suitable relative rank, proper precedence, and the social position due to gentlemen. The faith thus pledged was coolly broken by certain other orders called the *Queen's Regulations*, issued in 1859, which rescinded the QUEEN'S Warrant of 1858 with a dishonesty most derogatory to HER MAJESTY'S name, audaciously connected with them. These new arrangements, dictated at the instance of the so-called "combatant" officers, provided that the medical officers should rank as civilians, and be treated as snobs. The consequence is what has necessitated the above advertisement. There is a surgeon-famine in the Army. Men of education refuse an office which subordinates them to a lad who is possibly a contemptible puppy. Service in the Army, instead of being sought through the ordeal of a competitive examination by spirited young Surgeons, has to be importunately tendered to practitioners of the mature age of forty. Their practice must be very unprofitable if they can gain anything by exchanging it for temporary employment in the Army. When the gallant combatant officer, who insists that his Surgeon shall be a snob, comes to have his leg removed, or a bullet extracted from his hip-joint, he will perhaps lament that the operation has to be performed by an operator for whom DR. GIBSON, the Director-General, was reduced to advertise, in his capacity of Recruiting Medical Officer.

COLONEL NORTH, in a late debate on the Estimates, stated that there were two hundred vacancies for Army Surgeons the other day, and that only six candidates presented themselves for examination. If war ensue, and the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, in action, should unfortunately receive any injury needing surgical aid, it is to be hoped that the Surgeon who shall render that aid to his ROYAL HIGHNESS will be one of those six. In the meanwhile, perhaps, the restitution of the Royal Warrant of 1858 will relieve DR. GIBSON of the necessity of touting for surgeons to job the Army.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MAY 19. *Thursday.* It seems hardly worth mentioning, but a form is a form, as the boy said when he knocked his shins against one, and the Berkleian usher said it was no matter. The Commons re-assembled after the Whitsuntide holidays, and then did a much more sensible thing—they adjourned almost immediately.

Friday. Again the Commons met, and LORD PALMERSTON appeared among them after his illness, and was received with all acclamation. Some talk on foreign politics elicited the facts that the Government do not intend to interfere in China—unless it seems expedient so to do—and that the very objectionable Ashantee war is to be concluded. This latter news is satisfactory.

For the Use of Schools.

(By a Cockney.)

WHY should not DR. WATTS' Poems be read by youth?
Because they contain *Hymn-morality.*

Digitized by Google



OUR FRIEND, BOB SNYFFLETON, GOES IN FOR BEING A GREAT SWELL. HE HAS BEEN WALKING WITH THIS COUNTRY COUSIN, AND TAKING HIM IN "TO RIGHTS," BOWING TO EVERY WELL-APPOINTED CARRIAGE, AND DROPPING PLAIN CARDS AT THE BIGGEST HOUSES IN MAY-FAIR AND BELGRAVIA.

AN ADVENTURE WITH THE PAPAL BRIGANDS.

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE, the other day, gave utterance to some very fine sentiments touching the atrocities committed by order of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA on the insurgent Poles. The subjoined statement, however, in a letter from the *Times'* Correspondent at Naples, would seem to show that the Holy Father shines much less brightly in practice than he does in preaching with regard to nationalities asserting their independence :—

"It is a very speaking comment on the evil influence which Rome exercises in this province, that brigandage is now confined almost exclusively to the Basilicata and Terra di Lavoro, which latter district borders on the Papal States. Here fresh bands are reported continually, while in the Basilicata, under the direction of GENERAL PALLAVICINI, they are exterminated."

Torture and murder, to say nothing of cannibalism, as practised by ST. CIPRIANO DI GALA and his companions in bonds under sentence of martyrdom, appear to be, in the estimation of his Holiness, one thing when perpetrated in the service of the schismatic CZAR, and another when performed in that of the faithful EX-KING OF NAPLES. However, be that as it may, the POPE's privileged robbers are not so much more brutal than savage beasts as to be incapable of being mollified by the charms of music. So, at least, it appears from the sequel of the foregoing statement :—

"A curious story is told of the capture of a tenor named GUGLIELMI, when on his road to Potenza, to sing in the theatre of that city during the Carnival. Full of apprehension, he resolved on trying the effect of his voice, and sang a romanza of VERDI. The band were delighted, treated him with great attention, and made him rich presents; but it was not till after a captivity of two months that he obtained his liberty, and then his hair was white, although he was only twenty-five years of age."

Here is a safe plot for an Opera. All the regular elements of a popular lyrical drama are present. You have an adventure among brigands, the hero of which is himself a singer. He mollifies the ruffians into whose hands he has fallen by the charms of song. The action takes place amid Italian scenery. A dance of the bandits with their female associates absolutely introduces itself. So does a drinking chorus with a burden of tric-trac, or snick-snack, or something equally sensible, and a peasant girl's ballad, with as wise a refrain of tra lira la. A vesper hymn, illustrative of the piety of the papal freebooters, is equally a matter of course. The author of the *libretto* will only have to provide the hero with a heroine, whom he ultimately marries, his whitened hair having been completely restored to its previous colour by ROWLANDS' "Incomparable Macassar." The Opera might be entitled *The Tenor among Thieves*, and, out of compliment to the patron of MESSRS. LA GALA & Co., it should be dedicated to the POPE.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

REMARKING on the PRINCE OF WALES'S graceful address at the Literary Fund dinner, a daily contemporary says—

"A dedication to some illustrious personage will no longer sell a dull volume; and the compliments of My Lord or his Grace would be wholly inefficacious to induce MESSRS. LONGMAN or BRADBURY AND EVANS to become the publishers of a work which had not its own merits to recommend it."

We are not in possession of authority to make any statement on behalf of MESSRS. LONGMAN, but we are sure that in all transactions they would be guided by their accustomed good judgment. But *Mr. Punch* may possibly have had some slight glimpses into the minds of the gentlemen last mentioned, and may be justified in saying that "compliments" is a word of elastic meaning, and that if that word accompanied a manuscript transmitted to those parties by a real nobleman, they would not think of insulting the aristocracy by limiting the significance of the syllables. They would be held to mean that his Grace guaranteed the entire expenses of the work, and a sale to himself, if not to the public, of at least 50,000 copies. If a work were entirely unobjectionable, therefore, the "compliments" of a nobleman would certainly procure its publication in Whitefriars, and *Mr. Punch* may mention this, on the part of his friends, as a modest aristocracy may at present be debarred from publishing much which would appear were the exact cost ascertainable.

Digitized by Google



"YES, THERE WAS NO ESCAPE FOR IT; THERE WAS ADOLPHUS MUFFYNS, OF THE EXTERNAL AMALGAMATION OFFICE, ON THE OUTSIDE OF A HORNSEY 'BUSS, IN A LOCK ON LUDGATE HILL, JUST OVER MRS. SWELLINGTON'S BABOUCHE."—(*Extract from an unpublished MS.*)

PLAY IN PUBLIC OFFICES.

THE attention of the Ministry is hereby directed to the expediency of immediately supplying the Government offices with billiard-tables. A painful shock has been inflicted on the feelings of all who sympathise with the right sort of people, by LORD DE GREY'S dismissal and degradation of the clerks in the Accountant-General's Office for playing at chicken-hazard during office-hours.

LORD DE GREY, however, can hardly be much blamed for this act of severity. It was almost if not quite necessary, for doubtless the gambling in the Accountant-General's Office would have come to the knowledge of the Opposition, and then, unless the parties implicated in it had important Conservative connections, the EARL OF DERBY in the House of Lords, and MR. DISRAELI in the House of Commons, would of course have made a fuss about it in order to damage the Government.

It must be admitted that chicken-hazard, blind-hookey, and pitch-and-toss are not exactly fit kind of games to amuse the leisure of gentlemen in public offices. But that leisure is very abundant. In the Accountant-General's Office, for instance, they have nothing more to do than to examine slightly voluminous accounts from all parts of the world relative to stores, pay, and allowances of all kinds; to check, arithmetically, the expenditure of the fifteen millions which the country has to pay for its military establishments.

Therefore, it is a mere vulgar error to suppose that the business of the nation is neglected by Government clerks when they amuse themselves with games of chance. Nobody but a Snob suspects that the delay in settling "contingent accounts," and distributing the Delhi Prize-money, can have arisen from any such cause as chicken-hazard. The hours between ten and four must necessarily be most of them vacant hours, unless employed somehow otherwise than in official labour. It is not every clerk who has the inclination or the ability to devote those vacant hours either to the study or the augmentation of his country's literature, or to any other profitable pursuit. The nails of clerks employed under Government do not grow so fast that those gentlemen can find a constant resource in paring them. So, to keep idle hands out of that mischief which, according to DR. WATTS, the Personage who is now at the KING OF PRUSSIA'S elbow ever finds for them to do, the Government has no choice but to furnish its officials with the means of innocent recreation, such as billiards, except the option of providing them with work instead of play.

MAY GROANS.

(*From a Sensitive Londoner, with a tendency to Dyspepsia, and a hatred of Conventionalism, Poetry, and other Humbug.*)

OH, May is here! Yes—May is here—
It's called "sweet spring-time of the year"—
And asses one knows are going about,
Remarking "the chestnuts at Bushy are out"—
If they had their own way, I haven't a doubt
They'd see London somethinged before they'd blow
To serve the Cockney snobs for a show.
I can't say *I've* known much that was sweet
In the Mays I've passed in our "quiet street."
It's either been sultry and stifling and steaming—
(Oh, Lord! there's that baby next door screaming)—
Thermometer eighty in the shade—
Such weather may suit the baking trade—
With the flags red-hot to one's wretched soles,
And one's butter melting without hot rolls;
And one's meat getting high as one's spirits get low—
And even one's "sky-blue" on the go—
That's what most idiots mean when they say,
"I call this a most delightful May!"

I admit 'tisn't often one has to complain
Of the want of cold, and wind, and rain;
For most of our merry months of May
Are wretched in just the other way.
Frost at nights, with hot sun and east wind by day—
A nice state of things for people like me,
To whom an east wind is misery!
I certainly *do* remember Mays
That were wretched in very various ways;
But a May that answers the poet's description,
As far as *I* know, is absolute fiction.
Besides, leaving weather out of the question,
And all its effects on health and digestion—
Supposing rheumatism not to exist,
And lumbago not there with its twinge and twist,
And bile and bronchitis, and cold and catarrh,
'Mong the things that *were*, not the things that *are*—
I ask you what are the joys of May,
As known to London, at this time o' day?

Is't in the May Meetings at Exeter Hall,
Where fanatics snuffle, and brag, and bawl,
And strait-laced Christians pitch into each other,
About some humbugging scheme or another?
Or, leaving saints, and turning to sinners,
Is the joy of the month in its public dinners?—
With their poisonous wine and their horrible dishes,
Their dish-water soups and their flabby fishes,
Stale *entrées*, and roasts half cold, half raw,
And pastry that should be forbidden by law,—
Their forced subscriptions,—licensed robbery,—
Their long-winded speeches,—organised snobbery,—
Their puffy toast-masters, oniony waiters—
Exasperating exasperators,—
The steam and the smell, and the hurry and heat,—
The stuff you must hear, and the stuff you must eat!
It may well be the "merry month of May"
With a public dinner every day!

Or is it because the London Season
This month attains its height of unreason . . .
Its balls, where there's no room for dancing,
Its Rotten Row, too crowded for prancing—
Its routs where your best luck's to stick in the door;
Its Operas and Concerts, where music's a bore;
Its Derby drags, with their cargoes dreary
Of dupes and demireps, brazen and beery;
Its stuck-up dinners, that set you gaping,
Where every snob his betters is aping;
As if *à la Russe* could excuse or explain
Green-grocers and gooseberry champagne,
Or the sin of bad dishes, at undue hours,
Were the less for being disguised in flowers.
For which of all these pleasures, say,
Must I hail the "merry month of May?"

Perhaps in the country there *may* be Mays
With a better right to the poet's praise:
But what to me are the birds elsewhere,
Who hear the organs in street and square:

Digitized by Google

Whose flowers in the coster's basket grow,
And are offered in barter for "any old clo'":—
Whose laburnums and lilacs must fight to the death
'Gainst the granite-dust and the millions' breath:
Whose May-day garlands are those one meets
Hawked for pence through the reeking streets;
Whose May-day blossoms, if ever seen,
Are the paper ones tacked to a Jack-in-the-Green?

No, no! of all the humbugs I know—
And they 're pretty abundant as times go—
The greatest humbug, I beg to say,
Is the humbug 'bout "merry" months of May!

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



MY DEAR PUNCH,—

IF managers run pieces only while they draw, and if the merits of a play have anything to do with its attractiveness to playgoers, I doubt if the two Comedies which have lately been produced will be found to hold the stage for many hundred nights. It charmed me as a playgoer to hear that two new pieces were about to be made visible; but the gloss went off the charm when I learned that they were both of them adapted from the French, and moreover were adapted both from the same play. I had smacked my lips beforehand to think what doubled relish I should have for the two novelties; but alackaday! the *entrées* were stale and *réchauffées*, and there was the same flavour at the bottom of them both. Of the one served at the Haymarket, *Punch* hath already spoken, and with justice, in dispraise; and I need but add a word to hint that DAVID GARRICK, even if he *did* get tipsy, was too much of a gentleman to stumble against ladies and tumble on their laps. Of the piece at the St. James's—which is less obnoxious in some sense than the other, as the name of a great actor is not taken in vain in it—I cannot say I think the reputation of its author is advantaged much by having this "new" Comedy of his dragged out of the obscurity where it has been hidden for some half-a-score of years. As a critic who writes anything that is not complimentary, will soon be as rare a creature as a Dodo or a Phœnix, I beg to prove that such an animal is not yet quite extinct, by quoting what the *Morning Advertiser* says—and very sensibly withal—anent the *Foxchase*:—

"Such a play is of the stage most stagey; and MR. BOUCICAULT has shown his utter contempt for anything but getting a laugh at his generally smart dialogue, or exciting by some surprising sensation. Actual character, human probability, natural coherence of conduct, he seems to consider as antique and pedantic requisites of a drama. To push along and keep moving, and if possible to excite, are the aims he thinks it the duty of the dramatic muse to pursue."

SHAKSPEARE—pray don't be alarmed: I am not going to speechify about his Tercentenary; that 's all over, thank goodness! and his birthday may be kept for another hundred years without a blare of penny trumpets and a blaze of fireworks—SHAKSPEARE was no scholar, so his friend BEN JONSON tells us; and it may indeed be doubted if he ever went to school. His "small Latin and less Greek" he picked up nobody knows where: and perhaps to read and write in his case "came by nature." But then SHAKSPEARE was a genius,* and a genius can do things that a common mortal can't. I fear young LUBBERLYE for instance, would never find much Greek or Latin come to him by instinct, while as for that dunce GOGGLETON, he never would have learned so much as *Arma virumque cano*, had it not been for the teaching of a man armed with a cane. So although it may be true that SHAKSPEARE never went to school, yet there are ample reasons why a school with SHAKSPEARE's name to back it should be started, for the good of the profession to which himself belonged. The project has been fairly set afoot by MR. WEBSTER, and it remains now for the public to make it a success. Subscription lists are open for this new public school, which will differ from the old ones in so far that it will give a gratis education only to the children of those living by the stage. Actors, as a rule, have many claims upon their pockets, and can't afford to send their sons to Charterhouse or Harrow, where they would not be cold-shouldered, as the chance is they may be at "little snivelling private schools." So I hope the Shakspeare Eton will flourish and succeed; and assuredly the names (the Provost of Eton foremost) that appear in the Committee list, are a sufficient guarantee that the scheme deserves success.

ONE WHO PAYS.

* *Note.* Bravo MR. CRESWICK! for the way wherein at Stratford you dwelt upon this fact. Said you:—"To a reflecting mind it appeared strange that the Great Creator should have inspired the greatest genius, humanly speaking, not to counsel them from the senate, not to judge them from the bench, not to admonish them from the pulpit, but to teach, move, soften, mould, and instruct them from the stage."

P.S. I must just add one word to say that people who remember how charmingly PRISCILLA HORTON used to act the dainty *Ariel*, and to warble "*Where the bee sucks*," may once again hear her sweet voice in it at the Gallery of Illustration, where she and MR. REED now have some pleasant Shakspeare music after their return from Egypt every evening, and before dear *Mrs. Roseleaf* gives her charming "little party."

"PAPER—PA-*PAR*."

ON Saturday last the Inaugural Dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund took place at the Freemasons Hall, and the Chairman was LORD HOUGHTON, whom, in connection with literature, we prefer to call MR. MONCKTON MILNES. His speech was in admirable taste. The Fund needs no recommendation, but everybody who reads a paper ought to send a contribution, and the names of all the best men of what MR. CARLYLE calls "the writing sort," are guarantees for the due administration of the institution. *Mr. Punch* will only say, that to those who do not support this association, and have not real and valid excuse (not an Income-Tax excuse, but one satisfactory to the conscience), he wishes all sorts of newspaper evils. For instance. May their paper be late, or not come at all, when there is most interesting news. When they have been presented at Court, may their names be left out by mistake, or may an error make the world believe that it is their hateful cousins and not themselves who have been honoured. If any of their family get into a scrape and come before a Magistrate, may the case be reported in full, and if the wrong-doer should be in the family of some very dear and particular friend, may the report be omitted. May any marriage they put in be printed wrongly, and SMIDJTHE be reduced to plain SMITH. May Supplements often come to them instead of the inside sheets. If they live in the country, may the local postmaster always steal their paper to amuse his Sunday. May their contributions to charities be published in shillings instead of pounds, and when they write complaining letters about anything, may the Editor either omit them, or put in a jeering title to the letter, and, by mistake, the real name and address. There—cordially wishing them all this if they do not support the Newspaper Press Fund, we cordially wish them the exact reverses if they do.

A FRAGMENT BY MR. R. BROWNING AND THE PRINTERS.

THE *Observer*, the other day, rebuked MESSRS. CLOWES AND SONS, Printers of the Royal Academy Catalogue, on the liberties taken by them with the metre and punctuation of MR. ROBERT BROWNING'S Fragment, descriptive of LEIGHTON'S picture of *Orpheus and Eurydice*, which, thanks to the Printers, or MR. BROWNING, is as follows:—

"But give them me—the mouth, the eyes, the brow. Let them once more absorb me! One look now will lap me round for ever, not to pass out of its light, though darkness lie beyond! Hold me but safe again within the bond of one immortal look! All woe that was forgotten, and all terror that may be defied; no past is mine, no future! look at me!"

"Look at me," indeed! We looked at the fragment until we became quite dizzy. The darkness certainly does not "lie beyond us" at present. Is it Orpheus, or is it Eurydice, who requests the loan of the other's mouth, eyes, and brow? To be absorbed in a mouth is simply suggestive of cannibalism! And although we ourselves have ere this, had many nice girls in our eye, we should object to the absorption of the bodily presence of the brawny Orpheus "in that precious sense." Can any lawyer of our acquaintance frame a Bond of an immortal look for us? We are anxious to see the party without any *past* or *future*, and would, out of charity, give him a *present* to console him. If the printers are to blame, surely MR. BROWNING will avenge himself by giving them "one look that will lap them round for ever."

THE CHINESE NAVY.—When Chinese Sailors are short of food, they salt their Junk and eat it.

Digitized by Google



THREE CHEERS FOR BASS AND HIS BARREL OF BEER, AND OUT WITH THE FOREIGN RUFFIAN AND HIS BARREL-ORGAN!

THE FALSE START.

From our Political Turf-reporter.

I HAVE only time for a line about that false start of GLADSTONE's, which has caused so much talk. The fact is that this jockey is nearly the cleverest fellow out, and as you know, he 's quite up to the Greeks, and not to be done when tin's in question. Nobody rides neater, and though he keeps the whip pretty quiet, he makes it felt when he does use it. But there are wheels within wheels, and on that Wednesday, when the New Franchise Stakes were run for, it was expected that he would ride *Procrastination*, and make a waiting race of it, lo and behold there he was on *Democracy*. I suppose it had been squared among the nobs, but nobody thought that GLADSTONE, of all jockeys, would let a horse bolt with him. Bolt he did though, and all the shouting in the world was no good; he never got the nag's head round till he 'd past the U.S. (universal suffrage) post, when he pulled up. I need not say the BAINES lot were radiant at getting GLADSTONE into their colours, but though he showed his horse's points he did no more, and when the struggle came, *Democracy* was pumped out, and *Previous Question* came in previously, by many lengths. GLADSTONE has been blamed by some who have the pluck to cheek him, which everybody hasn't, but he says he knows what he 's about, and does not keep all his eggs in one basket. He adds that one of these days he 'll show some folks the way to take the lead and keep it, and I dare say he will.

Clear Enough.

A PROVINCIAL journal says, " We observe that some Scotch writers actually advocate the street-organs, which are found such a nuisance in civilised cities. We cannot understand this." Our provincial friend is dull. Street-organs supply a noisy and rather a coarse amusement—and one which can be got for nothing. *Ergo*, Sawney likes them.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.—The Great Lights of the University of Cambridge are the Two Moderators.

FROM A GRATIFIED SWELL.

DEAR PUNCH, *Conservative Club.*

I DON'T often write letters, or bore myself in any way more than I can help, but I must say that I think a great benefit has been conferred upon good society. I mean by the way the *Times* has to-day adopted with the names in the Births, Marriages, and Deaths column. That printing the leading names in big letters, don't you know?

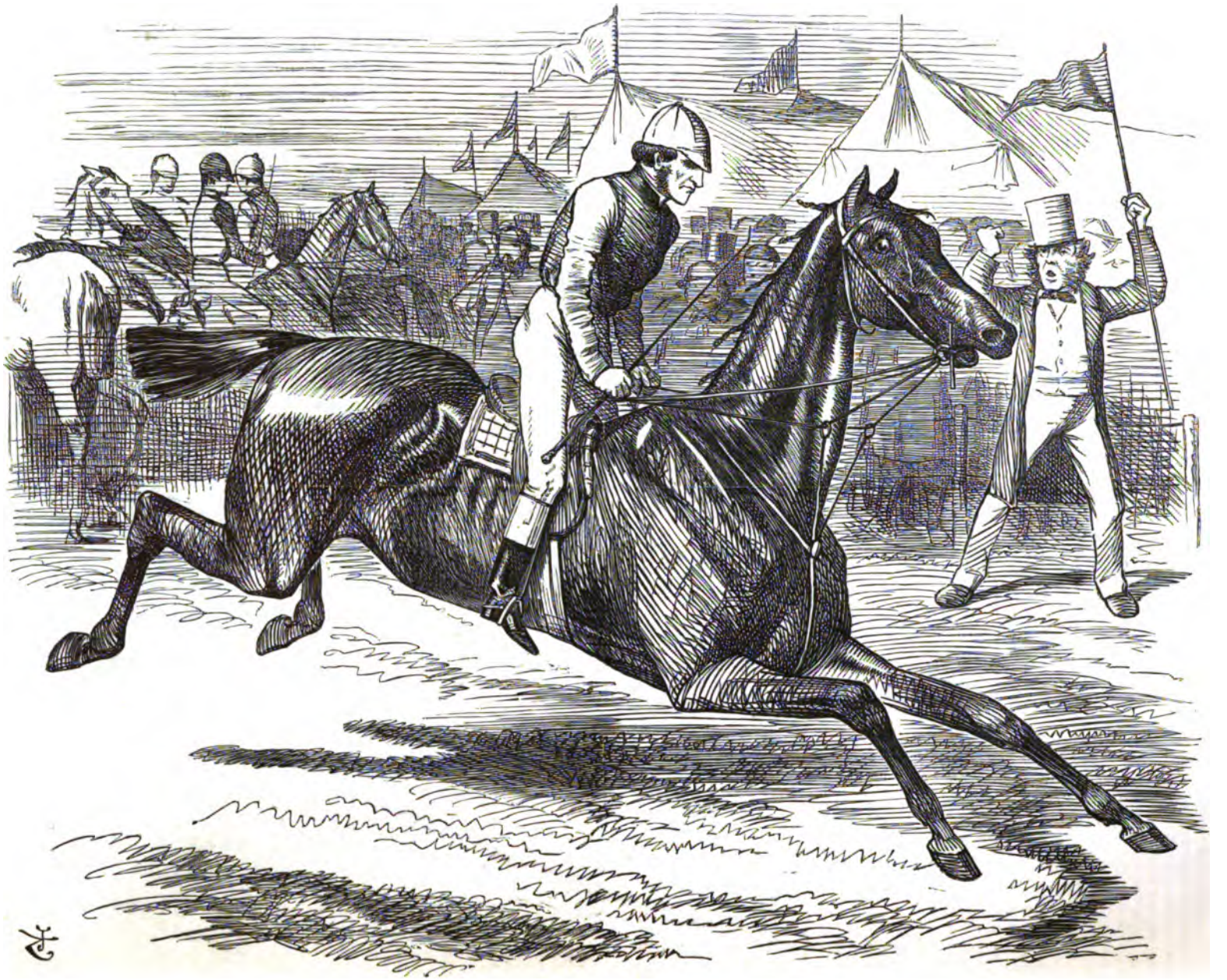
Declare to you I haven't looked down that column for years. The class of folks that, because they have the half guinea, or whatever it is, to pay for the printing their names, have been pleased to advertise their domestic arrangements, have made the list perfectly offensive. Swear to you, a fellow read out at breakfast the other morning that the landlord at the " Pig and Whistle " had married the barmaid from the " Cow and Cucumber." What the deuce right have such *canaille* to compel me to take notice of their concerns, just because I want to see whether anybody I know has been and died or anything?

Times don't go half far enough, and ought to exercise a censorship about these notices, and not send all over the civilised world the important information that an attorney's clerk's lady has presented him with an attorneylet, or that a butcher respected in the parish (is that R. I. P.?) has transmitted the chopping block to his successor. Or they might put this sort of thing by itself, and keep a separate part—consecrated ground—for *us*. But it 's something to print the names in big letters, as one learns to skim them, like a butterfly, and miss the infernal hollyhocks and cabbage roses, and settle on the tulips and camellias—pretty image that, old fellow. I tried it in a quadrille, and it went no end.

Can't help thinking that your notion for a fourth column, for Divorces, ought to be taken up, for a fellow never knows who he 's talking to in these days, but all in good time. I 've a right to be glad of this approach to reform, for the *Times* that had my marriage with LADY ANNABELLA in it put us between the marriage of my tailor and that of her mother's upholsterer, and we nearly had a row at Windermere because she thought it was my fault. Knows better than to make any rows now, but the moral 's the same.

May 18th, 1864. Always yours, ALGERNON SANGBLEW.

Digitized by Google



THE FALSE START.

PAM (THE STARTER). "HI! GLADSTONE! DEMOCRACY! TOO SOON! TOO SOON! YOU MUSTN'T GO YET!"

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PUNCH'S DERBY PROPHECY.

ALWAYS ready with a Prophecy, my bloaters, when the Derby day comes round, likewise when it comes square, as I hope it will to all of you, and as I'm sure it will to such of you as put your trust and confidence in your only true and lawful prophet one and indivisible, like the French Empire, except that that's divided into two parts, Paris and France, eh, M. the Minister of Lost Elections? But never mind that at the Derby—LORD DERBY has lost elections before now and behind then, and yet I'll bet MALMESBURY'S English to JOHNNY RUSSELL'S French, that my LORD RUPERT never sulked over it. *Revenons à nos moutons*, which means let us come on to our horses. *Birch-Broom* turns up first. Of course he is good in a Sweep, (ha!) but a birch to be of any good, must come behind other things. New brooms sweep clean, and I have no doubt of many pockets being swept with the utmost cleanliness. Next comes *Coast Guard*. Now, the business of that personage is not o much running with spirit as preventing spirits being run, but then we don't always all mind our own business, or everybody's business would be minded, and the Golden Age would come back and Austria Redux and all that. And a Coast Guard is always ready at a signal. On we goes to *Paris*. How do you do, our American friend, and how are your light heart and ten pair of—yes, *Sir*. Now yew calculate as a Yankee razor, sharpened in Paris, will just shave All England, you guess. Wall—only don't knock your head agin it, and then say it was me. *Baragah* is an offensively obscure name, and comes from the savages who use boomerangs, but when the bell rings he may be thought a *bel Sabage*. On *Ely* I see the odds taken *fres*-ly. MR. CARTWRIGHT'S name is a good one for a dentist, but does the horse understand Stopping? Now for *Blair Athol*. BLAIR'S Sermons are stupefying, so is Athol brose, but that doesn't make no odds, you fool, as the ghost politely remarked to the young lady who objected to be buried on the frivolous ground that she wasn't dead. Well, bloaters, *Blair Athol*, like my heart, is in the Highlands, but you see these are Epsom Downs. *Nec timothy nec temmery* be your motto. *Copenhagen* was peppered by NELSON, and also carried WELLINGTON very well at Waterloo, but is now getting old. However, he comes out of the Danes'bury stable, which is consistent in him, and he is half bred, and a half bred is better than no loaf, my loafers. What's a *Holly-fox*—a sly cove who gets in all his Christmas invitations and chooses the best, or is it Yorkshire for Halifax? I can't find it in MR. CHARLES KNIGHT'S *English Cyclopædia*, and anything that isn't there, isn't worth knowing. He belongs to VALENTINE, so we'll see whether the Derby Day in future shall be called Valentine's Day. If so, won't the Falmouth bells ring, my dear lord of Tregothnan? *Historian* is a good name, and historians are long-winded, though they don't get over the ground quick. *Prince Arthur* came to grief over a wall—mightn't have done so over a hedge—don't you. *King John* was in the list, and if he had run, *Prince Arthur* would, I should think, have done all he knew to get away from his sanguinolent uncle, but uncle's scratched, and nephew lacks the domestic stimulus. As for *Forager*, I was challenged by a rival poet to make a rhyme to his name. I shut up the pump in a minute; for says I, "If the brute will not start, I mean *Forager*, call some eminent counsel—don't scoff; SERJEANT BALLANTINE, shrewd MR. OBRIDGE or, SERJEANT PARRY will soon *get him off*." There's rhyme, no extra charge. *Isaak Walton* won't get me in a line, and *Dormouse* may roll up. Then *Idler*, well, *dulce est*—to be an idler—*in loco*, but there's a motive to be locomotive at Epsom. I don't seem to see him in front. If you ask me what *Ackworth* is, I reply to you with the utmost frankness, a place in Yorkshire, and too far north for yours truly. *Strafford* may do something if the jockey will behave better to him than KING CHARLES did, and only let him have his head; but though *Valiant's* friends may put on the pot, I don't like pot-valiant people. Listen, listen, Mary mine, To the whisper of the Apennine, says SHELLEY; but shelling out on him's another matter; and though the racing folks insist on spelling him with two p's, he may not be as right as two pease. However, *Appenine* comes of a good stock, though clearly not an Alpen-stock. I shall look at *Planet* through my telescope, and may find him near the Pole. *Master Richard's* mamma is called *Energy*, and I think he will show himself a lively little boy. A word in your private ear—notice *Privateer*. Then there's a horse called *Windham*. This is such a common name now that they might as well have called him Smith. His mother was a Fright; but he may be a beauty. *Warrior*, if like his nautical namesake, can't be selected as a cockboat; and as he belongs to a nobleman called BATEMAN, I hope he'll run as well as *Leah*. American associations naturally lead me to *Washington* (there is a Southern American Association, called an army, which may, spite appearances, lead GENERAL LEE there one of these days), and he is the son of *Charleston*, and, like another Charleston, finds "no takers." I next name *Sans Change*, who may leave his friends' pockets so. Dancing out of France into Spain, like DOCTOR FORSTER'S pupils when they had been whipped, I perceive *Guerilla*, but if you'd called him *Gorilla*, I shouldn't put a monkey on him. *Major* and *Miner* may pair off together, and be blowed, or, if you insist on a complete syllogism, my third proposition is that we should now liquor. That's better, and having wiped my mouth with cambric, I take up *Surat*, merely to say that I' don't cotton to him. He was formerly called *Rehoboam*, who was the son of SOLOMON, who is not in the race, though *Solon* is, a horse from the isle of wisdom, need I name Oireland? If he gives much law he'll lose, even if he gives it to *Outlaw*, who will be proclaimed anything but winner. He must be rather a pirate than an outlaw, for he carries a Cannon. *Signalman* will not, I think, be seen at the post; *Rappel's* name certainly implies beating, but for his mamma's lovely name, *Hesperithusa* (I shall call my next daughter so), I wish him luck. Take off your hats, for here are *Cathedral* and *East Minster* (what's that about Nave's-mire, knave?), but I am not one of the choristers who sing about the former, and as for the latter, As I was going over West-Minster Bridge, I met a West-Minster scholar; He pulled off his hat, And Drew off his glove, and wished me a very good morrow, and you may apply the verse, and ask your children his name, which you have told them in the affable little recitation. Regarding *Wardance*, my dancing days are over (though I should like to make COLONEL WAUGH dance to an accompaniment of my own performance); but this Indian dance was usually executed around the stake of a victim, and *Victim* was *Wardance's* dam, and he may get the stake if he can. *Peon*, pronounced pune, has also Indian proclivities; but I fear this poor Indian has an untutored mind, and through Epsom mists will not see much behind. Touching *Alpheus*—well, *c'était primitivement un chasseur*, says M. QUICHERAT, and he must go at a quicker rate than I think he will if he is not still found following something else. *Jack Frost* is out of place in May, and won't be in a place at the finish, and the *Knight of Snowdon*, who is one of (WALTER) SCOTT'S lot, will also, I fear be a Roderick Doo. Then there is an anonymous article, the *Hersey* filly, but I fear this *filet d'Hersey* will not be in great demand among the horsophagi. Now, my beloved bloaters, what shall we say to *Scottish Chief*? Is *his* heart in the Highlands too, or is yours in your highlows? 'Tis good to be Merry and wise, To get of the race a good view, 'Tis good to eat FORTNUM'S game pies, And drink hock, if you're asked so to do. Still remember, the *Scottish Chiefs* was written by MISS PORTER, and some persons may miss porter and find only small beer. The difficulty as regards *Cambuscan* is that CHAUCER accents the last syllable, and MILTON the second, and are we to follow JOHNNY or GEOFFREY. No consequence? Why, you everlasting outrageous insensate owl and hippopotamus, are we not speaking of a horse, and is a question of feet of no consequence? By Jove! By Thor! By Seeva! By Buddha! Cambuscan may rhyme with Tuscan, or Cambuscan may rhyme with MARY ANN, and I had rather rhyme than reason with MARY ANN, or any other of her delightful gender. But, not to Leave untold The Story of Cambuscan bold, I think he will win if a certain obstacle does not prevent him. Lastly there is *General Peel*, in honour of whom pull off your coats, and in fact have a general peel. For let me tell you, and indeed I will tell you whether you will let me or not, that when SHAKSPEARE made *Thersites* observe "Did not The General run then," SHAKSPEARE (who knew PEELE well) knew what he was writing about. After what I have said, my bloaters, you would be nothing better than herrings, mere soldiers, heavy dragoons, if you wanted any plainer indication of the winner of the Derby for 1864, but I will just add that, as you see, his name is in fact the same as that of yours perpetually,

PUNCH.

THE EXCELSIOR BILL.

THE well-known song, *Excelsior*, always reminds us of a climbing boy, though with this difference, that, whereas its hero reaches the mountain top, the sweep is likely to be stifled half-way up the chimney. But *Excelsior* ought not to remind us of climbing boys, at any rate of those who climb chimneys, as the employment of such chimney-sweeps was prohibited by Act of Parliament twenty years ago. This Act has, however, come to be evaded to such an extent, that more than three thousand children are still kept at labour in the filthy and unhealthy slavery of chimney-climbing. The kidnapping of little boys for that servitude has even been revived, and it appears that the children used in sweeping chimneys are not boys only. At a meeting, lately held at York, with a view to the suppression of this cruel usage, or abuse, of infants, the following agreement was signed by the assembled Sweeps:—

"We, the undersigned Master Sweeps of the City of York, mutually agree, from and after this date, not to employ Climbing Boys and Girls in our business; that the Act of Parliament on their behalf made should be strictly complied with; and that we ought no longer to risk the heavy penalties it prescribes, both against householders and ourselves."

It thus appears that, in York at least, the employment of climbing girls has become almost or quite as common as that of climbing boys. It is enough to say against chimney-climbing that, besides its nastiness, and its obvious cruelty, it is the cause of a malignant disease—for which see COOPER'S *Surgical Dictionary* under the head of Cancer. Well, then, the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY has introduced into the House of Lords a Bill for the effectual protection of children from Master Chimney-Sweeps. Amongst other provisions well calculated to accomplish this purpose there is one whereby—

"A chimney-sweeper convicted of compelling, or knowingly allowing, a person under 21 to ascend a chimney, or enter a flue for sweeping it, or extinguishing fire, may be sent to prison for a term not exceeding six months, with or without hard labour."

With hard labour, by all means. This clause, if enforced, will practically do pretty well, as there are very few adults of the dimensions of TOM THUMB, and those few possess so great a fortune in their own littleness, that they can be under no temptation to climb chimneys for a living. Of course Parliament will take care to pass the above-quoted Bill: and then the *Excelsior* movement will have to be practised by no Sweep except Master Sweeps, offending against the statute enacted to restrain their brutality. They, indeed, will practise the movement, without making the ascent, which "*Excelsior*" implies, on the treadmill.

A Fat Angel.

A CRITIC in the *Morning Star* says that he has always been accustomed to regard *Sir John Falstaff* as—what do you think? "A kind of fallen Archangel." Well, that did not occur to us, even when we saw MR. PHELPS lying on the ground after Shrewsbury fight. But there is authority, *Falstaff's* own, for the idea. "Your ill Angel is light—he that looks on me may take me without weighing." Still, a fallen Archangel! However, a fallen *Star* should know.

Digitized by Google



AMERICAN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

"Born when the United States and Great Britain were under the same Government and flag, of course SHAKSPEARE can be claimed as an American."—*New York Herald, April* 18.

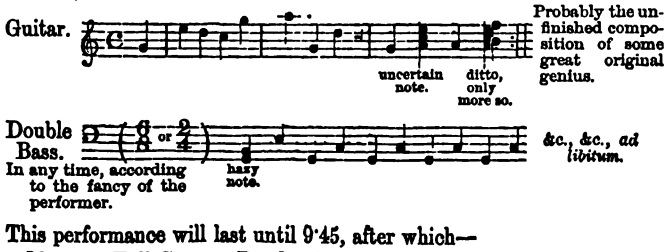
LONDON'S UNMUSICAL SEASON.

THE following arrangements will be carried out in the course of the present Season, which, we hear, owing to MR. BASS's most salutary Bill, will be the last of the Great Unmusical Seasons of London. The subjoined plan will be only wholly and duly observed in the most quiet streets of the Metropolis; but persons inhabiting Squares, or thoroughfares possessing ample accommodation for itinerant musicians on the pavement, will be gratified by the occasional performance of portions of the entertainment. Perhaps they would be more gratified by the performance of no part of the programme whatever.

PROGRAMME FOR QUIET STREET MUSICAL PERFORMANCE

During the London Season.

Time of day. 9 A.M.—German boy and girl, solo and duet, accompanying themselves on double bass and guitar. Introduction—Tuning for ten minutes: during this time, the educated amateur will have much pleasure in noticing the laudable efforts made by the double bass to get into the same cleff with the guitar. Despairing of ultimate success, and unwilling to keep their audience waiting any longer, they play as follows:—



This performance will last until 9·45, after which—

10 A.M.—Full German Band, with music-stands and a conductor,

Overture . . . . . *Guglielmo Tell.*

This last piece, though very fairly executed, at all events by comparison with other itinerant performances, frightens several horses. This concludes at 10·30.

From 10 A.M. until 1 P.M. will be heard, at intervals, clearly or faintly, according to the thickness of the walls, the two young ladies in the next house, practising scales, SCHUBERT's variations, operatic music arranged as waltzes, galops, &c.

11 A.M.—Man with Organ.

Air . . . . . *La mia Letitzia.*

played very slowly, with whistling accompaniment, out of tune.

12 A.M.—Man, without Organ, but with monkey.

Air, performed by monkey, on cymbals . . *Vague.*

Firing gun by monkey, shouting by man, and other performances, including a broad-sword combat between Man and Monkey.

12·45 P.M.—Combination of talent. Man with organ *and* monkey. Tradesmen's boys cat-calling, and whistling reminiscences of popular airs.

1·15 P.M.—During luncheon, organ with donkey. Seated cripple, charitably supposed to be deaf, turning the handle, and old woman, who collects money, and shakes tambourine. This Organ is equal to three entire brass orchestras of fifty performers, drums, cymbals and triangles included.

2 P.M.—The Infant German band, composed of small dirty boys evidently learning their notes.

Overture . . (*supposed to be*) . . *Guglielmo Tell.*

2·30 P.M.—Indian musician with his tum tum tum.

3 P.M.—Niggers, accompanied by admiring crowd.

3·30.—Solo . (Flageolet) *Home Sweet Home.* (*New version.*)

Street-boys whistling reminiscences as before.

4 P.M.—More niggers, in costume, with kettle-drums, a man with a false nose, and a female singer.

Balcony Stalls (area railings)	1½*d.*
Pit (pavement)	½*d.*
Dress Circle (door step)	2*d.*
Private Boxes (upper windows, well filled with servants)	*ad. lib.*

5 P.M.—Dancing Pony. Whip smacking. "Hi! Hi!" "Hoop!" Volunteer band in distance, marching out to drill.

5·30 P.M.—Itinerant vocalists, distressed weavers, with singing children.

Solo and Chorus . *I'm Leaving Thee in Sorrow, Annie.*

6 P.M.—Solo, violin.

7 P.M.—Grand Finale. Organ corner of street. Niggers, new set, with two extra voices, and a Leader, who squeaks shrilly. Oratorio kind of organ opposite corner of street. Volunteer band in the distance, marching home after drill.

The entire Concert concludes punctually at 7·40.

8 P.M.—A POLICEMAN is seen slowly passing before the dining-room window; and all is still.

10 P.M.—Somebody going home playing accordion.

10·30 P.M.—Somebody else, whistling.

11 P.M.—Cats.

Such are the delights of the Great London Unmusical Season!

"Peace, Cousin Percy, you will make 'em Mad."

THE great Metallurgist, need we name DR. JOHN PERCY, has aroused a revolution in the Mining Districts. He has thrown a thundering Bomb, with fatal precision, and the explosion has shattered a "system" which sadly wanted shattering. The demolished interests are frantic, but the sufferers by the system, who have more than a pecuniary concern in the prevention of catastrophes, hail the great doctor as a Liberator. We expect detailed news, meantime the telegram quotes *Henry IV.*, and declares—

"The Land is burning, PERCY stands on high,"

while the acidulated authorities mutter, classically, *Percycos odi pure Apparatus.*

FROM OUR GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND.

WHY would a good-natured Dramatic Critic be a valuable specimen in an Anatomical Museum? Because he takes to Pieces easily.

ORNITHOLOGY FOR SMALL HOUSES.

A STUFFED Duck, placed under a glass case, on a table in the space 'twixt the front door and the parlour, cannot be called a Bird of Passage.

MOTTO FOR A TAILOR WHO MAKES COATS OF THE BEST ENDURING CLOTH.—*Fuimus; i. e. We wear.*

Digitized by Google



UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

Old Lady. "WELL, I'M SURE NO WOMAN WITH THE LEAST SENSE OF DECENCY WOULD THINK OF GOING DOWN *THAT* WAY TO IT."

MORE MATLOCK CODICILS.

(*By Special Express Telegraph.*)

Matlock, Monday, 12 *a.m.*

IN addition to the new Codicil that tumbled out of the bed, which, by a remarkably lucky coincidence, was purchased by MR. ELSE's brother-in-law, another has just been found in an old bird-cage which used to contain a favourite canary of the late MR. NUTTALL's. It bequeaths £150,000 to MR. ELSE, who is to look for it till he finds it.

Half-past Four.

Another Codicil has been discovered. A farmer's boy, going home after work, went bird-nesting, and fell down a disused mine-shaft, at the bottom of which he found a warming-pan, containing a new Codicil, in which MR. NUTTALL bequeaths the Peak, Derbyshire, with all the Satanic scenery, to MR. ELSE. The poor boy is very little injured, as the depth was only eighty yards.

Quarter-past Nine.

A fresh Codicil has turned up. Some men digging in a field near MR. ELSE's, found an enormous large turnip, which they wantonly split across with their spades, and out came a bottle, containing a Codicil, by which MR. NUTTALL bequeaths Chatsworth to MR. ELSE for life, remainder to the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE. An ejectment has been served on his Grace.

Half-past Twelve.

Wonders will never cease! A heavy shower of rain choked up the gutters of a house next door to MR. ELSE's, and a man went up to remove the obstruction. In doing so, he found an abandoned nest of a magpie, and in it a brass tobacco-box, covered with bladder, and on this being opened, there were found nine fourpenny pieces, and a Codicil giving MR. ELSE eighteen houses in Sheffield, and a sack of potatoes said to be lying at a pawnbroker's in that town.

Quarter to Three.

Again accident has contributed to justice. A female cottager near MR. ELSE's had complained of severe pains in her inside, and thought she should like some warm beer. Expressing this wish in the hearing of MR. ELSE's cook, the latter kindly fetched an old sauce-pan to warm the beer in. On opening this, a Codicil was found, enfolding some poor man's plaister, also some corn-plaisters, all of which are devised to MR. ELSE for life, with cross-remainders over to the most deserving inmates of the Matlock Union.

Half-past Seven.

No more Codicils have been found up to this hour, but public opinion is strongly in favour of further discoveries.

Quarter to Eleven (*night*).

A most singular and almost melodramatic discovery has been made. Evening Service had been held at Matlock church, and a young woman fell asleep in one of the pews, and was locked in. There are ghosts in her family, so she was not frightened, but made herself a comfortable bed in the churchwarden's pew, with the cushions. Under one which she removed, she found a Codicil, which she hastily read by moonlight, and immediately rang the bells, and on the astounded sexton opening the door, she rushed over him and out of the edifice. He is likely to recover, and so is MR. ELSE, for the new Codicil gives him one side of the principal street in Derby, and all the onions in the testator's hayloft.

Seven (*morning*).

There are rumours of more Codicils, especially of one which is said to have been found in a washing-stand drawer, and which is reported to contain sixteen hundred spade guineas and a tooth-brush, but I abstain from sending particulars until I can verify them.

(*More in a later Edition.*)

A CARD.

A POLITICAL organ declares with a sigh
That reformers are rightly for indolence blamed,
And that what we all want is A VERY GOOD CRY
OF WHICH NO CLASS OF CITIZEN NEED BE ASHAMED.

Mr. Punch has observed the appeal, and would state
That the article wanted has come from Judæa;
And now may be had every night, about VIII,
Of his gifted young friend, MISS KATE JOSEPHINE LEAH.

Digitized by Google

THE JOINT-STOCK BUBBLE COMPANIES BURSTING-UP ASSOCIATION.



PRELIMINARY Meeting of this excellent Society was held the other morning at Phillis's Rooms, for the purpose of electing a working Committee and, of determining the mode by which the ends of the Society might best be carried out. As many as one hundred and eleven ladies were present, the majority of whom were recognised as being the sisters, wives and daughters of gentlemen well known to be of speculative temperament, and who may be regarded as the principal supporters of new joint-stock bubble schemes. After a discussion of some matters not quite relevant to the objects of the meeting, such as the Crystal Palace Flower Show and the last new shape for bonnets, MRS. PRUDENCE SMYTHE was voted to the chair, and in opening the business proceedings of the meeting, the Chairwoman observed that the aim of the Society was to promote the bursting-up of joint-stock bubble companies. (*Hear.*) She need hardly tell the ladies whom she saw before her that the production of these bubbles was daily on the increase. Nearly every lady present, doubtless, had to read the paper to her husband or papa, or, if not required to read it, had (which was worse) to listen to it while he read it out to her (*Cries of "Yes, dear!" "Oh, it's horrid!"*) Now they knew that the first thing their pas and husbands looked at, or asked to have read out to them, was that odious dry stuff about the City and the Money Market. (*Sighs and groans.*) Instead of reading about the Court, and what the PRINCE OF WALES did yesterday, and matters which a lady would consider of chief interest, what their pas and husbands wanted was to hear about the funds, and to know if things were "getting easier" or not, and whether such and such a bank had been "going up or down," and what was the last price that so and so was "quoted at." (*Titters.*) Some ladies might smile at this masculine propensity, but she (the Chairwoman) considered it to be no laughing matter. They might depend on it that men who seemed so anxious about money had not much to spare of it, and, when a husband appeared nervous about the price of shares, his wife might feel assured that he had made a bad investment. (*Nods of assent, and a Voice, "Quite true, dear!"*) Now the aim of the Society was to discourage speculation, and restrain papas and husbands from blindly running into it. She felt sure that female influence, if properly directed, might do much towards this object, and, by dissuading gentlemen from venturing their money in insecure "securities," might by degrees relieve the country from the speculative schemes which persons without principle now found it to their interest to endeavour to promote. (*Murmurs of applause and much tapping of the floor with the sticks of parasols.*)

MRS. ASPENNE said she trembled to think what would become of her, if something were not done to keep her husband from the City, where she knew he must be losing mints and mints of money every time he went to it. (*Sensation.*) Her nerves were in good order before he took to speculating, but now the slightest thing would put her in a quiver, and every day at breakfast time she really shook all over when she handed him the *Times*. (*Great sympathy, and several cries of "Oh, poor dear!"*) She had observed that he looked pale whenever certain names (which she believed were those of some atrocious bubble schemes) were mentioned in his presence, and she had heard him cry "confound it!" on several occasions when he looked into the newspaper, and once he used so violent and terrible an expression that it very nearly threw her into a fit. (*Cries of "Oh, the brute!"*)

MRS. SEEDIE said they saw in her a victim of imprudent speculation. Her husband when he married, had a tolerable income, or she would not have had him. (*A Voice, "Quite right, dear; I wouldn't."*) In an evil hour, however, he was tempted by a friend to put some money in the Sunbeams out of Snowballs Steam Extraction Company, in which his money as quickly melted as the snowballs would have done. To retrieve his loss, he joined the Chickweed and Groundsel Sub-Sea Cultivation Company, and when this had likewise failed, he rashly placed the small remainder of his property in the General Oceanic Highway Lighting Company, which was started for the purpose of lighting up the sea, by means of gaslamps placed in it a hundred yards apart, just fancy, all over the world. (*Titters.*) This scheme succeeded only in making light the purses of those who were investors in it, and now her husband was so poor that, as they saw, his wife was scarce fit to be seen. (*Sensation and a shrill Voice, "No, she really isn't."*)

MRS. GREYMARE said *her* husband never speculated. (*Cheering and cries of "What a darling duck!"*) She should like to catch him at it. (*Laughter*). If she did so, he might rest assured that he would have no peace until he desisted. Thank goodness, *she* had a strong mind, and she would take good care she wasn't ruined by his weak one. (*"That's right, dear!"*) She thought that married ladies had the power in their hands, or rather in their tongues, to keep their precious husbands out of speculative messes. A course of curtain lectures, if properly administered, would in most cases be found to act as a deterrent; and, when a husband had been making a great donkey of himself in some fine bubble speculation, she would recommend his wife to treat him with her sourest and sulkiest of looks, and to lose no opportunity of saying something stinging, especially in company. (*Hear.*) In this way, husbands might be taught to spend their money on their wives, as by rights they ought to do (*applause*), and not to waste it in imprudent and reckless speculation.

MISS PEACOCK, who was most extravagantly dressed, and wore a crinoline of quite a score of yards in its circumference, said that really nobody could tell what she had suffered from these horrid bubble companies. Her Pa at one time used to give her a new bonnet once a quarter, and a new frock every month (*A Voice, "Oh my! how delightful!"*), and when she wanted a new ball-dress she only had to ask for it. (*Sensation, and cries of "Gracious me! how nice!"*) But since he joined some dreadful company (she forgot its odious name), he had behaved in an atrociously mean and stingy manner. Her bonnet, as they saw, was trimmed with only ribbon, and not one scrap of lace (*a Voice, "Poor dear! so it is!"*), and she had actually to exist sometimes for seven weeks together without getting a new dress. (*Great commiseration, and cries of "Oh, how dreadful!"*)

MRS. FLASHLEY said her case was worse even than Miss PEACOCK's. (*Question.*) Yes, she who, ladies might remember, always used to pride herself on dressing in the fashion, had now, as they perceived, to wear a bonnet made last season and a mantle two years old. (*"Dear, dear, how truly terrible!"*) And all this misery was owing to those wretched bubble companies, which it was the bounden duty, she conceived, of every lady to discourage and suppress. (*"We will! we will!"*) A year ago her husband possessed a certain income of some £3000 a-year, which, as ladies knew, was little enough to live upon (*a Voice, "Yes, I should think so"*), and in the hope of getting a larger interest for his money, he had embarked in speculation which had very nearly ruined him. At the instance of a friend, who was one of the directors, he first of all invested in the North and South Pole Junction Atmospheric Railway Company; and, when this bubble had burst, instead of taking warning by the loss he had sustained, he actually took some shares in the Popgun and Pegtop Foreign Manufacture Company, and allowed his name to appear as a director of the Submarine Anemone Steam Propagation Company, both which bubble speculations had, if she might be permitted the masculine expression, come rapidly to grief. (*Sensation.*) That was what she and her family were coming to, she knew, and it would be a mercy soon if they'd so much as common bread and meat to live upon. Last autumn, instead of going down the Rhine, she had actually to take her darling girls to Ramsgate; and she expected soon her pin-money would so much be reduced that she would scarce be able to buy a bit of ribbon with it, much less a silk dress. (*General consternation, and a chorus of "Oh, poor thing!"*)

The Chairwoman then rose and moved a resolution to the effect that speculation was terribly destructive to the interests of the ladies, because it tempted men to waste in it what they might spend upon their wives. The resolution being carried with considerable clamour, and the meeting having pledged itself to support the Joint-Stock Bubble Companies Bursting-Up Association, lunch was ordered in, and further business was postponed until the middle of next week.

A Pun for Potter.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON, in the course of a sensible speech, delivered the other day at the Whittington Club, on the subject of Working Men's Clubs, observed that "the Working Men's Clubs must be made to take in all classes of working men." As yet this object has been accomplished by Working Men's Clubs only in a sense not contemplated by the BISHOP OF LONDON. The Benefit Clubs are Working Men's Clubs, and some of them have taken in the working men shamefully.

WEATHER AND SPORT.

IF the Derby Day, on which *Mr. Punch* comes out, and pretty strongly too, is anything like 108° in the shade, there will be, besides the races marked on the C'rrect Card, a Great Heat and a very large number of Runners.

Digitized by Google



THE DRILL COMPETITION.

Captain of our May Fair Company that won the Badge. "YES, IT'S A GREAT TRIUMPH FOR US; SO LUCKY THOSE OTHER COMPANIES WERE SHORT OF MEN, EH? BUT MY FELLOWS ARE OBLIGED TO GO A GOOD DEAL INTO 'SOCIETY,' YOU KNOW. CAN'T EXPECT 'EM TO DRILL MUCH DURING THE SEASON!"

"THOROUGH."—*Archbishop Laud.*

WHEN you do a thing, do it thoroughly. When you break up an establishment, dismiss everybody. We are glad to see that the following advertiser is a root-and-branch man, and on abandoning housekeeping, not only gets rid of his wife, but suggests a satisfactory arrangement for the lady's future life:—

A GENTLEMAN, who is breaking up his establishment, has very great pleasure in RECOMMENDING his COACHMAN, and WIFE; the former to take charge of the stable and drive; and the latter as Dairywoman, or to take charge of poultry, or both duties combined. Address, &c.

Except that if he were really a gentleman he would have mentioned the lady before the menial, we think this advertiser a model of thoughtfulness.

"NOT DEAD YET."

GARIBALDI has published a letter, in Turin, wherein he warmly thanks the English nation for its hospitality, and adds, "I withdrew when I saw fit to do so, without ceding to instigation of any kind." We hear that BEALES & Co. (of Primrose Hill) have chartered a steamer, and are going out to Caprera to examine the Liberator, and to ask him, first, whether the above statement is true, and, secondly, what he means by making them look like the greatest fools who ever earned notoriety by hooking little names on to a big name? We admit that for the first time in his life GARIBALDI has done an unkind thing. But patience has its limits, though folly has none.

A Trifle Too Meek.

OUR dear Bishops are not brave. Should another JAMES THE SECOND arise, we fear that there are no Seven to give a new MACAULAY the chance of writing another such immortal chapter as that which describes the Trial. The EARL OF SHAFTESBURY has charged the whole bench with "a gross breach of duty," and not one of them has dared to call him to account in the House of Lords. Yet he is thought to represent the Exeter Hall mind. Either the Bishops despise Exeter Hall, and its "bray," or they are sadly deficient in the courage which should characterise noblemen. Does a spiritual peer mean a peer without spirit?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MAY 23*rd*. *Monday*. LORD PALMERSTON having remembered that Tuesday was the QUEEN'S birthday, and Wednesday the Derby Day, mentioned those facts to the House, and proposed that both anniversaries should be observed as holidays. His proposition was received in the most cheerful manner. Nothing else, of the slightest consequence, was said.

Tuesday. HER MAJESTY completed her Forty-fifth year.

Wednesday. *Blair Athol* won the Derby.

Thursday. In the House of Lords there was debate upon the conduct of the Prussians in Jutland, who are revenging themselves, by plunder on land, for their losses at sea. LORD RUSSELL spoke of arrangements and promises which are clearly violated. LORD ELLENBOROUGH hoped that the Sovereign imitated GEORGE III., and did not allow German connections to influence her conduct. LORD RUSSELL said that whatever Ministers proposed to the QUEEN, Her Majesty assented to, an answer which was unfair to his Royal Mistress, because it was a mere evasion, whereas he might have given a frank and complete reply.

Then the DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH proposed to let Scotch Episcopal clergymen into the Church of England, whereat the Bishops had a good deal to say, and the Bill goes to a Committee.

In the Commons MR. HENNESSY originated a debate about Poland, and wished the House to resolve that Russia had violated her engagements, and therefore had forfeited her sovereignty in that country. LORD PALMERSTON spoke at some length, and agreed that Russia had behaved tyrannically, but he thought that it would be below the dignity of the House to pass a resolution which it was not intended to follow by any action.

Friday. The Lords (and we are bound to say that all idea of legislation being abandoned in both Houses, and a series of *conversazione* being instituted instead, the conversations in the Upper House are far the most piquant and interesting) had a pleasant discussion on Education as practised at our Public Schools. LORD STANHOPE expressed himself with much grace and good sense. He would not hear of the abolition of the study of Latin, wherein he is right, for graphic and slip-slop writing is far too prevalent, and it is desirable to keep up something like purity, besides, the interchange of a few words from HORACE is a freemasonic sign between gentlemen previously strangers, and at once does away with any apprehension of dropped aitches or pocketpicking. But he thinks that a great deal too much Greek is taught, and here he is right again, because there are but two Greek words that anybody need understand, *kudos* and *nous*, and most young ladies, even, are now aware of the meaning of both. Further, he considers that everybody should know French, and for the third time we have much pleasure in endorsing his opinion, for otherwise people could not read the Parisian letter in the *Realm*, which declines to translate its French correspondent. But as regards the accomplishments which LORD STANHOPE favours, we are not so sure. Music certainly keeps a good many young persons out of mischief, and if not very bad, is almost tolerable under certain restrictions, and drawing has the same merit, with the additional one of being quieter; but we incline to agree with the *Times* that the great object of education is to teach a young fellow that he must grapple with matters which are hard to master, even though he thoroughly dislikes them, and they give him the headache. LORD CLARENDON had something to urge in reply, and defended the recommendations of the Commissioners on Education, who represented that at Public Schools lads were not thoroughly grounded even in what it was professed to teach, and were not able to stand the gentlest College examination without coaching. Our Schools he thought behind the age, and though it was not proposed to legislate for them, he hoped that the authorities would take the hint. This kind of chat occupied the hour before dinner, which was announced at a quarter-past seven.

The Commons made a long evening of it, having some eighteen matters to talk over, but most of them were bores. Complaint was made by some Irish gentlemen that the Law Life Assurance Company has acquired a good deal of property in Connemara, and manages it in a cold-blooded Saxon way, making the poor tenants pay their rents,

turning them out if they fail to comply with that tyrannical arrangement, and generally going on in a style not understood in Oireland. It was humbly urged for the Company that it had advanced very large sums on mortgage of this oppressed property, and had been obliged to take to it, and on the whole the Government did not see that the Company could be committed to prison and their land handed over to the peasantry.

The question of Meetings in the Parks came up again, and SIR GEORGE GREY, with some show of surprise at the ignorance of certain Members, stated that the Parks belong to the QUEEN, and that no meetings can be held there without her permission, signified through her advisers. But Primrose Hill is in a different category, and is under MR. COWPER, and it is not probable that he will interfere with any reasonably decent and orderly assemblage that may be idiotic enough to prefer listening to bad speeches to lying about on the grass and smoking the pipe of peace.

MR. SCULLY, snubbed for talking too much, explained that he had supposed that on Friday nights everybody was to speak on every subject. The imaginary rule might be inconvenient, as he will see, if he will multiply the 18 topics of the night by the 658 Members.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE OPERA.



BEING blessed with what is called "a good ear for music," (though which ear is the good one we can't precisely specify), we never miss a chance of going to the Opera. We rejoice therefore to hear that a new Opera is open to us, and that, as it will be open only in the afternoon, it will not interfere with our visits to the old ones. We have an Opera in a Haymarket and an Opera in a Garden (to wit, the one called Covent), and this Season we have also an Opera in a Greenhouse. At the Crystal Palace Concerts Opera music is performed by the best of foreign artists (if we were a critic, we of course should say *artistes*), and performed as well as either in the Garden or the Haymarket. At these pleasant Concerts, too, you sit in cool fresh air, and not in heat and gaslight, and you have greenery to look at, if you have not scenery. In many scenes, moreover, the Crystal Palace greenery is all that can be wished. There are real flowers there for the garden scene in *Faust*, and that is more than you will see upon the stage of MR. GYE, or that of MR. MAPLESON.

Thus at the Crystal Palace Opera there is pleasure for your nose as well as for your ears and eyes; and you hear the sweetest airs of DONIZETTI or MOZART,—

"While gales of roses round you rise,"

as MR. THOMAS MOORE affirms they did around ANACREON.

So thank you, MR. BOWLEY, for your Opera at Sydenham, where one may pleasantly employ one's ears and eyes and nose from lunch-time until dinner; after which, if one so liketh, one may take them in the evening to the Opera in London.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

(*General, Political, Polemical, Moral, Social.*)

IT is a long time since I treated you to a general article on the current events of the day. I then told you, if you will refer to the Number (which it is, I forget), that I was blessed, or otherwise, with the very shortest memory of man, which seems always to be running to the contrary. That is a legal phrase, you know, and exactly expresses my case. Talking of cases, I must say a few words about America. Of course, one has to converse on this unhappy subject continually; but although I manage very fairly, I have never thoroughly mastered the events. The other day I came into my club, and anxiously inquired for the Second Edition of the *Times*. I generally do this as early as possible in the afternoon, and then somebody is sure to say, "Eh! what? Second Edition? Any important Telegrams from America?"

I confine myself to replying ominously, "Yes, expected."

While deploring the miserable state of Transatlantic matters at a dinner-party, a lady says to me, "Oh! MR. MUDDLE, *you* can tell me. What *is* the American War about?"

Everybody at table was silent, in order to hear my exposition.

I'd have given anything for a tooth-ache, or a summons on business that would have taken me out of the room.

Here was a question with a vengeance! "What is the American War about?"

I attempted to parry, jocosely. "About as bad, Ma'am," I began, using a very old form of joke, much patronised by my lamented Grandfather, and preserved in our family, when this She-inquisitor interrupted me with, "No, MR. MUDDLE, I mean what is the Cause of the War?"

Had I been asked the Origin of Evil, I could have spoken well, knowing that others knew little more on the subject than I. But on the Cause of the American War! that was quite another thing.

"Well, MISS VIVID," I said (she's a maiden lady, affecting a girlish carelessness regarding everything, but—ahem!), "Well, MISS VIVID," I said, sententiously, "You see the North and South" (I was safe so far), "The North and South are—in fact—fighting, with one another, in order, ahem—to see which will get the mastery." This was all very safe, and would have historically suited the Romans and Carthaginians, Jews and Philistines, English and Maoris, SAYERS and HEENAN, or any other combatants.

"But," persisted the intelligent female, "which are the Confederates, and which the Federals?"

Now this is precisely the point that has invariably puzzled me. How many times I have got the fact by heart, I'm afraid to say; but I've always forgotten it again. I wisely answered her thus—

"The Confederates are those who confederate together—from two Latin words, *con* and *federate:* and the Federals are those who don't con-federate, but are bound by a Fœdus or treaty."

"Yes," said she, "but are the Northerners the Confederates, or the Southerners?"

The eyes of the dinner-party were upon me.

"I must do something to save my character," I said to myself.

Boldly assuming an air of incredulity—"What!" I exclaimed, "You do not mean to say that you don't know?"

"Well," she began, apologetically——

Directly she fell into this strain, the game was mine. She was a weak soul, and I triumphed. Sir, I refused to give her the required information, on the score that she ought to ascertain it for herself from the Papers. At this moment, an old gentleman stepped in good-naturedly, and said——

But I beg your pardon—this is not what *he* said, but what *I* say—my intention was to have given you a general article on social, political, polemical, and moral subjects.

Sir, if my memory serves me fairly, I will write to you upon the very first opportunity.

OUR DERBY PROPHECY.

POOH, pooh, no thanks—there, take your hands out of your pockets, I want no "trifle of your Winnings," dear bloaters. When I give you a piece of sporting information I do it out of sheer generosity and good-nature, and not for the sake of any wretched commission. Only, as you certainly will have to pay no other prophet this time, for the whole boiling was about as floundering and helpless as so many porpoises on dry land, you may send subscriptions to the Newspaper Press Fund, in gratitude for the capital accounts of the Derby Day. If you think it's easy to write such things, just try, that's all. *Difficile est communia dicere*, PINDAR tells you, and so does *Punch*. So it wasn't the *Knight of Snowdon* but the day of Snowdon, eh? There, don't shake a fellow's hand off, if you can help it. I told you that *Blair Athol* would win, and that *General Peel* was a very good horse, and would run well, and that *Scottish Chief* would turn out small beer. You know how they were placed. I said, "Blair Athol, like my heart, is in the Highlands, (meaning, of course, bloaters, that the beautiful place whence he takes name is there,) but that it was upon Epsom Downs that the horse would run." And did he not? And, says I, *nec timothy nec timmery*, and if you did not understand what *nec nectr* meant you are not fit to read my writings. But I also said, by way of making assurance a double sewer (like the high and low level drainage), that the name of the winner was, *in fact*, the same as my own. Well, so it is. What am I but the greatest thing out, *under Snowdon?* Very like whales, that, isn't it? But you are sold again, and I have bought a ninepenny cigar with the money and eight-pence farthing added by myself, for I meant that I am often what Blair Athol was, "Caviar to *The General*," and that I am always ahead in the course followed by PEEL, the Second. Yah!

PUNCH.

Change of Name.

IN consequence of the notoriety of one of the persons interested in the Great Nuttall Will Case, he who was nobody at all, will now be known as Somebody ELSE.

HAGIOLOGY.—The Patron of Accountants and Sporting Men is *St. Ledger*.

Digitized by Google

MY BUTLER.

A TALE OF PRIDE AND PUNISHMENT.

PART I.—PRIDE.

Now if there be, as I believe,
Foul spirits in the air,
Who grin to see us mortals grieve,
And dance at our despair,

They must have had a special treat,
And shrieked with prescient fun,
When, in a somewhat obscure street,
I sought for MRS. GRUN-

DY'S office, where, my Paper said,
I could not fail to find
Servants, in every virtue bred,
Both male and womenkind.

And when "come in" my rat-tat-tat
Evoked at 73,
There in a pleasant parlour sat
DAME GRUNDY at her tea.

Ah, never, since in days long fled,
My boyhood did perspire,
Applying surreptitious bread
To unpermitted fire,—

Never such toast my wistful eyes
Had lit with hunger's glow,
And, in my gladness and surprise,
I told DAME GRUNDY so!

"Might she presume?" "Oh, surely, yes,
Nor formal words begin;
One sniff of buttered toast like this
Doth make the whole world kin."

She pointed to a cushioned chair,
And from her mantel-shelf
She took, and wiped with dainty care
A cup of shining delf.

There, in a cozy corner snug,
I gave myself to tea,
Till, like the cat upon her rug,
I purred with pletho-ry.

And then to business—first we had
A plaint of dole and woe,
Of servants going to the bad
As fast as they could go.

So changed, so lapsed to foul disgrace
Since that more virtuous age,
When no one ever left their place,
And rather liked low wage.

We spoke of butlers who had passed
Their lives in one pan-try,
And left their little all at last
To the Infirma-ry.

Of cooks, high-principled, whom gay
Butchers could ne'er allure;
Who weighed each joint, and gave away
Their dripping to the poor.

Cooks, who ne'er scowled with sullen ire,
When friends to dine dropped in,
But smiled, their "faces all afire
With labour," not with gin.

Of happy housemaids, passing fair,
But as cold Dian chaste,
Who nor by lads nor laces were
Compressed about the waist.

No charm from Nature's lovely lines
They ever sought to rob;
Nor added to what she defines,
Save that sweet cap, called "Mob."

And then from those pure halcyon days
In which DAME GRUNDY served,
To modern servants' wicked ways
Our conversation swerved.

I spoke of Ladies-maids I'd met
On other peoples' stairs,
And bowed to them as of "our set,"
They gave themselves such airs.

I quoted "*Punch*:"—what pencil could
On "*Flunkeyana*" preach—
Sermons in stones, or rather wood,
Like thine, delicious LEECH!

But when I asked, "Was Virtue dead,
And whether GRUNDY knew
Of *any* honest folk?" she said,
"Well yes, there was a few.

"There was a few, and though, perhaps,
She didn't ought to say,
And meant no nasty sneers nor snaps
At SMITH'S across the way—

"But fax was fax, which scorn she should
A gentleman deceive,
And, asking parding, hoped I would
A widdy's word believe,

"That of all servants, most renowned
For conduct and good looks,
The names and ages would be found
In MARTHA GRUNDY'S books."

What joyous news! my tongue, inspired
By trustfulness and tea,
"Could she then find," at once inquired,
"A butler fit for me?"

"Fust, would I kindly please to state
What wages there was guv?
For" (with a smile, said GRUNDY'S mate)
"The best won't sarve for luv."

A transitory smile, for when
Of "Forty Pounds" I spake,
Her lineaments relapsed, and then
She gave them all a shake.

"Nothink fust-rate," she, pitying, sighed,
"Which well beknown it is,
Could at that figure be supplied,
So salaries was rix."

"She did know one, perhaps I might
At fifty pounds engage,
A tip-top man, a treasure quite,
She'd knowed him from a page.

"Knowed him as footman, valet, in
The best of fami-lies;
An under-butler last he'd bin,
RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF G.'s."

Ah, woefraught words! for one of those
Grim spirits in the air,
Who love to gaze upon our throes,
And dance at our despair,

Heard them, and stooped with fiendish hate,
To whisper in mine ear;
"You'd like to have a man to wait,
Who'd waited on a Peer."

"You'd like to see your table set,
And envious friends to view,
With novel taste, reserved as yet
For noblemen and you.

"You'd like your buckskins soft and white,
Instead of hard and stained;
You'd like your 'tops' to gleam as bright
As laurels when it rained.

"You'd like all offices performed,
As for *la haute noblesse*,
Your champagne iced, your claret warmed,
Your 'things' put out to dress.

"You'd like," he paused: the Angler saw,
His float to bob and dip—
His bait was in my wretched maw,
His hook was in my lip!

EYES RIGHT, VOLUNTEERS!

IT is a mistake to suppose that the gallantry of our brave Volunteers does not, for the present, expose them to personal danger. A letter in the *Times* from "A SURGEON TO A LONDON HOSPITAL," pointing out the mischief done by cheap percussion caps in putting out the eyes of the boys, and likewise and otherwise injuring the Cockney sportsmen and all who are accustomed to use them, has received, in the same journal, the following corroboration from a witness who signs himself "A VOLUNTEER:"—

"The percussion caps supplied with the ball cartridges issued the last two years to Volunteer corps on exploding, are attended with exactly similar results as the supposed cheap caps described by your correspondent. Instead of, as formerly, expanding only upon explosion, the caps now fly into two or three and even five pieces. I was standing a few days since about three yards to the right of a friend while firing kneeling, and was struck by a piece of an exploded cap, which cut through my trousers and fetched blood. I found the piece adhering to the cloth. On another occasion I saw a man struck twice in the course of an hour in the face while firing, laying his cheek open."

The caps denounced in the Surgeon's letter to the *Times*, instead of being made of good copper, are composed of a cheap alloy, which is brittle, and, when the cap explodes, flies about. That such caps should be supplied to the public by manufacturing scoundrels is too much of a piece with the reckless rascality prevalent amongst the present race of commercial men to excite any wonder. But it is astonishing that the officials employed by Government to supply the Volunteers with proper ammunition are not more careful or competent than to supply them with percussion caps by which they run an imminent risk of having their eyes destroyed every time they use them. We should like to know whether the issue of these cheap and bad caps is the result of beggarly economy somewhere, or villanous fraud. If, as is likely, a long time elapses before this evil is reformed, Volunteers, if they value their eyesight, will in the meanwhile buy their own caps, and save that sight without which there is no use in sighting their rifles.

Salmon or Whitebait?

A COURT of Aldermen will shortly be called to take into serious consideration the question whether or no it is expedient to promote the breeding of Salmon in the Thames. It will be recollected that some weeks ago a Salmon taken about the mouth of that river was found to be full of whitebait, which were supposed to have attracted him thither. Now if, in case there are Salmon in the Thames, the Salmon will eat up the Whitebait, the question will be between Salmon and Whitebait, and this is the momentous one which their Worships will have to decide.

COURT DRESS.

GENTLEMEN should go to Court in knee-breeches. If you have any conscientious scruples on this matter, a compromise may be effected by tucking up your trousers. This is not perhaps generally known.



YET ANOTHER AMERICANISM.

"HERE, MARIA, HOLD MY CLOAK WHILE I HAVE A FLING WITH STRANGER!"

REVERSING THE PROVERB.

A FABLE, BY JOHN (PUNCH) GAY.

THAT oysters may be crossed in love
Is, well we know, the law of Jove,
But hear the poet, and you 'll find,
They 're also troubled in their mind.

Bold BETHELL, now a noble Peer,
Of brow serene and tongue severe,
Had ordered lunch, and at his wish
A dozen natives graced the dish:
Fat, juicy bivalves, fresh and white,
Fit for a Judge's toothsome bite,
The ale was pale, the bread was new,
The butter delicate of hue,
A slight but nourishing refection,
Not interfering with reflection,
But formed to silence inward groans
While plaintiff's counsel bores and drones.

Withdrawn to his retiring room,
Erst used by ELDON, LYNDHURST, BROUGHAM,
His Lordship cast his robe aside,
And with content his luncheon eyed.
"Here 's my Refresher in the cause,
And better earned than JABBER JAW'S."

He said, the tiny trident reared,
And the first fish had all but speared,
When, vertical upon the board,
An Oyster thus addressed my Lord,
Not in a whistling timid key,
But in a voice well-trained at sea.

"Ho! Equity's great guard and friend!
Attention and assistance lend."

Unblanched as was Pelides' cheek
When his own horse began to speak,
Was BETHELL'S face. He slightly backed:
"Move, but confine yourself to fact."

"My Lord," the Oyster said again,
(Edging away from the Cayenne)
"We ask relief, nor singly come,
But in the name of Oysterdom.
Too long, my Lord, a proverb old
Links us with justice missed, or sold,
Too long we 've been the ribald type
Of all who 'd give the law a wipe,
And now we hold it fitting time
That you should quite reverse the rhyme.
Why should an Oyster's fate recal
Two suitors cheated of their all?
Why should dull fools the Oyster quote
As tumbling down the lawyer's throat?
My Lord, our state is one of trouble,
We heave, we hiss, we spit, we bubble,
That we, aristocrats of food,
Should always suffer jeers so rude,
So beg that you, whose powerful hand
Protects all Natives of the land,
(And land, as well your Lordship knows,
Is where the ocean ebbs and flows,)
Will take some measures to abate
The nuisance of our grievous fate,
And cancel the injurious saw
Which thus describes the end of law:—
'A shell for him, a shell for thee,
The Oyster is the lawyer's fee.'
So make your Orător your debtor.
Orător, if you like it better."

He ceased, arranged his beardy fringe,
And sank upon his widowed hinge.

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

REVERSING THE PROVERB.

"The Oyster where it ought to be, | And Shell and Shell the Lawyer's Fee."

Digitized by Google

The Keeper of the Conscience smiled:
Paused, and replied, in accents mild:—

"From many a Silk and Stuff in there,
From many a politician rare,
From many a Lord, profane, divine,
I've heard much worse harangues than thine.
The only drawback I would state
Is that your rhetoric's rather late.
Of two greats blots I've sought to purge
The law, and meet the views you urge.
The Rich I've helped with measures bold,
And land is cheaply bought and sold:
The grim Conveyancer is crushed,
His dusty webs away I've brushed,
And those who 'll learn my simple rules,
May save large costs—who won't, are Fools.

The Poor are now my earnest care,
The workman hath enough to bear,
Nor scoundrel tallymen shall join
With bailiffs for his hard-earned coin,
And low Attorneys, long his dread,
Shall now beg coarse but honest bread.
Henceforth the rhyme that carries smart
To my poor Oyster's oozy heart,
Shall in another fashion run,
And thus be passed by sire to son:
'The Oyster where it ought to be,
And shell and shell the lawyer's fee.'"

Again he smiled, so says the fable,
And drew his chair up near the table,
When all the Oysters, seen and hid,
Cried, "Eat, and welcome." And he did.

THE STREET-NUISANCE REMOVAL BILL.



TAKE NOTICE,—Gentlemen of the House of Commons, next year there will be a General Election, and such of you as entertain a wish to keep your seats, had better take good care to be found in them next Wednesday, that you may help to pass the Bill which MR. BASS has introduced to relieve us from the misery inflicted by street-music.

Haply there be some of you who, living in the country, where a street band or a banjo is a pleasurable excitement, or else studying and sleeping, (the words are oftentimes synonymous) at the back of a town house so big that no street-noise is heard through it—there be some of you, I say, who may doubt if a mere hand-organ can ever prove a nuisance. Indeed some of you, perhaps, may entertain a doubt if street-musicians still exist, since you yourselves so rarely hear them. To guard against your being misguided by these doubtings into giving a wrong vote, *Mr. Punch* begs to inform you that fifty street tormentors were met the other morning in but half an hour's walk, within a very little distance from his own official residence. *Mr. Punch* knows an eye-witness who will (if he be asked politely) make affidavit of this fact,* and MR. BASS, may make what use of the intelligence he pleases, when he moves the second reading of his Bill.

So, Gentlemen, now's your time to secure your next election; and here's a little song which you may sing next week in chorus, when you go into the lobby to vote for MR. BASS:—

Here's to the Member whose Bill *Punch* hath seen,
And its purport most thoroughly sifted:
'Twill surely receive the assent of the QUEEN,
When through Commons and Lords it hath drifted.
Let the Bill pass,
Vote for brave BASS,
The man who 'd encourage street-music's an ass.

* Deposition taken before worthy *Mr. Punch* in the Court of St. Bride's:—On Tuesday, May the Seventeenth, while walking from the Elephant and Castle over Blackfriars Bridge to the foot of Ludgate Hill, at eight o'clock, A.M., I met the following band-itti, viz.;—

39 Barrel Organs.
1 Monster ditto, drawn by pony.
2 Dirty little whistling boys, each with a white mouse.
2 Fiends with hurdygurdies; and
4 Italian Pifferari, who in their scarecrow clothing looked anything but spiffy-rari.

To the truth of this statement I am ready to swear.

(Signed) I. WITNESS.

A Pint in Question.

THEY are talking of giving beer to cattle. Let 'em put some spirits into 'em,—say gin. Well, say you, what kind of gin? Why, say I, as it 's for Cattle, try Oxy-gin.

THE ROBBERS IN JUTLAND.

THE subjoined, as given by *Reuter's Express*, is part of the proclamation issued by GENERAL FALKENSTEIN, the Second Robber of the KING OF PRUSSIA'S gang of marauders in Jutland, otherwise called Commander-in-Chief of his Prussian Majesty's troops there, by order of the First Robber, *alias*, his Excellency Field Marshal FREIHERR VON WRANGEL. It is a statement of the scale of contributions to be levied on Danish landlords for the supply of the Prussian thieves:—

"1. *To Officers.*—For breakfast: coffee, with accessories. For dinner: soup, meat, and vegetables, roast and sweets, butter, and cheese, and a bottle of wine. For supper: tea, bread and butter, and meat. Eight cigars per mess daily.

"2. *To Men.*—For breakfast: coffee and accessories. For dinner: soup, 1 pound of meat and vegetables, bread and cheese, a bottle of beer, an eighth of a pound of tobacco, or ten cigars per man.

"3. *To Horses.*—Four measures of oats, 8 pounds of hay, and the necessary straw."

Well now, really, the liberality of these allowances for Prussian felons and cutthroats is extreme. It beats even the dietary profusion on which convicts were until lately, if they are not still, regaled in British prisons. In the most luxurious of all our gaols, criminals, we believe, were never indulged with cigars, if with any tobacco at all; certainly none of them have ever been allowed so many cigars as from eight to ten, or as much tobacco as an eighth of a pound a-day apiece.

Some one may say that it is not fair to compare the Prussian soldiers occupying Jutland to the malefactors who occupy our gaols. There are differences between them. The principal one is that the Prussian soldiery are out of gaol, whereas the British felonry are in gaol. The other is that whilst the latter depredators are spontaneous, the former are compelled to plunder their neighbours. But though the Prussian soldiery in Jutland are out of gaol, they are maintained equally with the British felonry at the expense of the public with whom they are at war. And, notwithstanding that the KING OF PRUSSIA'S forces are plunderers by command of his Majesty, they do his Majesty's will nothing loath.

In the foregoing extracts from GENERAL FALKENSTEIN'S villanous edict, it will be observed that for breakfast, both officers and men are allowed "coffee with accessories." Doubtless, "accessories" mean bread-and-butter, sugar, milk and cream, eggs, ham, and whatever else the brigands may please to call for. The word "accessories" suggests a question. If the principals in the murder of the Danes at Sönderborg and elsewhere deserve to be hanged, what do the accessories before and after the fact deserve?

FALKENSTEIN! The name reminds us of WALLENSTEIN; no doubt by a natural association with *The Robbers*.

The KING OF PRUSSIA and HERR VON BISMARCK, in ordering the plunder and slaughter of the Danes, have, to borrow the words of an author said to be known in Prussia, though his writings have not exerted any moral influence there, but taught bloody instructions, which may one of these days return to plague the inventors, if the inventors are in the land of the living, not in a worse. They have thrown away all regard to the rules of civilised warfare, and in any war in which they may hereafter be engaged with any nation, both sides are to be as barbarous as they please. Any enemy invading Prussia will, by Prussia's own precedent, be justified in ravaging Prussia with the most merciless cruelty, and will be encouraged in so doing by the applause of all honest Europe.

A Protest.

WE observe an incessant announcement of a fact of limited interest. We perpetually read "*Janita's Cross.*" Of the lady we have no knowledge, and of course know nothing of the reasons for her crossness, but be she and they what they may, we think her friends act harshly in publicly recording what is really a private affair, especially as her temper may be attributable to the eccentric weather. We have often reprehended these invasions of the sanctity of domestic life.



Little Gent (*indignantly*). "REASONABLE! WHAT! 7*s.* 6*d.* A-HEAD FOR HALF A SOLE, A CUTLET, AND RHUBARB TART? WELL, IT AIN'T MY IDEA."

Head Waiter (*blandly*). "HOH, SIR, IF YOU'D A' SPOKEN BEFORE'AND, WE'D 'AVE PERWIDED A DINNER MORE SUITED TO A STYLE OF GENTEEL HINDIGENCE."

A GOOD COOKE.

QUIBBLE, a cab-driver (the name is from the police report) summons a fare. Apparent misunderstanding—claim allowed. Two other points. MR. COOKE, Magistrate, reprobates, most strongly, the practice indulged in, by snobs, of "treating cabby." The custom is a vulgar relic of the old coach time, when bottle-nosed ruffians were propitiated by donated liquor. And if "cabby" gets treated too much, and a subsequent fare is ill-treated, who's to blame? We trust that all Magistrates will instantly consider any case proved as against any treater. Next, MR. COOKE, Magistrate, strongly reprobated the practice indulged in by cabmen of saying, "I'll leave it to you, Sir." It plainly means, as MR. COOKE says, extortion. But this can easily be remedied. The moment a cabman has said that, the law of fares is suspended. Let the rider pay sixpence, and let the Magistrate refuse all further redress. MR. COOKE, however, deserves thanks for his judicial and judicious lesson.

"TRAVELLERS *DO* STRANGE THINGS."

"THOUGHT is free," says a singer in the *Tempest*, and so for that matter is dress. Yet, without the slightest idea of infringing upon sumptuary liberties, is not—eh—well—but is not this rather—you understand—an odd costume for a person engaged in commercial pursuits. He says,—

TOWN TRAVELLER.—Has Travelled Eight Years in skirts, stays, under-clothing, and millinery. First-class references.—Address * *, Shepherdess Walk.

The address makes the affair quite Arcadian, but as the advertiser has first-class references, we shall ride second-class should we see him in the train, for fear of being provoked into the rudeness of smiling. That's all.

A Hint.

THE Telegrams from Germany say that "the prospects of the DUKE OF AUGUSTENBURG have greatly improved." When a swaggering lodger, who established himself on the first-floor, is sent up to the attics, he usually obtains an improved prospect, but seldom boasts much about it.

UNIVERSAL HERO-WORSHIP COMPANY (LIMITED).

INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES' ACT, 1862.

[By operation of which the liability of each shareholder will be limited to the amount of cheers, or other manifestations of enthusiasm (including banners, dinners, subscriptions to memorials, &c.) invested.]

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Company has been formed to supply a want severely felt in these days of general enlightenment, keen appetite for sensation, and singularly demonstrative enthusiasm.

Every sharp-sighted person must have remarked, with regret, the great waste of popular and productive enthusiasm, on occasions like the late visit of GENERAL GARIBALDI, the Shakspeare Tercentenary, the BURNS and HANDEL Festivals, &c. &c., owing to the want of a proper organisation for employing these manifestations in a remunerative manner, on the great principle of co-operative capital which seems destined to be the regenerator of industry in the present day. How productive popular enthusiasm may be made is sufficiently shown by the enormous profits realised by enterprising individuals, or Associations—as the Directors of the Royal and Italian Opera, the Crystal Palace, and principal Railway Companies—by judicious operations in the wide-spread excitement on the subject of GENERAL GARIBALDI, the memory of SHAKSPEARE, and similar investments of Hero-Worship.

It is hardly necessary to point out that co-operation and combination would have enormously increased even these large receipts, and secured to a gigantic Association, such as that now brought forward, the returns hitherto monopolised by individuals or small Companies. The Directors have introduced this Company with a view to extend to the wide, and hitherto only imperfectly worked field of Hero-Worship, the principles on which are founded the *Crédit Mobilier* and *Crédit Foncier* in France, and the influential Companies lately formed in imitation of them among ourselves. As these Associations gather into a mountain of aggregated capital myriads of pecuniary molehills, so the Directors propose to fuse into an overwhelming general excitement the small individual enthusiasms now unproductive, or productive to particular speculators only.

The money returns of the undertaking they have every reason to believe will be enormous.

In furtherance of their object the Directors propose that the Company should enter into arrangements with GENERAL GARIBALDI for a prolonged residence, and widely extended series of progresses, in this country (having first taken all necessary precautions for the fortification of his health), and this they have reason to think may be effected on terms which, while they will defray the General's expenses on the most liberal scale, will yet, owing to the simple habits of the General, be insignificant in comparison with the returns to be expected by the Company.

They have also entered into negotiations with several leaders of fashion, and persons high in the official world, on terms highly advantageous to the Company,—it having been found that publicity and notoriety (which the Company will be in a position to secure in their most imposing form) are of greater weight with these classes than pecuniary remuneration.

It is the purpose of the Directors, in all cases, to work, in the first instance, all the metropolitan sources of admiration and sympathy. When these are exhausted, their operations will be transferred to the provincial field of supply.

They have already entered into preliminary arrangements with former objects of hero-worship, now thrown into the shade, but which only require a little judicious treatment, and a course of well-directed newspaper articles—for which the Directors need only say that they command the most eligible channels—to be again made productive.

The operations of the Company will gain greatly by being systematic, as the various veins of enthusiasm will be judiciously tapped in a carefully-planned order, based on the soundest calculation of the love of variety and sensation among the masses, high and low. Thus a course of patriots will be followed by one of Continental sovereigns, with occasional intervals of popular pugilists, high-rope performers, and literary lions, alive and dead.

Digitized by Google

As the best means of ensuring brilliancy and effect for their operations, the Directors are happy to say that they have all but concluded negotiations with MR. E. T. SMITH, MR. COOKE, and MESSRS. HOWES AND CUSHING for the use of the banners and scenic resources of the first, and the equestrian studs, performing elephants, and four-legged lions of the latter. The best results are anticipated from the artful combination of the quadrupeds and bipeds of the genus Leo, which has hitherto been neglected. They have also made a liberal offer—now under favourable consideration at Her Majesty's Office of Works—for the funeral-car of the late DUKE OF WELLINGTON, which they propose to turn to account in the celebration of deceased worthies. MR. MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER has accepted, provisionally, the arduous office of bard to the Company, and negotiations are in progress with POET (not ARCHDEACON) CLOSE, to relieve MR. TUPPER on the rare occasions when he requires time to think, or his Pegasus to recover his wind. DR. CUMMING has kindly agreed to accept the office of Clerical Enthusiast and Millenarian Trumpeter to the Company: and MESSRS. WASHINGTON WILKS and G. F. TRAIN have been applied to, to act as Standing Orators when no enthusiastic nobleman is available to take the chair at the demonstrations which it is one main object of the Company to organise throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Extensive arrangements will be made with Keepers and Showmen of Lions, alive or dead; and Proprietors of Relics, Hero-worship-Promoters, Anniversary-Organisers, and owners of Moral-Engines for the Production of Enthusiasm at high-pressure, will be treated with on liberal terms and in the strictest confidence.

Bankers.

MESSRS. HORNBLOWER AND FROTH, Green Court, Threadneedle Street.

Solicitors.

IN LONDON:—SKINDEEP AND STRUTT, Swallow Street.
IN PARIS:—GOBEMOUCHE BLATANT ET COMPAGNIE, Rue Vesuquitette.

Directors.

(To be Announced in a future Prospectus.)

GENERAL MANAGER OF MANIFESTATIONS, ORGANISER OF OVATIONS, AND SECRETARY, *pro tem.*

J. B. BARNUM, New York.

(With power to add to his number.)

THE ROYAL VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE.

MR. PUNCH comes out just in time to assist the University authorities, in this trying season of Rejoicing and Gaiety, by publishing clear and lucid directions for those ladies and gentlemen, who are assisting at the Academical Ceremonies.

CONFERRING DEGREES IN THE SENATE HOUSE ON THURSDAY, JUNE 2.

1. Ladies with blue tickets will enter by the right hand door on the other side; taking care to come round the corner quietly, and sitting down in the order of seniority, respectively. All disputes concerning age to be referred to the Senior Proctor.

2. Ladies with pink tickets, may exchange with ladies with blue tickets, by applying to the Vice-Chancellor, on or before ten o'clock in the morning. They will pay their visit in caps and gowns. They will come in, in any case, on the left hand side, unless they can get in before the ladies with blue tickets, when they will enter by the main door. Each lady must present the Registrar with a certificate of baptism, and be ready to state the names of her Godfathers and Godmothers. M. or N., as the case may be, will, in no instance, be received as a satisfactory answer. Orders not admitted after 11 A.M.

3. Ladies with white tickets will enter by the opposite door.

4. Gentlemen on horseback, will dismount before reaching the Gallery, which will be entirely and solely appropriated to the use of undergraduates, and anyone who can get a place in it. Umbrellas, walking-sticks, parasols, and crinolines to be left at the door.

5. The Proctors' Bands will perform several beautiful pieces of music during the ceremony. The Vice-Chancellor may, by a Grace of the Senate, call upon any Member of the University for a song or a sentiment; but he will not be expected to join in chorus.

6. The Undergraduates are expected to cap all the Vice-Chancellor's jokes.

7. Smoking will be permitted in all parts of the building. The proceedings will commence with a request from DR. WHEWELL, that all orders may be given while the waiters are in the room. The Provost of King's will then, weather permitting, start the key-note of Number Ninety-nine in the Books, on a tuning fork.

8. The Public Orator will deliver a speech in Latin, which the ladies will consider very clever, and the gentlemen applaud whenever MR. CLARKE either pauses to take breath, or pronounces some familiar word.

9. The Belles of St. Mary's will attend in full dress. Hair in ringlets. They will be ushered in by SIR ROBERT PEEL.

10. After the honorary degrees have been conferred, MR. BANTING will be duly appointed as a Tutor of Corpus.

11. A few modulations will then be played on the Organ by the Master of Keys (*Caius*).

12. The public is informed, that the performers will not be allowed to respond to *encores*. The proceedings will terminate with a dance in the Fitzwilliam Museum. Vouchers for anything can be obtained from the University Dragsman, and the Junior Bulldogs.

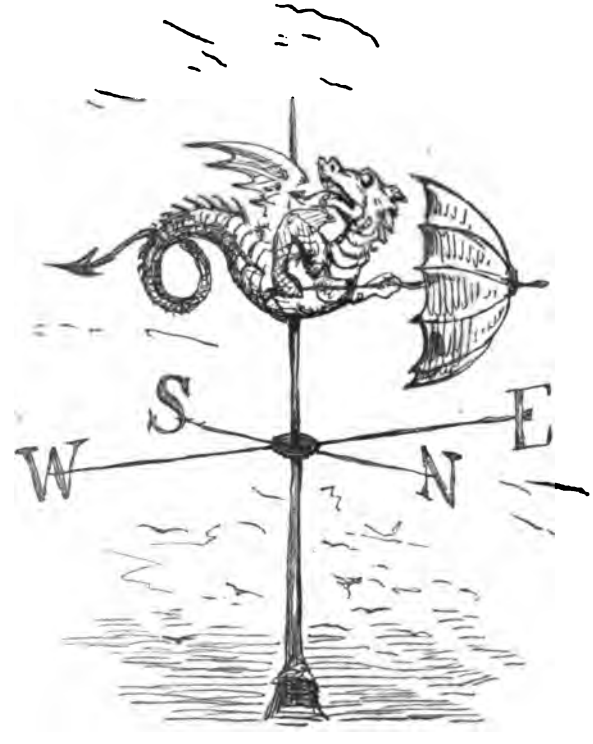
13. Professor of Modern History will discourse on Muscularity, finishing up with a set-to with MR. JACKSON, Professor of the Noble Art.

14. Fireworks in the evening. Squibs objected to.

15. On Friday morning, there will be leap-frog over the backs of the Colleges. (Children in arms cannot be admitted within the Senate House, except by Special Grace. This does not apply to young Volunteers.)

16. The Boat Procession, in balloons, will be up Trinity Street to Downing College; if the state of the roads render it feasible.

17. On Saturday everybody will stop in bed all day. Vouchers not required.



EVEN THE DRAGON ON THE CHURCH SPIRE GETS TIRED OF THIS EVERLASTING EAST WIND.

Note from the MS. Diary of an Intelligent Foreigner Visiting England.

"THE Clergy of the Anglican Established Church dress in black coats, black waistcoats, showing a fair amount of shirt front, and white cravats tied in bows. They are very humble. I have seen them in this dress fulfilling the most menial offices: waiting at the tables of the rich; and either driving, sitting by the coachman, or perched up behind the carriages of the wealthy."

Cruel Practical Joke.

IN anticipation of a General Election at no distant date, some wag at Oxford, supposed to be a Conservative Doctor of Divinity, has placarded the walls of all the Colleges with:—"GLADSTONE, the Working Man's Friend," "GLADSTONE, Freedom and Equality," "Vote for GLADSTONE and Manhood Suffrage."

"BID THE MERRY BELLS RING."

Blair Athol's triumphant arrival at the Winning Post last Wednesday was instantly followed by a *General Peal*.

RULE IN ARITHMETIC TO BE REMEMBERED BY GERMANY AND PRUSSIA.—Two into one! you can't!

Digitized by Google



OUR CAPTAIN IS ONE OF THE GALLANTEST FELLOWS IN THE SERVICE (R.V.), BUT HE CANNOT FACE H.M.'S GUARDS IN THE STREETS. HE GENERALLY TAKES REFUGE IN A HANSOM.

TRIBUTE TO THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, at a banquet deservedly given to him by the Salters' Company, in responding to the toast of His Royal Highness's name associated with that of "The Army, Navy, and Volunteers," made a remark which may, with special propriety, be transferred to these columns. Said the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF to the Worshipful Salters:—

"The way to make your moral influence bear on the affairs of the world is by keeping your physical power so efficient, that should the moral influence break down, a ready resort can be made to the physical. *(Cheers and a Laugh.)*"

We congratulate the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE on the foregoing observation, which, being an extremely sensible one, of course created a laugh. An extremely sensible observation generally does. A very wise saying produces just the same effect as a very foolish one. The wisdom of the ancient jester afforded as much amusement as his folly. Perhaps the former was sometimes mistaken for the latter by those who called the jester their "fool." In the sense in which they probably used the word, we may be permitted to say that the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, at the dinner that was given to him by the Salters' Company, in propounding a maxim the truth of which is so strikingly illustrated by the conduct of all foreign powers, and especially just now by that of Austria and Prussia, made a very great fool of himself. His Royal Highness deserves to be crowned with our own cap and bells.

Notes and Queries.

ALGEBRAIST wants to know where X Square is in London?
(It is out of London; not far from Kew.—ED.)

MAMMOTH asks whence the following quotation comes:—

"Beware of jealousy, it is a Green Eyed Monster,
It blesses him that gives and him that takes,
And being gone he is a man again."

(We can't call the passage to mind at this moment. Consult a Solicitor.)

PROFESSORS IN A PASSION.

LET dogs delight to quarrel over their bones; but, Members of the Ethnological Society, do not fall out over yours. Cannot skulls be discussed by philosophers without the interchange of abuse? You should not let such angry passions rise as you did one evening last week, at a meeting of your learned Association, when a Paper was read by DR. DONOVAN, "On Empirical and Scientific Physiognomy;" the system of LAVATER in contrast with that of GALL and SPURZHEIM. In the course of his observations on that subject, DR. DONOVAN is reported to have "made fun" of some remarks of SIR DAVID BREWSTER respecting it. He thereby fairly laid his own open to be made fun of likewise by any ethnologist present capable of making fun. Instead of that, his opponents made use of strong language. PROFESSOR BUSK is stated to have denounced his paper as a "farrago of nonsense," and his jocosity in regard to BREWSTER as "disgraceful to a scientific meeting." DR. HUNT is represented as having declared that it "ought not to be read," and another gentleman, we are told, said that a work of COMBE's on Phrenology, quoted by DR. DONOVAN, was "one of the most trashy publications on a scientific subject which had ever appeared." DR. DONOVAN, in reply, expressed the gratification he felt in having "trotted the antiphrenologists out."

Mr. Punch is a decided phrenologist, because he has himself such a fine forehead. He believes that when an antiphrenologist is a violent antiphrenologist, it is simply because that antiphrenologist has a bad one.

After-Derby Prosody.

Synalœpha is the cutting off a vowel at the end of a word before another at the beginning of a word: as, "*'Ishaway w'have in th'army.*"

Ecthlipsis is the cutting off the letter M before another word: as, "*We won't goho'f'll morling.*"

Crasis is the contraction of two syllables into one: as, "*T'll d'light doesh'pear.*"

Diæresis is the resolving one syllable into two: as, "*F'he'sha jo-jolly good fuf-fellow.*"

Digitized by Google

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, June 4, 1864.



1st Navvy. "'A ye sin a Dawg aboot yeär, yeär 'alf, two yeär old, tail inch, inch 'alf, two inch long?"
2nd Navvy. "Oi, sin 'im about houer, houer an' 'alf, two hours agone, mile, mile an' 'alf, two mile dun t' Road!"
[*Exit 1st Navvy, whistling.*

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MAY *26th. Monday.* A nation with a virtue which all nations admire, bravery, and doubtless with other virtues which are not so apparent to the eye of JOHN BULL, with his constable, taxes-paying, and general decorum ideas, as they might seem to a less rational person, is in course of extermination. There were, a few years ago, 100,000 Maoris in New Zealand, there are now about 50,000. In a few more years there will be none, and against this loss are to be set two items, the comfort of the colonists, who covet quiet possession of the Maori lands, and the extinction of LORD MACAULAY'S abominable New Zealander. LORD LYTTLETON, speaking to-night, considered that we had not behaved altogether humanely to these aborigines, with whom we are now waging a warfare that means something as like extermination as the usages of polite war will permit. As nobody knows anything about the colonies, it may not be superfluous to mention that while England ruled the New Zealand settlers, the natives got tolerably fair play, but now that we have given the settlers a Constitution, they not only seek to have the Maoris put down altogether (and it is very natural that they should) but they make English folks carry on and pay for the war. In *Punch's* spirit of the most impartial justice he ought to add, that there are many Volunteers, among the colonists, who are extremely ready to aid in serving out the New Zealanders, and that the latter war after a fashion which they think fair, but which we call murder. This was the subject of the Monday night conversation in the Lords, and the Government had not much to say, but thought that the first thing to be done was to subjugate the natives. This work the gallant GENERAL CAMERON is doing with all desirable vigour.

Those Liverpool Steam-Rams, which of course were not built for the Confederates, but for the French, also for the Bey of Tunis, likewise for the Pacha of Egypt, are delivered from law, for the Government has bought them for the nation, for £220,000. As the Confederates had nothing to do with them—did not the builders say so?—it is very strange that Confederate organs should express irritation at this purchase, but there are some things that no fellah, not even an Egyptian Fellah, can be expected to understand.

The Volunteer Review, before the PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, was a glorious sight. As glorious, in its way, was the muddle about tickets to behold it. Red Tape was once more in all its glory. People who ought to have had cards had none, and people who had no right to any had lots, a state of things which was alleviated by tickets being of no use, because the police let anybody who liked take the places. The mess is between the War Office, the Police, and the Works, and it may be illustrated by the fact that tickets were thrust into the hands of Volunteers as they were marching to the ground, when such things must have been singularly useful. "System" is not dead, and we shall have another Crimean business one of these days, unless we establish a Volunteer War Office. An official of *pur sang* would far rather a regiment went to battle without cartridges than that they should be given out before all possible letters had been written, all possible entries made in ledgers, and all possible red tape expended. It did not much matter in the Park, but it will matter a great deal in Prussia, or wherever the next war may be.

Parliament ascended to semi-practical joking, and a debate on the Spirit Duties was linked to one on MR. HOME and his Spirits, and his expulsion from Rome. WHITESIDE was for cheapening the alcohol, and ROEBUCK for avenging the Spirit-rapper. Government triumphed on the first point, and common sense on the second. SIR EDWIN'S Lions were again promised—one this year.

Tuesday. LORD GRANVILLE, answering LORD CHELMSFORD on a matter of no consequence, accused the good-natured, but rather talkative ex-Chancellor of being still actuated by a rule dear to young barristers, namely, that "it is unprofessional to refuse any brief." Slightly impertinent, but not so bad. The Penal Servitude Bill was read a Second Time, LORD GREY thinking it not severe enough. Some Peers saw objections to the proposed police *surveillance* over the ticket-holders. It would be well if the police had also *surveillance* over the ticket-sellers, who establish mock box-offices to cheat Opera-going provincials, who deserve it, however, because they will not go to the right place.

A great Chinese debate in the Commons, but as MR. COBDEN justly said that a man would sleep more soundly if he knew the whole Chinese Empire, of 300,000,000 souls, were to be destroyed in the night, than if he had arranged to have a tooth pulled out in the morning, we shall merely say that British interference in China was deprecated and defended, and

that London will be much more interested in learning that ALDERMAN SALOMONS brought in a Bill for doing away with Tolls on our Bridges. By the way, how a cabman hates to hear the instant "right," from the tollman at Waterloo. It shows that you had your twopence ready—*ergo* that you know London—*ergo* that you know the fare.

Finally, we had a "warm" debate on the formation of the Committee which Government has discovered is necessary to clear its honour in the ROBERT LOWE and Document-Mutilation business. MR. CLAY hit LORD ROBERT CECIL very hard for his sharp practice in handing about a paper which he knew MR. LOWE was physically incapable of seeing. Later, a Committee of Five, with two non-voting *adsessors*, was appointed. Who cares?

Wednesday. The Bill for doing away with the Tests at Oxford. Rather a warm debate—the fires of theology do warm people, especially amateurs of that pursuit. LORD ROBERT CECIL declared that no man could be a good Churchman who was not a good Conservative, whereto SIR GEORGE GREY demurred. MR. LEATHAM's speech was far the best. He is a Dissenter. Of course he supported the Bill, but said that his fear was lest young Dissenters, going to Oxford, should yield to the *genius loci*, and become Churchmen. ARCHBISHOP PUNCH sees no objection to this. His Bishops tell him that the new clergy daily fall shorter and shorter of the desired standard, and judging by his own experience, he can well believe it. Why not let in the fresh, acute, fearless, young Dissenters? They want to be Scholars and Gentlemen. Dissent erects beautiful Gothic churches that shame the wretched contract-built barns of Evangelical architects, and as for social *status*, the REVEREND MR. JAY, a Star of Nonconformity, has left, as his parting legacy to the rising sectarians, advice to marry rich girls, "even though not endowed with personal advantages." Is not that clergymanly? The Bill triumphed, on this stage, by 236 to 226

Thursday. Inspired by *Mr. Punch's* Cartoon of last week, LORD CLANRICARDE brought in a Bill in favour of the British Oyster. During June, oysters are not in (except in the celebrated picture of the "Chelsea Pensioners hearing the News of Waterloo"), and we shall therefore examine MESSRS. PIMM, LYNN, RULE, HARVEY, and other eminent oyster-merchants, who have now plenty of leisure and lobsters.

With deep regret, and some shame, *Mr. Punch* states that he has again been a heavy sufferer from his unfortunate habit of hearing both sides before a rush into gush. He is convinced that the best course is instantly to accept a police report, or a provincial paragraph, and dash into indignation. Having foolishly waited for explanations, in reference to a case of *primâ facie* hardship, and an apparently severe sentence by MR. PAYNE, the Magistrate, *Mr. Punch* is done. SIR GEORGE GREY stated to-night that the culprit had lied awfully, and was a confirmed rogue, and that there was nothing to find fault with in the sentence. In future, *Mr. Punch* intends to imitate some of his contemporaries, and to attack Judges and Magistrates on the statements of prisoners, or his poetry and enthusiasm will be chilled.

An Education Wrangle, and Irish Chancery. We shall not insult readers by adding a word.

A Bill called the Married Women's Acknowledgment Bill was read a Second Time. But why useless legislation? Everybody knows how prompt a married woman is to acknowledge anything that her husband does in the hope of pleasing her. How, if the husband makes her a present, she would die (or own she dyed) sooner than criticise it unkindly, or say that he had better give her money instead of wasting it on rubbish, and then she could buy what she really wanted, and had begged and prayed for so often. How instantly she makes acknowledgment if she is in the wrong, or thinks it would please you to be told so. We deprecate all needless law-making, and hope that the Lords, who are the husbands of Ladies, will throw this measure out.

Friday. LORD SHAFTESBURY earnestly advocated the Bill for prohibiting the employment of boys in sweeping chimneys. That after nearly 1864 years of Christianity such a measure should be necessary is very horrible, and also very suggestive. The details which the Earl brought forward are too shocking for reproduction here, but fine ladies who mew over the sorrows of the Circassians, and devout ladies who send missionaries to the Chinese, had better know what is done in their own houses, and within a few feet of their own beds, with the children of white English folk.

New Minister CHILDERS explained that Greenwich Hospital is to be reformed. The building is to be kept for the infirm, and the other old salts are to have their allowances, and spend them where they like. At present, the Hospital has £150,000 a-year, and wastes £80,000.

The Scotchmen actually had a debate, but it ended in the decision that Scotland manages her legislation very quietly and well, and that no alteration in the system is wanted.

Advertisement.

(For a Suburban Music Hall Proprietor.)

TO VOLUNTEER DRUMMERS.—DO YOU BEAT YOUR RETREATS? If so, go to Somers' Town; SMITH'S "RETREAT" can't be beaten by anyone. Commence at, &c. Admission, &c.

ABBEOKUTA AND DYBBÖL.

OH the KING OF DAHOMEY's infuriate ire
Against Abbeokuta breathed slaughter and fire!
He went forth with his men and his women of might,
To assault it, and sack it, and raze it outright.

He led on his black bands in their battle array,
All athirst for the bloodshed, all keen for the prey;
And they grinned and they glared, males and females as well,
Whilst they tramped to the tomtom with warwhoop and yell.

But the Egbas, forewarned, had long kept a look-out,
And their walls had well mounted and manned round about,
By their brave Abashorun prepared to abide
All the onslaught of BADAHUNG's rapine and pride.

Thrice one thousand armed savages rush on the wall,
But the battlements blaze, and the miscreants fall,
Some sprawl biting the dust, these are shot right down, those
Are dragged over the ramparts and slain by their foes.

Lo, to scale the wall striving, the Amazons' band,
One the parapet grasped—off was chopped her right hand.
Then she fired with her left, but a sabre's edge smote
Her down dead, and the Fury fell back in the moat.

Of ten thousand black rascals one thousand were slain,
Besides many more wounded; two thousand were ta'en.
With the Egbas behind them the rest of them fled,
And the first ran away with their King at their head.

O that right could at Dybböl, too, thus have prevailed,
And the savage attack upon Sönderborg failed!
Yes, and O that KING WILLIAM, KING BADAHUNG's peer,
Had been thus chased away with a flea in his ear!

But this difference there is 'tween Dahomey's dark sons,
And your Prussians; the negroes have no needle-guns,
Or those thieves might have seized on their neighbours' domains,
And the fate of the Egbas been that of the Danes.

Great and grave is the peril wherein the world stands,
From the weapons of science in savages' hands.
Let us look to our arms, that, in coming to blows,
We may lick, like the Egbas, the like of their foes.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

WE need hardly say how great is our respect for the intelligence of the Law: in fact, it is only out of regard for the maintenance of its due dignity, that we feel compelled to draw the attention of the members of the Learned Profession to the system of flagrant puffing adopted in the legal announcements of the newspapers. We allude especially to the notices relating to the Bankruptcy Court. Thus, may be seen in one single staring line—

"MR. REGISTRAR ROCHE *is the Registrar of the day.*"

A very excellent gentleman and most admirable Registrar. But to say that he is "The Registrar of the Day!"—that is, the Registrar *par excellence*—is rather hard upon MR. HAZLITT, who is, we are sure, no whit behind MR. ROCHE in the skill with which he discharges his professional duties. It's all very well for MESSRS. NOSES & SON, or BUY'EM & Co., to placard the town with flaring posters to the effect that he (that is, either one or the other) is the *The* Snip of the Day; but it is a step or two down the ladder for MR. REGISTRAR ROCHE to be a party to such an arrogant assertion as that of which we complain.

While upon this subject, we would draw attention to the mode in which Public Business in transacted by some of our principal Legal Functionaries. Among the arrangements we find:—

"*Before* MR. COMMISSIONER HOLROYD.

"BEALES, *Audit, at* 11."

Good gracious! Everyone knows what "Audit" is. It is the celebrated powerful Ale brewed at Trinity College, Cambridge. Strong ale at eleven o'clock i' the morning! For what is Mr. Commissioner fit for the rest of the day? Let us ask him what does he take at One? What is his tipple at Three? And—shade of COKE upon LITTLETON!—what can his Nightcap be!

And then they call Law a *dry* study. Yes, we should think it was.

A SEA-PIECE.

WHEN is a Fishing Boat in danger of sinking? When it has got a *fissure* in it.

Digitized by Google

FOUR GEMS IN ONE SETTING.



THE ways of business-men are inscrutable, as inscrutable is their jargon. But we have all a right to use our reason and common-sense, when examining anything that is set before us. We distinctly declare, in defiance of all the dogmatism of business-men, that we do not believe in the reason assigned, in the following Yorkshire advertisement, for the prosperity of the concern which it is proposed to part with:—

TO LET, a Brewery, now doing a good business in consequence of lameness. Anyone taking it may be taught the art of Brewing. Address * * * Hull.

How can a Brewery, by any natural or non-natural interpretation of language, be afflicted with lameness? Does the advertiser mean that the Hull folk know good beer from bad, and that he is obliged to do too much Hop? Without pausing for a reply, we cross the sea, and proceed to an Irish stable:—

FOR SALE, at No. ** Leinster Road, a Bay Horse, nearly thorough-bred, perfectly gentle, a good roadster, &c.; goes in harness, and stands 16½ feet. Apply to *** as above.

Some Irishmen are affable, some are haughty, but we did not expect to hear of any Hibernian gentleman riding the high horse to this extent. A horse more than five yards high would suit the Irish Giant who has taken off his flesh and stands, for coolness, in his bones (as we should have been glad to do just before the East wind came) in Surgeons' Hall. It is to England's advantage that Oireland should emigrate, if she produces such monsters. But, talking of monsters, here are evidences of the most brutal cruelty among a class which we believed was becoming more humane and civilised. This is from canny Newcastle:—

WANTED, AT THE FELLING COLLIERY, a MAN as KICKER. Must be able to Write well, and keep Accounts. Apply personally, with recommendations, at * * * *, Newcastle.

Felling and kicking. Was ever such ferocity publicly proclaimed? Keep accounts, indeed! The savage who fells his fellow-creatures and then kicks them, ought himself to be accounted for in the pages of the *Newgate Calendar*. Recommendations! They should come from the Ring, surely, and yet our fiercest fighters never kick a man after they have felled him. Willingly turning from such a revolting subject, we come to as hideous a notification, put forth in a London paper:—

TO CONFECTIONERS.—WANTED, a MAN, to BOIL, two or three days a week.—Apply to Dr. SKELTON, &c. &c.

SKELTON, indeed! Skeleton must surely be the horrid name. A Confectioner boils a man two or three times a week. Times have altered. A Cook (and Confectioner probably) was boiled in Smithfield, in the dark ages, for poisoning an entire family in soup, and his recipe, with slight modification, is evidently in the possession of several cheap eating-houses; and this wholesale boiling of one's fellow-creatures shows that we are relapsing into Simmerian darkness. We can write no more. Confectioner, *Jam satis.*

Dictionary Made Easy.

"REVENDICATE," said MARIA, as her blue eyes fell upon a leading article the other day. "What a pretty word; but what does it mean, CHARLES?" "Ask me to kiss you," said her Cousin. "Well, I'm sure," replied MARIA, "and what do you please to mean by that impertinence, Sir?" "Only that it would be revendicating"—said the arch CHARLES, "that is, claiming back something that was taken from you." "You 're a great story, Sir, "said MARIA, boxing his ears.

PICKED UP AT EPSOM (AFTER THE EVENT).

WHY should three Scotchmen have had the first three horses?

Because none of them were scratched.

A ROAR FROM A LION.

MR. PUNCH,

I AM a Lion; in fact, I am *the* Lion whose cast, if you live long enough, you may live to see adorning the completed Nelson Column. My great-grandfather first sat as a model for the work, and the honour that thus reached him has through succeeding generations descended upon me. Both my grandfather and father spent their lives in the same service, and as I inherit a likeness to the family, SIR EDWIN next did me the honour to select me for the work. Of course, I thought it a great compliment, and have tried to look my best. But I've been sitting such a time now that I'm getting rather tired of it, and I'm afraid that my expression is not quite what it was. Besides, I don't mind telling *you* that my hair is falling off, and my tail is sadly bare from being so much sat upon. I don't want to whine about my personal disfigurement, or to growl because my patience is pretty nigh worn out. I know SIR EDWIN would not have kept me so long sitting, but that he wished to take the greatest pains about the correctness of his cast. Still I wish you would just hint to him that time is of importance at my somewhat advanced age, and that he had best complete my likeness before I get *quite* bald, and altogether lose my pristine elegance of figure.

If you chance to come my way, I hope you will look in, and if it be feeding time, come and pick a bone with me. The tiger says I am so aged that you would hardly know me. But any of the keepers will direct you to my den, and I shall be delighted to shake you by the paw, and thank you for your kind insertion of this letter.

With a roar of admiration at the way in which my family are always drawn in *Punch*, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Yours faithfully,

THE LION.

P.S. If you come I hope you will bring *Toby*, as I know some little cubs who would revel in a romp with him.

HAGIOLOGY.—*Patron of a Fishmarket.*—St. Poly-carp.

A GRATEFUL COUNTRY.

IN commenting, the other day, on the Volunteer Review, then in prospect, a contemporary remarks that:—

"Every man who is on the ground deserves well of England, and England is not wont to be ungrateful to her sons who render her good service."

Most true. As the *Army and Navy Gazette* observes, in an article relative to a certain gallant body of forces:—

"Any one who chooses may employ one of the finest soldiers who ever faced an enemy—whose breast is covered with medals and ribands, amid which hangs that of the Victoria Cross—to run of errands for him for threepence a mile, and the man who belonged to this very battalion of which we speak is glad to get it."

A Commissionnaire with the Order of Valour on his breast, and an empty sleeve pinned by the cuff beside it, running an errand for threepence, and glad to get the money, presents a fine example of England's gratitude to her sons who render her good service, and lose a limb in doing so. A still finer example is presented by a winner of the Victoria Cross who has lost his legs, and cannot run, and will be very much obliged to you if you will give him a halfpenny.

"Black Loses."

AT a critical point in the Hyde Park Review,
A "Devil's Own" Company parted in two:
Accept the good omen, rejoice one and all!
When AULD CLOOTIE 's "divided," he 's going to fall.

Tabernacle. C. H. SPURGEON.

Military Administration.

AT the Volunteer Review in Hyde Park, particular attention was attracted by a battalion in scarlet. This was the 1st Administrative Battalion, Derbyshire Rifle Volunteers. We have no doubt that the Derbyshire, and, indeed, every other Administrative Battalion, if ever it comes to be engaged with anything like equal numbers of an enemy, will administer to its adversaries a sound drubbing.



A SCENE IN BELGRAVIA—AND A FACT, TOO.

YOUNG LADY GOING OUT FOR A RIDE—ORGAN-GRINDER STRIKES UP—PONY REARS—CHILD NEARLY FRIGHTENED TO DEATH—NOT A CASE OF ILLNESS!—CAN'T INTERFERE—DIRTY RUFFIAN PLAYS ON, WHILE POLICEMAN EATS ORANGE.

THE EXIT OF PRIVATE LIFE.

PERSONS who are nervous, and persons who wish to be thought smart, find a difficulty in getting out of a room. For their comfort, *Mr. Punch* has compiled a variety of LIGHT EXITS (to use the stage phrase) by the aid of which a member of either class may promote the comfort of the company by departing with grace and promptitude. Let him watch his opportunity, and then introduce any of the following little speeches:—

"I was glad to see that HER MAJESTY walked yesterday on the Slopes; and, talking of that, I must slope" . . . . *Exit.*

"Do you think it 's going to rain? I hope not; but weather or no, I must mizzle" . . . . . *Exit.*

"Your fire requires looking to, MRS. BROWN, or it will be going out—as, indeed, I must be" . . . . . *Exit.*

"A beautiful geranium, indeed, MRS. JONES, and raised, I suppose, from a cutting—ha! ha! I must be a cutting, too" . *Exit.*

"A very interesting auction at CHRISTIE'S yesterday, and it was curious to see how the things were going—like me" . . *Exit.*

"The concert was very brilliant. I never heard MISS POOLE sing that song better, '*O don't you remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt*'—and I must bolt" . . . . . *Exit.*

"It would have been a foolish match, my dear lady. She had nothing, and a squint, and he had nothing, and his debts. It 's off, and so am I" . . . . . *Exit.*

"Hastings is pleasant, but there is so much boat-building that, go where you will, you smell Tar, which I must now say" (*kisses fingers and*) . . . . . *Exit.*

"COWPER said something in the House about the dirty state of the Fountains, and said that he must look to the source, in fact, *au reservoir*" . . . . . *Exit.*

"Angling has just begun at Hampton and the other Thames places, but I prefer sea-fishing, for there, when a fish bites, you are sure to hook it; as I beg to do" . . . . . *Exit.*

"Do not, my darling ARABELLA, walk out too early in the day, for you are delicate, and at that time the grass is covered with what I must now say—a dew" . . . . . *Exit.*

"Some Americanisms are exceedingly quaint and humorous. To say 'I go,' is to say nothing, but anyone must laugh to hear a person say 'I absquotulate'" . . . . . *Exit.*

(*Ingenious variations and additions suggested, as the fashionable amusement of the season.*)

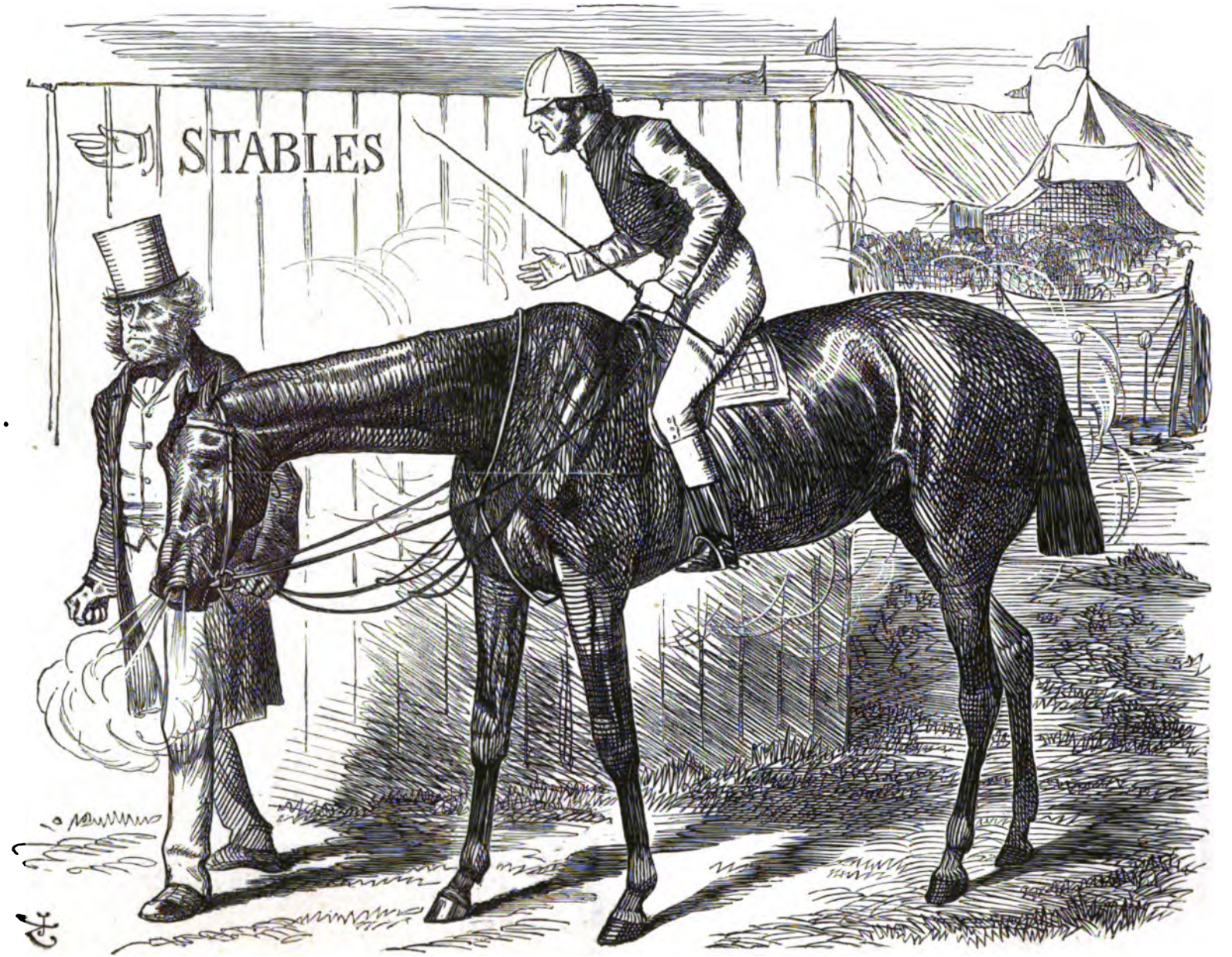
CURIOUS HISTORICAL PARALLEL.

"A STUPENDOUS national calamity, however, was averted by LORD COODLE'S making the timely discovery that if in the heat of debate he had said that he scorned and despised the whole ignoble career of SIR THOMAS DOODLE, he had merely meant to say that party differences should never induce him to withhold from it the tribute of his warmest admiration."—*Bleak House.*

"A STRANGE national agitation, however, was allayed by MR. GLADSTONE'S making and printing the timely discovery, that if in the heat of debate he had said that he scorned the allegation that any class of men was not entitled to the suffrage, he had merely meant to say that theoretical belief should never induce him to disturb the balance of representation."—*House of Commons.*

From a Twaddling Old Cynical Fidget.

WE say "posting a letter." Our combative cousins across the sea say, "mailing a letter." They are nearest right. Post is a meaningless word now—except when a letter is put into a pillar. But mails still exist. Without further critical remark, we will add that mailing a letter is a much safer course than femaling one; for a gentleman to whom you confide your despatch has some idea of the desirability of early posting, whereas a lady thinks any time will do—except when the letter is to ask MR. WEBSTER or MR. FECHTER for stalls.



OUT OF THE RACE.

GLADSTONE. "PERMIT ME TO EXPLAIN—DEMOCRACY——"
PAM. "OH, BOTHER YOUR EXPLANATIONS! YOU'VE BLOWN YOUR HORSE, AND YOU'RE OUT OF THE RACE."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

A GROWL FROM A BRITISH FLAT.

WELL—here I am—laid up against the wall of the Lyceum scene-dock, werry bad in my distemper, and my size as much redoooced as if I'd been kep on BANTING'S system for a twelvemonth. Wish I had. It's a deal wuss than that. I'm laid off, bless ye. Flats ain't no use in this here theayter now, leastways not behind the scenes; they've no objection to 'em in front, I'll be bound. We're on the French system, *we* are: our scenes is worked under the stage—all ground and set-pieces, and no wings nor borders nor grooves, nor nothing as it used to be. Well, they may say what they like, 'taint English. English scenes, ever since I knowed a theayter—and I was primed sixty year ago under Old GREENWOOD at the Lane—has been worked fair and above board, unless it was a sink now and then, or a pantermine scene, or some such low-lived Christmas or Easter rubbidge, that was painted for the lower horders, and lodged on the mazarine-floor, which it's much the same thing in the theayter as the airy or cellars in an 'ouse. But the real respectable cloths and flats—them as did the reg'lar stock business, and worked the season—we'd a' seen a stage-manager far enough if he'd tried it on, lowering *us* to the mazarine floor. We was down to the legitimate business, we was—the sides and crossins and pints that's been good for three rounds ever since BETTERTON'S time, and GARRICK'S and KEMBLE'S, and old KEAN'S. We know'd 'ow a play should be got up, togged, and mounted, from the first music to the come-down of the dickey. We'd a' seen the theayter farther afore we'd a' stood a live Mossoo in SHAKSPEARE. I don't believe there's a real old legitimate British flat that respects hisself as a flat in a London theayter ought to, that wouldn't have stuck in his groove agin all the scene-men that ever shoved, sooner than 'ave let hisself be run on to back an '*Amlet* in a flaxen wig, and without his left stockin' rolled down to show the fleshins.

But it's all of a piece. Bless you, *nous avons changy tout cela*, as we say in *this* theayter. *We* upsets the old pints, pitches venerable old scene flats to blazes, tramples on the vested rights of properties that's been in the theayter since old Nosey led the music, kicks O.P. and P.S. about the prompt-book, as if they was no better nor supers or ballet-gals, picks the stock to pieces, and bundles out 'ard working old shirts and shapes, robes and fleshins to take their chance among the Jews and the rag-shops, as if they 'adn't 'arned a right to be worn, as long as they could 'ang together.

But the scenery! Naturally that's what *I* feel most. All *our* fam'ly that's allowed in the place is sent down-stairs—we ain't to be seen on the fust floor—oh dear no! We're *low*, *we* are . . . we must be kep' dark, and do our work, like servants in swell fam'lies, without bein' seen. They said we wasn't to be heard neither. But *we* showed 'em the difference. Blest if ever *I* hear such a row, as in these here '*Amlet* sets. The Guv'nor will make a tidy thing of it, if the public makes as much noise about the rewiwal as his set-pieces does. And I don't wonder at 'em . . . knockin' their 'eads together in the dark, poor things, down in that nasty mazarine. It may do for *French* flats: I dare say *they're* used to it, as they is to frog-size, and scene-shifters in wooden shoes; but it don't soot British battens, canwas that's got relations in Her Majesty's navy, and colours that ain't got no call whatsumever to the tricolor. So, if set-pieces *does* run rusty, and flats won't be druv', and flaps strike work, and objects to play, and sinks sulks, and flies 'angs fire, it's only nateral, put down as they is, and trampled on, and the werry size in their weins set on the bile, at being ordered about by a Frenchman!

And what does it all come to? What does he get out on it, arter all? A front scene jammed down agin the float, and a big set at the back, the last so far back, it's ruination in cloths and supers, and the first so far forrard, that actin's impossible, and effect's out of the question. I defy the best scene that ever old STANNY knocked off at the Lane or such as TELBIN hisself turns out, to do its work with pleasure to itself and satisfaction to its employers within eight foot of the float.

I fancy *I* see myself offered such a situation, when I was took off the frame. Flats has their feelings. I was rayther nuts on myself, I can tell ye, when I was a young 'un. Bein' a Gothic Castle, with a practicable door and sloats and scruto-work about me, it's only nat'ral I should have some fam'ly pride. Many and many's the night I've been run on for the platform of the Castle of Elsinoor. I wouldn't like to say how often poor JEM WARD'S walked afore me as the *Ghost* at the Lane. JEM had a feelin' for his line o' business. *He'd* a' stood none of your parley-voos.

Owsomever, if this sort of thing goes on, the company will be runnin' as rusty as the scenery, that's one comfort. The Guv'nor's a takin in out on 'em, and sarves 'em right too. There's his name in the street posters a good hinch longer nor any o' theirs, and all theirs, from the *King* down to *Bernardo* and *Marcellus*, the same size to a nail. *They'll* like that, uncommon! The Guv'nor a'nt no mercy on 'em, and I'm glad on it. A party as can treat scenery as he's done ain't to be expected to think much of his company.

About the actin'?—Well I like the Guv'nor in '*Amlet* better than I thought I should. He's gettin' into a pint or two, 'ere and there; and, if he goes on another twelvemonth, he'll know something about the pronounciation of the English language—that is, if he'll only take time, and mind his stops, and put his hemphasis right. The worst on it is, that he do slip about dreadful when he gets excited, and makes an awful 'ash of the dialect. About the make-up; well, p'raps you'll say there ain't no 'arm in a flaxen wig—mind, *I* don't think so—but I 'ope you'll allow there ain't no reason '*Amlet* should wear that 'ere black crape widder's cap 'atop on it; it *do* make him look uncommon top-'eavy. And I'd like to know if '*Amlet* hadn't ought to look a leettle out of sorts, arter he seen the ghost. If the Guv'nor won't turn down his stockin's, at least he might 'ave a leettle of the front curl took out of his wig, or something or other. But he look as band-boxy in the third and fifth acts as he do in the first. Blest if *that* can be right.

About the rest? Well, for a scratch lot, they're not bad. Mind, I don't see why the Guv'nor's name should be in such uncommon big letters. The wust on 'em all is that they've ketched the way of the place, and gone in agin' the old business.

There's that EMERY now—I remember his father in *Tyke*. He's a clever young man, but he ain't made up as I remember the *King*. He's more like the picturs of Danish Kings that our property man was showin' the other day out of the *Illustrated History of England*, and he seem to make the points pretty much as he likes without caring much for the old ways. His father wouldn't a' stood that. And there's JOHN BROUGHAM'S *Polonius*—why he make him quite a respectable old gentleman—hasn't none of the old gags; didn't get six good laughs in all his nine lengths. Why, old DOWTON had 'em in a roar all through. His *Polonius* was a'most as great as his *Major Sturgeon*. Ah—that was something like an actor. No, I was fairly ashamed o' BROUGHAM. What? *Polonius* was an old gentleman . . .? Trusted by the King and Queen and the rest of the Royal Family? a sort of Prime Minister! much such as PALMERSTON is now? Well! wonders will never cease. There's nothing like new lights. The old 'uns was enough for me. The *Poloniuses* in *my* time went in for the laughs and the gags.

About the *Ophelia!* Well, I dunnow. I remember 'em all—from MRS. JORDAN and MISS O'NEIL downards. . . There was PRISSY HORTON too, in MAC'S time at the Garden . . . . and the Lane arterwards! She *was* a good un. I didn't think there was a gal on the stage now could a' got a new rise out of the part. But that there little TERRY—I don't mind tellin' you—she give *me* a reg'lar turn. I've knowed her since she was a mite at the Princesses. A good, quiet, clever, 'ard-working, little thing as ever took her pound a week home to her family. She'd a pleasant smile for everybody, and everybody had a kind word for *her*. We was all quite fond on her somehow. Some said she'd do great things. I didn't. I've seen lots of these young 'uns. They are mostly like forced mushrooms—werry well early in the season, but not worth much when the reglar-grow'd ones comes in. But this here little girl—she've growed somehow, since they give over forcing on her. Mind I won't say she were the old style. She didn't come the Elocution, as I've heerd some on 'em; and she don't give herself the airs of a first juvenile lady, and take the stage, and eye the audience over, as much as to say, "Here I am, won't you give me a round?" She've a good deal to learn, I should say, afore she makes the most of herself. But somehow she looked so good and sweet, and innocent; and she spoke so pretty in that scene with *Laertes*, and seemed so sad when they all keeps a snubbin' on her about young '*Amlet*, and then when she give '*Amlet* back his presents . . altogether, somehow—mind it warn't actin' as *I've* seed it, and been taught it ought to be—but still it brought my 'art into my practicable door, and set my old water-colour a runnin'—*I* say it's the damp, when any o' these here new-fangled set-pieces on the mazarine floor pokes their fun at me. In short, it give me a regular turn.

I can't say more than that. The mad scene? Well, I can't tell you; it made me cry, and sent a cold shiver down my battens; and I'd rayther not talk about it, on'y I recommend you to go and see it. Never mind the Guv'nor's bad English. *You* go and see it. P'raps *you'll* tell *me* whether it's actin' or not. Leastways it's werry affectin' . . . but mind it ain't the old style. PRISSY HORTON, perhaps, she warn't old style neither, bless her heart. I often thinks I'll ask TELBIN if he can't get me a turn at the Gallery of Illustration along with PRISSY. But I feel I'd like to have a night or two more of little KATE TERRY'S *Ophelia* first.

I know I'm on'y an old flat—but them's my feelins.

Biters Bit.

"AN M.P." corroborated by "AN EX-M.P.," writing to the *Times*, complains of having been pestered with a telegram which turned out to be the puffing advertisement of a firm of dentists, from their name apparently Semitic. Dentists, who resort to the means adopted by these persons to obtain publicity and custom, must be supposed to deal in teeth which may be expected to bite.

WHY is MR. BASS like a Dentist? Because he's going to remove the grinders.

Digitized by Google



EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

Undergraduate (who will buy straw-stem Wine-glasses and curiously-cut Decanters, though they are always coming to grief). "HALLO, PIRQUIZZIT, WHY WHAT IN THE NAME OF," &c., &c.

Intemperate Gyp (recently engaged in "washing up" on the landing above). "WHY, SIR—THESE YER—GLASSES O' YOURN—THEY WON'—STAN' THE 'OT WATER."

HOME AND ROME.

THOUGH pleasures the Tuileries yield him, yet Rome,
Howe'er he may grumble, is no place for HOME.
The POPE and the Cardinals sternly declare
That he must be off, and no longer stay there.
HOME, HOME, Medium HOME,
Where'er you may wander, you can't stay in Rome.

Those spirits of yours PIO NONO can't stand;
The spirits you deal in he calls contraband.
There's only one sort that he thinks genuine;
All others he deems the reverse of divine,
HOME, HOME, &c.

Oh! HOME, Medium HOME, if you only would get
Up some apparition like that of Salette,
Or cause a Madonna to wink, MR. HOME,
Your spirits and you might continue in Rome.
HOME, HOME, &c.

Railways.

THERE is, we believe, a scheme on foot to form a junction between the Subterranean Metropolitan and the Charing Cross-the-Thames Railways. The "Chatham and Dover" having been found a taking title for advertisements, the proposed Line, in consequence of the route being first through tunnel then across the Bridge, will be called, "The Under-and-Over Line."

TELEGRAM.

From Russia.—The EMPEROR has purchased a magnificent parrot. It has already learned to cry, "Scratch a Pole."

THE LATITUDE OF LADIES.

SIR,

IN the House of Commons I find MR. COWPER making the subjoined observation relative to the fact that, at the Volunteer Review, many persons, regardless of the notice printed on the cards of admission, which reserved the first three rows of chairs for ladies, took the front seats for themselves, and refused to give them up to those whom they were intended for:—

"It was a source of great regret to him that Englishmen should have disgraced themselves, as he thought they had done, on Saturday afternoon, by retaining seats while ladies were standing by."

Sir, I am not the person to advocate want of gallantry, and proper behaviour towards ladies. But what I say, is, if they want to have that consideration shown them which they have been accustomed to receive, and still think themselves entitled to expect—they had better give up Crinoline. Ladies, however, naturally attractive and agreeable, are not to suppose that they can create interest, and also an obstruction.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant, SMELFUNGUS.

P.S. *Place aux dames* is all very well, but I do not like to be thrust off the pavement into the gutter, Sir. Neither do I relish having the accumulations of the pavement wiped off on my knees, whenever I ride in an omnibus.

S. T. P. for Cork.

CONSIDERING the wonderful erudition in the science of Divinity displayed the other day in the House of Commons by the Hon. Member for Cork in his remarks about the Athanasian Creed and other subjects therewith connected, we have much pleasure in nominating MR. V. SCULLY Professor of Theology.

MONEY MARKET.—Shares, in Ascension Island Company, going up.

Digitized by Google

ORGAN-GRINDING AT HIGHBURY.



PECULIAR kind of case, one of a class, quite a generic instance of the organ-grinding nuisance, came before MR. D'EYNCOURT one day last week. The complainant was the REV. JOHN MEADOWS RODWELL, of Highbury New Park, a clergyman of the Church of England, the defendant an Italian organ-grinder named VALENTINE. This fellow had disturbed the studies of the reverend gentleman, who is engaged in the translation of several Oriental works in so many languages, by playing in the front court of the house of an opposite neighbour, a MR. HALLÉ, who is something in the City. He had been engaged to play there by MR. HALLÉ'S wife. Thence he refused to move, and the HALLÉS insisted on keeping him there. Remonstrance with MR. HALLÉ only occasioned him to rush into the house of the complainant, and, according to the latter's statement, behave himself in a very offensive manner. There was no remedy for the annoyance thus caused by discord encouraged by vulgarity. The Italian wretch had a legal right to remain where he was stationed by his patrons to the injury of his neighbour. MR. HALLÉ'S ignorance of his duty towards his neighbour, appeared so great to the Magistrate, that he charitably sent an officer to instruct him therein. It is to be feared that the messenger experienced a no more kindly reception from the party whom he was dispatched to enlighten, than the prophets of old did from those who stoned them, and to whose posterity many lovers of barrel-organ music appear to belong.

The case above epitomised is, as aforesaid, a class case. Who, living in those squares and other regions of London which are inhabited by a certain class of civic people, is not familiar with the annoyance occasioned by an organ-grinder patronised by a bounceable woman, of tawdry exterior and violent deportment, whose husband, as well as herself, has connexions in Houndsditch. When remonstrated with by any gentleman who has the misfortune to live near him, on the disturbance occasioned by his wife's musical proclivities, he becomes insolent and abusive. Who does not recognise this sort of man as one of a tribe?

Pray, MR. BASS, take care that your Bill for the abatement of the organ-grinding nuisance shall effectually prevent anybody from doing his duty towards his neighbour in such wise as that duty was done towards the REV. MR. RODWELL by MR. HALLÉ, in a manner that could hardly be sanctioned by the Law of MOSES.

Give him Rope Enough.

THE Correspondent of a contemporary says, "I think that a surprise may be expected, and that the Austrian, with one single step, will raise himself to a tremendous height." We have no objection to see any burglar imitate the last act of HAMAN, but we think that he will require several steps.

SKETCHES FROM SOME SCHOOLS.

THERE can be no doubt that the male young of the human species give their elders much trouble. As MRS. GERMAN REED asserts nightly:—

"The Essence of all Bother
Is bottled in a Boy."

If we send him to a public school, he is most unreasonably dissatisfied with his treatment. He states, truly enough, that his blanket is taken away on a cold night to warm a bigger lad; that he is perpetually licked with sticks or cricket stumps; that he is tumbled over walls to smuggle forbidden drinks in, is flogged by his senior if he does not go, and by his master if he does; has to lay his hand on the table that his tyrant may cut at his fingers with the edge of a college cap; that he is brutally kicked; that he has little sleep and always wakes in a fright; that six cuts over the calf of his leg with a racket is his senior's way of hinting displeasure; that he has to perform the united menial offices of a scullion and a shoeblack; and that after a few months of fagging he is no longer fit for the athletic exercises in which he formerly excelled.

This, ladies, and especially mothers, is all proved, and solemnly written down, as evidence taken before Parliamentary Commissioners who were ordered to inquire into our Public School system. You may read it, and much more, which you will not find such pleasant reading as a sensation novel. Well, as we have said, boys complain, and some parents take them out of what the foolish children are pleased to call "misery"——some don't.

But when you have taken your troublesome child out of his "misery," you must do something with him. You try a Private School. If you are fortunate, that is, if you make proper inquiries, and become acquainted with the master, and do not choose a teacher with less care than you use in choosing a butler, you will probably discover a worthy guide, philosopher, and friend for your son; and happily there are hundreds of such men, now at work for the England of the Future. But you may as well be careful, or you may have more bother.

Last week, at the Bromley Petty Sessions, the Magistrates had to deal with a MR. EDGAR GLENNIE SMITH, who keeps a private school at Beckenham. The parents of two little boys, one ten, the other eight, placed them with MR. E. G. SMITH, and as the terms were £150 a-year, the establishment must have been considered respectable. The little boy had been delicate, "and," said SERJEANT BALLANTINE (corroborated by the mother on oath):—

"The boys were sent to the school on the express understanding that no personal chastisement was to be administered, their mother having pointed out that the child was delicate and subject to glandular swellings, and it was upon the assurance of MR. SMITH that he used persuasion and endeavoured to win the love of the boys, and never resorted to personal violence, that she consented to leave her boys under his care, believing that she had found them a home. But the course pursued by the defendant with regard to the younger boy was such as rendered him unfit to have the charge of boys. The boy was set to learn lessons, and because he did not accomplish them to the defendant's satisfaction, he 'flew' upon him, and beat him about the head and face in a most unmerciful manner, by which his nervous system suffered so great a shock that it was some days before he recovered. The poor child's head, face, and ears were all bruised, and although the assault complained of happened some seventeen days ago, the marks about his head and cheeks were still visible. DR. JEFFERSON, who was the medical adviser of the family, and who was called in to see the boy, would tell them that if such treatment had been continued it would have been at the risk of the child's life."

The case was heard at great length and very fairly; counsel's statement was certainly made out, though another boy tried to soften the case, "but admitted that MR. E. G. SMITH had told him what to say," and though a housemaid, called JOWELL—it should have been JEWEL—with the most loyal alacrity swore that the child was "even more sprightly and cheerful after the punishment than before." The magistrates deliberated, and then fined MR. EDGAR G. SMITH, Five Pounds.

Such are some Public and some Private Schools; and really it is impossible not to feel irritated at the trouble one has to dispose satisfactorily of the creature called a Boy. However, as he must have been created for some wise reason, we must try and do our duty by him, bother as he is; and certainly we scarcely think that duty fulfilled by sending him to Schools, Public or Private, like those which have been illustrated in the Parliamentary evidence, or in the case of MR. EDGAR G. SMITH of Beckenham. We are afraid, parents, and especially mothers, that you must really take the trouble of making a good many inquiries before you delegate your duties; and *Mr. Punch*, in the interest of the risen and rising generations will aid you so far as he can, by giving you any information he may possess as to where not to send the latter. We want another COWPER and another TIROCINIUM.

PUNCH.

A HERCULES ON THE FIDDLE.

WONDERFUL are the words of writers upon music. For instance, see this scrap from a recent report of a Philharmonic Concert:—

"The next instrumental piece—BEETHOVEN'S violin concerto, a colossus, to grapple with which successfully demands no less than the grasp and vigour of a Hercules on the fiddle—took us into another world."

A Hercules on the fiddle! That 's rather a strong phrase. We suppose we next shall hear of a Jupiter on the trombone, or a Mars upon the drum. And fancy a bit of fiddling that can carry away a critic "into another world!" Why it really almost beats MR. HOME and his accordion. Perhaps the critic when he got there heard the music of the spheres, or Pan upon his pipes playing *The Ruler of the Spirits*. If so, he might as well have written a report of the performance.



NOTHING LIKE DOING IT THOROUGHLY.

Mrs. Buncher Greens. "DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT GOING TO HEPSOM; IT AIN'T A FIT PLACE FOR FEMALES. GIVE ME HASCOT, IN YER OWN CARRIDGE."

Mr. B. G. "WELL, I TELL YER WHAT IT IS, SABER—YOU MUST TRIM THE BARBER A BIT, OR YOU'LL NEVER BE IN TIME FOR THE CUP!"

THE ROYAL VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE.

SOUND the Crumpets, beat the Drums! Pardon the allusion; I write this immediately after breakfast.

The Reserves of the A 1 Division of Police, looking, in their new helmets, like amateur firemen, are forming a line in Trinity Street. They are preventing the crowd—the *hoi Polloi*, as the Public Orator calls them (clever fellow, the Public Orator!)—from mobbing the Royal Carriage.

Three cheers for the Royal Carriage! There is nobody in it.

These towering ruffians of the Civil Executive Department—Police-firemen! Why can't they let the poor people enjoy themselves?

From a comfortable situation aloft I cheer the crowd. A policeman will not allow a butcher to pass. Butcher grapples with the minion of the Law.

"Don't stand that, Butcher!" I cry, impulsively, siding with the Million against the Minion.

An official calls at the house to remove me for inciting the mob to riot. I explain. My meaning has been misunderstood. I said "Don't stand *there!*" that is, I meant so to express myself. Perfectly satisfactory.

I go down into the crowd, and am hustled by greasy vagabonds. A member of the A 1 Division rescues and protects me.

Gallant fellows these Policemen! Noble defenders! Worthy lovers of order! I cling to them in the hour of need.

I abominate and detest a crowd. Knock that butcher on the head, my gallant A 1.

The Prince has bowed one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six times to-day (Thursday).

The Princess (bless her!) has smiled indefatigably ever since her arrival.

Huzzas! Huzzas! as ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK proceeds gloriously from Trinity College to the Senate House. Not only Huzzas, but the Duke of Manchester's Light Horse troop also, escort Her Royal Highness.

Lime-lights atop of St. Mary's! Bells ringing! Guns firing! Ball at the Fitzwilliam Museum, where all the specimens had a holiday.

For several days previous to the Royal Visit the Stewards of the Ball, and the President and Secretary, with other officials belonging to the A.D.C., had been practising walking backwards, without turning to look behind them, in order that they might be at their ease in receiving Royalty.

Flower Shows, Boat Processions, Amateur Performance, up and down the Royal Road, in and out the College, that's the way the Money goes, Special Services, Dinner Services, whirligig, whizzling excitement.

The Trinity Ball is grand: Lighted Cloisters, Tent in the Old, Old Court. The Master—splendid figure—looming in the distance.

A rush! It is whispered that The Master is about to dance a fandango by himself. He has refused—positively refused, and is sulking over a strawberry ice in the corner. The report is not even founded on fact. The last light in Trinity is being put out.

The Visit has been a Great Success.

Nothing can exceed the popularity of their H.R.H.s among the University men, past and present.

Isn't it a pleasant thing to see a fine young Prince shaking hands with his old young friends who were "up" in his time? ALBERT EDWARD, Sir, is to quote the immortal Poet:—

> "A Jolly Good Fellow,
> And so say all of us."

Farewell! as Nurse says to little Ticksywicksy when the sugarstick has been judiciously secreted, "All Gone! All Gone!"

[The reader's kind indulgence is requested for our elated Contributor.—*Ed.*]

Public School Commission.

THE Public School Commissioners thinking it advisable to reduce all Headmasters' and Sub-master's fees, propose amalgamating themselves under the title of the New Dock Company.

THE RIGHT CONSTABLE IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—Policeman K 9 (Canine) at the Islington Dog Show.

Digitized by Google

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, June 11, 1864.



RATHER BEHIND HIS TIME.

Policeman. "HADN'T YOU BETTER BE GETTING HOME, YOUNG MAN?"
Wanderer. "WHA' FOR? TERSH'NT'ERERY AIN'T OVER YET! Y' KNOW!"

LAWSON'S LOST LIQUOR BILL.

The Lament of the United Kingdom Alliance.

HARD lines, to be refused permission,
But to impose a prohibition
From drinking spirits, wine, and beer,
On other folks! Poor we! Oh dear!

Pipe, Ebenezer, pipe thine eye;
Mourn, Salem, Little Bethel, cry.
Weep, O ye Jumpers, and lament,
Ye congregations of Dissent!

Condole with us, ye Sunday Schools,
Derided as officious fools,
We've had our Liquor Bill kicked out;
Still to be sold are ale and stout.

Content we must, meanwhile, remain
Ourselves from liquors to abstain;
Can't make our neighbours do so too;
How cruel! What a shame! Boohoo!

THE DIGNITY OF THE FRENCH LEGISLATURE.

WHAT a people the French are! The Session of the Corps Legislatif was closed with a speech from the President, the DUC DE MORNY. According to telegram:—

"M. DE MORNY'S speech was received with great applause. The deputies then separated with cries of '*Vive l'Empereur!*'"

Fancy Parliament prorogued with the customary speech from the Throne, read by LORD WESTBURY, and then separating with cries of "Long live the QUEEN!" Only conceive the EARL OF DERBY and EARL RUSSELL, LORDS ELLENBOROUGH and GRANVILLE, LORD PALMERSTON and MR. DISRAELI, SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and MR. GLADSTONE, SIR GEORGE GREY and SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, MR. LAYARD, MR. BRIGHT, MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, MR. COBDEN and MR. ROEBUCK, one and all taking leave of each other with that loyal vociferation, and going away for the Parliamentary vacation, shouting and bawling like boys breaking up for the holidays.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JUNE 6*th*. *Monday*. The hero of the week, and of all weeks in which letters are delivered, SIR ROWLAND HILL, is to receive £20,000 as a present from the Government, to which directly and indirectly, he will have presented millions, with advantage and contentment, moreover, to the contributors to the revenue. The gift was recommended, in the Lords to-night, by the CHANCELLOR in the name of the QUEEN. On the following Wednesday, in the Sheldonian theatre at Oxford, *Mr. Punch* had the pleasure and glory of seeing his distinguished friend receive the degree of D.C.L., which may, *pro hâc vice*, be interpreted, Donor of Cheap Letters.

The nuisance of Park Lane, the narrowest and most dangerous street in civilised London, was assailed by LORD LUCAN, LORD MALMESBURY, and the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. Of course, the authorities shift the responsibility; somebody says that it is the business of St. George's vestry, somebody else that it is the Government business, and a third somebody that it is the business of THWAITES, and among them all people are knocked down and nearly killed, or the traffic is closely blocked, fifty times a day. Why not break through Hamilton Place without asking anybody's leave, and then get an Act of Indemnity? Are we always to be the slaves to red tape and vested interests? There is a corn-chandler, too, who has the fiendish wickedness and demoniacal effrontery to let carts, containing his goods, be loaded and unloaded at his door, to the hindrance of carriages? Why is he not hanged? These are specimens of all the arguments on the subject. But something ought to be done, for *Mr. Punch* himself, who is royal in his love for punctuality, was actually late at a party in Eaton Square last Wednesday, owing to the Park Lane block, and to his having let his outriders go to chapel.

An interesting conversation on Public School Education elicited the important fact that when WILLIAM LENNOX LASCELLES FITZGERALD DE ROS, Baron, was a little boy at school, he was fag to the present ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, cleaned his shoes, and doesn't seem to have been much wallopped by his Grace (or the marks have gone away), for LORD DE ROS declared to-night that fagging was a good institution. *Mr. Punch* declares it to be nothing of the kind, but an institution that makes a weak boy a sneak, and a strong boy a tyrant. The BISHOP OF LONDON, as usual, spoke wisely, deprecated leaving things as they are, and strongly advocated the teaching French. So do we; not that French is worth learning, for itself, for it is a wretched language, but as (and possibly by reason of this last fact) the majority of people understand it, French is one of the disagreeable necessities of the time. You do not learn French in order to study poetry or eloquence, but in order to be able to vituperate French cooks, and assure the various French ladies whom you meet that you have been, for the first time in your life, inspired by each of them with a passion which will be enclosed with you in the tomb. Therefore, we quite agree with the Bishop. LORD DERBY said that Grammar could not be taught at Public Schools. We can't say how this may be, but it never is. The Archbishop thought that "French ought to be made imperative," and our friend the Elected of the Millions will doubtless concur with the Protestant hierarch.

There has been a great powder explosion at Corfu, but LORD HARTINGTON was happy to say that, as it had occurred since our troops left, it was only Greeks that had been blown up.

LADY ELGIN, widow of one of the best and ablest noblemen who ever preferred serving his country to living an idle and foolish life, is, most properly, to have a pension of £1000 a year, in testimony of our sense of the merits of her illustrious husband. We trust that she may long be reminded of a nation's gratitude.

Then we had a lively row. The Conference was the theme, and MR. DISRAELI made what PAM called "a magnificent display of virtuous indignation." He abused the Government for telling nothing, also for having no policy, also for abandoning the policy which LORD PALMERSTON had vigorously announced a few weeks back. The PREMIER complained of being attacked when he could not defend himself, demanded what policy the Opposition wanted, and refused further explanations. LORD ROBERT CECIL accused him of making an experiment on the patience of the House, and of betraying Denmark under the pretext of serving her. MR. KINGLAKE rather agreed, generally, with MR. DISRAELI, but thought the Government might be right in backing out of an untenable position.

Then we had a still livelier row. The National Gallery was the theme, and MR. COWPER asked for £10,000 towards the erection of a

Digitized by Google

new one at Burlington House—to cost in all £152,000. The most fearful nonsense was profusely talked on all sides, but finally the House decided that the Academicians should walk, and not the Old Masters, and LORD JOHN MANNERS beat the Government by a large majority, 174 to 122.

Tuesday. MR. CAIRD made an able speech in favour of his proposal for the collecting and publishing Agricultural Statistics. The subject is extremely important, and perfectly uninteresting, except to the producers of the nation's food, and to smart London men, who on the strength of having taken villas a few miles out of town, cock their eyes in the most profound manner at the fields they pass in the train, and talk about "poor soil" and "thin crops" as solemnly as if six months back they knew wheat from barley. Government resisted the proposal, and MR. CAIRD beat the Government by 74 to 62.

Wednesday. MR. LAWSON's Bill for robbing a poor man of his beer was—we don't like strong language, but the vulgar tongue is proper when common prayer demands strong action—kicked out by an indignant House, the numbers being, kickers 292, friends of the kicked Bill, 35. That was all right. *Mr. Punch* hates intoxication almost as much as he hates tyranny, and will add, that while rejoicing that a partial and oppressive measure has been defeated, he desires to see drunkenness much more severely punished than at present, instead of its being accepted as any sort of extenuation of the crimes it generates.

Thursday. LORD WESTBURY has a new plan for giving attorneys their due. He promised to explain it at a later date. We deem it right to mention that we are opposed to corporal punishments, and therefore trust that these will not form part of his scheme.

Federal enlistment in this kingdom still annoys sundry Peers, but LORD RUSSELL said that it was effected, not by MR. LINCOLN's Government, but by private speculators, and added, consolingly, that "only Irishmen could be credulous enough to be so deluded."

LORD RUSSELL also said, in reference to the American struggle, that "he wished the North could see the inconsistency of attempting, by war, to prevent five or six millions of their former fellow-subjects from putting into action the principle of independence which, on every 4th of July, they met in New England to celebrate." MESSRS. LINCOLN & DAVIS will please to take notice that these are the EARL's own words, addressed to the Peers of England, and that the report is no forgery. Are we apprehended?

LORD PALMERSTON stated that, by agreement of Conference, the German burglars were not to resume their course of crime for a fortnight after the expiration of the armistice.

MR. GLADSTONE, ever eager for the better collection of taxes, moved on his Bill for making his machinery more effective. It was a good deal opposed, but unwisely. If we are to be plundered, at least do not let the plunder be wasted *in transitu*.

The Street Music Bill came on for Second Reading, and MR. BASS showed that the present law was, as SIR RICHARD MAYNE complained, wholly inefficient to prevent a cruel nuisance. SIR RICHARD said that unless a person could declare that he was actually dying, the police had no power to remove a grinding ruffian who might seek to extort pay from the friends of the sick man. MR. LAWSON said that the publicans chiefly maintain the musicians, as it is good policy to hire the brutes to amuse drinkers into sotting themselves. Here, by the way, licensing Magistrates have a good pull on the Bungs. MR. AYRTON and MR. ADDERLEY supported the Second Reading. MR. BUTT, as might be expected from his name, went on the Bung side, and as might be expected from his antecedents, talked Bosh. So, for a wonder, did MR. GLADSTONE, who, however, may be justified, if he is bent, as it would appear, on courting popularity among those whose applause is not usually coveted by educated men. However, his colleague, SIR GEORGE GREY, who is too proud to stoop for such plaudit, spoke in favour of the repression of a nuisance which especially assails those on whom MR. GLADSTONE is ever ready to pile taxation, though he will not help to relieve them from annoyances that do much to prevent their earning the income he mulcts. SIR ROBERT PEEL also delivered himself in manly fashion, in favour of the Bill, and ridiculed MR. GLADSTONE's crotchet that there was any wish to hinder the people of amusement, the object being to send the musicians where they are liked, instead of permitting them to get hush money out of the tormented folks by whom they are hated. We are happy to add that an attempt to defeat the Bill was itself defeated by a majority of 37, and the Bill was read a Second Time.

Friday. It seems that it is the Danes who will not hear of a longer armistice than the one above mentioned. They are full of fight, and they object to the German burglars having time to settle and strengthen themselves in the districts which they have violated.

A plan of LORD ROBERT CECIL's for saving trouble to the Parliamentary Committees was discussed, but not approved. As if most of the Parliament men did not privately enjoy the dignity and fuss of sitting on Committees. Besides, they are an excuse for avoiding flower shows, garden parties, fêtes, concerts, and all the rest of the afflicting follies of fashionable life.

Of course, a really interesting debate on the subject of a Gold Coinage for our Eastern Empire was unattractive. Finally, the House was Counted Out. We ought to add that at the parliamentary pigeon-match at Hornsey, the Opposition killed more birds than the Liberals, from which fact we have no doubt that the Conservative organs will argue that LORD DERBY ought to come into office—they use much weaker arguments for the delight of the donkeys and the donkeys of the Party.

MISCONDUCT TO THE MAYOR OF WINDSOR.

Behold a prodigy till now unheard of and unknown,
A Mayor repulsed from showing his devotion to the Throne;
A thing 'tis to wide ope the eyes and bristle up the hair!
The thought of such indignity inflicted on a Mayor!

The QUEEN, returned from Scotland, was at Windsor Station due,
And I went to greet my Sovereign, like a Mayor and liegeman true,
As sure I was in duty bound to dance attendance there:
Such, on all such occasions, is the place of every Mayor.

We—I and Mr. Alderman, my worthy brother, BRUNT—
Did thither march, HER MAJESTY with welcome to confront;
There followed in our retinue a train of ladies fair,
Who, by accustomed privilege, accompanied the Mayor.

But when we reached the Station—I can hardly tell my tale—
I pant, I gasp, I gulch, I choke; my stifled accents fail—
Railway policemen barred the door, and did, yes they did dare,
Deny me entrance—me, I say—me, me myself, the Mayor!

"Strict orders from the platform's view the public to exclude?
Why, fellows, what! We are the Mayor and not the multitude.
Knaves, look at me! How! Don't you see the robes and chain I wear?"
"You can't have no admission here for all you are the Mayor."

Who ever read, or heard, or thought, or dreamt of such a scene?
Policemen telling their own Mayor he can't approach his Queen!
Ill if in England monarchy can ever come to fare,
If will if Jacks in Office stand between it and the Mayor.

A LIFT FOR A LADIES' SCHOOL.

LIKE every true gentleman, *Mr. Punch* loves the ladies; and being a man of mind, he specially loves such of them as mentally are loveable. *Mr. Punch's* love is vast, and embraces all womanity: but, provided they be equally devoted and attached to him, he must own that he prefers a pretty woman who has brains to a pretty one without them. So *Mr. Punch* is ever ready to encourage with his smile any scheme which tends to show that there are ladies in existence who not merely have brains, but are learning how to use them: and as the Female School of Art appears adapted to this end, *Mr. Punch* thinks it deserving that he should say a word for it.

"To make this institution permanent and self-supporting," the Committee say they want more scholars and more school-rooms. Whether the art scholars all wear crinoline or not, the Committee do not state. Haply some of them have brains enough to counsel its rejection; or perhaps it is a rule that the scholars hang their hoops up when they enter school, and by sitting with limp skirts, take up as little space as possible. Be this how it may, the school wants two new class rooms, and a portion of the building fund is promised by the Government, provided that the rest of it "be raised by other means." Among these other means, a bazaar is to be held on the Twenty-third of June, and people who like walking in the Gardens at South Kensington had better walk there then. The PRINCE OF WALES is going, and so is the PRINCESS, and so too is PRINCE PUNCH. Not a word more need be said to show that everybody who is anybody, will be present at the *fête*, and if you would not be thought a nobody, you had best not keep away from it.

SOBER AND DISORDERLY.

AT a meeting held on Monday last week, in Exeter Hall, under the auspices of the United Kingdom Alliance for the Suppression of the Traffic in Intoxicating Liquors, the first of a string of resolutions in favour of MR. LAWSON's now rejected Permissive Bill, having been put by the Chairman, was carried almost but not quite unanimously, "one unfortunate person near the door," says the *Times*, "holding up his hand against it." Of course you would think that the wretch was treated by an assembly convened for the purpose of enforcing sobriety with silent contempt. Oh, dear, no!—

"This was the signal for a tremendous uproar, which was with great difficulty quelled by the Chairman."

Such, as exhibited by an assembly of agitating teetotallers, is temperance!

Digitized by Google



Colossal Old Lady (politely). "YOU NEEDN'T MOVE, SIR. I SHALL SOON SHAKE DOWN."

TALLYHO THE ORGAN-GRINDER!

DEAR PUNCH,

You know everything, from talking in Chaldee to playing knurr-and-spell (if I could think of anything more difficult I 'd mention it), so of course you know that there's a comic song extant called *Tallyho the Grinder!* I never heard the song myself, and I don't desire to hear it, for I detest all singing, save the singing of a tea-kettle. Still, I really wish that one of your young poets would just parody this song, and adapt it to the use of those who hate street music. *Tallyho the Grinder!* would be a famous song to sing while hunting down an organ-man; and I will give you some idea of how I think it should be sung. I would suggest that the first verse should be written as a solo for the infuriated householder, who, being tortured past endurance by the grinding of a hand-organ, at length rushes forth resolved to tallyho the grinder, and hunt him from the street. A duet might next ensue for him and the policeman, whom he luckily encounters just outside his doorstep, and by a bit of silver suasion gets to join him in the chace. The "varmint" having "stolen away" the chorus, *Tallyho the Grinder!* might be sung by all the pack of idle dogs who are about, and who are ever ready to give tongue in a pursuit. When the chorus flags, the burden of the song might be kept up by the policemen, each one in rotation when the beast comes on his beat.

Were some such hunting song as this adapted for the sport, the chace of organ-grinders might become a most exciting and most popular pursuit, and our streets might soon be cleared from the varmints that infest them; for after every hunt, of course, the organ should be broken up and thrown among the pack.

Trusting some of your young TENNYSONS may carry out my notion, and compose a rattling good organ-hunting song, believe me, with much sympathy for all enraged by street musicians, yours constantly,

I. RATUS.

P.S. If a subscription pack be started to hunt down street musicians, I know a lot of would-be quiet fellows, like myself, who would willingly subscribe to it.

Notes and Queries.

Query. It might have been the Ettrick Shepherd who said, after sleeping out all night on the Grampians, that they ought to be called the Crampy'un Hills.

PUBLIC SCHOOL COMMISSIONS.

Proposed Alterations in The Eton System: to be adopted in 1865; *in order to prevent any Boys from "leaving Eton, in such a state of ignorance as reflects no credit upon the School."*

6 A.M.—Rise. Get two propositions of Euclid by heart while washing, and solve two algebraic equations, settled overnight, while dressing.

6·30.—Leave your Dame's or Tutor's, and go into school. "Saying lesson," VIRGIL, HOMER, or OVID. No boy to say less than thirty lines, and only to be prompted once. He will be permitted to look over the book, if he can, and be prepared to take the consequences. No *pœna* to be under one hundred and twenty lines, Greek, or one hundred and sixty, Latin.

7·15.—School over. Back to Tutor's or Dame's. Prepare Lesson, Scriptores Græci or Script. Romani, ten pages, for next school. Every word to be looked out conscientiously, there being monitors (Harrow fashion) appointed to see that this order is obeyed: while walking from room to room, monitors will take their breakfast.

8.—Every boy to breakfast in his own room, and while eating, he will, in order to acquire a thorough knowledge of art, draw his teapot, rolls, butter, &c. The teapot shall also draw.

8·10.—Every boy will sing a Latin grace, accompanying himself on some musical instrument.

8·15.—Write out a theme in German, on the Political Economy of the Cherokees, or some such comprehensive subject.

9.—Pupil room. Construe lesson, previously prepared, to tutor. Forty derivations to be fairly written out by each boy.

9·45.—Drawing Fortifications in the Mathematical School-room. Painting the same.

10·30.—Exercises in French, Italian, Russian and Sclavonic Dialect.

11.—School. Construe lesson prepared at 7·15.

11·45.—Out of school. Playtime, except for boys who have to write out punishments, be flogged, or have to fag for upper boys. Cricket for a quarter of an hour. Boating for a quarter of an hour. Five minutes being allowed to get to the river from the playing fields. While fagging out, each boy will be learning a passage of BOLINGBROKE, BURKE, SHERIDAN or BACON, as his tutor may see fit.

12·20.—Going in to prepare Greek Grammar for three o'clock school.

12·35.—Singing Lesson in Upper School.

12·45.—Pupil-room. Take down "sense for verses," and commence working at them.

2.—Absence. Attend in the School yard to answer to your names.

2·5.—Dinner, except for those boys who have to write out punishments.

2·30.—Prepare Lesson for five o'clock school.

3.—School. Lesson prepared at 12·20.

3·45.—Prepare Lesson for six o'clock school next day.

4·30.—Pupil-room. English Composition. Writing from dictation; unless writing out punishments.

5·15.—School. Take in Lesson prepared at 2·30.

6.—Tea, to be taken during a Lecture on Natural Science, open to all boys who are not writing out punishments given at five, or finishing others which have been increased in consequence of not having been shown up in due time.

6·30.—Prepare "Private Business" for tutor.

7.—Private Business in tutor's Pupil-room.

8.—Take down "sense" for, and work at, Greek Iambics, under the supervision of tutor.

9.—Chemistry. Botany. Astronomy. Geology. Write out and learn questions and answers on all three subjects.

10.—Bed. Or write out punishments given by tutor, or finish any other extra work.

The Boys, as parties chiefly interested, are now forming themselves into a Committee to take the above proposed alterations into serious consideration.

TELEGRAM.

Slough, Wednesday, June 15*th*, 10 A.M.

Proposal negatived by 600 to 1.

LATEST.

Slough, Wednesday, June 15*th*, 10·15 A.M.

The minority has been kicked. He now votes with the majority. They have no power to unkick him.

The proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to LORD STANHOPE.

Digitized by Google



Inquiring Youth. "PLEASE, MAMMA, WHY IS UNCLE'S HORSE CALLED A *COB*?"
Mamma. "OH, MY DEAR! BECAUSE—BECAUSE—WHY BECAUSE HE HAS A THICK BODY AND SHORT LEGS!"
Inquiring Youth. "WHAT, LIKE YOU, MAMMA?"

POLICE CASE EXTRAORDINARY.

PROCEEDINGS ON REMAND, BEFORE MR. BULL.

(*From our own Reporter*).

THE two disreputable foreigners, FRANCIS-JOSEPH CHARLES HAPSBURG, and FREDERICK-WILLIAM LOUIS HOHENZOLLERN,* were brought up on remand on the charge of assault and highway robbery with violence, preferred against them by a weakly and undersized Dane, CHRISTIAN GLUCKSBOURG. We have already described the deplorable condition of the Complainant. He appeared somewhat recovered from the effects of the ruffianly treatment which he had experienced from the Prisoners, though he was still unable to move without crutches, and complained of severe internal injuries, causing serious intestinal derangement. His face showed several ghastly scars, and his right arm was still bandaged. His doctors are understood to have recommended amputation, but to this the sufferer very naturally objects.

In answer to the worthy Magistrate's inquiries, Complainant said that "he still felt very weak and ill; doubted if he should ever get over the ill-treatment of the Prisoners, but hadn't lost his pluck for all that. If he couldn't get back the property that had been taken from him, and obtain security against future violence, he'd stick to the prosecution, though it cost him the coat off his back and the shoes off his feet. He had been violently threatened by the Prisoners' associates since the former proceedings in this Court. They wished him to compromise the case and make an agreement with the Prisoners, leaving the plunder in their hands, and declared if he refused to agree to this, they would have his life. But he was determined to have his rights—if he died for it."

The plucky manner in which the Complainant expressed this determination, in spite of the contrast between his weakly and disabled appearance, and the embodiment of brute force in the brawny, hulking prisoners, produced a burst of applause in the Court, which was instantly suppressed by the worthy Magistrate, who said that "much as he admired pluck—and certainly the Complainant appeared a person of great courage—this was a Court of Justice, in which such expressions of feeling could not be tolerated."

He wished to know whether, since he had remanded the case, the Complainant had been able to come to any fair terms with the Prisoners. He could not approve of anything like compounding of felony; but here there certainly had been some dispute about title, which just removed the case from the category of ordinary highway robbery with violence, and justified a remand with a view to arrangement between the parties.

GLUCKSBOURG said that he had not been able to come to any terms. The Prisoners' agents had been in occupation of the house, which formed part of the property in dispute, ever since the assault upon him, and had been eating and drinking, as he understood, in the most wasteful and expensive manner, at his expense; they had killed his cows, calves, sheep, pigs, and fowls; broken into his cellar, and smoked his tobacco. Then they had kissed his maid-servants repeatedly. . . .

The worthy Magistrate inquired if the maid-servants had lodged any complaint of that abominable outrage.

GLUCKSBOURG said he was not aware that they had actually applied for warrants against the offenders, but they were understood to have complained . . . . they did not like being kissed . . . . not by the Prisoners' men; they were plain, wore beards, smelt strong of tobacco and garlic, and had an objection to soap and water . . . . in fact, they were pigs, hounds, and *schelmen* (a German term of abuse and contempt as we understood from M. ALBERT, the intelligent interpreter).

The Prisoners here interposed, and asked if this sort of language was to be permitted . . . . It was very painful to their feelings.

The worthy Magistrate said (severely) he should have had more consideration for the Prisoners' feelings if they had had a little more consideration for the Complainant's bones and pockets. (*Laughter in Court, in which the Complainant joined.*) Still, he would recommend the Complainant to avoid abusive language.

Complainant said he did not complain so much of their kissing the maids, nor even of the havoc they had made in his larder and cellar, as

* See our "Police Report Extraordinary," page 210.



THE BEADLE AND THE DANE.

MR. RUSSELL. "BETTER TAKE IT! HALF A LOAF'S BETTER THAN NO BREAD, YOU KNOW!"

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

of their continued occupation of the property. They had absolutely refused to stir, and now declared it was their intention to remain in possession, in defiance of the European Police. He wished to know if this was to be put up with. He had asked INSPECTOR RUSSELL to make a representation to the Prisoners' agents . . . .

INSPECTOR RUSSELL said he *had* made a representation—several representations . . . . had done nothing but make representations for the last month, but as yet without effect: they were representations in writing. He had copies with him which he would be glad to read to the worthy Magistrate . . . .

The worthy Magistrate said he had much rather not. There was a good deal too much representation in writing, he thought, went on in the Inspector's Office. He thought persons employed in a Police Station would do well to busy themselves less with pen, ink, and paper, and more with their bulls'-eyes, truncheons, and handcuffs, and with looking sharp after suspicious characters and notorious offenders. What had the Inspector to say as to the reception of his representations by the Prisoners' agents?

INSPECTOR RUSSELL said he could not say anything very pleasant . . . . indeed, if the worthy Magistrate would allow him, he would rather not say anything at present . . . . he was still making representations . . . .

The worthy Magistrate said he took that for granted.

Inspector still hoped that the Prisoners and their friends might be brought to reason. Had reason to think that the Prisoners had some shadow of a ground of complaint against GLUCKSBOURG.

The Prisoners here burst into loud asseverations that they were the most innocent, injured, and ill-used of men: a declaration which called forth an irrepressible burst of hissing and hooting among the crowd in Court, which the worthy Magistrate in vain endeavoured to suppress.

The Complainant here muttered something about a Cross—about the Police being in league with the Prisoners.

INSPECTOR RUSSELL said he protested against such an insinuation. He *had* made a suggestion to the Prisoners to give up a considerable part of the property in dispute; in which case he thought they were not likely to dispute Complainant's possession of the remainder. Considered it was part of his duty to make such suggestions—in writing of course; might have put it disagreeably for Complainant, but didn't mean to do so. Hoped the Magistrate was satisfied of that, and approved of what he had done.

The worthy Magistrate said that might have been all very well before the Prisoners had committed such a brutal assault. But he must say, he thought the Inspector had failed grossly in his duty, in not preventing the outrage. He owned he saw the beginning of the fray: he had been in communication with the Prisoners; he had been appealed to for protection by the Complainant, and seemed to have promised it.

The Inspector said he only did so conditionally.

The Magistrate did not wish to go into that. He wished to know why he had not prevented the assault?

The Inspector said he had only a very small force at his command, and was afraid, if he interfered, the row would spread itself further, as much excitement prevailed in the neighbourhood. Had generally found that his interference made matters worse.

The worthy Magistrate said he could not wonder at it, if it was the sort of interference he seemed to have such a taste for—interference in writing. It was the duty of the Police to prevent the beginning of these outrages at any hazard. What were the Police for but to keep the peace? They carried their truncheons for no other purpose, and if, in the fulfilment of their duty of keeping the peace, it became necessary to break the heads of ruffians like the Prisoners, it might be a disagreeable duty—particularly to the Prisoners—but it must be done. As to the offer that had been made to the Complainant, and which INSPECTOR RUSSELL seemed to have taken upon himself to pronounce reasonable—he had no sufficient evidence how that might be, and would at present offer no opinion; but he would remand the Prisoners for another fortnight, that Complainant might have time to turn round and think it over. At the same time he must warn the Prisoners, that if they, or their agents, threatened, or otherwise bullied, or assaulted the Complainant, it would be the worse for them.

Complainant, who protested vehemently against the arrangement proposed under the sanction of the Inspector, was led out of Court by his daughter, a very interesting young lady, who had stood near her father during the proceedings, showing him the most filial attentions. The worthy Magistrate bowed to her on her leaving the Court, and the crowd gave her three cheers.

THE PUBLIC TIME.

(*An After-Dinner Letter.*)



O OLD PUNCH,

I'M just come back from Greenwich, and write this while I think of it. Bother stops and all that. Had a first-clss dinner at the Ship and wishyoudbeenthre. Funny word thatlooks. ? on paper:, Nevrmind Stops:

I shall get nother fler to write, this, for me as pen sobad and can't write bad pen know. ; , ! ? . : never mind stops— ; , ? ? / ! ! : ! ? ; — lots of stops, put 'em where you like. Jolly good fler. Who? Don't know. Never mind.

What was going to say was thish. ? this: !

Letshee. No Lets see.

(*In another hand.*)

Sir, at this point my friend lays down his pen and requests me to acquaint you with the fact of the Public Time being wasted on the Greenwich Line, *i.e.* from Charing Cross to Greenwich.

The case is this. The Trains start from London every quarter of an hour; and they arrive every twenty minutes.

Now, Sir, what becomes of the missing five minutes? that is, of the missing quarter in each hour? or roundly, of the missing sixty quarters, no I mean twenty-four hours, I should say sixty-four quarters in every day?

I have not got this calculation quite right: 'tis too late to stop over it now. But we all agreed after dinner that there was a great Waste of Time Somewhere.

Yours truly,
WHYTE BATES.

(*In same hand as the first.*)

P.S. Jolly fler wrote this. unstands what says. Hoorray? ; ! : never mind stops. Going to dine gain Gridge come dine at Gridge? ? ! ; Nevermistops.

*** *The rest of this important correspondence is, we regret to say, utterly illegible.*

THE DESERTS OF ARMY DOCTORS.

IT appears that there is a great dearth of Surgeons in the Army, particularly in the Indian branch of it. No Assistant-Surgeon has been gazetted for the Indian service since 1861. Such is the statement of "X" in the *Morning Post*, and according to "A SUFFERER," writing in the same paper, Government has adopted a singularly likely measure to remedy the surgeon-famine amongst Her Majesty's forces in India:—

"The pay and allowances have always hitherto been equal to £1,200 a-year, but are now reduced to £800, so that at one sweep every Regimental Surgeon in India is at once deprived of £400 a-year of this hard-earned income."

As we tell the plundered Danes, half a loaf is better than no bread, and £800 to £1,200 is as more than half a loaf, according to COCKER, or COLENSO, who is an authority at any rate on this sort of numbers. But the expenses of living in India leave an officer little to bless himself with out of an income of £800; so that there is moderation in "A SUFFERER'S" remark that:—

"After this, if medical men can still be found to enter the Army, then, I say they richly deserve all they get."

Certainly they do; and very much more.

Mr. Bass's Bill.

FOR the removal of Street Nuisances, we do not want the "Law as it Stands;" but we require it to be put in motion against all Organ Grinders and other unmusical wretches, with one great sweeping order to "Move on!"

Digitized by Google



LATEST FROM ASCOT.

Cad. "I SAY, CRUSHER! SEEN OUR KERRIDGE?"

Inspector. "NO, I AIN'T; BUT MINE'S JUST ROUND THE CORNER, AND I SHALL GIVE YOU A LIFT UP TO TOWN BEFORE NIGHT, I DESSAY." [*Cads shut up, and exeunt.*

ARCADIA ON THE SURREY SIDE.

You have heard of a *rus in urbe*; did you ever hear of a *rus in municipio?* If not, you will apprehend a novelty in hearing that the Borough of Southwark is a *municipium* in which there is a *rus*, or rather wherein there are *rura*. For a vacancy has occurred in the rural deanery of Southwark, and the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER has divided it into three rural deaneries; now, to enable him to do this, the rurality of Southwark should be spacious. So much so, in fact, is it, as to have enabled DR. SUMNER, out of the original rural deanery of Southwark, to constitute the new rural deaneries of Lambeth, Southwark, and Streatham. The last named rural deanery may be somewhat rural in a bucolic, and agricultural sense, but what extent of pastoral scenery, and how many shepherds and shepherdesses, or herdsmen, except drovers and swains of that sort, are to be found about the New Cut, or the vicinity of MESSRS. BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S Brewery?

OCCASIONAL POETRY.

BY A SMALL HOUSEHOLDER.

Composed on an Alteration made on the Premises.

MY Landlord he have sunk the well
Beneath my scullery floor:
The water-rate they can't compel
Me for to pay no more.

When the Collector calls, to claim
The payment of his due,
I wish as he may get the same.
He 's werry likely to!

For now I 've got the means to wipe
Out all arrears that 's owed;
And they, if they cuts off our pipe,
May do it, and be blowed!

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—There is no place like Home. Fallacious. If your home be in a row of houses, it is probable that the homes of your neighbours will be very like yours.

OUR OWN ON OXFORD.

[We are bound to say that nothing but the absolute fitness of publishing some sort of account of the Oxford Commemoration should induce us to insert the following wild narrative. We thought that our Cambridge Special had gone nearly as distracted as a gentleman should go under any provocation, but the Correspondent whom we dispatched, with some confidence, to the other Eye of England, has transcended the insanity of his predecessor. However, the article must appear.—*Ed. Punch.*]

HERE we go round the Mulberry Bush, the Mulberry Bush, the Mulberry Bush—difficult quadrille, this Lancers, with the great rotatory figure—set to her, O, ah, thanks—hope I didn't tread upon your dress—yes, awfully jolly, and not so hot as a ball-room usually is—ha! ha! we notice these things when we get to five or six-and-thirty—now you are not to laugh, MISS AMARANTH, because I am all that, and I remember the QUEEN'S Coronation distinctly—good band that of JULLIEN'S, isn't it? That 's *Here 's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen*—not many of them here, are there—severe, no, how can you say so? Two or three widows of fifty, though,—well, it 's JULLIEN'S fault, putting the words in my head, I didn't make them. Can I make songs—ah, under *some* inspiration, perhaps—now, ladies, all round us—here we go round the Mulberry Bush, the Mulberry Bush, the Mulberry Bush. You can't think how pretty you all look from the gallery when you make that deep slow curtsey. Why didn't I stay in the gallery, then, if I liked it so much? Because I liked better to be down here, dancing with somebody who doesn't appreciate my feelings. Let 's go and have some ice. Not yet, very well. That—yes, that is LORD MORN. Looks as pleasant as his name? Very neat—I'll tell him what you say. How well the Masons look to-night with their collars and stars and badges? Am I a Mason—of course I am, and your Brother, so you may tell me anything. Will I tell you the secret—well, I might be induced to do that, but not while I am unappreciated. Pretty—no, but her hair is, and the flowers are very graceful. Not flowers—O—I thought they were—no, it does not show how little notice I take of the ladies, but how much I take of one of them—that 's the DUKE OF THREE-DUKES, handsome young fellow—no, I didn't say it slightingly, but at two or three-and-thirty one thinks such young fellows mere boys. That 's a Knight Templar, with the white mantle and red cross on it. Yes, a very handsome dress. Why don't I have one? Because I have only chambers in the Temple. But I *will*, if——. Don't let 's dance this square dance, but have some ice. Engaged, never mind, he won't find you, and he 's no loss. How do I know that—why, didn't I hear him begin to talk about the weather? Didn't understand, didn't I, and perhaps he meant something about to-morrow and St. John's Gardens—artful little man. Not so little? Yes, he is, and you shouldn't dance with the pigmies. Pleasanter for waltzing, O? As if you cared about the mere dancing. Care very much indeed, do you. Then you are happy in your present partner. Auburn, indeed, she 's red; r, e, d, three letters, no less and no more. That slight, melancholy-looking man? That 's MR. EPICURUS ROTUNDUS, the author and moralist, but he is not, I believe, so unhappy as he looks. His novels are charming? Glad you think so, indeed we seem to think alike on most subjects. Not to flatter myself? May I flatter you? No, I don't think I could—one never flatters when—Mamma looking at us as if you ought to sit down—not the least, you don't understand the expression in her eye, it means go and take some refreshment. You must be obedient? Of course you must. Strawberry, vanille, lemon, which I shall get you? Here 's a chair. A wafer? Give me a piece and I will keep it as a consecrated wafer. No harm in that, I'm sure. A little more out of the draught. The procession of boats, yes, I saw it, and the crew that capsized on purpose—very good-natured to make fun for us, but that sort of thing would not be in my way. Yes, I was at the New College flower-show, and looked for you everywhere. Couldn't have looked long? Two hours at least. Beauty? Yes, certainly, a great deal. Where? Well, in the flowers. Do you know your Mamma has asked me to lunch after Commemoration to-morrow? Asks all sorts of people, does she? I am coming, though, for all that. You are going with LADY SWANSNEST somewhere else? You can't break my heart that way, because she 's going away in the morning, for BLANCHE CYGNET told me so. I have a good deal of MISS CYGNET'S confidence? Well, she has a little to spare, you know. Haven't told you the Masons' secret? Let me tell you another first. Square dance over? Never mind. But you do mind? Then we 'll go

back, but I take you in to supper, and I have numbers 13, 15, and 17, yes, look at your card, and you'll be at St. John's to-morrow. Answer all that?—yes, and something else——

[There are five sides more of this nonsense, which means,—we conceive after some consideration, may mean—that the writer was at the Masonic ball. We dare say that he talked none of the absurdity which he has written, but if he did, we beg to apprise the young lady that five or six-and-thirty, which we observe dwindled to two or three-and-thirty, should have been forty, *bien sonné*, and that our Correspondent is subject to an occasional attack, which he is pleased to call lameness, but which we happen to know is treated with colchicum.—*Ed. Punch.*]

MEMS. *for article for Old P.* [*unch*]. Oxford handsomest place in the world. Gardens glorious. Buy a Guide, they are capital. Fudge up the architecture and all that. BURGESS is going to do Worcester Chapel, MILLAIS to design stained windows. Use the word Carfax, it sounds well, and *mem.*, the bishops weren't martyred where the memorial is, nor yet where the mark is in the street, but in the old ditch. WREN built the theatre. University don't mean college, but all the colleges make University. Responsions is the same as little go. Say go down when you mean go away from Oxford. Say Maudlin, and perhaps tell story of man reading it so in second lesson in chapel. *Mem.*, jolly Bath chairs for sixpence, used instead of cabs. Don't believe there's a good cigar sold in Oxford—all the men who know get from town. Beestly railway entrance to O, write blazingly about the beautiful coach entrance over bridge. Torpids mean second boats. Jesus College, green, Welsh, *mem.* leeks. Speak of Show Sunday, folks go to Broad Walk, dressed no end. Get some bits of Latin out of BURTON, looks well in an article on a scholastic place.

[Our correspondent, evidently under some unexplained influences, has enclosed the above, instead of what is probably an elegantly written paper, now, of course, useless. The only paragraph which he has forwarded is as follows.—*Ed. Punch.*]

The merry undergraduates had early crowded the upper gallery of SIR CHRISTOPHER'S beautiful theatre, and their shouts could be heard long before you reached the famous edifice. Entering, you beheld a brilliant array of ladies in what may be called the dress circle, while a miscellaneous mass of masculine humanity filled the pit. The cheers and jokes of the students occupied an hour, and then the organ spoke out, the anthem was heard, the great doors opened, a lane was formed through the crowd, and an awful procession of Dons entered, and ascended to the seats of dignity, the VICE-CHANCELLOR himself taking the chair of LORD DERBY. Small reverence had the high blooded youth of England, on this day, for those dread Dons, and chaff was poured out like hail. The VICE-CHANCELLOR vainly tried to be heard, and looked rather more angry than was necessary. But the forms were observed, and at length the red-gowned candidates (we do not forget the meaning of *candidatus*) for the honours of the day were introduced. A tall and stately BERESFORD, Archbishop, a closely shaven and gentlemanly French historian, THIERRY, the thoughtful presence of ARTHUR HELPS, were noted with approbation, Ireland was honoured in LORD BANDON, and Money in LORD OVERSTONE. But the cheers of the undergraduates were few, and somewhat cynical, until one man ascended, and stood by TRAVERS TWISS. As soon as the name was known, a shout arose that might almost have been heard at the General Post Office. SIR ROWLAND HILL came to receive his crowning honour—the Man of Letters in the Home of Learning. Again and again came the cheering, in a storm, and had the grateful undergraduates known that an earnest and thoughtful face, with white hair around it, on the VICE-CHANCELLOR'S right, was that of a brother who had come to see his brother receive his guerdon, another cheer would have gone out for MATTHEW DAVENPORT HILL. The new D.C.L. took his seat amid renewed plaudits, and the theatre has never echoed to cheers bestowed more worthily than by Oxford of 1864 upon the great civilizer of the day.

[Cordially approved. *O si sic omnia!* We have only to add that our Correspondent, having certainly done his duty in recording the above gratifying event, appears to have taken himself off to St. John's College, to the *fête* mentioned in his first rigmarole, and somewhat later, to have secretly departed in company with a lovely heiress, to whom he was next day united, as may be seen in the *Times* of Saturday. Our young men are always marrying heiresses, and it is a very inconvenient practice. We consider ourselves lucky in getting even the above article, under the circumstances.—*Ed. Punch.*]

CECIL AGAINST PALMERSTON.



HE high-mindedness and purity of motive, actuating the Opposition to her Majesty's Government, shine out with dazzling brilliancy in the subjoined remarks reported as those of LORD R. CECIL on a reply by LORD PALMERSTON to a question from MR. BERNAL OSBORNE touching the progress of the Conference:—

"The noble Lord had told the House calmly to reflect upon the motives of Her Majesty's Government. He had done his best calmly to reflect upon them, and he had come to the conclusion that the answer to that appeal was that they had now arrived at the 6th of June. (*A Laugh.*) The noble Lord knew that if by answers such as he had just given, he could veil himself behind his position of a negotiator—if he could put off from day to day the necessity of giving the House of Commons the account which he was bound to render—if he could put off any explanation until the summer was so far advanced that he could not be called to serious question, his Government would be safe at least for the present year (*Cheers.*) And to the noble Lord and those who sat with him the welfare of Denmark, the maintenance of treaties, and the upholding of the pledged word of England were trifles compared with that which was paramount in their minds—the advanced state of the Session. (*Cheers, and cries of 'Oh!'*)."

This is plain speaking, as plain as speaking can be to be parliamentary. It imputes to LORD PALMERSTON conduct which, out of Parliament, might, in language not at all too strong to be applicable, be called that of a traitor and a scoundrel.

But how can we sufficiently express our admiration for a statesman, whether rising or risen, whose conscience will permit him, and whose confidence will enable him, to accuse LORD PALMERSTON to his face of sacrificing the righteous cause, and his country's faith and honour, to a base desire to retain office? Of course the statesman who can dare to bring such an accusation against such a man, must feel strong in the consciousness of belonging to a party whose leaders not only never ask questions tending to hinder the public service, in the hope of damaging the Government which they wish to supplant, but also never make common cause with a Liberal placehunter who does ask questions of that kind from displeasure at being out of place. "What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?" The statesman, who feels that under his ribs, is thrice armed, or rather four times, for around his breast there are *robur et æs triplex;* not only the *robur*, British oak, the symbol of Conservative principles, but also the *æs triplex:* which appears to fortify the brow if not the bosom of LORD R. CECIL.

DRAMATIC JUSTICE TO IRELAND.

MR. PUNCH,—SIR,

WHY does not MR. FECHTER restore that effective scene in *Hamlet*, in which occurs the celebrated speech beginning with:—

"Now I might do it, Pat; now he is praying!"

Which would give him the opportunity of introducing an Irishman, in the part of what you call a *muta persona*, and would be considered a mighty great compliment by the sons of Erin. Good luck to you, Sir.

I am, your continual reader,
DENNIS.

P.S. I'm thinking the Irishman might be a Souper.

Paulo Post Futurum.

THE *Moniteur*, in an announcement relative to the insurrection in Algeria, says:—

"GENERAL DELIGNY foresees the time approaching when the insurrectionists will be obliged to disperse."

Does he? Then GENERAL DELIGNY does not see that the time when the insurrectionists will have to disperse has as yet arrived. The irony of the *Moniteur* is reassuring.

Latest from Longchamps.

THERE is no truth in the report that the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has become a Member of the Ethnological Society. The mistake arose, apparently from the fact that his Imperial Majesty has lately taken a great interest in the study of races.

A QUESTION FOR THE CONFERENCE.

WHAT is that which destroys a town, and makes a martyr?
Canonisation.

Digitized by Google



EXTENSION MOTIONS.

"HAT THE WORD 'TOW' HINCLINE THE BODY FORWARD, HUNTIL THE FINGERS TOUCHES THE TOES, KEEPIN' THE 'ED BETWEEN THE HARMS. TOW!!!" [*Foreigner of distinction, who is witnessing our Volunteer Drill, is under the impression that he is receiving a general salute.*

A YORKSHIRE SHEPHERD.

AMONGST contemporary events which ought to be commemorated, may be noticed the retirement from the service of his employers, of a very meritorious Shepherd. This is MR. E. SHEPHERD, six years Assistant-Governor, and then thirty-two years Governor of the West Riding Prison. He retires on account of the exigences of his health.

MR. SHEPHERD introduced the Silent System into the prison discipline of England in 1833. Though the silent system has made much noise, many people will now first know to whom the country is indebted for that Pythagorean improvement in penal probation.

The management of the West Riding Prison, as conducted by MR. SHEPHERD, saves the West Riding about £7000 per annum. He has rendered it in a great measure self-supporting, as a House of Correction which is at the same time a manufactory of goods in cocoa-nut fibre. The sum of £7000 a-year is somewhat preferable to the results of unproductive labour, isn't it?

MR. SHEPHERD has also established a successful Reformatory Institution, an "Industrial Home," in the neighbourhood of the Wakefield Prison. It pays its own expenses, and has 300 reformed rogues, out of 734 rogues, to show as the fruits of its working. So that this SHEPHERD has actually contrived to whiten some of those black sheep that have constituted the flocks committed to his custody.

The facts above specified are stated in a memorial addressed by MR. SHEPHERD to the Magistrates whom he has served so long, and they have done themselves the honour to refer to the Visiting Justices "the consideration of a retiring pension to be granted to MR. SHEPHERD to the full extent allowed by law," which he will get, of course. In justice to the Justices of the West Riding it is necessary to remark that the liberality which handsomely remunerates long and faithful services is particularly creditable to those who are themselves the "Great Unpaid."

SHAKSPEARIAN AND GHOSTLY.

NEW Reading from SHAKSPEARE by PROFESSOR PEPPER:—

"Is that DICKS that I see before me?"

PEACE OFFERINGS AT THE PALACE.

THERE are so many pretty things to look at in the Crystal Palace that, even if you were an Argus, you, with all your hundred eyes, might miss seeing one half of them when you spend an afternoon there. Some of the prettiest things, however, you will find in the Art-Union Court, and if you have not seen them you had better go next Saturday, and get presented at this court, for which, you may as well be warned, a court suit is not necessary. You will find the PRINCE OF WALES and his Princess at the court, and when you leave it, if you like, you may put them in your pocket. To this privilege, however, you will only be entitled by becoming a Subscriber to the Crystal Palace Art Union, which you may do by merely paying one, two, three, or five guineas, as may suit your income and your inclination. Besides the Prince and Princess, you will also be permitted to put SHAKSPEARE in your pocket, if four guineas be paid; and as he (at the Crystal Palace) is only thirteen inches high, his presence in your coat-tail will not much incommode you.

If you wish to make your wife a present for her drawing-room (and this, after the Derby Day, you perhaps may think expedient), you will find in this Art Union many articles of *vertu* which will atone for any vice you may, in her opinion, have committed on that day. Moreover, for each guinea you subscribe you get a chance of winning something in the Prize Distribution; and if you chance to have been born beneath a lucky star, you may get a prize of very much more value than you ever gained at school. So, after the next concert, go and be presented at the Art-Union Court; and when you have appeased your wife and enriched her drawing-room, be grateful to your *Punch* for teaching you how to do so.

Sir James Wilde's Last.

WHAT is the difference between a Correspondent and a Co-respondent?

One is a gentleman what does write, the other is a gentleman what does wrong.

AN EXAMPLE OF ALLITERATION.—GLADSTONE and Grinding Organs.

Digitized by Google

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, June 18, 1864.



MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

INTENSE DELIGHT OF LITTLE MONTAGUE HUFKINS AT HEARING A 5555 TELL A COUNTRY PARTY THAT THAT GENT CROSSING THE COURSE WITH THE WHITE HAT AND CIGAR IN HIS HAND IS THE CELEBRATED SPORTING PEER, LORD——

[*N. B. That Nobleman's shadow occupies the foreground of the picture.*

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JUNE 13*th*. *Monday*. We like the persistence of the Yorkshire men, who are not inclined to say die about the removal of the Assizes to dirty, smoky, crowdy Leeds. It is true that the Order in Council has been made, that JUDGES BLACKBURN and KEATING have made an appointment for interviews with gentlemen who are to come under the unfavourable notice of twelve of their countrymen, and that the Leeds folk have been artfully incurring expenses to prepare Courts, in order to be able to talk about good faith and all that. The sturdy men who desire that Wakefield should be the place don't care for all this, they have a good case (which they should have been prompter to press) and LORD WHARNCLIFFE fought their battle to-night in the Lords, carrying, by 80 to 54, an address for reconsidering the decision, and MR. ESTCOURT has given notice of a similar motion in the Commons. At the end of the week the QUEEN sent word that the above appointment must stand, but that the subject was quite open to re-consideration as regards subsequent Assizes. Now, Yorkshire, stick to your work.

More Public Schools talk in the Lords, and it appears that LORD GRANVILLE, speaking of the merits of some of the Christ Church men, let out something which one of the Examiners writes to say his Lordship had no right to tell, and also told inaccurately. Later in the week the Bill, on which so much has been said, passed, after an eulogium by LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE on the English Schools. We dare say that they *are* better than those in Turkey, though the Turks do not torture little boys, nor take away their blankets on a cold night, to warm bigger boys. LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE states that these Schools form character. This is a safe statement, as proof and disproof are alike impossible, and we must accept the declaration that the Public Boys are like the Welshman's Owl, and that if they can't talk (especially French) they are beggars to think.

A Bill about fishing at Herne Bay was read a Second Time in the Commons. We have not seen this measure, but hope that it does not propose to interdict the harmless amusement of trying to catch white salmon from off the long pier, because, as one never catches anything but cold and chaff, it is hard to say that vested interests are injured by the process. Has the one policeman been examined. If not, we shall have the Bill sent to a Select Committee, for the sake of the tradesmen who let on lease the most remarkable fishing-rods that ever amused the congregation of St. Antony.

Government, having been compelled to keep the present National Gallery, means to make us feel what we have been about. MR. COWPER proposes to enlarge the place at an expense of £300,000. Moreover, he will not say that he intends to give the Academicians immediate notice to quit. We are open to a bet that unless the Ministry go out, the Lion-column will be finished long before the improved Gallery, and that all complaints will be met by a taunt about Burlington House. The official mind is obstinate and slightly spiteful.

Three times this week has LORD PALMERSTON declared, with emphasis, that he knew nothing about what was going on in the Conference. Once he answered, tartly, that he was not a member of that body, and therefore could give no information. It is rumoured that he is discontented with the non-proceedings, but we shall hear all about it some time or other. The House takes his replies very good-humouredly.

We had a debate on the case of AZEEM JAH, who claims the title of Nawab of the Carnatic. We have some idea what the last word means, because a poet (the poets are your best embalmers) once told us to beware of Russia, and that—

> "By Allah the Awful, if late by a sun,
> The Carnatic will stable the steeds of the Don."

But about his Highness, JAH, who is alleged to have been wronged by the East India Company, we own to having known little until MR. SMOLLETT recited his History. MR. LOWE said that the Nawabs had been traitors, and though our transactions had not been such as we need to be particularly proud of, there was no use in reviving such stories, and so thought the House. We had, however, some sharp words, for the Attorney-General had been rude enough to laugh, and no Member of the Government had spoken. SIR ROUNDELL, (who is not a laughing man, but may have been put into a merry mood by a certain task which he was daily performing, that of editing a Family Library edition of some difficult love-letters, for the Peers of England) explained his laugh, and PAM said that Ministers would not reply in debate, if they are not allowed to finish discussions, instead of being replied upon. This must have amused MR. DISRAELI.

We guaranteed a New Zealand loan, and were told that GENERAL CAMERON was pounding SIR CANNIBAL TATTOO in great style.

Tuesday. The Lords united in a tribute of praise to SIR ROWLAND HILL, and in the grant of £20,000 to that illustrious D.C.L. LORD BROUGHAM spoke out warmly touching the incalculable advantages which the middle and lower classes had derived from the facilities afforded for correspondence. The upper classes are not much of the "writing sort," as MR. CARLYLE says, but education and reformed public schools will in time make those classes also aware of the utility of letters.

Many thousands of children are overworked, but otherwise shamefully neglected, in various Factories, and an excellent Bill, for bringing the poor little creatures under the provisions of the Factory Acts, was read a Second Time. Its chief promoter is MR. AUSTIN HENRY BRUCE, Under-Secretary for the Home Department, and the children should be told the name of this worthy Welshman.

MR. DARBY GRIFFITHS does not see why the Postmaster-General should be a Peer. Nor does *Mr. Punch*, and he intends to be in his place when MR. GRIFFITHS extorts from some Minister the red tape reasons for the existing custom.

An Income-Tax debate arose, MR. HUBBARD, the indefatigable, once more attacking the present unjust and cruel tax. His objections to it are, however, somewhat better than the system he would substitute, and of course MR. GLADSTONE was ready with a reply. MR. BOVILL said—and let it be recorded to his honour—that "nothing could justify taxing flesh and blood, brains and intellect, at the same rate as realised property." MR. HUBBARD expressed his confidence in the ultimate triumph of the principles he advocated. They will triumph some day, but not until millions of money shall have been wickedly exacted from the class which, from its love of industry and order, is the easy victim of clumsy financiers. But some day the middle class will put out its strength, and then terrified Chancellors of Exchequer will begin disgorging like leeches when you salt them.

Then we debated on Irish Education. Protestantism is indignant at the support given to Conventual schools. But

Digitized by Google

if you cannot get children sent to the best school, as is the case where the priests have power, surely any education is better than none at all. We must take the Irish nation as it is, and as MR. O'HAGAN well said, not with rigorous logic or in the spirit of a doctrinaire.

No one forgets the awful disaster at Sheffield. But were there any danger of its being forgotten, the Waterworks people are resolved that the Sheffield locality shall remember it, for they are obtaining leave from Parliament to increase the water-charge upon the inhabitants of the district. The arrangement seems a cool one, so far as we can understand it, but if Sheffield has no objection, it is not for us to make any.

Wednesday. Felons' goods are forfeit to the Crown. MR. C. FORSTER thinks the system barbarous, inasmuch as it punishes the innocent. SIR ROUNDELL PALMER was not for doing it entirely away, as felons often acquire large property by dishonest means, and the Crown has now the power of restoring it to the owners. MR. HUNT thought that as a rich man had facilities for evading justice, he ought to be restrained from crime by the reflection that if convicted he would be beggared. MR. WHITESIDE thought that hanging a man was almost enough punishment. MR. FORSTER'S Bill was read a Second Time.

Thursday. Some time this Session we are to have the Lords' Report on the system of over-working Milliners and Dressmakers. Of course such creatures can wait, though their employers' customers can't.

A good hearing in the Commons. Ships are off to fetch away the troops who have been engaged in the Ashantee War. But there was a frightful story told next night, and a catastrophe, which red tape thought much more frightful, nearly followed.

What is to be said to the blatant FERRAND, who burst on the Commons to-night with one of his choicest orations against the Charity Inspectors? There was much truth, of the most disagreeable kind, in what he said, and no doubt the Whigs have grabbed all the patronage in the most unblushing manner, and the antecedents of some of the folks whom they have appointed are not brilliant. That was just the sort of case for MR. FERRAND, and he revelled in it. The Minister said that there was no objection to inquiry, but that MR. FERRAND'S language was so offensive that there could be no acceding to his proposition, and MR. J. A. SMITH reminded the House that in 1844 the Commons had branded MR. FERRAND with a charge of calumny. By 116 to 40 his motion was rejected. But if some gentleman would bring the matter on, the result might be different.

Then we had a long Supply debate, and some good fun about the POPE and MR. ODO RUSSELL (who privately talks to his Holiness about England, because, as we will not receive an ecclesiastical envoy—Jupiter knows why!—we cannot have regular relations with Rome), and LORD PALMERSTON defended the tone that had been taken, "because the House was in a merry humour." Why should it not be merry, when voting away thousands of sovereigns? The *Moniteur*, speaking of M. RENAN, says that "men of intellect always display irritation when you talk to them of so low a thing as money." The House of Commons was not irritated, though the subject was much pressed upon it, but we would by no means draw an impertinent conclusion.

Friday. The small trader (who has a vote) is too strong, at present, for the working man, and the CHANCELLOR has withdrawn his County Courts Bill, for the relief of the latter, as he believed that the measure would not pass in the Commons.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH, with a view to intervention in behalf of Denmark, demanded whether our fleet were equal at once to the blockade of the German ports and the defence of the Danish islands. LORD RUSSELL, guarding himself in a generality, said that the fleet was prepared for any service it might be called on to render. LORD DERBY said that if the Conference led to no definite issue Parliament would no longer allow its voice to be stifled. The Government organs give very significant hints to the Germans that England may fight, and the French organs say that if the war be resumed, she must.

LORD GAGE is unhappy because chapters from the Apocrypha are sometimes read in church, and so is LORD EBURY, because, he says, that work contains things which it is "unpleasant to read in the presence of ladies." LORD LYTTLETON reminded the delicate nobles that the same remark applies, with greatly increased force, to the Jewish Scriptures. The BISHOPS OF LONDON and OXFORD stated that there were very noble passages in the Apocrypha, and the latter Bishop said that LORD EBURY, by reading them, would become, not a sadder but a wiser man. LORD GAGE'S anti-Apocryphal Bill was withdrawn, but we have no objection to console him with a new title, that of LORD GREENGAGE.

But in the Commons the Government was all but killed. The proceedings were curious. A debate on the Ashantee war was opened by SIR JOHN HAY, who lost a brother in the expedition, and all but avenged him by destroying the Government. After a long and earnest discussion, closed by a fiery encounter between the PREMIER and the Opposition leader, there was a division on SIR JOHN'S motion, which was practically a vote of censure in respect to the Ashantee affair. The numbers were 288 to 226, the Government getting a majority of seven only, in a House of 459 Members. The Opposition cheering was thunderous for about three minutes. So this week the Parliamentary squib finished with a good bang.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

OR, THE HOUSEKEEPER'S CONSTANT COMPANION.



CONTAINING everything that a Housekeeper ought to know, and a good deal that she oughtn't to know, with hints for every day in the week, maxims for the month, receipts, songs, light literature, dark sayings, rules for lines of conduct, gardening, farming, pharmacy, stories of the beau monde, toxopholitical anecdotes or something about the bow-and-arrow monde, and a variety of entertaining and instructive matter not to be found in any publication of this sort hitherto attempted.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The following opinions, having been written before the printing of the work, are of a most unbiassed character.

"A Real Treasure to Ladies."—*Musical Gazette.*

"No recently married young couple ought to be without this admirable work."—*Morning Star.*

"Invaluable!"—*Ladies' Newspaper.*

"It was once told of DEAN SWIFT, &c., &c. But we would place this Companion in everybody's hands."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"We cannot bestow sufficient praise upon this excellent *Vade Mecum*."—*John Bull.*

"Equally suited to the Boudoir, the Study, the Drawing-Room, or the Kitchen, no gentleman's table should be unprovided with this '*What do you Want?*'"—*The Economist.*

"Calculated to reform the entire system of Housekeeping."—*Press.*

"Supplies a long felt want."—*Lloyd's Weekly.*

"A great desideratum in the world of Letters."—*The Leeds Diurnal Perambulator.*

"The Working Classes have at length got what they desired."—*Mining Journal.*

We commence in this present month of June:—

General Remarks.—June is sometimes one of the summer months in London. There is no certainty about the matter.

Housekeeper's Tablet.—Peculiar mode of preparing Salmon for Dinner.—Purchase a Salmon alive. Let it go without anything to eat for four-and-twenty hours, it will then be thoroughly prepared for dinner.

Whitebait are really young whales. To the taste for this delicacy, providentially, as says MR. QUATREMAIN, implanted in our countrymen's gullets, do we owe it that the sea is still navigable.

Domestic.—When your husband brings home a friend to dinner unexpectedly, overwhelm the guest with continued apologies for the scantiness of the meal. Frown at your husband, and do not permit him to take twice of any dish.

The most Economical Method of getting a nice little cold Dinner for Four.—Order it to be hot for One.

Bad Day.—The 22nd of June is a bad day for lending anyone £100. This may be very generally applied throughout the year.

Advice.—In June and July avoid mad dogs.

Fishing.—Glitter attracts mackerel. Nearly all fish may be taken with tin. Try the experiment at any fishmonger's, who will tell you the quantity of tin required.

TO COLNEY-HATCHERS AND OTHERS.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

A GENTLEMAN, who wishes to change his mind, would be glad to hear of some one in a similar position, willing to accommodate him. The Advertiser will be ready to go out of his mind at the shortest notice.

LOST.—A Head, belonging to a Country Gentleman. It was unfortunately lost while visiting the top of the Monument.

FOUND.—A Person, name unknown, has recently been found in Tea and Sugar. She is still living. Apply at Bow Street Police Station.

FOUND.—A Body in some fine old Crusted Port. Apply to Messrs. BLACKING & Co., Sloe Lane.

FINAL DECISION OF THE CONFERENCE.—"We must draw the Line Somewhere."

MR. BANTING'S MOTTO.—*Casus Belli.*

Digitized by Google

MY BUTLER.

[A TALE OF PRIDE AND PUNISHMENT.

PART II.

PUNISHMENT.

I HAVE a cart, a homely cart,
Which carries to and fro
My servants, when they come, depart,
Or on a visit go.

For my new man I sent that same,
And sore perplexed was I,
When piled with luggage, back it came,
But he came in a fly!

I went to scold, but when I met
My butler, courteous, bland,
Obsequiously polite, and yet
Extinguishingly grand.

More calm, more self-possessed, more neat
From boot to well-brushed hair,
Than certain of my guests he'd meet,
And wait behind their chair.

And when he bowed and spoke to me
(A voice to calm and soothe)
"To-day's *Times* would I please to see?"
Just ironed, dry and smooth.

I could not chide, perhaps I'd best
At once the trick declare,
And own, a coward fool confest,
To chide I did not dare!

No! from the very first he took
Me as his lawful prize;
And though my slave in tone and look,
Began to patronise.

In tone: yet something in mine ear
Still said, with quiet ease,
"Of course you will not interfere;
I'm from the EARL OF G.'s."

In look: yet did I ofttimes see
The question in his face,
"How *could* you bring a man like me
To such a poky place?"

The way he moved, his stately tread,
Made all my rooms look small:
I could have punched that builder's head
Who planned my narrow hall.

I showed him o'er my cellars, stocked
With wines and *eau de vie*,
And when we left, he calmly locked
The door, and kept the key.

He "puts out" what he likes, each day
My best Lafitte doth flow,
And yet I dare not say him nay,
My LORD OF G. does so.

I have two suits of evening clothes,
The one for common wear,
And one, by POOLE, which only goes
Out on occasions rare.

Or rather used to go, for now
It comes out every day,—
"The worn-out blacks" he told me how
"Of course he'd put away."

My "tops," 't is true, are white as snow,
My boots like Scarborough jet,
My buckskins all I wish, but oh!
The bills for paste I get.

* * * * *

In every country neighbourhood
Presides some gorgeous swell,
Who doth by wealth or noble blood
All meaner folk excel.

Our grandees are exalted high
From their abundant means;
In house, dress, equipage, none vie
With the DE WYNTON GREENES.

Such glass, such crockery, and plate!
A *menu* so refined!
My cook for days I seem to hate
When with the GREENES I've dined.

And when, with condescension sweet,
They come to dine with us,
These potentates we ever treat
With great parade and fuss.

And knowing the great love they bear
To their high-sounding name,
Our butlers we instruct with care
How to give out the same.

They came one night, begemmed and flounced,
And grand as kings and queens,—
"MR. and MRS." (*he* announced)
"And two MISS WINTER GREENES!"

And though with sham simplicity
And mock respect 'twas done;
The truth still twinkled in his eye,
"I'll rile these snobs for fun!"

And then to see, all dinner through,
The supercilious stare
With which my butler deigned to view
The other servants there:

Gazing with calm disdain, as though
He said, "'Twixt you and me
There's no resemblance—union—no
Butler's Analogy."

As for the REVEREND JONES'S man,
A fresh-caught, country lout,
Before the second course began,
He coolly turned him out.

I marked in REVEREND JONES'S mien
A change;—I saw him wince;—
And on our friendship there has been
A chillness ever since.

* * * * *

Oh, if there be, as I believe,
Grim spirits in the air,
Who love to see us mortals grieve,
And dance at our despair—

How must they chuckle to proclaim,
And glory to deride,
The anguish, punishment, and shame
Of my poor fallen pride!

MR. GLADSTONE'S MORNING CONCERT.

A CONCERT was given yesterday morning to the Right Hon. the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, in front of his private residence at Carlton Terrace. The entertainment commenced by a vocal and instrumental performance of nigger-minstrels, who executed a variety of national airs. The programme included:—

"Polly Perkins"	SNOBSON.
March from *Faust*	GOUNOD.
"The Young Man from the Country"	GENTKINS.
"The Dark Girl Dressed in Blue"	BERET.
"Still so Gently"	BELLINI.
Sestet—"We've got no Work to do"	CADGERS.
Fantasia on Violin	BLOKE.
Recitative—"My Christian Friends"	MUFFER.
Pot-Pourri	LANDLÄUFER.

The first five pieces of the foregoing list were performed on the grinding organ by SIGNOR SPORCHINI, of Genoa and Saffron Hill, who encored himself several times. CADGERS's popular invocation of public charity was characteristically rendered by a party of singers in white aprons, who personated mechanics out of employ; a lot well known to the police. The fantasia of that obscure composer, BLOKE, was interpreted by MR. MILBANK in his usual style; and the blindman's Appeal, "My Christian Friends," was effectively delivered by BAMFIELD. A German band performed LANDLÄUFER'S medley of polkas, waltzes, and overtures, and did, in every respect, full justice to the composer's name.

The effect produced on MR. GLADSTONE, by the performances above specified, in regard to street music, was, it is said, a determination to support instead of opposing MR. Bass's Bill for the abatement of that nuisance.

AN ETON FAG.—No, child, *majore cunnamus* does not mean "let us cane the bigger boys," but we could expect no better scholarship from you, and we appreciate the wish that was father to the translation.

THE LEGAL GAME OF FORFEITS.

THE House of Commons has been behaving itself pretty well lately. It has kicked out SOMES's Bill and LAWSON'S Bill, and it is going to give a Second Reading to MR. CHARLES FORSTER'S Forfeiture of Lands and Goods Bill. As the law is, anybody convicted of the slightest offence which may be nominally a felony, forfeits land and goods; whereas a villain found guilty of the grossest crime, if it be legally only a misdemeanor, forfeits nothing. Manslaughter by misfortune, for which a just judge would award five minutes' imprisonment, entails forfeiture. Thus a British and brutish jury may be enabled to ruin a poor doctor, for example, who has had the ill-luck to kill a patient in endeavouring to save his life.

By forfeiture of land and goods the innocent family of a felon is punished as well as himself. If he is hanged or transported for life, it touches them alone.

These wrongs considered, can it be conceived that any Member of Parliament could have been capable of opposing MR. FORSTER'S measure designed to right them? That measure was, however, opposed by MR. W. HUNT, the representative of North Northamptonshire. What manner of men must the men of North Northamptonshire be? Shall you not think that the majority of them, with respect to legislation, have the intelligence of asses and the moral sense of pigs, if they re-elect MR. W. HUNT?

Ecclesiastical.

A TRAVELLER on the Eastern Counties Line wishes to know when Bishop Stortford was consecrated?

We can not inform him.

It is rumoured that SIGNOR TAMBERLIK is to be created an Italian Bishop, with a see in *alt*.

LEAH.—The Great *Leah* BATEMAN has left us: let us console ourselves with a Greenwich dinner, and the little White Bait, man.

Google



Fare (who has driven rather a hard bargain and is settling). "BUT WHY, MY GOOD MAN, DO YOU PUT THAT CLOTH OVER THE HORSE'S HEAD?" *Cab-Driver.* "SHURE, YER HONOUR, THIN—I SHOULDN'T LIKE HIM TO SEE HOW LITTLE YE PAY FOR SUCH A HARD DAY'S WORRK!"

CONTINENTAL TOURISTS' COMPANY (LIMITED).

ABBREVIATED PROSPECTUS.

THIS Company has been formed in order to supply a long-felt want. This want is, solely and only, of money in the pockets of the Promoters and Directors.

It must be evident to every one who has been in any way interested in the statistics of our vast and increasing population, that there are thousands among us, who, either from want of means, time, or opportunity, are totally unable to quit their own native country and inspect for themselves the beauties of Foreign Lands. In the first of these just mentioned positions have been placed for many years the present Promoters and Directors of this Company. They now propose to remove these existing disabilities, and to afford themselves ample means for visiting the most distant parts of the habitable Globe.

Arrangements have already been made by which the best rooms in the first-class Continental Hotels can be secured for the Travelling Directors, who will spare no expense in the interests of the Shareholders.

The practical control of affairs will be placed in the hands of a Manager, who is a gentleman of sound experience, and who has passed, during the greater part of his life, from city to town, from town to village, from village to mere encampments, adopting the most economical principles.

With a view to purchasing a Special Private Hotel, there will be an additional Deposit made upon the Shares, and the Directors will take a Site.

Further particulars, with a Form of Application for Shares, &c., &c., will be shortly issued.

At the Opera.

"OH, that dear duck, MARIO, how like a nightingale he sings!" exclaimed a gushing girl the other night to *Lord Dundreary*. "W-well, no, I c-can't see that p-p-precisely," said his Lordship, "if any fella's like a n-n-nightingale, it must be JUG-JUG-LINI!"

THE FRITH OF FROME.

THERE is a place called Frome, which elects LORD EDWARD THYNNE, as it has a perfect right to do, and which has just had a Conservative banquet, to which, if the Mechanics, in whose Hall it took place, have no objection, we have none. The two LORDS THYNNE were the aristocracy at this feast, and it might seem that the Committee were hard up for speakers, as a martial parson had to propose the health of the Army, Navy, Yeomanry, and Volunteers. Another parson made a little speech, which has caught the REV. MR. PUNCH's eye:—

"The REV. E. C. FRITH in the course of his remarks, said that though he could not quite agree with what was said in the House of Commons the other day, that every Churchman must necessarily be a Conservative, still he thought the proposition might be inverted, and that it might be said, every good Churchman should be a Conservative."

MR. FRITH is no doubt a good man, but if his sermons are framed on the model of the above sentence, we should prefer attending his church when he didn't preach. It really is not "inverting" BOBBY CECIL's nonsense to prefix "good" to Churchman, and to substitute for the verb of necessity the preterite of shall, as an auxiliary verb denoting obligation. Is this Conservative grammar? If so, no wonder that the party forgets its antecedents and quarrels with its relatives.

Pleasant American News.

(*For Once.*)

IN the interest of all the playgoers, *Mr. Punch* contradicts, (on authority) the statement that MISS BATEMAN "is about to leave the Stage, and marry a gallant officer in Her Majesty's Service." MISS BATEMAN is not going to leave the Stage, nor to marry any officer, gallant or otherwise. It is true, however, that she is engaged, and it is to MR. WEBSTER, and will fulfil her vow by appearing at his theatre early in the new year. Public writers have no business to rend our bosoms with false tidings, and those who spread perturbing reports ought to be made to pay for the cab we took to ascertain the fact, and the champagne we had to drink before we could allay our agitation.



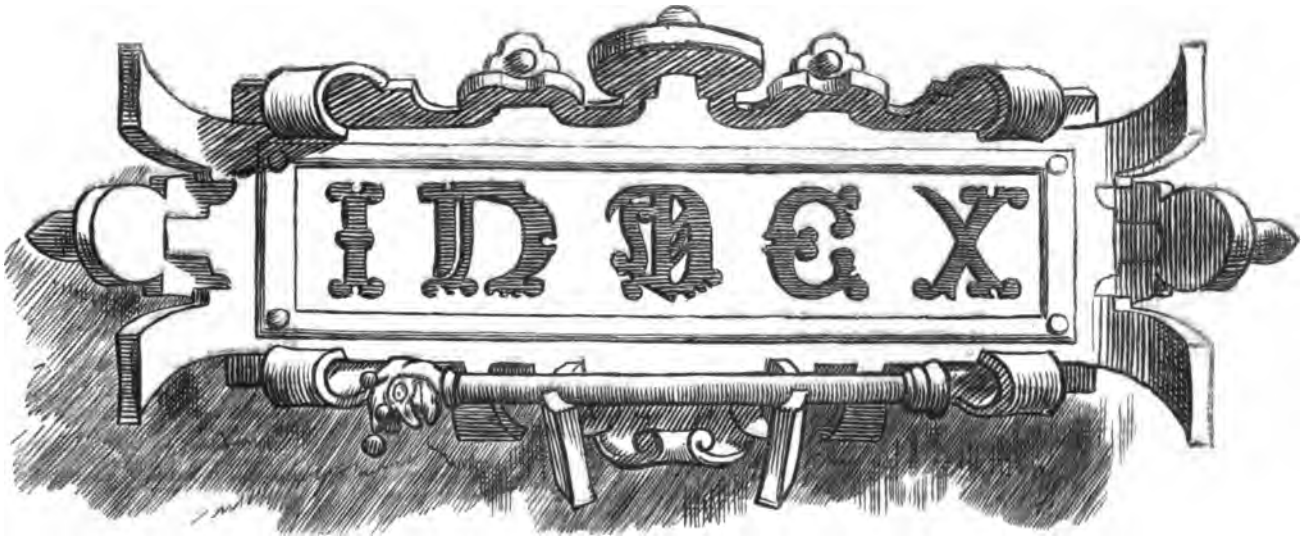
NEXT HALF.

MRS. GAMP. "WHERE'S YOUR SPEERIT? BAR 'IM OUT! SMASH 'IS WINDERS! DO SUMMUT!"

MASTER DIZZY. "OF COURSE WE SHALL—*NEXT HALF!*"

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Abbeokuta and Dybböl, 240
Acting upon Suggestions, 72
Ad Clerum, 98
Address M. Flower, 128
Advertisements on Railway Invasion, 27
Adventure with the Papal Brigands (An), 219
Advertising a New Article, 186
Advice to Federal America, 47
After-Derby Prosody, 238
Agricultural Distress, 207
All in the Downs, 196
Ambi-ocular, 173
American Valour, 28
Another Anniversary, 29
Another Shakspearian, 63
Answer from Miss Ellen Lyttle Humbug, 8
Answers to Correspondents, 80, 100, 128
Anti-Sausage League (The), 14
Apology to Shakspeare (An), 60
Arcadia on the Surrey Side, 256
Aristogymnastics, 190
"As he has made his Bed," 48
"Asking for More," 218
Asses at Canterbury, 185
Athenæum on the Early Christians (The), 78
Austrian Barbarism, 78
Awa', Wigs, Awa', 43
"Baby's Name," 49
Badge of Bravery (A), 81
Ballooning Extraordinary, 47
Banting Code (The), 115
Barbarous Name (A), 218
Beersbop Beer, 178
Begging Letter from a Bluecoat Boy, 188
Betwixt and Between were Better for Both, 148
Bishop of London's Bird's Eye, 136
"Black Loses," 241
Bores in Frost, 80
Bottom's Dream, 183
Boxing their Mitres, 199
Brace of Dictators, 88
Brayvo, Bass! 214
Break-Down in the Orchestra (A), 198
British Workman's Friendly Improvident Society (The), 205
Brummagem Loyalty, 32
Bumbledom's Old Bogie, 114
Buoy the Life-Boat, 140
Burglary on the Baltic (The), 142
Business is Business, 219
By Permission of Mr. Benj. Webster, 20
Cabby under a Mistake, 140
Cackle from a Correspondent (A), 18
Call for a Jewish Song (A), 196
Cambridge Prize Poem (The), 69
Canards, 112
Card (A), 227
Cecil against Palmerston, 257
"Chambers (not) Let Off," 9
Charity and Shakspeare, 119
Children and their Tormentors, 83
Circular Bore (The), 183
Cobden Court Martial (The), 8
Colney Hatch Quadrilles, 66
Coming Election (The), 38
Complete Letter-Writer's Reflections, 208
"Compliments Passes when Gentlefolks meets," 28
Compliments of the Season, 1
Continental Tourists' Company, 262
Contraband Spirits at Rome, 51
Cook's Oracle (A), 161
Coolness Parsonified, 178
Courtship à la Mode, 218
Crime its own Excuse, 18
Crystal Palace Opera (The), 230
Curious Historical Parallel, 242
Curs and Crinoline, 188
Customers for Steam Rams, 119
"Debtor and Creditor," 209
Defrauded of Delhi (The), 216
Degradation of the Franchise, 110
Demand for an Execution (A), 2
Deserts of Army Doctors (The), 255
Dictionary made Easy, 241
Dignified Clergyman (A), 129
Dignity of the French Legislature, 249
Dinners for Poor Children Wanted, 24
Directions for making Parliamentary Fireworks (*à la* Disraeli), 103
Disinterested Opposition, 91
Dogberry in Print, 13
Domestic Demons, 52
Dramatic Justice to Ireland, 257
Drawn from the Bank, 217
"Drinking the Shameful," 141
Dressing the Window, 54
Drop and What Next (The), 63
Drop under the Microscope (The), 71
Duck Dished (A), 88
Dupin and his Dupes, 88
Easter-Offering to Lord Russell (An), 135
Ecclesiastical, 54
Ecclesiastical Auctioneer (An), 59
Economy in Fuel, 131
"Eh? Mother," 131
Engagement to Miss Faithfull, 195
English Extra-Superfine, 167
Englishman's House is his Castle (An), 10
English Plays and French Critics, 68
Envy of the World (The), 71
Etiquette, 164
European Row (A), 171
Excelsior Bill (The), 225
Excessively Indiscreet, 174
Exit of Private Life (The), 242
Eyes Right, Volunteers! 231
Fables of the French, 112
"Facilis Descensus Averni," 52
False Start (The), 222
Fancy Black, 175
Fashionable Intelligence, 47
Fawcett and Brighton, 88
Fechter Farces (The), 17
Fire, Again (The), 47
For the Use of Schools, 53, 176, 187, &c.
Four Gems in One Setting, 241
Fragment by Mr. R. Browning and the Printers (A), 221
Fraudulent Faces, 19
French Profession and English Practice, 67
Frith of Frome (The), 262
Frog he would a-Writing go, 13
From a Gratified Swell, 222
From a Lady Correspondent, 151
From an Old Hoss, 61
From a Twaddling Old Cynical Fidget, 242
Frustration of Foreign Policy, 141
Furious Driving, 87
Garibaldi's Swell Guide, 146
Genuine Irish Grievance (A), 145
Ghost-Dog (A), 155
Ghost of a Compliment (The), 90
Good Cooke (A), 236
Good Ha'porth (A), 59
Grateful Country (A), 241
Great Boat Race (The), 181
Great News! Glorious News! 185
Greenbacks for the Green, 209
Gross Ignorance of Hebrew, 114
Growl from a British Flat (A), 245
Hampstead Heath to the Rescue, 164
Hants on Schleswig-Holstein, 99
Hard Labour in Store, 151
Harry *versus* Harris, 93
Haunted House (A), 99
Hemp for Hemp, 88
Hercules on the Fiddle (A), 247
Highly Probable, 68
Highly Proper, 195
Hint, (A), 236
Hint from Hamlet Prince of Denmark, 194
Histrio Anglicanus, 9
Home and Rome, 246
Horrible Outrage by Hebrews, 189
Householders to the Rescue, 2
Householder's Voice Conductor (The), 11
How the World Wagged, &c., 164
How to Honour Shakspeare, 89
How to Use your Morleys, 122
How the Old Parties Settled the New Ministry, 146
Idle Hands, 111
Imperial Dynasty (The), 158
Inhumanity in Man, 74
Inniskillings and the Lilleykillings, 84
Inquiring Wife to Learned Husband, 104
In Re Jowett! 116
Intensely Symbolical, 213
Interesting Intelligence, 121
Irish Question (An), 183
Italy, 68
"It is an Ancient Mariner," 42
Joint-Stock Bubble Companies Bursting-up Association (The), 228
Joke about a Judge (A), 198
Joke from the Commissioners in Lunacy (A), 83
Justices' Mercy, 14
Justice to Ireland, 21
Juvenile Nofun Asylum, 28
King Christmas Discourses the New Year, 4
King of Prussia's Triumphal Song, 206
Knotty Point in Question (A), 109
Knox et Præteria Nihil! 11
Ladies who are the most Presentable in America, 144
Lady on Schleswig-Holstein (A), 50
Latest from Elysium, 77
Latest Shakspearian News, 152
Latitude of Ladies (The), 246
Law Intelligence, 240
Law of Divorce, 43
Lawson's Lost Liquor Bill, 249
Lay of Don Ferrando (The), 110
Legal Game of Forfeits (The), 261
Letter from Mr. Gladstone, 18
Lift for a Ladies' School (A), 250
Lines on a Snob, 172
Liquor Bill Legislators, 140
Literary Smashers, 63
Logic and Life Assurance, 187
London and Suburban Iron and Mud Miners' Company (The), 41
London's Unmusical Season, 226
Longest Joke on Record (The), 40
Low Tory Tactics, 176
Luck of Mr. Spurgeon (The), 215
Mad World (A), 101
Malicious Interference, 42
Man and a "Brother" (A), 100
Masque of Paris (The), 79
Matrimony under the Mistletoe, 20
Matter of Fact Verdict (A), 49
May Groans, 220
Measures, not Men, 153
Mechanical Donkey (A), 88
Metropolitan Railway, 102
Misconduct to the Mayor of Windsor, 250
Miss Ellen Lyttle Humbug, 102
Mistaken in his Vocation, 2
Model Review, 129
Modern Sam Hall (The), 82
Monkeys of St. Benedict (The), 110
More Celebrations, 189
More Matlock Codicils, 227
More Shakspearianity, 49
Mottoes of the Aristocracy, 129
Mr. Bull upon the Danish Question, 91
Mr. Gladstone's Morning Concert, 261
Mr. John Thomas to his Sweetheart, 78
Mr. Milton Modernised, 43
Mr. Punch and the New Tenor, 195
Mrs. Durden on Foreign Politics, 52
Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Harris on the Situation, 153
Mull by Max Müller (A), 90
Mullers and Meddlers, 64
Multum in Parvo, 77
Musical Manslaughter, 72
My Butler, 231, 261
National Demonstration (A), 199
National Shakspeare Committee (The), 30, 40, 50
Ne Sutor Ultra Crepidam, 12
New Baby (The), 21
New Fact in Electric Science, 58
New Family (A), 175
New Play by Shakspeare (A), 140
New Notices of Motion, 69
Newest Lord (The), 30
News from Brazil, 111
News from Sydenham, 217
News of the World, 112
New Shakspearian Reading, 19
New Theatrical Difficulty, 88
New Version of the Popular Air, the Kiel Row (A), 21
Noble Chaff, 61
Not a Bad Idea of King William, 44
"Not Dead Yet," 229
Notes and Queries, 238, 251
Notices for the Coming Session, 48
Novel Temperance Movement (A), 69
Nursery Rhyme, 208
Occasional Poetry, 256
"Oh Dhar! What can the Matter be?" 88
Old Abé's Penultimate, 51
Old Harry to John Bull, 155
Old World Tales, or Pastime for the Present, 59
On a Late Catastrophe in Pall Mall, 166
One of the Greatest "Mysteries of Paris," 61
Open-Air Concerts, 172
Opposition Sailing Directions, 151
Organ-Grinder's Echo (The), 27
Organ-Grinding at Highbury, 247
Our Dramatic Correspondent, 58, 115, &c.
Our Law Courts, 67
Our Own Jo Miller, 133
Our Own on Oxford, 256
Our Precious Liberty of the Press, 2

Digitized by Google

Our Railway Kings and Commons, 68
Oxford Declaration made Easy (The), 142
"PACKE's Vobiscum!" 72
Painful Reflection (A), 151
Paint-Pot Advertisements, 19
Pair of Poets (A), 120
Pantomime Medley (A), 11
Pantomimes of the World, 8
Pantomimic Atrocities in 1864, 83
'Paper—Pa-*par*," 221
Pa-pers! 94
Patron of the Public House (A), 80
Paws Off! 208
Payne *versus* Pater, 142
'Peace, Cousin Percy," &c., 226
Peace Offerings at the Palace, 258
Pecuniary Test (The), 180
Peril of Petty Tyranny, 115
Pictorial Prophecies, 157
Pilgrimage to Stratford (A), 199
Play in Public Offices, 220
Pleasant American News, 262
Pleasures of a Prison (The), 28
Plebeian Grievance (A), 57
Poet in a Pet (A), 101
Poetry of Railways (The), 72
Police Case Extraordinary, 252
Police Notice for Church Doors, 122
Police Report Extraordinary, 210
Political Pluck, 48
Poor Old Dears! 206
President's English, 19
Pretty Exhibition (A), 125
Prize Riddle, 180
Professors in a Passion, 228
Profitable Engagement (A), 82
Protection for Gateposts, 33
Public School Commissions, 251
Public Time (The), 255
Puffing and Play Billing, 184
Puff Poetical (The), 53
Pull at a Rose (A), 18
Punch, 144
Punch's Derby Prophecy, 225, 230
Punch in the Wilderness, 13
Punch's Essence of Parliament, 62, 73, &c.
QUACKERY Crying Out, 89
Question of Good Breeding (A), 87
"Quis Tulerit Gracchos de Seditione Querentes?" 125
RAILWAY Aggression on London, 49
Railway Exclusiveness, 30
Rather Significant, 54
Rating for the Bank Raters (A), 43
Really Necessary Lines, 44
Real Railway Advantages, 67
Real Ruffian (A), 104
Recruiting Surgeon (The), 218
Rejected of the Academy (The), 204
Reply to a Pink Note (A), 173
Report of a Meeting of the Amateur Celibacy Society, Junior Branch, 162
Restauratio Magna, 205
Reversing the Proverb, 232
Roar from a Lion (A), 241
Robbers in Jutland (The), 235
Rome: Naples: London, 168
Row of the Rotunda (The), 97
Royal Visit to Cambridge (The), 237, 248
Russian Game of Jack Ketch (The), 19
SALMON or Whitebait? 231
Same Concern (The), 42
Scene of High Comedy (A), 214
Schleswig-Holstein, 31
Scotch and Shakspeariana, 195
Scottish Economy, 37
Seasonable Glee (A), 23
Sensation Census, 92
Serenade for Somes, 193
Serious Fighting or None, 87
Seven Sleepers in Trouble (The), 206
Severe Caution to Word-Mongers, 88
Shakspeare and his Assailants, 93
Shakspeare and Science, 184
Shakspeare Flower Show (The), 183
Shakspeare Incapables (The), 51
Shakspeare Improved, 185
Shakspeare Monument (The), 174
Shakspearian Note, 199
Shakspeare's Birthday as it was kept in the Workhouse, 178
Shakspearian Sculpture, 184
Shipley Swine's Feast, 135
Shutting 'em Up, 68
Shutting up our Sundays, 111
Silence those Street Organs, 208
Sinfulness or Swipes, 184
Singing by Deputy, 167
Singing in the Kitchen, 28
Sir Giovanni Falstaff, 213
Sketch in Scotland (A), 42
Sketches from Some Schools, 247
Slavery in Scotland, 89
Slaughtering and Sleighing, 69
Sober and Disorderly, 250
Social Police Case (A), 109, 132
Song of the Prussian Savages, 165
Spades and Clubs, 123
Spirits in the Coal-Hole, 82
Spiritual Extravagance, 13
"Spoken by a Dancer," 87
Squabble about the Nile (The), 42
Staff College (The), 93
Star in the Ice (A), 21
"Starvation Parties," 32
Stocks at St. Ives (The), 97
Street-Nuisance Removal Bill (The), 235
Stromness Schottische (The), 71
Subterranean Poetry, 22
Suggestion from Shakspeare (A), 57
Surprising Abuse of England, 99
TAKE Back thy Order, 200
Talk for Travellers, 119, 129, 135, &c.
Tally-ho! 58
Tallyho the Grinder, 207
Tallyho the Organ-Grinder! 251
Tattoo and the Trumpet (The), 131
Telegrams with Notes, 69
Temperance Shakspeare, 178
Tercentenary, 113
Teucer, Assailed by Hector, is Sheltered by Ajax, 126
Teutonic Order of Valour (The), 190
Thame County-Court Law, 139
Theatres for Londoners, 161
Theatrical Intelligence, 122, 144
Theatrical Realities, 79
This Year's Pictures, 152
"Thorough," 229
Thoughts on the New Year, 10
Three Crowned Libertines (The), 209
Tiddy Pratt, 51
"Timeo Danaos," 162
Toasts Buttered *à l'Irlandaise*, 48
To Colney Hatchers and Others, 260
To Correspondents, 7
To Ecclesiastical Correspondents, 113
To Mr. Gladstone, after his Budget Speech, 158
To our Jewish Friends, 17
Topics of the Day, 230
Topics with Tea, 83
To Posterity. A Card, 57
Tragedy of William I. (The), 143
Trap to Catch a Pickpocket (A), 155
"Travellers *do* Strange Things," 236
Tribute to the Duke of Cambridge, 238
Trifle from India (A), 23
Trifle too Meek (A), 229
Trotting out the Hobbies, 64
Truly Awful, 9
Turk, 123
Two Dromios (The), 31
Two Messages (The), 9
Two Views of one Subject, 22
Typographical Secrets, 51
UNCONSCIOUS Retort, 154
Universal Hero-Worship Company, 236
University Intelligence, 3
University of Beer (The), 49
Unseasonable Festivities, 8
Unthinking Beggars, 39
Use of Army Chaplains (The), 89
VERMIN Famine (The), 18
Very Pleasant News, 100
Volunteers and Victims, 18
WAR and Peace Tax (The), 68
Wayside Inn (The), 59
Way the Cat Jumps (The), 132
Welcome to the Baby Prince (A), 34
What do you Want? 260
What it is Coming to, 87
What Toby Thought at the Door of the Conference-Room, 189
When to Shut the Stable Door, 2
Who Should Pay the Boxkeepers, 193
Who will Say a Word for them? 93, 163
Why did Garibaldi leave so Soon? 196
Wicked Work at Dybböl, 157
William Makepeace Thackeray, 1, 17
Word with Spain (A), 200
Worse than Welsh, 158
YORKSHIRE Shepherd (A), 258
Your Friend Potter, 115

LARGE ENGRAVINGS:—

AGGRAVATED Policeman (The), 201
Bark and No Bite, 106
Beadle and the Dame (The), 253
Brutal Assault—Remanded for a Month, 211
Dressing the Window, 55
English Assassin Painted by France, 167
English Beef, French Wine, and German Sausages, 15
False Start (The), 223
Farewell to Garibaldi, 181
Friendly Advice, 137
Goody Gladstone's Gifts, 159
Idle Gossips (The), 148
John in a Mess, 85
Leap Year—Liberty under the Mistletoe, 5
Miranda and Prospero, 25
Moses Starting for the Conference Fair, 169
Nemesis, 75
Next Half, 263
Our Danish Difficulty, 65
Out of the Race, 243
Papers! Papers! Papers! 95
Reversing the Proverb, 233
Reward of (De)Merit (The), 191
Shakspeare and the Pigmies, 45
Sir Rowland le Grand, 117
Suspense, 180
Teucer, Assailed by Hector, is Protected by the Shield of Ajax, 127
"This is the Noblest Roman of them All!" 149
What the Nation Hopes Soon to See, 35

SMALL ENGRAVINGS:—

AMERICAN Literary Intelligence, 226
Anecdote of the Frost, 71
Another Pretty Little Americanism, 210
Artist and his Hypocondriacal Friend, 61
Awful Apparition of the Bard at Mrs. Scrimmage's Tea-Fight, 60
Awkward Position of Adolphus Muffyns, 220
Billiards, 116
Biter Bit (The), 24
Case for Mr. Banting (A), 200
Cause and Effect, 128
Colossal Old Lady in Omnibus, 251
Complimentary, 74
Compliments of the Season, 58
Compliment to the Navy (A), 109
Conductor and Stout Passenger, 174
Country Clergyman and Clerk, 11
Cousin Florence and Tommy, 218
Demoralising Effect of the Review, 144
Doing a Little Business, 64
Drill Competition (The), 229
Equal to the Occasion, 246
Express, 68
Extension Motions, 258
Feats on the Ice, 21
First of May—the Rivals, 194
Flunkeiana, 40
Frederick and Miss Lucy, 196
Frightful Levity, 216
Frozen-out Fox-Hunter (The), 100
Generosity Unparalleled, 80
Good Excuse (A), 28
Grandpapa and Little Darling, 90
Hair Dressing in 1863, 4
Hibernian Swell and Young Ensign, 103
Hint for Tailors (A), 172
Hint to Jobmasters (A), 54
Idle Gossips Again (The), 158
Illuminated Advertisements, 91
Indignant Little Gent and Waiter, 236
Inebriated Swell and Milkwoman, 130
Inquiring Youth and Mamma, 252
Introduction of Private Tufton to his Colonel, 111
"In Vino Veritas," 187
Irish Cab-Driver and Fare, 262
Juvenile Party (The), 44, 84
Lady and Cook, 126
Latest from Aldershot (The), 133
Latest from Ascot, 256
Lowest Depth (The), 155
Maître d'Armes and Cornet, 132
Missing Dawg and Navvies (The), 239
Mistaken Identity, 259
Morning After (The), 12
"Mr. Nibbs, I believe?" 145
Mr. Spencer Poffington makes a Morning Call, 177
Neglected Actors (The), 185
New Telescope Sight (The), 122
Noble Lord and his Groom, 165
Noisy Burglar, or the Cat and the Milk-Jug, 153
Not a Hundred Miles from H-mpt-n C-rt P-l-ce, 189
Nothing like a Mechanical Turn (for Hair-brushing), 41
Nothing like Doing it Thoroughly, 248
One of the Finest Pisantry in Custody, 197
Othello on Crinoline, 184
Our Colossus of Roads, 120
Our dear Old Friend Briggs Again, 94
Our Friend, Bob Snyffleton, 219
Our Gallant Captain taking Refuge, 238
Papa and Lucy, 168
Perilous Position of our Turncock, 38
Picture Dealer and Artist, 110
Poor Cousin Charles, 14
Railway Grievance, 51
Rather Behind his Time, 249
Real Difficulty (A), 152
Recollections of the Review, 164
Riding Habit to be Adopted Shortly (A), 136
Scene in a Hatter's Shop, 214
Scene in a Tunnel, 20
Scene in Belgravia—and a Fact, too, 242
Servantgalism in Australia, 206
Shoeburyness, 10
Short-Sighted Captain and Dirty Private, 50
Sporting Recollections—Science Applied to Deer Stalking, 70
Stickleback Poachers Detected (The), 207
St. Patrick's Day, 125
Street Boys, 31
Swell and Corpulent Cabby, 142
Swell to his Juvenile Partner, 30
Table d'Hôte at Paris (A), 190
Three Cheers for Bass and his Barrel of Beer, &c., 222
Toll-Bar Nuisance (The), 34
To the Memory of the Tercentenary Committee, 193
Trifle from America (A), 162
Underground Railway, 227
Volunteer's Advice to Nervous Old Gentleman, 81
Volunteer Movement (The), 113
Warm Work, 176
Yet Another Americanism, 232



LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

Digitized by Google

PUNCH



VOL XLVII

LONDON:

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1864.

Digitized by Google

LONDON
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

Digitized by Google



PREFACE.

MR. PUNCH *is in his Library, smoking.* MRS. PUNCH *in an arm-chair, knitting a Counterpane. The faithful Toby announces* "THE EARL OF DERBY."

MR. PUNCH. Admit him to The Presence. Don't go, JUDINA. The Earl is a very delightful person.

Mrs. P. No, dear, I am not dressed,—and look at my hair.

Mr. P. Since I was first tangled in its meshes, I never saw it looking prettier.

Mrs. P. Nonsense, you great goose. [*Exit.*

Enter LORD DERBY, *with two books.*

Lord D. (*whose quick eye catches sight of a crinoline and graceful head vanishing through a bookcase door.*) Good morning, MR. PUNCH. But—I fear I have disturbed a pleasanter interview.

Mr. P. I was merely checking the washing-bill for the week, my dear Lord. Take the chair vacated by my Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Lord D. (*seats himself*). Some people say that there is a Chancellor of the Exchequer ready to take another chair when vacated.

Mr. P. Do they? I know nothing about politics. (*Hands cigar-case.*)

Lord D. That 's a little too strong.

Mr. P. I assure you no. It is quite mild.

Lord D. I didn't mean the cigar, but the assertion. *You*, who know every move on the board, and could play the game—or six games—blindfolded.

Mr. P. Only one—Blindman's Buff. I like that at Christmas, because it compels one to feel for one's fellow-creatures.

Lord D. Very good, very good.

Mr. P. Praise from SIR HUBERT—that is, from EDWARD—STANLEY, is—and so forth. And what have you got there? I am glad to see that you are not too great a man to carry things for yourself.

Lord D. (*winks.*) I can't always carry everything I should like to carry. But as for books, a great Oxford Don told me, in my youth, that there were three things any gentleman might have under his arm—a book, a gold-headed cane, and a handsome woman. *Apropos* of the latter, I again apologise for having sent MRS. PUNCH out of the room.

Mr. P. I scorn to repay your courtesy, my dear DERBY, by remarking that Conservatives have not always been so scrupulous about turning out women.

Digitized by Google

Lord D. Ha! ha! I despise a man who would stop a good thing because it might annoy a friend.

Mr. P. You are right. It is easier to make new friends than new jokes. And what is that handsome book, bound, I can see at this distance, by HAYDAY? Don't make a joke about hey-day, please.

Lord D. Wasn't going to. This is a copy of my *Homer*, and I beg you to accept it.

Mr. P. "Kings begged of a beggar." Beggar as I am in thanks, I thank you. I have also to thank you for the pleasure I have already received from a careful perusal of the volumes.

Lord D. Have you really found time? How do you manage?

Mr. P. By the simple process of neglecting a duty when I am offered a pleasure.

Lord D. I would not hear your enemy—if you have one—say so.

Mr. P. I am sure that you will never have the opportunity, as you do not keep company with my only enemies, knaves and fools. Let me just say that I consider your *Homer* a masterly performance, honourable to you, and valuable to your countrymen, and I hope you like the cigar?

Lord D. So well that I shall ask you to fill my case—a very fine brand indeed. Talking of BRAND reminds me. Shall we go in for a division?

Mr. P. What says the tailor?

Lord D. Well, if *he* counted for nine, we could do the thing comfortably.

Mr. P. Till he does, stick as you be.

Lord D. Ah! But you talk PAM.

Mr. P. By JOVE, or shall I say by ZEUS, (you are quite right, by the way, not to Greekify the names—I can't read LANE's *Arabian Nights*, because he hadn't your good sense). I don't talk PAM half as much as every Conservative who offers himself. The first thing your men do at the hustings is to declare PALMERSTON the national favourite. In the face of that fact divide—and conquer.

Lord D. Of course *I* see that, but then I wear spectacles.

Mr. P. Order a gross for your friends—green ones, if you like. But bother politics, I tell you I don't care about them. I am very glad that you have been turning to fresh fields and pastures new. Isn't ACHILLES pleasanter company than the Angel?

Lord D. MR. DISRAELI is extremely pleasant company, MR. PUNCH. And he is more like ACHILLES than you remember, for he records that in earlier life he "stood on the plains of Troy, and cursed his destiny."

Mr. P. Well he might, considering that it was to lead politicians whose talk is of bullocks, and to win the odd trick with politicians whose talk is bulls. There, don't be angry!

Lord D. I was never angry in my life—but we 're a big Party.

Mr. P. Granted; but the nation 's a bigger. Going? Well, one thing more. That is a beautiful bit in your translation where GLAUCUS and DIOMED change armour.

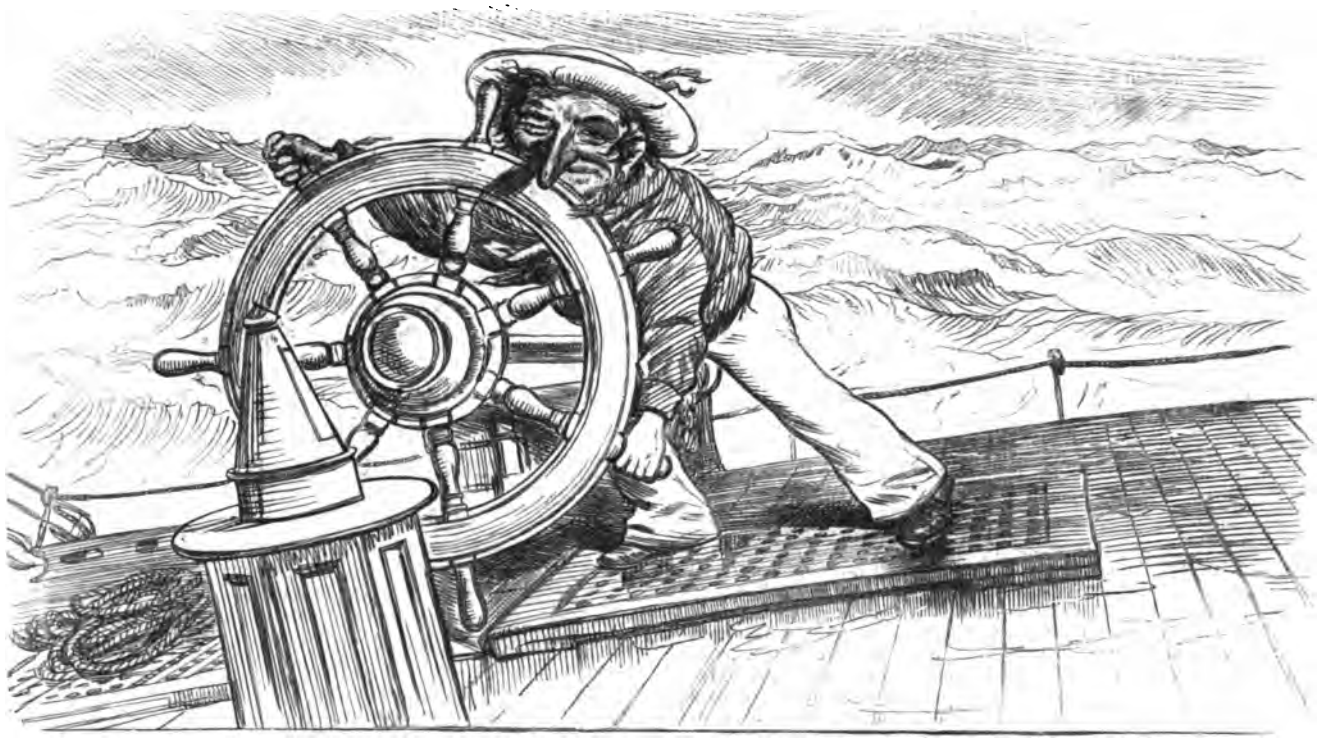
Lord D. Glad you like it. I have at least given back the sense, which POPE perverted, and have made JUPITER deprive GLAUCUS of his judgment before he made the bad bargain.

Mr. P. In exchange for DIOMED's brass armour, price nine oxen, GLAUCUS gives him a golden suit, price a hundred. I will be GLAUCUS, *pro hâc vice*. I have not lost my judgment, but, as you have given me your *Homer*, I give you (*smiles sweetly*) my

Forty-Seventh Volume.



Digitized by Google



VOL. XLVII.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JUNE 20*th*. *Monday*. Really, in the best of the Season, it is not the thing to expect the gay young VISCOUNT PUNCH to be attending Parliament. He has enough to do in what is philosophically called the "reflex of energy," namely, the pursuit of pleasure. And though he cordially agrees with the late SIR G. C. LEWIS, who said, inimitably, that "life would be very tolerable, but for its pleasures," the ladies have claims upon him which he is not the nobleman to ignore. What with his flower-shows, his morning-concerts (you dear GRISI, you are worth all the young ones, yet), his garden-parties, his *fêtes*, his horticultural bazaars, his Alexandra Park, his botanic gardens, his dinners at Grinnage and the *Etoile et Jarretière*, his operas, his balls,

"Hastati potius, Gyrusque, et Polka—supremus
Sub mattinâ luce, Rogerus Eques."

to say nothing of PADDY GREEN'S, of which, however, he could say much that would be acceptable to many a "dear fellow," the Viscount finds little time for his senatorial duties. However, he looks into Parliament when he remembers it, and happens to be in the neighbourhood. Indeed, his determination to study and thoroughly comprehend the magnificent "MOSES," with which MR. HERBERT has adorned the Palace of Westminster, has taken the Viscount to that edifice pretty regularly of late.

To-day there was a dramatic entrance in the Commons, where as a rule a member's *exit* is more pleasant to behold and see. Everybody, naturally, desired a Ministerial statement about the Conference, and as to what England was going to do, and MR. DISRAELI led off with three solemn questions on the subject. MR. GLADSTONE told him to put his queries on the paper for next day. "Oh!" cried Members. MR. DISRAELI said that such questions might properly be put without notice. "Hear!" cried the House. MR. OSBORNE wished to know what LORD RUSSELL meant by saying that the British Fleet was prepared for any service. MR. GLADSTONE objected to further questions in the absence of LORD PALMERSTON. MR. FITZGERALD said that every Minister must know all about the matter, and hoped that answers would be insisted on. MR. DARBY GRIFFITH, received as usual with "much laughter," nevertheless told a home truth, for he said that the Government was notoriously divided on the Danish question. Moreover, he hoped that if the Conference did not arrange matters satisfactorily, England would put forth her Naval Strength. "Hear, hear!" cried a great many voices. LORD JOHN MANNERS said that it was the duty of LORD PALMERSTON to be in his place——

Enter LORD PALMERSTON. *Loud cheers.*

LORD JOHN MANNERS and MR. OSBORNE instantly set upon him for information.

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON said that when LORD RUSSELL replied that the fleet was ready to go anywhere, he meant that it was prepared for any service, and so it was. He declined giving any further explanations, except that when the armistice should be over, the war would recommence, unless an arrangement were made.

MR. BRIGHT, in a very sweet manner, said that he never asked questions, nor would he do so then, but he thought that LORD PALMERSTON would get on better if he would tell all he could.

LORD PALMERSTON regretted to be obliged to repeat, that for the present his Tongue was Tied.

Later in the week, when every one knew that the Conference could or would settle nothing, it was announced that the untying the tongues of the PREMIER and the FOREIGN SECRETARY should be performed on the following Monday. LORD RUSSELL said that the recommencement of the War was the most probable event.

The Gladstonian Bill for giving the Working Man a safe Assurance was passed, and very justifiable congratulations were exchanged upon the enactment of a law calculated to do so much good to the humbler classes. *Mr. Punch* hereby credits MR. GLADSTONE with a large item of honour for his wisdom and courage in this matter, in fact begs *him* to receive the Assurance, &c.

Having seen to the interests of good men, we next took the bad men in hand, and by a majority of 116 to 49 we read the Gaols Bill a Second Time. The Government was warmly supported by SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, a Conservative, who understands the subject. MR. WHALLEY talked some anti-Catholic nonsense, but the Brummagem Spooner was, of course, not heeded. The Criminal class will discover, when this Bill becomes law, that "doing that lot upon my head" will be a difficult feat in gymnastics.

After so much smooth sailing came a storm. The Third Bill was like the third wave, in classic reading. MR. GLADSTONE'S measure for

improving the machinery of tax-collecting was adjudged by the House to be no improvement at all, and moreover, to be a partial measure, London being excluded from its operation. So, although we had come to Third Reading, and although MR. GLADSTONE made a gallant defence, we threw out the measure, defeating the Ministry by 132 to 128.

Then we threw out, by 40 to 21, a little Bill for making all the Irish railways run Sunday trains. The Opposition was not Sabbatarian but financial, it being contended that certain companies could not afford to perform the additional journeys. The decision seems just, for it would be in the interest of an English traveller only that the extra trains could be wanted, as time and date are no object to the Hibernian mind, so an Irishman can just as well journey on Saturday, or Monday, or next week, and Scotchmen think it wicked to travel or whistle on Sunday.

Tuesday. The recent row at a Romish Reformatory in Lincolnshire, was discussed by the few Lords who think it worth while to attend debates (*Punch* will have something to say to Your Lordships about this contempt of the High Court of Parliament one of these days, and he is collecting photographs of the absentee Peerage, not, in the first instance, for MRS. PUNCH'S album,) and LORD ARUNDEL of Wardour denied that the institution in question was entirely managed by monks, which LORD DERBY was very glad to hear. It seems, however, that it was necessary to hand it over, for a time, to the Order of the Flagellants.

Navigators (we do not mean navvies, though the services of the latter might be useful in the case) will take notice that we are not going to blast Daunt's Rock, but only to put a bell-buoy on it. We hope that he will be attentive, and ring his bell like a good bell-boy whenever he sees a ship coming. We might have mentioned this last week, but it seems more in keeping with the careless way such matters are dealt with by the authorities, to note it on a day when nothing was said about it. Most English people think that Daunt's Rock is some celebrated kind of Dublin toffy, but nobody can know everything. MR. MAGUIRE deserves much applause for getting anything done to a dangerous nuisance, which the United Kingdom ought to blow to Smithereens, wherever that locality may be.

Another Irish complication, which we shall certainly not unravel. The Bill for improving Irish Chancery is disliked by MR. WHITESIDE, who abused it for two hours and a half, and then, by one vote, beat the Government, and referred the Bill to a Select Committee. But then it turned out that the proceedings had been irregular, and also that somebody had voted against his intention, and—but what on earth does it matter?

Australia sadly wants a ROWLAND HILL. On the plea that the present rate of postage to that region does not pay, the Post Office has raised the charge from sixpence to one shilling, but it is to be fourpence by private ship. *Mr. Punch*, in the interest both of this country and the noble colony, denounces the proceeding as being unjust, and based on a false economy. Intercourse between us and the colonists should be encouraged to the utmost, and the requisite money should be taken out of the large profits made on home postage. If anybody in England, except *Mr. Punch*, knew anything about Australia, such an oppressive and ridiculous arrangement would not be permitted, but most people, and everybody at the Colonial Office, believe that Hobart Town is in New Holland, Melbourne in South Australia, Adelaide in New South Wales, and Australia somewhere in the Atlantic.

BERKELEY and 123 begged Ballot. PAM and 212 preferred Publicity.

MR. HENNESSY lamented the increase of Irish Emigration, and wished something done to stop it. He was stopped, after being told there was nothing to lament about, by the carrying of the previous question by 80 to 52.

Wednesday. MR. HUBBARD'S Bill for permitting folks to use the Metric System went through Committee. It lies before *Mr. Punch*. It is a very little Bill, but there are some stunning long words in the Schedule. Omitting Dismals, ladies, we may inform you that a Myriametre is not the metre in which MIRIAM, the Hebrew songstress, composed, but 6 miles and 376 yards, that the word Are is not part of a verb, but 119 square yards; that when you send nurse to the public house for a pint of porter (such things are) you are lawfully at liberty to tell her to ask for a Dekalitre, and that when the witch in *Macbeth* was buying "three ounces of a red haired wench," the old wretch might, had this Bill then been Scotch law, have demanded a Hectogram.

Then, *apropos* of Scotch law, we defeated a Bill for allowing English Bank notes to circulate in Scotland. It seems that the natives love that exceeding dirty old rag, called a Scotch note, and disloyally prefer it to a sovereign. We do not think that it would be right to interfere with a harmless provincial prejudice, but, considering that English tourists invented Scotland and support it, some arrangement might be made for the receipt, from such persons, of the coins and paper of civilisation.

A remark, in a similar spirit, will apply to a proposal to make the Royal Court of Jersey act justly and rationally. The Jerseyites are frantic at such an attempt, and in the extremity of their despair have promised to do the work themselves. If they do not, it will simply be necessary to enact that no English person who may visit the beautiful island, shall be liable to its ludicrous laws. Jersey would be a delightful place, but for the Jerseyites.

Thursday. Welcome to work, indefatigable old friend, HENRY BROUGHAM. A Bill for preventing bribery, eh? How? By making imprisonment the penalty. Very good. But do you think—*do* you now—that the attorneys will allow their subjects in the Commons to vote for such a measure? Never mind, we are rejoiced to see you in the field again, old Giantkiller.

The BISHOP OF OXFORD has a Bill allowing the masters of Collegiate Schools to read prayers to the boys. The Primate supported it, DR. TAIT approved it, and the thing is done at Harrow and the other great Schools. But the Bill frightened the CHANCELLOR, and actually, LORD SHAFTESBURY on "parochial" grounds. DR. WILBERFORCE "could not understand the pious zeal" of LORD WESTBURY. But, as EARL RUSSELL didn't like the measure, it stands over for future discussion. We regret to add that the BISHOP OF OXFORD fell from his horse in going home after endeavouring to promote so very reasonable an object, but we hope that he will soon recover. The Lords can ill spare a crack debater.

On the previous Sunday morning, the Federal frigate, the *Kearsarge*, sank the Confederate frigate, the *Alabama*, near Cherbourg, when one man covered himself with honour which no one will contest, the brave DENIS LLEWELLYN, the Surgeon of the vanquished ship.

"Down to the deeps, in doing well, he went."

He might have been saved, but he refused to imperil his wounded by increasing the number in their boat. It is not to the Wiltshire clergyman, the father, who must be so proud amid his grief, that Englishmen should leave the duty of erecting a memorial to a true hero. His name should have been mentioned to-night by a speaker who has himself done brave things, SIR JOHN HAY; when asking CLARENDON FROM whether Government had noted the artillery lesson to be learned from the fight off Cherbourg. It should be mentioned whenever there is talk of braver death than that met in the heat of battle.

A long partisan debate on Irish Education again brought out bitterness from some who would rather see children untaught than taught by Catholics.

Friday. The Lords talked for a short time about the Royal Academy and this is a pleasant way of spending an hour. The Commons had a Malt-tax battle, in which MR. GLADSTONE conquered, preventing a resolution condemnatory of the tax, but the attendance was not large, considering the fuss that is made on the subject.

We conclude the chronicle by stating that the LORD CHANCELLOR has revealed the mode in which he proposes to deal with Attorneys. The cheat is to make a bargain with the Lawyer. In mediæval legends men are said to have made bargains with such beings, and to have escaped, but it has usually been by the intervention of some saint, and you might now as reasonably expect to find a policeman as a saint in your hour of need. Such compacts are perilous, if not absolutely wicked.

GOBLIN CHILD WITH THE RAT'S-TAIL HAIR.

LITTLE Girl, thou shears dost lack,
With thy hair all down thy back
Loose, and streaming on the gale,
Like a rod, or comet's tail,
Or the tails which creatures wear;
Goblin Child with the rat's-tail hair!

'Tis a wonder, little Pet,
How thy parents thee can let
Go about so; such a fright,
Looking like an elfin sprite,
Dressed out with fantastic care;
Goblin Child with the rat's-tail hair!

Thou wert, if of peasant birth,
Posted in the fields, much worth.
'Mid the corn, thou tiny Guy,
How thou 'dst make the sparrows fly!
Then might swains the small birds spare,
Goblin Child with the rat's-tail hair!

Ingenuity Thrown Away.

WE read that "a machine for washing dishes has lately been patented in America." If the war continues much longer, this invention will be completely useless, for the simple reason that provisions will be so dear, that it will be impossible to put any on the dishes, consequently the latter will require no washing. In this sense, War may be said to make clean work of it.

LAWSON AND LIQUORS.



DMIRED PUNCH, This world affords me no enjoyment much greater than that of a glass of strong beer, imbibed in the course of a good *long walk, at the bar of a decent* well-conducted public-house. In an establishment of this description, the other day, on such an occasion, whilst I was recruiting my frame with that refreshment, a member of the working classes excited my curiosity by asking the landlord officiating at the tap for a go of "LAWSON;" whereupon mine host served him with a quantity of some kind of spirit. "LAWSON!" I exclaimed; "dear me, what is LAWSON?'" The working man grinned, and the landlord replied:—"Gin, Sir. They calls gin 'LAWSON' now, Sir, 'cept o' Sundays, and then they calls it 'SOMES.' Brandy they calls 'TREVELYAN,' and rum 'HARVEY,' and whiskey they calls 'POPE;' Irish whiskey: and Scotch, 'FORBES MACKENZIE.' Then there's different kinds o' beer, Sir; Burton they calls 'Band of Hope,' and Kennet 'United Kingdom Alliance.'" "Well to be sure!" said I, "and I shouldn't wonder if they were, by-and-by, to call sherry-cobler 'HARRINGTON,' and mint-julep 'HEYWORTH,' and brandy-smash 'JAREZ BURNS,' and timber-doodle 'CANON JENKINS,' after the names of the Alliance's leading members." "Yes, Sir," said the landlord, "and werry likely they'll give the name of 'DEAN CLOSE' to punch." "Indeed," I replied, "I think that extremely probable; or perhaps they'll make the Dean a Bishop; and it appears to me a subject of regret that the industrious orders should be provoked, by injudicious agitation, to associate, out of bravado, respectable and reverend names with liquors, which, however salubrious in moderate quantities, are, when partaken of in excess, intoxicating." "'Tis werry lamentable, Sir," said the landlord, "isn't it?"

Yours affectionately, AMBULATOR.

CROQUÊT.

I.

AWAKE, my *Judy!* leave all meaner things,
And come to Croquêt, sport for Queens and Kings;
Don your thick boots that would have shocked a Hoby,
So may you tread the Lawn with me and *Toby;*
Let us—that's you and your devoted *Punch*—
Since there is yet some time before we lunch,
Consider what was the immediate cause
What the design, and what the guiding laws
Of Croquêt, now the fashionable game,
Which being absent country life is tame.
Come, take your mallet, Judikins, and stoop,
Strike—Get out, *Toby*, don't obstruct the Hoop;
Ah! would you? You come here, Sir, when I call,
Don't let me catch you chiveying the ball,
Or with us interfering; if you do,
I shall be forced—but that's 'twixt me and you.
Lie down, my dog! now, Judikins, go in,
And do the very best you know to win.
Ladies! play honestly, or we can't greet
You as the *fair* sex, who so love to *cheat*.
The strictest rules shall govern us to day,
Bann'd be the mode in which most females play,
Fair when they must, and cheating when they can,
This is the way that woman plays with man.

II.

Whence Croquêt sprang to benefit the earth,
What happy garden gave the pastime birth,
What cunning craftsman carved its graceful tools,
Whose oral teaching fixed its equal rules,
Sing, JAQUES, thou apostle of the game!
If dissyllabic is thy famous name;
Or if, as Frenchified, it is but one,
By saying, "Sing, JOHN JACQUES!" the trick is done.
Mysterious Croquêt! like my "Little Star"
Of infancy, "I wonder what you are?"
Owning no parent, yet herein no shame,
Where all the honour would so gladly claim,
May be that, Thou didst give to mortals joy,
When winged Time was yet a fledgling boy;
See sporting NIMROD coming from the fields,
Lays down the spear and the gay mallet wields;
A Pre-Noachian Croquêt might have then
Been the delight of Patriarchal men.
As on Assyrian Courtwalls, figure-fraught,
Scholars see something, where the boys meant naught,
So we, upon these walls, (from bias freed,)
May the antiquity of Croquêt read.
Can Cricket that excludes the softer sex,
Tennis, that doth the looker-on perplex,
Or Bowls, that Tory Parsons used to play,
Or Skittles when each sharper has his way,
Can these, or any other, to us known,
Delight both sexes like this game alone?
Cricket is modern. When the earliest match,
When the first skyer fell to the first catch;
When first the term was used of "keeping wicket,"
Who the inventor, who first played at Cricket,
Who gave the names to creases, stumps and bats;
To short leg, longstop, point, *etcet'ra*—that's
A knowledge every one can get by heart.
Not so with Croquêt, let the curious start
With book and plan to trace its wandering course,
Like SPEKE and GRANT the Nile, up to its source,
Its streams run back until you end the chace,
And stand amazed upon the brink of space.
Some think when NEWTON viewed the planets roll,
A thought of Croquêt glanced athwart his soul:
In Jupiter the Blue, in Mars the Red,
He saw, while Croquê'd comets madly sped.
If so, I wish the Master of the Mint
Had taken Thyme to put his thought in print.

III.

The Ground.

For playing Croquêt the best grounds that be,
Are those on which 'tis played by you and me;
Because 'tis exercise nor rude nor rough,
Because, in short, we like it,—that's enough.
Whoever will play Croquêt, must first see
The Ground well chosen; and the Ground should be
A Paradox wherein your sophists revel,
At once a *lively* Ground, and a *dead* level.
No undulating surface must be found,
Where busy ants raise up their mighty mound;
So then to flatten every heap of mould,
The grass-plat should diurnally be rolled.
Sing, sing, my Muse!
She will not even squeak,
Well, balky maid, *au reservoir* next week.

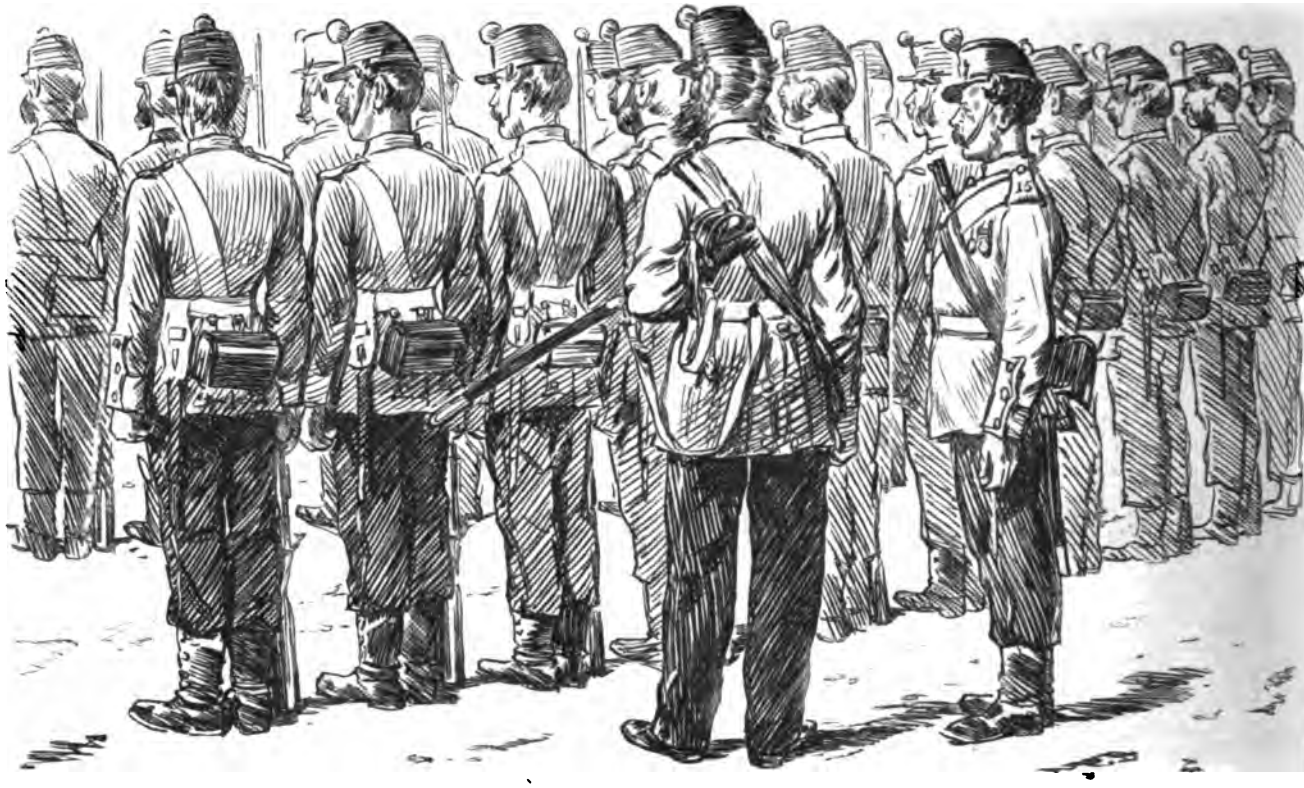
Safe Supply of Infantry.

IN a sensible letter in the *Times* on the subject of recruiting, A Sergeant-Major very justly observes that:—

"By allowing the ten years' men a wife, with a small pecuniary allowance, with rations, you not only retain him, who is worth a half-dozen recruits, but you also provide a nursery for a future army."

To be sure you do, and a nursery likely to be well stocked with babies.

Digitized by Google



Captain of Company. "YOUR POUCH IS VERY DIRTY, SIR!"
Private Jones. "NO, SIR!"
Captain of Company. "BUT I SAY IT IS, SIR! RIGHT ABOUT FACE, AND LOOK AT IT!"

HONOUR TO THE BRAVE!

BEFORE us is a very sensible letter, signed "BEDFORD PIM, Commander R.N., Hon. Secretary," and dated from the Junior United Service Club. It announces, as information "which will doubtless gratify the admirers of the gallantry displayed by the officers and crew of the renowned *Alabama* in the late action off Cherbourg," the fact "that it has been determined to present CAPTAIN SEMMES with a handsome sword to replace that which he has buried with his sinking ship." Further, this judicious notification requests that "Gentlemen wishing to participate in this testimony to unflinching patriotism and naval daring will be good enough to communicate with the chairman of the committee, ADMIRAL ANSON, United Service Club, Pall-mall;" or with the writer himself. Lastly, a postscript preceded with "N.B." intimates that, "In order to give a larger number of friends the opportunity of contributing, the subscription is limited to one guinea each." This invocation will of course be sufficient to draw down upon the treasurer of the committee above referred to a golden shower, considerably heavier than that which descended on Danäe.

It is not for a moment to be supposed that the measure of presenting a sword to CAPTAIN SEMMES, of the *Alabama*, is, on the part of officers in Her Majesty's Service, any the least violation of that neutrality in regard to the American belligerents which has been enjoined by the QUEEN'S Proclamation. In arming the Captain of the *Alabama*, no offence will be given like that which was taken at the supply of arms to the *Alabama* herself. If the Captain of the *Kearsarge* had been in CAPTAIN SEMMES'S place, that is to say, had he fought till his ship sank under him, after having eluded all the Confederate cruisers, and destroyed a great many Confederate merchant vessels, which may be supposed, no doubt those gentlemen who are going to give SEMMES a sword for his mere gallantry, would be equally in a hurry to present one on the same account to SEMMES'S antagonist, CAPTAIN WINSLOW.

Should the Prussians and their King drag us into war with them, and a Prussian privateer, fitted out at New York and manned with Yankees, after having under the command of a German Captain swept a great part of our commerce from the seas, get sunk by a British sloop off Boston, and should that Captain be picked up by the owner of an American yacht, and taken ashore, and hailed and made much of by officers of the United States Navy, and should they present him, amongst them, with a sword of honour, of course we shall, with that magnanimity which is ever characteristic of the British Public, only applaud their generous recognition of the valour and hardihood of our brave though mischievous and deadly enemy.

In the prospect of imminent war with Prussia and Germany, not only is a demonstration of sympathy with the commander of a Confederate privateer highly seasonable, but, being made in the confident assurance that it will be liberally construed by those who would hang CAPTAIN SEMMES if they could catch him, it implies a delicate compliment to the people of the United States. We may assure ourselves that they will take it as such, and that those who intend to be parties to it had not much better mind their own business.

A TRAP LAID FOR A HUSBAND.

PEOPLE sometimes wonder why it is that other people do not marry; and there is certainly small lack of ladies in the world, if gentlemen would only make up their minds to have them. Various are the ways wherein a woman sets her cap at you; and here is one which, if there be any truth in an advertisement, seems well nigh irresistible:—

HOUSEKEEPER TO A WIDOWER, Elderly Lady or Gentleman, or Cheerful Companion to an Invalid.—Music, perfect French, Millinery, Dressmaking, and a thousand and one other qualities, with the highest reference.

Music, cheerfulness and French, a good knowledge of housekeeping, and a thorough taste in dress, what can man want more in wife, if he be invalid or elderly? What her "thousand and one other qualities" may be, whether good, bad or indifferent, he need surely not inquire. But what if this *Scheherazade* be given to curtain-lecturing, and keep him awake by the narration of her qualities for a thousand and one nights? Well, bowstringing in England is not yet allowed by law; but SIR J. P. WILDE is ready to give sufferers relief. Clearly the lady wants to catch a husband; but who of all her references will say how she will treat him, after he is caught?

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.—Brimstone. Any stone found on the edge of an artificial pond is Brim-stone.

ANOTHER FOR BANTING.—"Small by degrees and beautifully less."

Digitized by Google



JACK ON THE CRISIS.

"BLOW IT, BILL! WE CAN'T BE EXPECTED TO *FIGHT* A LOT O' LUBBERLY SWABS LIKE HIM. WE'LL *KICK* 'EM, IF THAT'LL DO."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PUNCH'S NOTES AND QUERIES:

A SHAMELESS PIRACY UPON OUR INDISPUTABLE AND INESTIMABLE FRIENDS N. AND Q.

CURIOUS LEGAL CUSTOM.—Can any of your readers inform me whether the following custom obtains in any other place than Little Tiddleywinks. When a person owes money to another, and will not pay, the latter consults an attorney, who sends the former what is called "A Lawyer's Letter." It is not an amiable practice, and I should be glad to hear that it is local only. IMPECUNIOUS.

QUAINT SAYING.—What is the origin of the phrase "Sat upon," as applied to a discomfited person? I have sometimes thought that it may come from *satis* (enough), but I have chiefly heard it from turf men, military officers, and others seldom rightly suspected of classical proclivities. ANTI SLANG.

WANTED, A QUOTATION.—I am a young author, and having just completed a work, I want a good quotation for the title-page, and I dare say that some of the well-read contributors to "N. & Q." can aid me; and I shall be much obliged by any one doing so. My work is on the advantages of Industry, and I desire a motto, in verse preferred, making an allusion to the Bee, and its habit of improving time, and stocking its cells from any available floral source. JUVENIS.

CUSTOMS IN SOCIETY.—When the ladies retire after dinner, why does the master of the house flick his table napkin after his wife, who leaves the room last? Is it a superstition? And why does he take her place at the table, and say "Now, then," as if the enjoyment of the evening were really going to commence? And why does the gentleman who has hitherto been the most stupid and dismal, suddenly begin to grin, and proceed to rattle out jokes which certainly require the absence of ladies—and of gentlemen. As I am preparing a work on etiquette, I shall be glad of any enlightenment on these points.

A NOVICE IN THE WORLD.

TO LADY-COMMENTATORS.—In the Circulating Library at Southend, Essex, is a copy of Sir Bulwer Lytton's beautiful romance, *Zanoni*. There is a manuscript note in the margin of the page which describes the Apparition of the Dreadful Eyes and the Manifestation of the Unutterable Horror, and the words, written by a graceful female pen, are "Truly hawful." As I think I recognise a kindred spirit in the annotation, I should be very glad if she would send her address to me, under cover to your office. SPIRIT-RAPPER.

A CLASSICAL QUERY.—Do the best authorities at Oxford, (or Cambridge, if anything about Latin is known there) consider that HORACE's phrase *celeri sauciss* implies that the ancients were acquainted with celery sauce? GRYFFYD.

PEDIGREE OF THE SMITHS.—I am endeavouring to trace the pedigree of the Smiths of Tottenham Court Road. I have certificates as far back as John Smith, fruiterer, who lived in Holborn in 1815, but beyond this I cannot get. Can any of your correspondents aid me? We have a tradition that a Smith was knocked down in the Lord George Gordon riots, and an aged member of the family, resident in almshouses at Aldgate, thinks that either a Smith ("a smart young dandy") whom she knew in youth, or his friend Brown ("who went up in a balloon") came home very tipsy after the fireworks in honour of the Allied Sovereigns, and these facts may serve as clues. I shall be glad of an early reply, for a visitor to the house lately remarked that she would not wonder if Mr. Smith got knighted one of these fine days, and it may be well to be prepared for Heralds' College.

SAMUEL TRADDLES, (Solicitor).

ANIMOSITY TOWARDS SPIDERS.—Can any of the correspondents of "N. & Q." inform me what is thought to be the origin of this feeling? I have recently married, and my bachelor study was rather profusely adorned with hangings produced by the industrious and indefatigable animal. To my surprise, during my absence one day, my wife and the housemaid cleared them all away, and in answer to my astonished inquiries, I could get no explanation from the former, except that I was a pig. I suppose that there is some female superstition on the subject, and should be glad to be informed what, having no animosity myself towards a creature that sets authors so good an example of the poet's golden rule, *Nulla dies sine linea*. DOMINIE SAMPSON.

EXPLANATION OF A POEM.—Dr. Watts is usually a model of good sense. But why does he, in his moral song about ants, make the following complaint?

"These emmets, how little they are in our eyes!"

Would one not rather wish that they should not be in our eyes at all, than announce that they very seldom get there? Perhaps the learned Attorney-General, who edits our hymns so admirably, would explain the passage. It would not be beneath his dignity, for I see with pleasure that the learned Solicitor-General exhibits a picture in this year's Academy, and I am glad to see that great persons grow so affable.

MEUS OCULUS.

FOLIO LORE.—Riding recently in the Regent's Park, and having some little difficulty with my horse, some juveniles, who were watching us with evident amusement, exclaimed, "*Get inside, Sir.*" I do not know whether they were advising me to take the horse within the enclosure, but I should think not, because the gates were locked, and I am induced to believe that the exclamation was a specimen of the quaint and time-honoured "chaff" of the humbler classes. Have any of your correspondents an idea of its meaning? CURIOSUS.

NURSERY RHYMES.—The rising generation is grateful to you for allowing your correspondents to record the interesting evidences of domestic playfulness, and in the hope that the following may be new to many nurseries, I send it. I first heard it from my old nurse who, I think, had in girl-hood been in some subordinate situation in the family of Lord Eldon. Hence, perhaps, the allusion to the wig, though it is hardly probable that domestics would allow themselves to jest about the attire of their noble employer:—

"There was a little man,
And he wore a little wig,
And he stood upon his hind legs,
And danced a little jig."

ADELGITHA.

I HAVE a fine tall copy of the third folio of Shakspeare, now in my possession, the exclamations of *Hamlet*, who has seen the *Ghost*, and summons his colleagues, are printed thus:—

"Hillo! ahoy! ho! boy; come, bird, come!"

Addressed to *Horatio* the word "bird" would be absurd, unless *Hamlet's* madness were breaking out very early indeed, and we cannot suppose that the elegant *Hamlet* would use a term equivalent to the "*chaff*" of the colloquial life of our time. But I see one "Birde" mentioned as among the players in the Globe company. Was he the original *Marcellus*, and was this merely a note in the prompt copy, to remind him of his entrance? VENERABLE BEDE, M.A.

[We think the criticism futile. *Hamlet* may well call his friend a bird, when he calls his father an old mole, his venerable friend a fishmonger, and the players gentlemen.—*Ed. Punch's N. & Q.*]

SOCIAL FREEMASONRY.—At a dancing party the other night, I had no partner, so I went down alone to supper. I obtained a plate, and by some management got two wings of a fowl, three slices of tongue, and a help of lobster salad, with some good pieces, and roe. I was retiring to eat it in a corner, when a tall "swell," in a very affable manner, took the plate from me, saying, "Just what a lady wants." Then I saw him eating it himself. I am not much used to society. Is the phrase a sort of pass-word, to be accepted like a freemason's Sign. And if so, what is its origin? SIMON SOFT.

TAKING A SIGHT.—A more vulgar and offensive gesture than what is known as "taking a sight" can hardly be, and I am glad to say that it is used now only by the aristocracy in clubs and by the lowest cads at the doors of public-houses. Yet it had once a grave significance, and was practised by the highest persons, for Lord Bacon says, that "my L^d^ Walsinghame, being stirred to erect unto himself a mansion, was asked by the Queen's Maj^e^ how his house prospered. 'Alack, most dread Sovereign,' he said, 'I lack a spot to build it upon.' The Queen, pointing through the casement to a fair domain (none of her Grace's) did reply, *finger to nose*, 'My lord, take a site.'"

A DUBLIN ARCHITECT.

PAWNBROKERS.—I am informed by a menial that the lower orders speak of a pawnbroker (a person who lends money on pledges) by the name of "My Uncle." The habits of the inferior creation have some interest for an observer of nature, and should the circumstances be known to any gentleman who reads "N. & Q.," he will perhaps favour me with an explanation. Is this a ludicrous effort on the part of the *canaille* to get some fragment of a pedigree?

DE LA MONTMORENCY-BIGGS.

A DODGE DEFEATED.—In a beautiful and exciting novel which is now the rage in Society, and which is called *Emerald, or the Pardonable Parricide*, I find the following allusion. "Dashing his fair bride from him, he gazed on her in horror, as did Lycus the Centaur at the serpentine incarnation." Pray, who was Lycus the Centaur?

AMBULATOR.

[A clever person, not to be done. We can tell you of another, who saw that your letter was an artful puff for your rubbishing book, so he altered the title you gave. Ha! Is Ambulator Latin for Walker?—*Ed. Punch's N. & Q.*]

SEAL MOTTO WANTED.—There is in my possession a very curious seal, the date of the engraving of which I cannot determine, but I shall be happy to show it to any one who will come into Cornwall, and call on me. It is mounted in brass, the engraved substance is glass, and the device is a ship at sea, with the motto, (a corner chipped off and a letter or two lost) UCH IS LIFE. Could any contributor help me to a conjectural restoration of the legend? PHOCA.



IT'S A WAY WE HAVE IN THE ARMY.

Mild Civilian to Military Fellow Traveller. "KNOW THAT OFFICER JUST GOT OUT, SIR? SEEMS TO HAVE SEEN AN IMMENSITY OF SERVICE."

Military Fellow Traveller. "DON'T KNOW, I'M SHAW; B'LONGS TO THE OTHER BWANCH OF THE SAWVICE, PWABABLY."

[*N.B. M.F.T. belongs to the Mounted Branch.*

DECEIT IN THE WASH-TUB.

"I HAVE given' up (says a poor, meek, helpless husband) buying expensive handkerchiefs for some time past. Once, I used to buy nothing but the finest French cambric, but somehow or other my wife used always, the next week, when they came home from the wash, to claim them as her own, and if I doubted her word, she would triumphantly point to the initials in the corner, and which I must say corresponded exactly with her own. What was I to do? Could I refute irrefragable evidence? I was compelled to submit to the ingenious imposition, even though I was conscious that I was paying through the nose for it. However, ever since then, I have made a practice of contenting myself with the very commonest Scotch lawn—and I must say that I find I do not by any means lose so many pocket-handkerchiefs as I did before."

POLICE!—When is a Policeman like a Samaritan? When he comes out of *Some area.*

THE CENTENARY INSURANCE COMPANY.

WE understand that with this title it is proposed to start a Company whose object will be to insure to all the persons who subscribe to it a commemorative festival upon their hundredth birthday, if they then be dead. It is generally acknowledged that everybody nowadays must have a Centenary, and people who have any fear that they may escape having one may, by insuring in this Company, relieve their minds at once from such a painful apprehension, and rest assured their hundredth birthday will, if they die before it, be borne publicly in mind.

The chief object, however, of the Company will be to provide work for the people who like getting up Centenaries, and by celebrating others try to celebrate themselves. As the daisy may feel proud that, if not the rose itself, it has lived near to the rose, and become in some degree ennobled by the neighbourhood, so small promoters of Centenaries may derive reflected greatness from the greater men they glorify. Poets, whose poetic feet are very much too weak to climb Parnassus without help, try to raise themselves by clinging to some stronger climber's skirts. The being named in the same breath with greater men of letters, may be thought by some to magnify a name of little note; and so when a Centenary is purposed to be kept, there is never any lack of men to act on the Committee, and have their names paraded publicly in print.

Another hardly less important object of the Company is to keep up the supply of birthdays to be celebrated, which, it is feared, might otherwise ere long become exhausted. It is not every day that one can catch a SHAKSPEARE or a BURNS to be centenarified, and, for want of some one better, one will soon have to fall back upon a TOMKINS or a SMITH. Whether the prospect of being held in popular remembrance upon one's hundredth birthday would act as an incentive to the writing of good poetry, or the doing of good deeds, is a question which this Company perhaps may help to answer; and if the answer be affirmative, we may well wish that the Company may meet with all success.

---

* IMPERTINENT.—Amongst our miscellaneous reading, we fell over a copy of a French paper, called *Le Progrès de Lyons.* We instantly dispatched it, with our compliments, to SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

DREADFUL MORAL DUNCES.

THE Select Committee appointed to consider the case of MR. BEWICKE, who suffered penal servitude on conviction through perjury, state, in their report denying his claim to redress for that infliction, that:—

"They are unable to accede to the proposition that persons who have been convicted in due course of law by evidence subsequently proved to be false are entitled to compensation out of the public purse."

Are these gentlemen able to accede to the proposition that anybody whosoever, who has suffered any conceivable outrage, is entitled to any compensation at all? If a person injured by the mistake of a Judge and jury is not entitled to compensation out of the public purse, how can anybody accidentally injured by the agents of an individual be entitled to any compensation out of a private purse? What difference, as to claim for compensation, is there between being crushed by the error of a court of law, and being driven over by a blundering coachman? The legislators who are "unable to accede to the proposition," self-evident to anybody endowed with any conscientiousness, "that persons who have been convicted in due course of law by evidence subsequently proved to be false are entitled to compensation out of the public purse," would probably have that inability removed by an unmerited subjection for a very limited period to the discipline of a felon's gaol, which, for the stimulation of their stupid moral sense, might advantageously include several whippings.

Something like Piracy.

A TELEGRAM from New York announces that:—

"The Steamer *Tristram Shandy* has been captured."

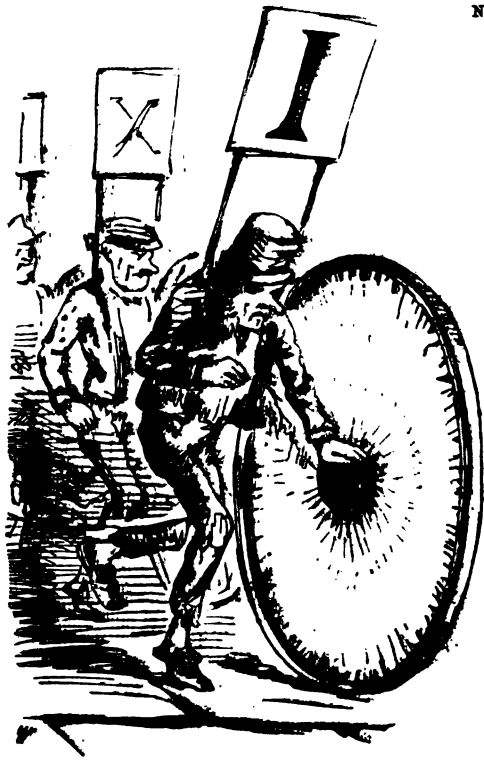
Doubtless, that was because she had no STERNE chasers.

TRYING WORK.

THE Courts of Law at Westminster are so inconvenient that the causes tried in them undergo not half so thorough a trial as the Judges do.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

OR, THE HOUSEKEEPER'S CONSTANT COMPANION.



INSTRUCTIVE *Origin of the Curfew in the Essex Fens.*—In the time of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, a Norman Baron having lost his way in the fens, was guided to a place of safety by the ringing of a bell in a neighbouring village. On departing this life, he endowed a Church, on condition that a bell should be rung every evening at dusk; and further endowed a man to be lost every year in the fens, in order to keep up the illusion. Thus in the course of succeeding generations the inhabitants of the village have all been lost, the Church is in ruins, and the case will in time be settled by the Court of Chancery.

Shoes.—The History of Shoes is very curious. There was once a person who hadn't any shoes, so he went and got some.

The best way of Eating Anchovies.—After much consideration, and lengthened discussion with distinguished epicures, we have come to the conclusion, that the best way of eating anchovies is to put them in your mouth, and proceed as with mutton chops.

Old Saying for June and July.—"Very warm, isn't it?"

Cellar Account.—The easiest mode of keeping a cellar account, is to arrange it after the fashion of a Bank Book, substituting for "Debtor" and "Creditor," the terms "Buyer" and "Cellar."

Wine-Key.—If you give your Butler the wine-key in order to save yourself trouble, always accompany him yourself, or watch his movements through the keyhole, occasionally crying out "I'm a-looking at you," so that he may not be able to complain of meanness.

Bin.—Directly a Bin is empty, mark it down thus:—"Bin and gone and done it."

Coal Cellar.—It is not absolutely necessary to go to the Coal Cellar every time a fresh scuttle-full is required. But you should decidedly count the lumps when they first come in, and check them off as they 're brought up-stairs.

Rules for Every Day in the Week.—Early Rising. Take care to rise in the morning when you get out of bed. In performing your ablutions use soap and water.

Self-Creation.—Social Science has at length discovered this stupendous secret of nature. Bears' grease, bread, butter and various preserves can be made at home. With a very little trouble to yourself, and by giving a certain amount of it to others, you can always *make yourself at home.*

The Irish Expression "Broth of a boy" is, as may be easily imagined, a relic of the most atrocious cannibalism.

Servants.—Give your servants a holiday whenever they require one; but invariably accompany them yourself; thus you exhibit your absence of pride, your affability, and ensure punctuality in their return.

Good Game for the Evening.—Cold Roast Partridge, at supper.

Drawing.—Exercise in crayons; for this you require no master, but every morning before breakfast make a point of walking your chalks.

How to get rid of Stains.—Go to Windsor.

Statistical.—It is calculated that there are more than three thousand people every year in the Lower Orkneys, who write for periodical literature. They receive no remuneration for their work, which at the expiration of every three years, is collected together in so many MSS. volumes and burnt by the common hangman. This interesting ceremony generally takes place on the thirty-first of September.

Historical.—It was CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS who discovered the New World which we are now inhabiting. The old one was sold by Government to pay the expenses of the Reformation.

Orthographic and Vegetarian.—The plural of Onion or Inion, as is the more correct Greek form, is *Inia* (Ἴνια). The best specimens are grown in deep pits or abysses dug in that part of the world, which is, from this ancient garden-practice, known as Abyss-inia. The Abyss-inions are very fine fellows.

Ladies' Dresses.—Gofer work. When you want a dress, *go for* it.

American Bread.—*Dampers* are cakes with which the appetite is *whetted.*

How to destroy Grease Spots.—Take the grease out and throw the grease pots out of the attic window.

How to frighten Blackbeetles away.—Say you 're going to send for a crusher.

SONG OF THE PRUSSIAN SLAVES.

A White Nigger Melody.

AIR.—"*So Early in the Morning.*"

How bold was we not long ago!
Our mind we let de Sobbereign know;
Golly, what a dreffle ting,
People to defy deir King!
So bright seemed Freedom dawning,
So bright seemed Freedom dawning,
So bright seemed Freedom dawning,
But jis de oder day.

We went agin de Massa's will,
And kep refusin' BISMARCK'S Bill,
Grumblin' at de sogers' cost,
So him Majesty we crossed.
So bright seemed Freedom dawning, &c.

Cos Massa was at dat time bent
To rule widout a Parliament,
Like ole CHARLES we say he some,
Lose him head at last, by gum!
So bright seemed Freedom dawning, &c.

But when him set us on de Danes,
We niggers all forgets our chains,
Yellin' at deir throats us fly;
Schleswig-Holstein!—nigger cry.
So bright seemed Freedom dawning, &c.

De King and Minister dey found
De way to turn de people round,
Settin' glory 'fore deir eyes,
Plunder ob de Danes likewise.
So bright seemed Freedom dawning, &c.

We fit and conker'd, ten to one,
And by de help ob needle-gun,
Sönderborg and Dybböl fall:
Yoh! de cradles dar we shell.
So bright seemed Freedom dawning, &c.

More men of Denmark we 'll destroy,
As well as lilly gal and boy,
Glorifyin' BILLUM'S name,
Earnin' ebberlastin' fame.
So bright seemed Freedom dawning, &c.

De King he tink de Danes too free,
Dey ortent to be more dan we;
We for slabery nebber care,
'Spose our own we make dem share.
So bright seemed Freedom dawning, &c.

So now de debble take de right,
For our ole tyrant's game we 'll fight,
If he want to play at ball
Wid our heads, dey now shall fall.
So bright seemed Freedom dawning, &c.

Whatebber please de King we stand,
To add a slice to Faderland;
Sink United Germany,
Once a goin' to be free.
So bright seemed Freedom dawning, &c.

Kidnapping.—Caution to Mothers.

MARK YOUR BABIES.—Many children of the Aristocracy have been stolen by their nurses, and replaced by infants of the inferior classes. Heirs of noble houses have thus become chimney-sweeps, and low-born offspring have grown up to inherit lordly domains. To prevent accidents of this kind, tattoo your babies, as soon as possible after they are born, on an appropriate surface. For this purpose there is no preparation so effectual as DODGE'S American Marking Fluid, composed from a receipt obtained from the Sioux Indians. May be had at 85, Fleet Street.

UNFAIR!—The overcrowded state of our Law Courts necessitates in almost every case a well packed Jury.

Digitized by Google



SUGGESTIVE ADVERTISEMENT.—FAMILIES SUPPLIED IN CASKS AND BOTTLES.

VISIT OF PRINCE PUNCH TO THE ART-SCHOLARS' BAZAAR.

"O My dear Prince Punch, you must; indeed you must," said the Princess, adding with her sweetest smile, "you know we couldn't possibly get through it all without you."

So Prince Punch, who is all ears when a pretty lady speaks, graced the Arcades of South Kensington with his countenance last Thursday, and opened the bazaar for the Female School of Art.

"Are these the lady scholars? they look very attractive, don't they?" whispered Alexandra, as she glanced at the nice girls in white dresses and red ribbons, the colours of her country. "Attractive," said Prince Punch, "Why, yes, as art-students of course, their study—he! he!—is to draw. But see, this is the Ceremonial Hall that we have reached, and here are all the cere-monies ready to be handed to your Royal Highness." While yet he spake, the purse-bearers silently approached, and handed to the Princess the five guineas they had paid for the privilege of doing so. "Speech is silver," said Prince Punch, "but you see, Silence is golden. I had rather have five guineas from the hands of a young lady who knows when to hold her tongue, than five columns of gabble from an orator who doesn't."

Then the Princess and her *suite*—her *suite* being sweet Prince Punch—were taken into custody by six terrible policemen, and marched away like malefactors through a squeeze of starers into the bazaar. Here she set a good example to bazaar-goers in general, for she stopped at every stall to say a pleasant word or two, and make a pretty purchase; whereas, bazaar-goers in general do chatter, but don't buy. The stall-keepers were so pretty that Prince Punch soon found his hands full and his purse quite empty; and, but for the presence of the half-dozen policemen, his heart would have been stolen a dozen times at least before he left the too, too fascinating place.

"You'll come and have some lunch and a weed, before your Park, won't you?" said Albert Edward, temptingly. But the other Prince was adamant, even to this offer, for he had rashly made a vow not to smoke before his dinner; and so, after he had handed Alexandra to her carriage, he took *Toby* to the Dog Show to exchange a few bow-wows with the Dog-fish of the Andes, the Colossal Cur of Corsica and some other foreign friends. Then, having improved his mind with a whole five minutes' course of scientific lectures, at the famous Paul-y-Toole-y-Technic Institution, he sought some bodily improvement at the place where the refreshments should have been served out. But after waiting six and thirty minutes for an ice, and at length succeeding only in grabbing an ice spoon, Prince Punch was led to think that he would be a nice spoon to wait there any longer, and so he wisely postponed luncheon till it was time to dine.

THE AMERICAN QUESTION.

According to an American paper called the *Albany Evening Journal*, the practice of extorting confession by torture has been revived in what still "claims" to be the Model Republic. For:—

"Johnson the deserter, who attempted to hide his uniform last week in an outhouse on the hill, and then rigged himself up in citizen's clothes, has been made to own up at the barracks. After the thumbscrews had been applied, he said that his name was James Hunt, and gave the name and number of the regiment to which he belonged and where he enlisted."

The Yankees appear now to be going a-head, as perhaps their Irish immigrants tell them, by reversing the engine. One engine to which they seem in a fair way to revert, is the rack, and by application to its mechanism of the beneficent power of steam, they will doubtless render it a great improvement on the antiquated apparatus for applying the "question extraordinary." The Federal Steam-Rack may be expected to figure in any considerable contribution which Yankeedoodledom may make to any future International Exhibition. The ingenuity of the countrymen of General Butler will enable them to adapt steam, as a motive force, to all varieties of the more complicated machinery of torture. As yet they content themselves with one of its simplest instruments. But now that they employ the thumbscrews, to make prisoners "own up," they will next, perhaps, adopt the "Scavenger's Daughter."

A Public Loss.—The gentleman who lately took the fresh air in Hyde Park, is requested to restore it.

How to do Pepper's Ghost—Use the Ghost and don't pay Pepper.

Digitized by Google

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—Saturday, July 2, 1864.



A MAN TRAP.

Lady. "CHARLES, DEAR, I'M REALLY AFRAID MY CRINOLINE IS COMING OFF."

Husband (Suddenly bursting into a Cold Perspiration). "BY JOVE, LET'S BOLT INTO THIS BONNET SHOP." [*Sold.*

AN APPEAL TO ENGLAND.

ENGLISHMEN, Countrymen, Friends!—remain no longer insensible to the taunts which are so earnestly addressed to you by foreigners, and are so thoughtfully taken up and repeated by candid and well-intentioned and beneficial persons amongst ourselves. Do recognise the truth that you are laughed at by your well-wishers, and let them lash you into that noble rage with which their ridicule ought long since to have inflamed you.

Draw the sword instantly; never mind if you can only flourish it in the air. Level the bayonet, notwithstanding that you see nothing within your reach to charge. Fire, though there be no enemy within range of your rifled ordnance, and your shot fall harmless, and your shells explode ineffectually in the atmosphere.

What a set of cowards you will deserve to be called if you hesitate to pit ten thousand men against only half a million! What a nation of mean, stingy, sordid shopkeepers you will justly be styled if you sit down for a moment to count the cost of a war that may not come to much more than two or three hundred, and will perhaps let you in for less than a thousand millions sterling!

Will you be basely unmindful of the gratitude with which you have uniformly been repaid by other nations for the slight assistance which, when their liberties have been assailed and their soil invaded, you have occasionally rendered them at an insignificant expense both of life and money?

Show yourselves, for once, at the invitation of the whole world, which is solicitous for your welfare no less than your honour, capable of going to war for an Idea other than that of getting anything by doing so; indeed just the reverse of it.

Do not grudge the industrious Yankees any number of merchantships which their privateers will capture sailing under your enemy's flag. Follow the example of disinterested, self-sacrificing, enthusiastic generosity which is set you by almost all the other nations around you.

COMPULSORY ABSTINENCE.—The Maine Law is defined by its advocates, "Liberty without Licence."

DEFINITION.—An Elevated Taste may be defined as a Liking for High Venison.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JUNE *27th. Monday.* It is difficult to say what took people in such crowds to make themselves uncomfortable, for hours, in both Houses of Parliament to-day, inasmuch as all the newspapers had told us, at breakfast, that the Government of the QUEEN would not go to war with Germany. But there were great crowds; and the PRINCE OF WALES, with his and our endeared Princess, went to the House of Lords to hear EARL RUSSELL.

Were not *Mr. Punch* writing for Posterity, he would add nothing to the above paragraph. But ages after all the newspapers of Tuesday, the 28th of June, 1864, shall have become scattered and undistinguishable dust, his adamantine tablets will be consulted for the history of England. He therefore respectfully apprises the Ages that on this afternoon VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, Premier of England, *ætatis*—never mind, but he was born in 1784—and EARL RUSSELL, Foreign Secretary, born 1792, delivered two of the most remarkable speeches made by them in the whole course of their prolonged Parliamentary history.

They gave narratives of the progress of the Dano-German quarrel, stated the effect of the Treaty of London of 1852 (that famous Promissory Note to which France, Russia, and England were parties, but which the two former signataries hint that England alone ought to pay, only England doesn't seem to see it in that light), referred to the Federal Execution, and then to the German Burglarious Entry, and to the war in which Denmark made such gallant resistance to the hordes of invaders. Though both Lords were friends of the late TOM MOORE, they missed a fine opportunity of quoting one of his finest passages:—

> "But vain was valour, vain the flower
> Of Denmark in that dreadful hour
> Against the German's whelming power.
> In vain they met him, helm to helm,
> Upon the threshold of the realm
> He came in brutal force to sway,
> And with their corpses blocked his way."

But then Lords have not *Mr. Punch's* fine memory and prompt habit of adaptation. But they proceeded to say that the parties who signed the Treaty of 1852 suggested a Conference; that England had tried, in vain, to obtain a previous armistice, but that suspension of hostilities was arranged by the Council which met in London. Then we were told of the discussions, which it is of the less consequence to describe, seeing that they ended in nothing but the exchange of polite bows, and the assurances of the foreigners that they had enjoyed a delightful visit to the Isle of Fogs. Denmark conceded all Holstein and nearly half Schleswig at the suggestion of England, but refused to retreat behind a certain line, while the Burglars declared that they would have more. Then the KING OF DENMARK said that he would resume the fight for the rest of his possessions. The armistice, prolonged to six weeks, expired, and the slaughter has been resumed.

We all knew all this. Then came the question, was England to go to war for Denmark?

LORD PALMERSTON said that Denmark had been ill used, and that the sympathies of the whole English nation were with her.

But in the very origin of the quarrel she had been wrong, though she had completely set herself right.

She rejected the last demand at the Conference, though her acceptance of it might have led to peace.

France and Russia had refused to draw the sword for her.

Therefore, if England interfered, she would have to encounter the whole force of Germany.

The Government of the QUEEN had not thought it their duty to go to war.

But if Copenhagen were attacked, or the KING OF DENMARK were made a prisoner, their decision might be subject to reconsideration.

Such was the PREMIER'S statement, and EARL RUSSELL'S was like unto it, but he added that we were the more bound to remain neutral now, as the War in America might end, and then we might have, at any time, a rupture with a nation possessing an enormous army and a powerful navy.

To the which speeches provisional replies were made by the leaders of Opposition.

Digitized by Google

LORD DERBY wished the Lords to abstain from any immediate expression of opinion. It would shortly be for Parliament to decide whether Ministers had preserved the honour of England, and whether the Continental difficulty was not the result of their weak and vacillating policy.

MR. DISRAELI had, at the beginning of the Session, condemned the course of Government. Had the Papers been duly produced, the House might have given earlier advice and judgment. He should speedily take the opinion of the Commons on the conduct of Ministers. He described LORD PALMERSTON'S last words as another of his spiritless and senseless menaces, and thought the policy of MESSRS. COBDEN and BRIGHT better and more intelligible than that of the Ministry.

On the next day,

Tuesday, MR. DISRAELI, amid loud Conservative cheers, gave notice that on the following Monday he should move a Vote of Censure.

MR. KINGLAKE (*Eothen*) subsequently gave notice of an Amendment to the effect that the House approves the conduct of Government in abstaining from war.

And now Posterity knows all about it, and is prepared to study the next instalment of the history of the battle. It will be found adequately described in *Mr. Punch's* next number, and the historian has taken off his coat, and is preparing himself by a perusal of NAPIER, THIERS, CARLYLE, and the *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*.

A little fight took place on this Tuesday, when the Ministers were beaten, by 79 to 40, on MR. DOULTON'S motion, that Government ought to provide for the keeping open spaces in and around London. The mouths of MR. PEEL and MR. COWPER presented very open spaces at a proposition so counter to red-tape ideas, but there is a good deal to be said for it. A Select Committee is to consider the subject.

LORD BROUGHAM thinks that as Brazil has dropped the Slave Trade, we may repeal the very severe Aberdeen Act which has made her do so. LORD RUSSELL thinks, with *Mr. Punch*, that we had better wait a little, especially as Brazil and England are not just now on speaking terms.

To-night the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES and *Mr. Punch* went to the Adelphi to see the *Dead Heart*, and all three agreed that MR. WEBSTER'S subtle, elaborated, and vigorous acting was an artistic treat, doubly acceptable now that good acting is growing scarcer and scarcer. If any reader does not see what this fact has to do with Parliament, his intellect must be so feeble that it is not worth while to explain the connection.

Wednesday. MR. HENNESSY had an agreeable opportunity of ascertaining the value which the House of Commons sets upon his wisdom as a legislator. He moved the Second Reading of some Bill for tampering with the Irish Poor Law, and the House threw it out by 201 to 24.

The Bill, on which there has been so much debate, for abolishing the Tests that keep certain Dissenters out of Oxford University, went into Committee, and great contention was expected. But MR. SELWYN and the Conservatives would not touch the measure, and simply announced that they meant to throw it out on the Third Reading as they did.

Then we went into Committee on MR. BASS'S Bill for relieving from the nuisance of Street Organs those who deem them a nuisance. The sensible men had all the argument and all the majorities, but a good deal of flippant folly was emitted in the public-house, servant-maid, and street idler's interest. Allusion being made to the street *Punch*, whose form the Great *Punch* playfully borrowed, and has idealised into a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, SIR JOHN PAKINGTON paid us a handsome but perfectly just compliment, describing Us both as Institutions of the Country. We were still more pleased to find that this experienced and practical nobleman, who, as Chairman of Quarter Sessions, knows the nature of vagabonds and their patrons, supported MR. BASS. So did SIR GEORGE GREY, who said that the Bill was merely an alteration of the existing law which enabled a householder to object to street music if it interfered with his calling. Perhaps the Home Secretary's statement will outweigh all the ridiculous misrepresentations of such people as SIR JOHN SHELLEY and MR. AYRTON, who also made some miserable jokes, better suited to their Westminster and Tower Hamlet mobs than to the House of Commons. By a majority of 201 to 87 the Committee approved the principal feature of the Bill, and its friends triumphed on other divisions, refusing by 175 to 54 to postpone the discussion, which was continued until the time for rising on Wednesdays.

Thursday. Posterity, may we trouble you again for a moment? You will hardly believe that up to this day civilised London had borne to have its carriages and horsemen arrested and robbed by highwaymen, called turnpike keepers; but it was only to-day that LORD RAVENSWORTH, rising in the Lords, reminded the Peers, with jubilation, that Metropolitan Tolls ended that night. Even now, the south bank of the Thames is exposed to the same nuisance, but will hardly bear it long, as MR. BRADFIELD, the exterminator of the North Bank pikemen, is again at work.

LORD CARLISLE, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, was accused by LORD DONOUGHMORE of having been too ready to pardon certain criminals. LORD CARLISLE is a good-natured man, but in the cases mentioned, LORD CHELMSFORD, his political opponent, testified that the pardons were justifiable. LORD LEITRIM called LORD CARLISLE a traitor and other hard names, and got a witheringly contemptuous answer from LORD GRANVILLE.

It is pleasing to see that amid these disputes the Commons are gentlemen who remember what is due to the ladies. SIR GEORGE BOWYER wished the grating between them and the House done away with, but MR. COWPER feared that if this were done they would exercise an undesirable influence over the House. What he meant *Punch* cannot tell. If their presence would encourage Members to speak their best, and to behave gracefully, we should like to see them around the SPEAKER'S table, on which flowers might be placed. MR. HEYGATE, member for Leicester, did still more valuable service to the ladies, by demanding improvement in the ventilation of their gallery, for which polite attention they will owe him theirs when he next speaks, and as he speaks well, the duty will be a pleasure.

Education of Naval Architects, and Education generally helped on the evening. Then on the vote of—pooh, a trifle, £97,182 for the department of Science and Art, we had some fun. MR. GREGORY abused the Kensington Museum, SIR G. BOWYER said it contained a sedan stolen from the DUKE OF TUSCANY, and MR. AYRTON said something which we prefer to give in his own words as reported;—

"Literary productions had lately been patronised at Kensington, and the last of them he had seen. It was called *Mumbo Jumbo; or the Mountains of the Moon on the Gaboon*, which seemed to be the most remarkable compound of nonsense that he had ever seen. Indeed, it was the sheerest nonsense that could be conceived, without wit or humour or any other redeeming quality. He had met with a very respectable gentleman, who held an office in the department, and he was asked whether he would take part in its representation. He was told that he must make his face as black as a coal, for it seemed that the affair was under the patronage of the COLES. (*Laughter.*) The gentleman's feeling was that as he had a wife and family he had no choice, and therefore must make a fool of himself."

Later, in a debate on the Greek Loan, MR. LYGON made a speech. Now this gentleman has more than once been smart on MR. GLADSTONE, who is a dangerous person to be smart upon. To-night, in reply, the CHANCELLOR told MR. LYGON that his mind seemed to have got into that state of confusion in which it generally was at that time of night. Let this mean what it might, it could scarcely be considered as civility *in excelsis*.

Friday. LORD GREY objects to the way we are going on in Japan. So does the EARL OF CARNARVON, whom BISHOP PUNCH was happy to see in the House again. LORD RUSSELL said that all was correct, errors excepted.

In the Commons there was a great scene. The Conservatives thought that the Oxford Tests Bill could not come on for Third Reading until late, as there was Supply, and an Irish Bill promising great strife, so they ordered their men to be down at 12. But business slipped through as if it had been greased, and when the Oxford Bill came on, the Liberals were terribly strong, and the others not. But the Conservatives talked against time, the Liberals not putting up a speaker, and even howling down MR. NEATE, their own man, and at last on division, the numbers were equal, 170 each way. An awful row. The Speaker gave a casting vote for the Bill, and then came the death-question, "That this Bill do pass?" But three more men had arrived, and two were Conservatives, so the Tests were retained by 173 to 171. The House was perfectly frantic, and the shouts of the victors might have been heard at Oxford itself.

The week was brought to a more creditable ending. The Anti Organ Fiend Bill passed through Committee, with an Amendment to the effect that when we give a fiend in charge we can go with him to the station-house. Nothing could give us more pleasure.

NATIONAL DEFENSIVE ECONOMY.

THE taxpayers of England owe much to CAPTAIN PALLISER, of the 18th Hussars, for his invention of chilled shot, iron shot more than equal to steel, made by being cast in a mould of cold iron. CAPTAIN PALLISER'S chilled shot cost only 2*s*. a-piece, whereas steel shot come to at least £1 10*s*. The chilled shot invented by CAPTAIN PALLISER, after having penetrated the side of an iron-clad, fly into pieces, which answer all the purpose of a bursting shell. Now, 30*s*. is a great price to pay for a shot, over and above the powder, and when that sum is fired at the enemies of England there ought to be plenty of them to show for it. It is as much as a whole host of them is worth; and the man who has given us a shot that will kill as many or more for 2*s*., deserves well of his country.

British Influence Abroad.

THE KING OF DAHOMEY continues to celebrate his Grand Customs, which consist in the sacrifice of human victims, and yet England declines to engage in war for the sake of putting a stop to those atrocities. All the Continental journals agree in the declaration that we are fast losing our influence in Africa.

Digitized by Google

REFINEMENT AND REFORM.

To the Editor of Punch.



ONCURED SIR,—Allow me to tender the Working Men, of whose number I am one, a piece of advice, the adoption of which may procure them admission within the pale of the Constitution from which we are now excluded. I wish to recommend the disuse of that strong language in which they are too generally prone to indulge. I am afraid that you seldom pass near a group of the industrious classes, collected, during idle hours, at the corner of a street or beside the door of a public-house, but your ears are assailed by certain repulsive expressions proceeding from the mouths of one or more of the party. The number of these expressions is extremely limited. They comprise, I think, about three substantives, an adjective, a participle, and two verbs. These parts of speech are employed as terms either of vituperation or that species of banter which amongst the viler portion of ourselves, and their aristocratic imitators, is called "chaff."

Now, if a man is either, as they say, "chaffed," or "slanged," he is apt to look like a fool unless he pays back his adversary in his own coin. I wish to suggest something better than this. Suppose he pays his adversary off in higher coin. A very few perfectly unobjectionable phrases will enable him to effect that repayment in the superior currency with interest. There are some two or three, which, with the aid of a little self-possession, will always supply a retort more than equal to the occasion.

I would say, then, to my fellow working man, "when anybody calls you a dreadful substantive, or applies a horrid adjective to you, how much better than a recourse to the usual *Tu quoque* it would be to answer "*For Shame!*" or "Oh, fie!" Or, instead of returning a coarse invitation by another still coarser, to say, "Excuse me," or "No, I thank you," or "Don't be rude." You thus either shut your opponent up, and put him down, or you exasperate him, and he gets into a rage, and loses his head, and exposes himself to derision. When your companion states what is not true, you may just as well say, "Oh, what a story!" as "You're a liar," qualifying the offensive noun with an odious epithet. And then, as to suiting the word to the action. Instead of using the contemptuous gesture that commonly accompanies a rough repartee; instead of applying the thumb to the end of the nose and extending the fingers, illustrate your deprecatory ejaculation or remonstrance merely with an uplifted forefinger, and a gentle nod. This gesture will highly enhance the effect of such a mild reproof as "Naughty!" addressed to a brutal and stupid man, and will give a stinging poignancy to the simple exclamation "Oh!"

If, Sir, some of the more influential individuals of our class would make a point of practising the advice which I thus proffer, they would soon bring strong language into ridicule, and render its use as infrequent among working men as it is amongst the wealthier classes. This little reform of their conversation would, I am sure, do much to remove a prejudice not altogether groundless, which causes some fastidious persons to oppose the extension to them of the political rights enjoyed by the euphemistic orders.

Too true is the remark of JUVENAL that—

> "Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
> Quàm quòd ridiculos homines facit;"

and the imperfect education of indigence may cause too many of us, as *Jack Bragg* says, to exasperate our *h*'s unduly and so provoke ridicule; but there is no reason why any of us should make use of language which is improper as well as incorrect, and affords the oligarchy an excuse for denying, on the ground of our alleged brutality, political justice to the mates of

Yours respectfully,

Chesterfield's Rents, July, 1864. W. PUTTY.

CONFIDENCE AND NO CONFIDENCE.

QUOTH sturdy JOHN BULL to artful BEN DIZZY,
"Resolutions are all very well;
But this one of yours, BEN, is not worth a tizzy,
And—if with your whip you're not just now too busy
To listen—the reason I'll tell.

"I'm as sulky as ever I was with JOHN BRIGHT:
No bear with a head ne'er so sore
E'er felt uglier than I, who must see right by might
Borne down, over-matched, yet be told I can't fight,
But give prayers and goodwill, and no more!

"It may be that fighting is out of the question:
They say so who best should know why;
But I ne'er found soft counsel so hard of digestion,
Ne'er doubted so sore of the two which I'd best shun,—
War-taxes or peace-humble-pie.

"We've meddled, I know, where I wish that we hadn't:
Barked, when barking had no bite to follow;
Gulped the blackest of facts, after showing the bad on't;
By masterful wrong, (I could almost go mad on't),
Been forced our own brave words to swallow.

"Had you or your friends done aught bluster for baulking,
Or shown foresight to see how things tended;
Had you cried out, 'hold hard' to all bounce and big-talking,
Or shown us the snares in the way we were walking,
And the quagmire in which the road ended,

"We might *now* be grateful, (although we then snubbed you),
And own you'd been proved in the right:
Our helmsmen we might have with gratitude dubbed you,
(Though clear of some dirt we had first to have scrubbed you),
And have asked you to better our plight.

"But what is your claim? Where's the counsel you've given us?
What your policy shaped, or foreshown?
If on sands and on shoals our old pilots have driven us,
For all *you* did, the waves to a wreck might have riven us,
You but skulked, till the storm was o'erblown.

"And then from your bunks you come cannily creeping,
With a '*There! We* are right now, you see:
Don't you think you had best give the helm to our keeping?
It 's true we kept dark, but don't think we were sleeping:
We were all wide awake as could be.'

"'Tis not for such service JOHN BULL shifts his pilot:
He *may* be but feebly served now;
But in *your* hands—although he admits you're a sly lot—
In each sea he'd fear breakers, a reef in each islet,
Brag steering and Sham at the prow!"

How to Save the Country.

LET the House of Commons make it a standing order that no Bill whatever for the enclosure of waste lands be from this time forth entertained at all.

MOTTO FOR SEMMES'S PRESENTATION SWORD.

A FITTING gift to one whose merit lay
In being always prompt to Cut Away.

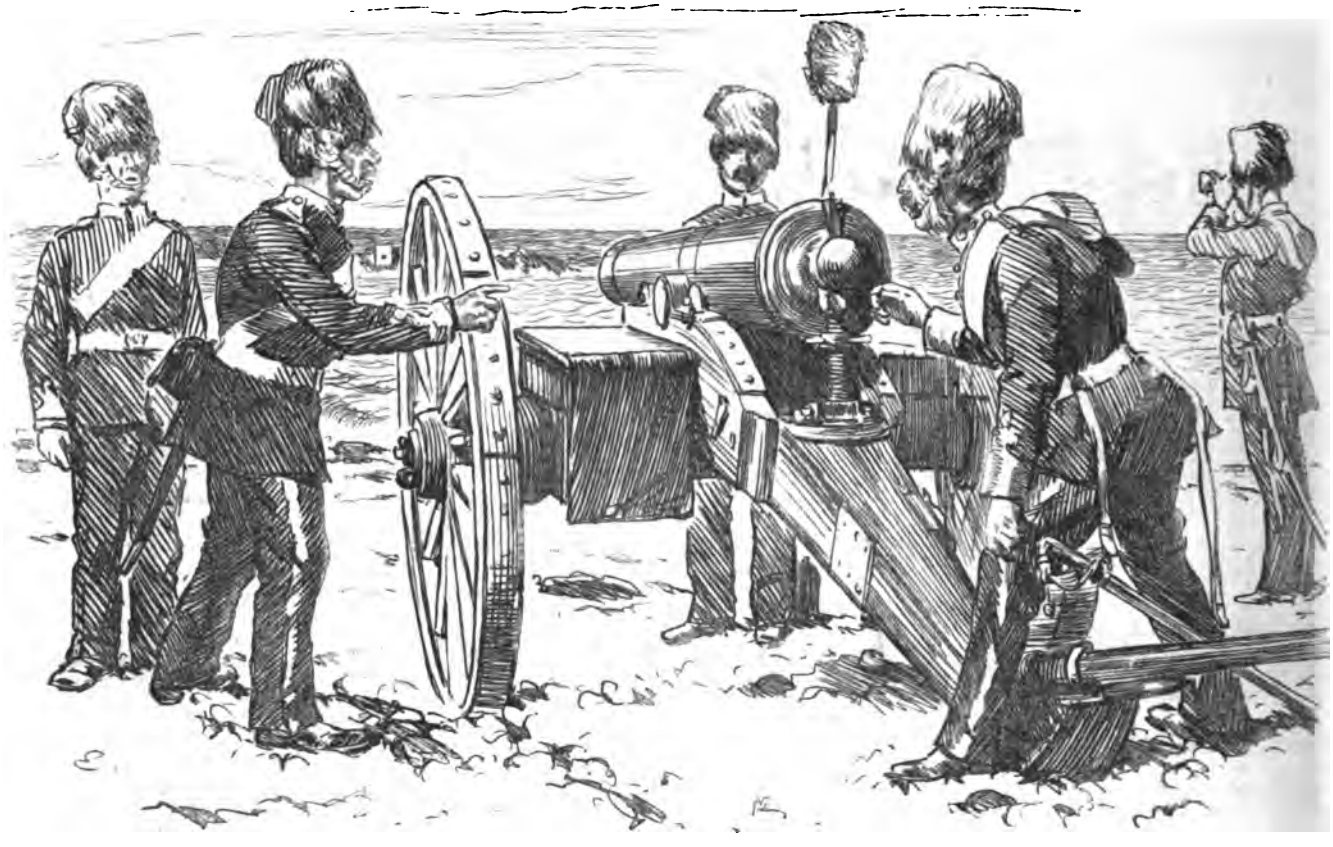
PHILOSOPHICAL.

SINGULAR EFFECT OF ARTIFICIAL LIGHT UPON TYPOGRAPHY.—The Academy Catalogue is One Shilling by daylight, Sixpence by gaslight.

ORNITHOLOGY.—The noisy Rooks in a Rookery never permit a Solo, but are perpetually joining in a Caw-rus.

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.—In Latin it is curious that *Te* represents *U*.

Digitized by Google



THE EAST CHALKSHIRE ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS AT GUN PRACTICE.

No. 3 (*Menacingly to his Officer, who is finding fault with the aim*). "YE MUNNA TOOCH T' GUN, MON; A 'VE GOT A BET ON 'T!!"

WHO ARE THE SNEAKS?

MR. PUNCH,

WHO, after all, are they who have deserted and betrayed Denmark, invaded and ravaged by Teutonic scoundreldom under the "hegemony" of Prussia? "Her Majesty's Government," shouts Her Majesty's Opposition. "Perfidious Albion!" howl malignant foreigners. "We certainly have lowered ourselves in the eyes of Europe," cackle and hiss, with gregarious imbecility, English geese. I beg the goose's pardon; 'tis a silly bird, but defiles not its own nest.

Certainly, Sir, it is undeniable that Her Majesty's Government, having in vain attempted to restore peace by moral suasion, declines to attempt that object by physical force, which England would have to put forth by herself, pitching into Teutonic scoundreldom unaided by any other of the neutral powers, pitching, alone amongst them all, into a scoundreldom of seventy millions. France will not help. Russia will not help. Not to fight for Denmark against overwhelming odds may be very pusillanimous; but is the pusillanimity of the British Cabinet greater than that of the French and Russian Imperial Governments, and is Albion more perfidious than Russia and France? England has offered to fight if they would. They won't. If LORD PALMERSTON is a sneak and a humbug, is not LOUIS NAPOLEON something worse than another?

"Oh! but LORD PALMERSTON some time ago gave breath to the menace that if Prussia and Austria did to Denmark that which they have done, 'Denmark would not stand alone.'" Well, what then? I suppose he said what he thought and expected. He gave France and Russia credit for the same honest intention to enforce right as that of England. France and Russia have failed him. Really, *Mr. Punch*, if there is any perfidy or poltroonery in this matter, I can see none that is chargeable on Albion especially, or that lies in particular at the door of Cambridge House. Greenness, not perfidy, seems to me to have been the fault of Ministers. They were so verdant as to believe that France and Russia would unite with England in going to war for an idea simply moral.

The patriot DISRAELI asks the House of Commons to declare that the course pursued by Her Majesty's Government in regard to the Danish question, "has lowered the just influence of this country in the councils of Europe." Why didn't he likewise invite it to affirm that the line taken in the same business by the councils of Europe has lowered the just influence which they ought to have in each other? How many words have been wasted on DIZZY's motion, when it would have received an amply sufficient answer in one of two syllables, "Humbug!" This would have been the sole reply vouchsafed to it by an assembly less studious of eloquence than brevity, consulting which, I rest, calling myself your

NIBS.

SOFT WORDS AND POLITICAL PARSNIPS.

"The Neighbour softens, but the Satirist is resolved."—*The Critic.*

PUNCH is placable, even to extremes. And if anything could melt him into forgetfulness of his duty to society, it would be the appearance of this paragraph in the *Standard*:—

"Our facetious contemporary and neighbour in Fleet Street has his occasional poke at us, and we endeavour to return it, though at the odds at which a grave journal encounters an accomplished wit. But we believe our old friend *Punch's* heart to be in the right place, and, Conservatives as we are, we heartily applaud the true English feeling which he manifests on all occasions when the nation's heart is stirred. Nothing can be fairer than the way in which the Liberal satirist has treated the Danish question or the conduct of the Opposition, and his mordant cartoons express, if not very gently, certainly with complete truth, the feelings of the country. He shall now see that the Conservatives are, as he says, going to do 'summut,' and, to borrow his own style, we may add that he will soon see Conservative statesmen at the 'summit' of popularity."

We are not in the habit of making quite such startling epigrams as that with which the above paragraph concludes, but we may say that we naturally and cordially agree in the sentiment which it contains. Nevertheless, *Punch* must be permitted to believe that LORD DERBY will not be Prime Minister next week, and "we may add" that we shall feel it our duty to keep him out of office for the present, the *Standard's* blandishments notwithstanding.

STUDY FOR CLERGYMEN DURING JUNE AND JULY.—*St. Thomas's Summa Theologia.*

Digitized by Google



THE PROMISSORY NOTE.

MR. JOHN BULL (DENMARK HAVING PRESENTED THE NOTE FOR PAYMENT). "NOW, THEN, MR. KNOUTEM AND MOUNSEER FROGGY, WHAT ARE YOU SKULKING OFF FOR? YOUR NAMES ARE TO THE NOTE AS WELL AS MINE, AND YOU 'RE AS MUCH BOUND TO PAY YOUR SHARE AS I AM."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PUNCH'S TABLES OF PRECEDENCE.

THE changes in society having rendered the old Tables of Precedence, to be found in the Peerages, &c., obsolete, *Punch*, Garter King at Arms, has been commanded to prepare new Tables, to meet the wants of the age. He subjoins them, and they are to be suspended in every respectable house in his dominions and those of Her Majesty.

PRECEDENCE AMONG MEN.

1. The Prince of Wales.
2. The Baby.
3. Mr. Punch.
4. Contributors to Mr. Punch.
5. Rest of the Royal Family.
6. The wise Bishop of London, Dr. Tait.
7. Sir Rowland Hill, D.C.L.
8. Sir Joseph Paxton.
9. Sir Edwin Landseer, when the lions shall be done.
10. Artists. Those who smoke pipes to walk behind, not as a mark of inferiority, but because Cavendish is rather strong to be blown in the face of the others.
11. The Medical Profession: but no advertisers, quacks, or other scum.
12. Very Broad Church Parsons, and Muscular ones, headed by the author of the *Water-Babies*.
13. Readers of Mr. Punch from his beginning.
14. Readers of Mr. Punch for the last fifteen years.
15. Other readers of Mr. Punch.
16. Archbishops, Bishops, Dukes, and the rest of the Peerage, any how they can settle it among them, but Viscount Williams to be in a good place.
17. "Literary men possess a station in society, although the law takes no cognisance of their rank *inter se*," (*Dod's Peerage, page* 50) so they will come at the head of all the other professions, but must not quarrel *inter se*.
18. The Judges, Sir Plaisted Wilde in a good place.
19. The Beaks, according to Mr. Punch's certificates of merit.
20. Naval Officers.
21. Military dittoes who can both fight and spell.
22. Owners of Winners of the Derby.
23. Members of Clubs, having paid subscriptions, and owing nothing to the waiters.
24. Members of Parliament who have never spoken.
25. Volunteers who attend drill, keep clean, and never make rows.
26. Admiral Fitzroy, while Clerk of the Weather.
27. Mr. Paul Bedford and his new Book, *Recollections and Wanderings*.
28. Anybody who sells a good cigar.
29. Conscientious Barristers.
30. Honest Solicitors.
31. Elegant Articled Clerks.
32. Inelegant Articled Clerks.
33. Actors who never say kyind or umble.
34. Singers who pronounce their words articulately.
35. Mr. Banting.
36. Tailors who never send in bills.
37. Other tradesmen who have never got a large amount to be made up by next Tuesday.
38. Newspaper boys.
39. Preachers, of all arms, who never exceed five and twenty minutes.
40. Persons who have never written poems.
41. Persons who have written poems and burned them.
42. Persons who never read poems, except those in Punch.
43. The Bishop of Bond Street.
44. The Editor of the Catalogue of the Royal Academy.
45. The Hanging Committee.
46. Persons who eat Periwinkles with Pins.
47. Persons who crack Periwinkles in Doors.
48. Big Porter at Northumberland House.
49. Mr. Paddy Green.
50. The Public in white waistcoats.
51. The Public in any other kinds of waistcoats.
52. The Public without waistcoats at all, or coats either.
53. Mr. Thwaites, when the Sewerage shall be finished, and as he will then be 97 at least, he may ride in a Perambulator.
54. Sir John Shelley, if arm-in-arm with an Italian Organ-man.
55. Sir John Trelawny, if with an Organ-man on one arm and a conscientious Dissenter on the other.
56. Mr. Ayrton, if riding on a donkey, typical of his constituency, and playing an organ.
57. Extinguished Tollmen.
58. The Volunteer who shot the Dog.
59. The Bargee who eat the Pie under Marlow Bridge.
60. Everybody else.

PRECEDENCE AMONG WOMEN.

1. The Queen.
2. The Princess of Wales.
3. The Princesses.
4. Miss Florence Nightingale.
5. The Honourable Mrs. Punch.
6. The Misses Punch.
7. Wives of Contributors to Mr. Punch.
8. Daughters of Contributors to Mr. Punch.
9. Their Godmothers.
10. Nieces of Contributors to Mr. Punch.
11. Their Godmothers.
12. Ladies who love Mr. Punch.
13. Authoresses who do not write Sensation Novels.
14. Lady Artists, including amateurs who draw caricatures of their friends, which they show about in confidence.
15. Madame Grisi.
16. Ladies who would not wear crinoline if they were not obliged *to*.
17. Ladies who never hurry millinors.
18. Married ladies who listen to their husbands' jokes, and laugh as affably as if listening to a stranger.
19. Ladies who are generally laughing.
20. Ladies who can speak French, and therefore never do when English will do as well.
21. Ladies who understand cookery.
22. Ladies who understand politics.
23. Ladies who understand themselves.
24. Engaged young ladies who can talk to other people besides their young men.
25. Ladies who know the difference between Federals and Confederates.
26. Ladies who encourage smoking in the parlour and the library.
27. Ladies who discourage all sorts of snobs, high and low, rich and poor.
28. Ladies who hold up their dresses from the pavement.
29. Ladies who sing when asked, and never otherwise.
30. Ladies who do not ask for autographs or photographs, except those of Mr. Punch and his Contributors.
31. Ladies who like Gounod and Verdi without disliking Handel and Mozart.
32. Ladies certified by Mr. Punch, or any of his contributors, as pleasant neighbours at dinner.
33. Ladies who delight in reading Mr. Thomas Carlyle.
34. Ladies who flirt with Mr. Punch and his Contributors, and with nobody else.
35. Ladies who look well in anything, and therefore can afford to be economical in dress.
36. Ladies who don't, and therefore can't, and for whose extravagance the charitable make allowance.
37. Ladies who have held stalls at fancy fairs, but have not been vulgar in that vocation.
38. Ladies who, having pretty feet, play well at Croquêt.
39. Ladies who know the way to their own kitchens.
40. Ladies who like Beer, and say so.
41. Ladies who know the Postal Initials.
42. Ladies who invariably denounce the Income-Tax.
43. Ladies who never cheat at cards.
44. Ladies who never ask riddles of which they pretend not to know the answers.
45. Ladies who are always ready to come away from the theatre when their masculine protectors are bored.
46. Ladies with blue eyes,
47. Ladies with violet eyes.
48. Ladies with grey eyes.
49. Ladies with hazel eyes.
50. Ladies with black eyes.
51. Ladies with green eyes.
52. Ladies with red eyes, but only after seeing *Lear*.
53. Ladies with any eyes at all.
54. Good plain Female Cooks.
55. The Electric Clerks.
56. The Ballet.
57. Nice Girls at Pastrycooks' Shops.
58. Ladies' Maids, pretty.
59. The Temple Laundresses.
60. Remainder of the Sex.

Digitized by Google



CADGING EXTRAORDINARY—A FACT.

Enter ART-CRITIC.

Art-Critic. "Haw! I write the Art Critiques for several of the most influential Journals and Magazines. Have you any Pictures you could show me that you would like noticed? I've observed, my dear fellow, you've not been done justice to by the Press. Ah! that is a most charming thing you have on the easel there. That head is deliciously—[*&c., &c, usque ad nauseam*]. Hem! I've been writing a Work on *Metaphysics and the Heathen Mythology*. Let me have the pleasure of adding your Name to my List of Subscribers. Cost very trifling, and I'll write you a stunning Notice in the *Flunkey's Chronicle*. I know you Artis's like a puff! [*The Listener's blood curdles.*] 'One good turn deserves another, you know.' Twig? [*Winks.*] Them as use me well, I use them well."

[*Having heard enough, our Artist, with a withering smile, shows this learned Author the door.*

A TRIFLE TOO SMART.

THE *Smart Snob's Organ* is grinding frantically for the benefit of the other organs for whose utterances pennies are also pitched into the street by people who like coarse amusement. While we recognise the sacred sympathies of such brotherhood, we must protest against downright falsehood. The "tops of the Busses" like a grin as preparation for the day's work, and we allow that the *Smart Snob* supplies grin, and occasional gush, in a very honest manner. And one would not be hard upon claptrap necessary in the way of trade in these days of pushing and bawling. But as it is simply false, and not at all funny, to say that MR. BASS's Bill for the protection of the sick and the dying, (to say nothing of classes with whom Snobs have little in common) from the cruelties of the organ-fiends, is a measure for depriving the poor of music, we may hint that such writing tends to excite a contempt which we are far from feeling, as a general rule, for any one who strives to please the harmless tastes of his customers. The Bill is calculated to give the poor ten times as much music as they get at present, for it is meant to drive the organs from quarters where they are not wanted. The organ-owners now derive their chief income from hush-money, we wish them to receive it as payment for welcome service. If the profits of the miscreants who import the unhappy Italians, treat them brutally, and mainly live upon the black-mail they extort, be lessened by a police measure, we do not see in this prospect any case for the lamentations of a respectable journalist. As to sneers at the alleged feelings of the late MR. THACKERAY, or at those of MR. CARLYLE, MR. CHARLES DICKENS, MR. BABBAGE, and the musical artists of London, such things are matters of taste, and the tops of the Busses are not, perhaps, very appreciative of true art or science. But tell the truth, even to smart Snobs.

IN MEMORIAM.

(*Additional Poems for the next edition; dedicated to* MR. BASS, M.P., *by a grateful Laureate.*)*

I.—BEFORE BASS.

RISEST thou thus, dim morn, again,
Upon the dull and dreary street,
Where, 'ere in Farringford's retreat
I sought oblivion of my pain,

I groaned and fretted painful years,
Stretched on the barrel-organ's rack,
Though sleeping in a first-floor-back,
And wearing cotton in my ears?

Not less street-music, hour on hour,
Would pierce the brain with iterate chime;
Till organ-thunder, murdering rhyme,
Turned milk of human-kindness sour.

And when the organ, from my door,
By dole unblest was bribed away,
The kilted bag-piper's strathspey,
Made misery keener than before.

And when the piper's wind gave out,
Upon the blast by crashes borne
Came ophicleide, bassoon, French horn,
In linked discord changed about.

Morn passed—dull day to dark declined:
Gas, London's better sun, gave light:
Those sounds still hideous made the night;
Till life seemed one perpetual grind.

I said: This town befits not bard:
For staying here I can but die,
Unuttered all my fantasy,
With tuneless tunes my music marred!

I said: I will seek out some place
Where no street-music is allowed;
Where to the ass-ears of the crowd,
None bids the finer brain give space.

II.—AFTER BASS.

I left fair Farringford's retreat:
I said, I will reseek the town;
Though green in Park and Square be brown;
And dust and clamour choke the street.

Again as in the years gone by,
I sleep within my first-floor-back;
Nor cotton for my ears I lack,
Though all unused 'tis left to lie.

The sun still wears his cap of cloud,
As did the sun I used to know;
I hear the cry of "milk below,"
And "water-creases" clamouring loud.

The sea of wheels still roars and rolls;
The pavement still is vexed of feet;
Yet a strange peace broods o'er the street,
And all unchafed we poet-souls

May shoot our swallow-flights of song,
Nor struggle with the organ's blare:
And nigger-melodists forbear,
And German bands, resolved in wrong.

Like a caged thrush, that yet doth fill
The hours with music as they pass,
I sing my gratitude to BASS,
And them that voted for his Bill!

III.—SELF-QUESTION.

And have I done sweet music wrong,
That deem the organ-man accurst,
And for their praise in song have burst
Who drained his barrel of its song?

* "It was well known that the Poet Laureate had been driven out of London by the street music."—MR. BASS, *in debate on Street Music Bill.*

Digitized by Google

A poet I, an organ he;
Is this our quarrel and no more?
I drive a rival from the door;
Two of a trade can ne'er agree.

Or am I hard, as AYRTON holds,
Denying prisoned area-belles
The only joy that gloom dispels
Of days sore vexed with toils and scolds?

Ah!—no: 'tis that I love too well
The music that those organs slay;
'Tis that my glances too oft will stray,
Pleased with some blooming area-belle,

Unwilling that her eyes should err,
From the policeman drawn aside,
Or Grenadier, his country's pride,
To that black whiskered foreigner

Who grins and grinds, and grinds and grins,
And in the area's smile elate
Defies the first-floor's rage and hate,
And, if I seize him, kicks my shins!

TWELVE THOUGHTS

FOR THOSE TEMPTED TO TRAVEL.



RIVERS Railway people, with an artfulness which cannot be too much condemned, are now exciting families, especially the ladies, with ideas of travelling during the recess. Tempting little pamphlets, describing routes, and offering Return Tickets, the price put in shillings to look smaller, are being sent into houses, with disturbing results. To counteract this agency, *Mr. Punch* begs to submit to the heads of families a few considerations which Paterfamilias will do well to urge upon those who wish him to yield to Railway blandishment.

Why it is so much better to Stop in Town.

You can see after the cleaning of your house, dusting your books, and so on, and you will have such nice leisure for doing those large windows with the clever imitation of coloured glass.

You can walk so comfortably in the Parks and Kensington Gardens, and have your choice of chairs, as there will be no disagreeable crowd, and no dust from carriages.

You can have orders, or even boxes, for any theatres that may be open, as the managers will be only too glad to see you.

You can study geography, and improve yourself so much, by engaging all your travelling friends to write to you to tell you what they are seeing, and you can follow them—on the map.

You can promenade Regent Street so agreeably, and if there is not much in the shop windows at that season, so much the better, as you will not be tempted to purchase what you don't want.

You will feel so much more comfortable, watching over your own premises, instead of leaving them to servants who will have in followers, and perhaps set the house on fire.

You can have your children home from school for the Michaelmas holidays, and even an extra week, during which you can examine them carefully as to their progress, and take them to the British Museum, and that of Practical Geology, also to the Thames Tunnel.

You can walk with your male relatives into parts of London which you have never seen, as Whitechapel, Ratcliffe Highway, and Bow, and you will gain quite new ideas of the enormous size of our noble Metropolis.

You will avoid those long, cold, dull evenings in the country, and especially by the sea-side, when you are tired out, can't get a new book, and are ashamed to have a fire, and you can spend them in the comfort of your own house.

You can fetch up such a deal of reading which you have never had time to manage during the Season, and besides, can resolutely set yourself to ALISON, HALLAM, HUME and SMOLLETT, and other really instructive writers.

You can see a great deal of your poor and unpresentable relations, and ask them to tea, hear all their quarrels and grievances, and advise them as to the bringing up their children, and otherwise discharge the duties of consanguinity.

And you cannot think how much more you will enjoy a country holiday in 1865 if you omit taking one in 1864, besides that when your friends return to town you will have so much more leisure to listen to all their narratives of travel, having none to bore them with in return. So

Don't Go Out of Town this Autumn.

CROQUET.

IV.

THE turf whereon the Croquêt players meet,
Should be by scythe and roller kept so neat,
That not e'en "fairy troops which nimbly play,
And by the springs dance out the summer day,"
(In which quotation I do scent a pun
Where BROWN of Devon, sure, intended none.)
Could for their Almack's wish a better floor.
Give as its length, one hundred feet, no more,
And sixty-five for width: this will be found
A general scale for every Croquêt ground.
How through the spaces 'twixt the trees, that keep
The garden border-land, at every peep,
A varying landscape may our praise excite;
How, so to fix th' artistic line of sight
That, true perspective's rules thus well applied,
The eye may catch new wonders on each side,
Until enchanted by this magic scene,
We own a Chatsworth in a bowling green;
How such harmonious colours to collect,
As may but aid the general effect,
How a fit spot, from shadows free to flash,
Patent to Sun, impervious to the Wind,
How to make boundless seem contracted space
In what ethereal term 'twere best to place
The point where vanishes each airy line,
Be that Thy task, SIR JOSEPH, 'tisn't mine.

V.

A nervous arm, cool head, and steady aim,
These the essentials of the Croquêt game.
The *corpus sanum* and *mens sana* too
Are both required. Yet, 'twixt me and you,
As to *mens sana*—why, there was a match
At Croquêt, t'other day, at Colney Hatch;
But this, whatever Croquêt's foes may say,
Proves naught: the hatchers did but play at play.
Behold young Rackety whose very first
Cry in the morning's "Let me quench my thirst!"
He'll doze while healthy gamesters seek the field,
His shaking hand the mallet could not wield;
Up on the sofa stretched he takes his nap,
While the light novel tumbles from his lap,
Thus to beguile the Summer hours he tries,
A burden to himself, a sport for flies!
For this poor wretch with enervated arms,
Our manly Croquêt hath no sort of charms:
If I've digressed you will admit I've shown
How high is our sweet pastime's moral tone.

VI.

When my capricious Muse to details stoops,
She'll tell us of the mallets, balls, and hoops,
The pegs, the colours and the marking clips:
Hearken! once more she's opening her lips.
Sing, sing my Muse! she won't—this is distressing,
The lady *does* require so much pressing.
"Here's the piano, now we hope you'll sing;
Choose for yourself; oh, any little thing!"
She smiles, and shakes her head—"Oh! if she might
Be held excused but merely for this night,
She'd take it as a favour." What we can't
Refuse, 'tis our best policy to grant;
And therefore, Miss, you're free. But our esteem
You'll lose, save you next week resume your theme.

Digitized by Google



MRS. BROWN AT THE ACADEMY.

"WELL, IN ALL MY BORN DAYS, I NEVER SEE SUCH A MANY PICTERS; AND LOR! THE GOLD FRAMES WAS BEAUTIFUL—BUT I GOT THAT SQUEEGED I DID, AND THE PLACE WERE THAT STUFFY," &c., &c.

A DOMESTIC RECIPE.

MR. PUNCH has seen a new periodical called the *Bystander*. At present it is rather slow, and he would advise it, as policemen usually advise bystanders, to move on. But, as GEORGE HERBERT says, no one should disdain to pick out treasures from an earthen pot; and here is a treasure of a recipe from the new work:—

"HOW TO DEAL WITH A CROSS PERSON.—We know of no better rule than to keep one's temper under provocation; but this we know is a very difficult thing. Perfect silence is the only way some people can keep their tempers, and that to a cross person is often but adding fuel to the flame. *A little unexpected act of attention*, or kindness at such a time, will sometimes surprise your opponent into good humour in spite of himself, and start repentant tears from his eyes. Happy he who can do this."

Well, yes, for to do it properly, he must have a decent account at his bankers. We would, in the first place, clear away any idea of crossness between masculines, because if a fellow shows us the slightest sign of temper, we simply pitch the nearest thing at his head, call him a name, which is scarcely one of compliment, and walk out of the room. Nor have we anything to do with the way in which a lady should vanquish a cross man—the ladies know their own business. But we have tried the above recipe in the case of a cross woman, and with extraordinary success. At the moment when the frown was angriest, the pout the prominentest, and the foot the shakiest, we suddenly clasped a bracelet on one arm, and put a box (grand tier) for *Faust* into the hand belonging to the other. We are almost ashamed to say what was the result. But it comes expensive, though, and we agree with the *Bystander*, happy he who can do this.

Important to Spanish Bondholders.

IN the Money Article of the *Times* it is thus written:—

"The financial position of Spain is beginning to give rise to serious conjectures."

Those who are interested in Spanish solvency will be reassured by this announcement of authority, which on all commercial and pecuniary matters is acknowledged to be infallible. They will take heart from the assurance that the financial position of Spain is at last beginning to give rise to conjectures of a serious nature. It is so long since Spanish finance was looked upon as anything but a joke!

DEFINITION.—*Stern Duty.*—The Post of Helmsman.

RAILWAY JOKING.

DEAR PUNCH,

WHAT funny fellows are these Railway directors—the Great Western ones especially! Such a famous practical joke they play on poor excursionists, and on Sunday mornings too, which makes the thing still funnier. You see a notice issued, that weekly on that day an Excursion train will start for Windsor, Maidenhead and Henley at nine o'clock, A.M., and half-a-crown or so a seat. So you cut yourself in shaving, in your hurry to be ready, (for early rising on a Sunday is not a sane man's usual rule), and, having scampered to the station, you see a finger-notice pointing "☞ *To the Excursion Train;*" but if you do as I did, you find the gate to which the finger points is locked, and nobody is there to tell you where to find the train. Then, if you do as I did, you go to the first ticket-clerk you happen to discover, and ask for a cheap ticket to the place you want to go to. He says, at least to me he said, "There's no cheap tickets there," and, if you do as I did, you'll be fool enough to credit him, and pay him the full fare. You will afterwards discover that cheap tickets *were* issued, although not at the ticket-hole applied to the first-class, which chanced to be the one at which you happened to present yourself. Of course the clerk might have informed you, without much loss of breath, that though *he* gave no cheap tickets, another fellow did; but then, you see, the joke of the directors would be spoiled, and the joke is just to tempt poor devils like me to cheap trains, and then make us pay pretty dearly for a seat in them. In the hope that I may see a director reading this, and ask him how he likes it, I subscribe myself,

Yours truthfully, ONE OF THE DONE.

P.S. Perhaps you'll say it served me right for travelling on a Sunday. Well, I won't do so again—at least not on the Great Western.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

MR. PUNCH in his society is constantly, of course, a hearer of good things; but the two best things that he has heard for many a long day are the charming voice of PATTI in the Opera of *Faust*, and the noble voice of TITIENS in the Opera of *Fidelio*. Of PATTI, *Mr. Punch* need only say her *Margherita* is a pearl (as the name is said to indicate), which shines brightly in the brilliant setting MR. GYE has given to it. *Mr. Punch* has seen and heard half-a-dozen *Margheritas*, and hopes to live to hear and see at least six dozen of them more; but though each of them may have some special claims to praise, he scarcely expects one of them will please him on the whole so well as ADELINA PATTI.

With regard to *Leonora*, such singing and such acting make *Punch* young again to witness; for while doing so, a score of years fall off from his shoulders, and he fancies himself hearing the best singers of old days before voices were worn threadbare by the fury of a VERDI and the blaring of a band. The noble music of BEETHOVEN "rendered" (as the slang goes) by the noble voice of TITIENS, is one of those good things that one can never have too much of; and as the PRINCE OF WALES has shown his taste for music by "specially desiring" this for one last final extra night, *Mr. Punch* will, in the name of his million and one readers, also specially desire it for at least a score of positively final last nights more.

TOWN IMPROVEMENT.—There is, we hear, a winter garden to be opened at Somer's Town.

PLEASANT MEM FOR A WET DAY.—There's never a Cab within hail.

Digitized by Google

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, July 9, 1864.



Park Keeper. "DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S AGIN THE HACT O' PARLIAMENT A FISHIN'?"
Prisoner. "PLEASE, S', AIN'T BEEN A FISHIN', S'."
Park Keeper. "BUT YOU 'VE BEEN A HAIDIN' AND ABETTIN'."
Prisoner. "OH NO, S'; 'PO' M' WORD, S', AIN'T BEEN A BETTIN', S'; AIN'T GOT NO MONEY, S'!"

MAXIMS FOR THE MEAN.

WHY not use that dirty envelope? Your correspondent is bound to think it was soiled by the postman.

You can turn your linen-collars, and so save in the washing bill. But they fray sooner, from the harder rubbing required.

Try to get your host to talk you down to the door. You cannot tip his servants under his eye.

A cigar-case with a complex fastening, over which you bungle and growl, will often draw a cigar from a friend who wants you to light up and come on.

You can hardly be such a fool as to have smaller change than a half sovereign about you when you have offered to share the cab that is going to set you down.

Tip the boxkeeper a shilling, and a liberal friend will probably stand ices for the party and sherry and seltzer for you—a good bargain.

Wait, and be last, in leaving a railway carriage. It is safest, and you can then take the abandoned newspapers, and *may* get an umbrella.

Always recognise, and ostentatiously assist one disreputable member of your family. He will be your excuse for never giving a single shilling to any other relation. He has half ruined you, &c.

Latest American Telegrams.

(Condensed and Translated.)

GRANT reduced to grunt.
SHERIDAN'S Rivals successful.
HUNTER hunted.
HARKER toasted.
MACPHERSON not an Ossy 'un; his cavalry cut up.
THOMAS'S men rendered fit for Guy's.
PILLOW on SHERMAN'S rear.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

The Week, July 4—9. We hope that the Conservatives are now happy in their minds. They have been incessantly informing us, for the last two or three years, that the House of Commons, representing the country, desired nothing so much as to turn LORD PALMERSTON'S Cabinet out of office. They have won several isolated elections, and had convinced themselves that these little victories had filed and smoothed down the little majority possessed by the Government. We have for a long time been assured that MR. DISRAELI had but to go in and win.

Mr. Punch, who is a tremendous Conservative, but also a being of extraordinary wisdom, has always replied to these statements by begging his friends not to dwell in a fool's Paradise. He has assured them that the House and the country wished for LORD PALMERSTON'S continuance in office, and that the Tories, who make an excellent Opposition—for the ideal of opposition is a reasonable obstructiveness—are not at present wanted at the head of the State. For this advice and assurance, which he has always tendered in the most delicate and respectful manner, he has been horribly abused by Conservative organs, some of which have accused him of being bribed by LORD PALMERSTON, as if *Punch* was not much more able and likely to bribe PAM than to be bribed by him. He has been assailed in the style of the defunct scandalous journals that did not spare the names of the ladies of an antagonist's family. And all for telling the silly, hungry rank and file of the Conservatives what their leaders knew quite well, and dared not tell, namely, that they could not turn out LORD PALMERSTON.

Now the attempt has been made, and under the most favourable circumstances. They could not have expected so capital a chance. The sweet face and the popularity of the PRINCESS OF WALES, a weak and gallant nation fighting bravely against overwhelming millions, England awfully abused and ridiculed on the Continent, a rather too meddlesome Foreign Secretary to bait, a strong national feeling for the Danes, indignation at German atrocities, a series of partial failures in diplomacy, the recklessness of a moribund Parliament, all combined to promise success to an attack. It has been made, and after a week of debate the House of Commons has decided, by a majority of 18 in a house of 608, that the Conservatives shall not come into office. Now, perhaps, they wish that they had taken the advice of their faithful *Punch*, instead of abusing that gentle creature.

They can plaster up their wounds in any way they like. The *Standard* "cannot think it a political victory." Nobody has asked the *Standard* to think about anything—we hope more humanity exists among us. Presently we shall be told that A. was pledged, and broke his word, that B. had the gout, that C. would have been with them, but that his wife was ill, that D. was shut out, that E. had an unfortunate quarrel with COLONEL TAYLOR, that F. is a neighbour of SIR CHARLES WOOD and had bene talked over, that G. is a reprobate apostate for whom no condemnation is too strong, that H. is a violent Protestant and has been offended by the Irish Alliance, that I. missed the train, that J. got into the wrong lobby, that K.'s wife is on such terms with LADY RUSSELL that K. could hardly vote, especially as MRS. K. is not in a state of health to bear agitation, that L. is suffering under a heavy family affliction (his rich uncle has married a housemaid), that M. having been snubbed by MR. DISRAELI in 1859, remembered it on Saturday morning, that N.'s brother is in a mess with his accounts as a Government clerk, that O. wants a ship for his son, that P. has discovered a dormant claim to a Peerage, and has interpreted a confidential wink of LORD WESTBURY'S to mean that if P. will not be obnoxious he shall be LORD PIGWIGGIN, one of these days, that Q.'s daughter visits one of the Maids of Honour, and the doting father is ruled by ARABELLA, and that very foolishly (and our people are not half so attentive to these things as Cambridge House), R. was not asked to LADY DERBY'S last party, and his name wasn't even given to the newspapers, so he managed to be ill. Here are exactly 18 men, and if they had done their duty, as might have been expected, where would have been your PALMERSTON majority? Very true. But perhaps MR. BRAND has got 18 letters out of the Liberal alphabet which have also been sulking, or honouring their wives and daughters, or feeling Protestant, and the rest of it. And be this as it may, nobody wants to know how Humpty-Dumpty fell from the wall, when we see him lying a smashed conglomerate of egg-shell, yolk, and white,—and not over fresh.

Mr. Punch has, upon occasion, reported the hugest debates with a condensation and a minuteness which have excited the wonder of the world. Having read every line of the Danish debate, as it will be called, because it had really nothing to do with Denmark, he has moved, seconded, and unanimously carried a resolution to the effect, that upon this occasion he shall be pleasing himself most by merely indicating the course of the affair, and noting a few points. The object of the resolution moved by MR. DISRAELI was to turn out the Government. The Conservative whips never believed that it could be done, but the party resolved to try. They had, really, a very good *primâ facie* case, and, moreover, as they have done next to nothing all the Session, they were bound to give some signs of organised action, if they were to be considered a party at all. The resolution moved by MR. DISRAELI was to the effect that the policy of Government had lowered the just influence

of England, and it was of course a vote of censure, and was meant and accepted as one.

Monday. MR. DISRAELI moved this resolution in a speech of three hours. His cue was to be tremendously solemn and judicial. He cited vast quantities of documentary evidence, and sought to show that we had deceived Denmark, had insulted and alienated France, and had humiliated England. If a dull, decorous statesman had compiled this speech, it would have been complimented, but something more brilliant was expected from the author of *Coningsby*. On the other hand, when it was known that MR. GLADSTONE would reply, people did not expect much, because the CHANCELLOR's peace-at-almost-any-price policy is not capable of lively illustration. But when MR. GLADSTONE, after meeting the documentary evidence, and charging his antagonist with "falsification" (there was a riot over the word, and over "calumnies," and then we had all sorts of gentlemanly retractations), abandoned defence, and declared war on MR. DISRAELI, the CHANCELLOR showed himself a terrible gladiator, and showered his blows like wintry rain. The retort of the Ministers is, "You never have told, and you don't tell now, what *you* would have done."

MESSRS. NEWDEGATE and KINGLAKE moved amendments, the first a strong expression in favour of Denmark, the second a strong expression in favour of Government.

GENERAL PEEL was indignant, and likewise pious, at least to the extent of ending his speech with a text, declaring that the Government had made us a shame to our enemies and a scorn and derision to them that are round about us.

LORD STANLEY (a long head) disclaimed a war policy, and talked of the resolution as a protest. LORD DERBY's son is not to be done.

The LORD ADVOCATE was the only other speaker to-night.

Tuesday. MR. COBDEN set out his own non-interference-with-anything-or-anybody views very cleverly, and ridiculed the Tories for wanting to remove PAM, who did their work, in the way of discouraging reform and encouraging extravagance, much better than they would be allowed to do it.

MR. ROEBUCK abused the Germans very handsomely, and believed that LORD PALMERSTON thought LORD RUSSELL a dreadful encumbrance. PAM shook his head. "Oh, but I know better," said the omniscient ROEBUCK.

MR. HORSMAN made an exceedingly clever speech, well composed, and full of point and antithesis. He slashed at everybody, and MR. DISRAELI, at the end of the week, called him the "Superior Person" of the House. He voted with Government.

Other speakers. LORD ROBERT CECIL, flat and weak. W. E. FORSTER. BUTLER JOHNSTONE. LORD HARRY VANE. MR. LIDDELL. LORD ROBERT MONTAGUE. MR. WHALLEY (some fun, of the gorilla sort—he began preaching against the Pope). MR. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD (ready and able).

Thursday. MR. LAYARD. He defended LORD RUSSELL, and dealt some good rough knocks. It was after this speech that the row came.

MR. GATHORNE HARDY. An effective Conservative speech, pleasantly delivered.

MR. BENTINCK. Speech noticeable chiefly because this great Conservative is by no means full of admiration of his chiefs, and called the resolution a rosewater one. Also, in the interest of Protestantism and honesty, he let out his belief that the Conservatives had gained certain of the ultramontane party, by peculiar means.

Other speakers. SIR F. GOLDSMID. MR. COGAN. MR. PEACOCKE. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL. LORD JOHN MANNERS—with a neat Latin quotation—there has not been much classical citation in this debate.

Friday. Fourth and last night. BERNAL OSBORNE opened, firing away good stores. He advised the Liberals not to care what might be the result of the division, whether *Iago* killed *Cassio*, or *Cassio* him, or each the other. Smart, if not statesmanly. Many speeches came after his, but at length LORD PALMERSTON, loudly cheered, rose. He came out with the old spirit. He regretted the pains the Opposition took to degrade and vilify their country. He denied that the influence of the country was lowered, the charge was a gratuitous libel by those who were aiming at office. And, taking the proposed vote as one of censure, he showed some reasons why the Government deserved something better than censure from the country. In four years they have taken off twelve millions of taxes. They have reduced the National Debt by eleven millions. They have obtained a French treaty, which has enormously increased imports and exports. They have diminished the expenditure by three millions. They have fortified our arsenals, established our Volunteer system, reformed India—and kept us out of war. What could

MR. DISRAELI reply to that? That was the real answer to the resolution about Denmark. He saw which way the game was going, made some not inapposite jokes on portions of the debate, and somewhat gracefully threw himself on his sword.

At two in the morning of Saturday the numbers were announced. MR. NEWDEGATE was with difficulty induced to withdraw his amendment, and the House divided on MR. KINGLAKE's. The numbers were 313 to 295.

There has been but one other House of Commons matter of importance. The Street Music Bill has been read a Third Time in the Commons, and has passed. A Metropolitan Member, eager for another claptrap, hoped that it would be thrown out of the House of Lords. *Mr. Punch*, somewhat excited with the grand debates of the week, has only leisure to recollect what appeared in the *Times* newspaper, when, after a late and furious debate, the Reform Bill was rejected. "The Lords have thrown out the Reform Bill. *Who can say that when we next publish there will be a House of Lords?*" The hint may be put a little stronger in regard to the Music Bill; as, if it be lost, it will be our painful duty to do away with the hereditary branch of the Legislature.

But we have also to mention, not that it much matters, that on the night on which the Commons declared that they would not turn out LORD PALMERSTON, the Lords, by a majority of 4, (123 to 119) also declared that they would not have LORD DERBY as Premier. But Lords on both sides then pulled out proxies, that is, the opinions of people who had not heard the arguments, and as the Tory bundle of these papers was a little thicker than the Liberal one, the result is called a majority of 9 for the Derbyites. Here is another little consolation, with which *Mr. Punch* leaves them for the present.

THE GREAT ANNUAL CRICKET-MATCH.

(From our Colwell-Hatchney Correspondent, as usual.)

THE Great Annual Cricket-Match was the other day played in the celebrated grounds not a hundred miles from Colwell Natch, between the Hanwell Eleven and the Baker Street Eleven from MADAME TUSSAUD's. It was a glorious day, and the sun beamed on the assembled multitude who were engaged in piercing holes in their boots preparatory to putting on their skates. The Umpire arrived in a hamper from Town, and was immediately bound hand and foot in his chair, which he filled to the satisfaction of every one concerned.

As the clock struck one, another clock in the village struck two, and a general riot ensued.

Amid the tears of the children, the execrations of the Umpire, and the benediction of the daggers (by the kind permission of SIGNOR COSTA, who had led his horse with his bâton all the way from Town), the game commenced.

The betting was even, the odds being in favour of the winners.

At a preconcerted signal the attack was made.

The names and colours of the riders were successively hoisted up above the pavilion, so that they could be seen by the DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, who was making shorthand notes for the convenience of the Organist.

At 9 a.m. the wickets were pitched at the bowler, who, giving a loud cry, fled into the wilderness. The Police are on his track.

Subjoined is the score:—

COLWELL HATCH ELEVEN.

		Runs.
JONES . . .	Caught out first Ball	20
CHARLES . . .	(his friend)	60
Somebody . . .	A Bargain!	2s. 6d.
ARTAXERXES . .	*In love with Stella Collas* . . .	30 *Not out.*
Three Gentlemen	(names unknown)	45 st. 6 lbs.
Guards, Aristocrats, Crowds	. . . . .	1865
Sum total	(*run out*)	2

MADAME TUSSAUD'S ELEVEN.

MR. COBBETT .	including the Clockwork snuff-box . 10*d. per hour.*
COMMISSIONER LIN	(Bowled, caught, stumped, run out) . 1
The Sleeping Beauty	. . . . . 40 winks.
KING HENRY VIII.	(*afterwards Clown*) . . . 0
CARDINAL WOLSEY	. . . (with a Song) . . . 1
The rest of the Eleven (not admitted after seven)	. 200

The Colwell Hatchers went in for a hundred and came out without them. The bowling was excellent on both sides at once. The batting was beyond all praise, and the wicket-keepers, who were smashed to atoms, expressed themselves highly pleased with the performance. Bootjacks were in great request for hitting people on the head with, and fire-irons were at a premium. Among the nobility and gentry present we were glad to notice no one we knew. The Umpire, with strict impartiality, declared in favour of neither, until threatened with the torture, when he succumbed.

The Colwell Hatchers went away early, but returned to finish the game when nobody was looking.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S Eleven were last seen melting away in the distance.

The two Elevens subsequently dined together: the casualties were numerous.

All returned to town, grateful to the worthy Vicar for a rational and well-spent day.

Digitized by Google

TURF EDUCATION.



SIR,—I think that the taking the liberty to name a beast after a Queen is enough, without misspelling the Queen's name. ADMIRAL ROUS, and LORD BATEMAN, and LORD STAMFORD are in full wrangle and scribble over something about a mare, whom they all call *Jezabel*. Do the heathen never go to Church?

Yours truly,

Mr. Punch. AHAB.

DISRAELI'S POLICY.

SOME of our readers may remember an old school-book, entitled ENFIELD'S *Speaker*. They will be reminded of some of the parliamentary eloquence preserved in that volume, by the subjoined extract from the *Times'* report of MR. DISRAELI'S speech on his motion of a vote of censure on the Government:—

"If ever a criticism is made on his ambiguous conduct the noble Lord asks me 'What is your policy?' (*Cheers and counter cheers.*) My answer is—my policy is the honour of England. (*Cheers, and cries of 'Oh!' from the Ministerial benches.*) My policy is the honour of England and the peace of Europe, and the noble Lord has betrayed both."

Indeed, the foregoing beats anything in ENFIELD'S *Speaker*; but that is little to say. MR. DISRAELI excels himself. "My policy is the honour of England and the peace of Europe," is a declaration of principle more sonorous and not less significant than that which was epitomised in "Our old Constitution and our young QUEEN!"

The next time that DIZZY is asked what his policy is, he will perhaps reply, "A policy of assurance."

FALSE FINE EYES.

THE subjoined advertisement, addressed to the sillier portion of the softer sex, appeared the other day in the *Morning Post*:—

BELLA-DONNA produces a brilliant Eye. This Lotion is prepared according to an Armenian recipe. The ladies of Asia hold it in high repute for its qualities to give brilliancy, vivacity, and the power of fascination to the eye."

Belladonna so named from its use in the form of a wash by Italian ladies, not for giving "brilliancy, vivacity, and the power of fascination," which they did not want, "to the eye," but to produce a delicate whiteness of the skin, is a plant called in plain English, Deadly Nightshade. Besides poisoning those who take it internally, it will, if outwardly applied to the eye, or near it, cause paralysis of the iris, and consequently dilatation of the pupil. As the iris is a contractile curtain, contracting in the light, so as to regulate the admission of light into the eye, of course, if its contraction is artificially hindered, more light than is requisite for the eye is let into it. More light than is necessary for the eye is, of course, more than is good for it, and too much light does for the eye what too much of a good thing does for any other organ; does for it regularly in the end. The use of Belladonna by stupidity to give itself the appearance of animation is likely, therefore, to result in the addition of ocular blindness to mental.

It is of course useless to observe that the dilated pupil caused by belladonna employed for the purpose of giving "brilliancy, vivacity, and the power of fascination to the eye," is distinguished at a glance from the glowing gaze of emotion and intelligence. The language of the eye under the influence of belladonna, used to give it artificial expression, proclaims a fool, so that there is no need of talking to her to find her out. These remarks are made not with the least expectation of persuading any young lady who is in the habit of using belladonna eyewater to leave it off, but only with the view of inducing her father, or brother, or guardian, who may happen to find a bottle of that stuff left anywhere about the house, to throw it out of window.

A Heading.

IN any future account of the discussion on MR. BASS'S Organ Nuisance Bill, it may be described as the *Ayes* and the *Noes* legislating for the *Grinders* and the *ears*.

CROQUÊT.

VII.

HAIL! Bright July! though it must be confessed,
Hail's but an April greeting at the best.
Smile, then, Bright Season, when we Croquêt play;
Dread month! when every dog shall have his day.
Rise, charming *Judy*, at the mallet's sound,
Let your Balmorals press the Croquêt ground,
I from the hall will bring the needful tools,
And will explain to you the simple rules.
What implements the game demands, my lips
Shall utter; mallets, balls, pegs, hoops, and clips.
The Pegs are two, which Posts some choose to call,
One shows the starting and the winning ball;
For, as the faithful boomerang the same,
Our Croquêt ball returneth whence it came;
(I leave it for my readers' thoughtful mind,
A graver simile than this to find.)
The other Peg, or Post, as we may say,
Forms the grand turning point for all who play.
Each Post, which of a seasoned ash we'd make,
Should to a point be tapered like a stake;
These, of the Croquêt plane, the north, south pole,
Between these terms the balls contending roll;
As to their length, two feet, is my advice,
One inch one eighth for thickness will suffice:
Eight coloured rings, by which the balls are meant,
Upon each peg we always represent,
In any order, red, white, green we'll say,
But, *that* once fixed, in turn these colours play;
In choosing pegs, you by experience learned,
The nicely polished take and smoothly turned;
Each "pointed," "polished," "neatly turned,"—thus it
Is like some *mot* of SMITH'S or JERROLD'S wit.

VIII.

"And what are those?" says *Judy*. Then she stoops
To hide a blush while I reply, "the Hoops."
But think not, fairest of thy sex, I mean
Offence of any kind to crinoline.
Nay, I detest it not, I only say
That sometimes it is rather in the way.
Most women (trust me, I am not so rude
As *Judy*, or yourself, Ma'am, to include,)
I'd punish with a heavy fine, if e'er
A spreading crinoline they dared to wear;
For their sweet sakes and not for mine alone,
I'd do it; for, Miss, Madam, you must own
That, though your figure is the one to bear it,
How few there are who gracefully can wear it!

IX.

As when the stubborn bow Ulysses bent,
Through every ring the victor arrow went,
So, as to hoops, the would-be winner's ball
Must, starting from the post, go through them all.
These hoops (of iron wire made quite round,
Nor square nor flat will suit the Croquêt ground,)
Should have both ends fixed firmly in the grass,
Showing an arch, through which the ball must pass,
Height thirteen inches, ten the space to fill,
More either way would naught allow for skill:
Now, as I said last week, "Sing up, my Muse!"
And, as *she* said last week, "Sir, I refuse."
Just when we in our Croquêt are progressing,
She jibs and stops dead short: no sort of pressing
Will make her sing a note: I'm—blank—but there
She would have made e'en TATE and BRADY swear,
But that they had, as it to me occurs,
A great deal more to do with *Hymns* than *Hers*.
Well, TALLEYRAND was right: since all must know
I will not quote his celebrated *mot*.
A brilliant thought! I'll give my Muse the slip,
Ho, there! my spurs, my silver-mounted whip!
Bring round my Pegasus! Not here, Sir. No!
Miss Muse is riding him in Rotten Row.

Two Good Reasons for Two Good Things.

A FOREIGN journalist asks explanation of the fact, that though there are but 50,000 English Jews, 7 or 8 are elected to Parliament, while, though there are 2,000,000 of English Catholics, they send but one Catholic Member. The explanation is, that the elected Jews are wise men—and so are the Catholic electors.

Digitized by Google



MRS. GRUNSELL AND FRIEND, HAVING HAD TWO CUPS OF COFFEE, THREE ROLLS AND BUTTER, AND ONE BOTTLE OF LEMONADE, PAY THEIR BILL, AND PRESENT THE WAITER WITH A HA'PENNY, WHICH IS INDIGNANTLY RETURNED.

Mrs. Grunsell (*loq.*) "O, HOW NICE! THIS IS A NEW ARRANGEMENT. NO GRATUITIES ALLOWED."

THE GREAT FIGHT.

Described in a letter from MASTER JOHNNY RUSSELL, *of Saint Stephen's Academy, to* MASTER THOMAS BROWN.

DEAR TOM,

I HOPE you are quite well. I am quite well. I hope your sister is quite well. Give my love to her. There has been a jolly fight between BEN DIZZY and BILL GLADSTONE, and BEN has got well licked, and I am jolly glad of it, for BEN has been an awful nuisance all this half, and saying nasty things of one, and getting beastly cocky. You know BEN is in the other House and so he couldn't get at *me*, for you know I am in the Upper House, among the other Big Boys. But he kept saying spiteful things of me, all behind my back, where he knew I could not answer him, and at last he got so cheeky that he pitched into Old PAM, and said he 'd fight him and BILL GLADSTONE, to see who should be cock. You know Old PAM has been cock of the school for ever such a while, and our fellows all like him, because he is so good-natured, and is such a clever chap at getting fellows out of messes.

BEN was a great fool to think that he could fight BILL GLADSTONE and Old PAM, for everybody knows that he 's no match for either of them. BEN 's not a bad hitter, and he 's pretty smart in fibbing; but though he 's pretty lively in getting on his legs, you know we all agree that there 's no *bottom* in him, and although his style is showy, he has little real strength. You should have seen just how BILL GLADSTONE floored him the first round, there never was a fairer knock-down than he gave him. Then he seized him like a rat, and gave him such a shaking, and DIZZY looked quite white, and I don't wonder at it. I think DIZ will be more careful now that the conceit has been a little taken out of him. He 's got such a black eye, and everybody says that he deserved quite what he got, and I know I 'm precious glad of it, for he was awful cheeky.

We break up in a few days, and I hope that we shan't have to come to School again till February. So I 've a jolly lot of holiday before me to write letters, which you know I 'm very fond of. And so I must conclude. Believe me,

Your affectionate friend,

St. Stephen's Academy, Tuesday. JOHNNY RUSSELL.

VON BISMARCK'S WORD.

UNDER the title of "The Proposed Holy Alliance," the *Morning Post* has lately been publishing some alleged correspondence, revealing a conspiracy against constitutional Government in Europe between VON BISMARCK, VON RECHBERG, GORTSCHAKOFF, and other ministers and agents of the three great European Scoundreldoms of Austria, Russia, and Prussia. We might have doubted the authenticity of these documents but for the subjoined telegram, addressed to the Prussian Ambassador in London:—

"*Carlsbad, July* 3.

"Your Excellency is expressly authorised to declare that the two Prussian despatches on the Holy Alliance, published in yesterday's *Morning Post*, are purely invented.

"No such document, nor anything similar, exists. "(Signed) BISMARCK."

Considering, in relation to veracity, the assertions which were made by HERR VON BISMARCK respecting the intentions of Prussia in invading the Danish territories, we need only see his name affixed to a statement to convince us that the reverse of it is true. The disavowal, equally prompt with the foregoing, by VON BISMARCK, at Paris and Vienna, of the despatches on the Holy Alliance attributed to him in the *Post*, evinces an eagerness to discredit their authenticity, which is the best of all possible reasons for believing them to be genuine.

Ecclesiastical.

THE motion for removing the disabilities which lie in the way of the Wives of the Clergy sitting in Convocation will not be brought forward at the next meeting of the Ecclesiastical Synod.

There is no such ecclesiastical title in the English Hierarchy as that of the Bishop of Soda and Brandy.

MUSICAL.—The Edition of the Immortal Bard's Works, from which the Operatic version of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was taken, is SINGER'S *Shakspeare*.

Digitized by Google



THE FIGHT AT ST. STEPHEN'S ACADEMY.

MRS. GAMP. "NEVER MIND, MY DEAR! YOU DONE YER WERRY BEST TO WIN; WHICH THAT MASTER GLADSTING IS SUCH A HUNCOMMON STRONG BOY!"

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE DRAMA IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.



NLY Amateur Theatricals are now the vogue. The following remarks may be prettily made by any member or members of the delighted audience at the conclusion of any private performance:—

No. 1.—"You must be *very* tired after all your exertions."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I am rather," says MR. PIPPS, candidly, who has, by his own particular desire, played the chief character in three pieces.

His tone is that of a martyr to the amusement of society.

No. 2.—"Oh, MR. SYMPER, how *could* you make yourself so hideous? I'm sure I should *never* have known you."

MR. SYMPER smiles feebly at this delicate flattery, and takes much credit to himself as an artiste. He has paid particular attention to his evening dress and general personal appearance, so that he may be in no way identified with the ruffian whom he has been impersonating.

No. 3.—"It *really* went off *admirably*. I *must* congratulate you on your success."

MR. MIVINS looks foolish, and tries to persuade himself that his first appearance has not been such a failure after all.

No. 4.—"What a beautiful dress that was! Where *did* you get it from?"

MRS. THAYLYRE would have preferred a complimentary remark upon her acting; but answers graciously, giving the name of the *costumier*.

No. 5.—"Oh, you made us laugh so! I was quite afraid that you would hear me?"

The distinguished Amateur, who has been playing the low Comedian's part in a Farce, inwardly wishes that the audience had laughed a little louder.

No. 6.—"I've seen all those pieces played by professionals. I saw CHARLES MATHEWS play your part in the first piece, and I must say——"

"Ah, of course, you oughtn't to compare the two," says Amateur, deprecating stern criticism; howbeit he is of opinion that but for conventional prejudice he is not much behind that admirable comedian.

No. 7.—"You must have played very often, MR. NOODLE," observes an amiable lady, with the sweetest smile. "You seemed so *much* at your ease on the stage."

MR. NOODLE, who has made his first entrance apparently through a wall instead of a door, and has invariably found himself behind the person on the stage who was speaking to him, is, of course, delighted to hear it.

No. 8.—"That wonderful look that you gave! I can't make out how you can do it!"

As the gentleman can't explain the matter satisfactorily himself, he merely sniggers, examines the carpet-pattern, and twiddles a couple of shillings in his waistcoat pocket.

No. 9.—"How very well MR. SO AND SO played," says some pleasant young lady, knowing that this remark is so peculiarly acceptable to a brother Amateur.

"Yes, oh yes, very well, very well indeed," replies brother Amateur. Of course this is a most hearty and honest opinion, and, equally of course, he doesn't say to another brother Amateur that "he didn't think much of SO AND SO's playing in that piece, did he, eh?"

These few suggestions for Drawing-room Conversations will, we feel sure, tend to promote such charitable sentiments as it is ever our object to implant in the large heart of existing Society.

WANTED, A POLICY!

WANTED a Policy, fitted to fill,
The gap, left unclosed by rhetorical skill,
To show that, if PAM and JOHN RUSSELL have blundered,
'Tis not *all brutum fulmen* that DIZZY has thundered:
To justify us of the Queen's Opposition
In defying the Treasury Bench to division,
And make out that if *we* had but been in their places,
We shouldn't have proved the same men with new faces,
Strained at just the same gnats, just the same camels swallowed,
By the same arts been fooled, at the same claptraps holloaed,
Ta'en just the same road the same mull to arrive at,
And built the same walls, just as thick skulls to drive at!
Wanted a Policy, fitted to fill
The gap left unclosed by rhetorical skill!
Wanted, a Policy!
A Policy wanted!

Wanted a Policy with a new face,
For a party that's been a long time out of place,
Whose measures from over long keeping smell musty,
Whose young hands are raw, and whose old hands are rusty;
But for nose who boast PAKINGTON, DIZZY for jaw,
And MANNERS for breeding, and WHITESIDE for law,
Who'll spout till *White side* of the shield looks like black side,
And the front of an argument's made out the back side.
Who have HUGH CAIRNS, unrivalled in stating a case,
And MALMESBURY, who'll talk till he's black in the face,
With a brain triply steeled against logic and wit,
Which ne'er knew itself beaten, or owned itself bit.
And last, but not least, who've a RUPERT a-top,
No connection, N.B., with the famed Rupert-Drop
That we know goes to smash upon slight provocation,
But *our* RUPERT is toughness's own incarnation,
Tough to tackle in talk, trip, convince or persuade,
As supple and sharp as a Damascene blade.
Wanted a Policy with a new face,
For a party that's been a long time out of place.
Wanted, a Policy!
A Policy wanted!

Wanted a Policy balanced with art,
For a party in splinters too ready to part;
Whose Cabinet *must* prove too small for the sticks,
That a place must be found for, at risk of a fix:
A party, in herald's phrase, *party per pale*
Of Puritan WHALLEY, and Papist MAC HALE,
Whose coat parti-coloured is piebald with green
Ultramontane, and Protestant ultra-marine;
A party whose leaders are sorely bestead
To keep BENTINCK and DIZZY at peace in one bed;
Whose leader, *de facto*, is barely endured,
As an evil that's borne since it cannot be cured;
Whose rising men all to the foemen belong,
Whose JOSEPHS are ESAUS, in skin and in song;
Who the one half cry "War," (to blunt NEWDEGATE's cry)
And the other half "Peace," (as per STANLEY's reply).
Who the Treasury would storm, and wax fat on its fare,
But, beyond that, don't know what to do when they're there.
Wanted a Policy, balanced with art,
For a party in splinters too ready to part.
Wanted, a Policy!
A Policy wanted!

CRICKET MUSIC.

MUSIC being now introduced (to the great relief of the ladies) at our grand Cricket Matches, *Mr. Punch* is induced to publish the list of pieces which, at his suggestion, were performed during the Harrow and Eton match, and the fitness whereof was the subject of complimentary remark by the PRINCESS OF WALES.

Invitation to the Ball	GUSTAVUS.
"Batti, batti"	DON GIOVANNI.
"Maiden, Over! Over with me"	SCHILLOG.
Favourite Catch	OLD ENGLISH.
"Home! Sweet Home"	BISHOP.
Cricket on the Hearth Quadrilles	JULLIEN.
"On a Bat's back do I fly"	ARIEL'S SONG.
"Proudly—and Wide"	FRA DIAVOLO.
"O, Mother, he's come to the Wicket"	MISS FLOBBERS.
"Good Bye, sweetheart, good Bye"	SIMS REEVES.

PICTURESQUE.—It is indeed a pretty sight in the country to see a landed proprietor standing under his own ash, smoking a cigar.

Digitized by Google



THE SILVER TRUMPET.

Charles FitzCharles (loq.). "ONCE MORE, LET ME WHISPER IN THINE EAR THE WORDS OF LOVE—AND OH! BELIEVE—THAT YOU SHALL SETTLE YOUR MONEY ON YOURSELF WITH CONTINGENT REMAINDER TO YOUR OWN CHARLEY."

THE

LATEST NEWS FROM WASHINGTON.

HERE is the latest discovery in America, which we recommend, as a good thing for investment, to the attentive consideration of all washer-women:—

"A veritable soap-mine has been discovered in Esmeralda, California. The vein is 10 feet wide, 600 feet long, and runs very deep."

What "lathering" good dividends, as an Irishman, would say, a soap-mine must yield! We should be afraid, however, of the speculation ourselves, lest it should turn out only another exemplification of the old saying that "the earth hath bubbles," and, as the Stock Exchange knows, we have enough of those in our own country, without going to California for them.

THROWING STONES FROM ACROSS THE WATER.

WE find that the foreign correspondents are continually alluding to, and making extracts from an influential journal they call *The Cross Journal*. We imagine they mean by this the *Kreuz Zeitung;* but if so, why don't they say so? The English title might lead to all kinds of errors, for really any less-informed person than ourselves might innocently suppose they were malevolently sneering at the *Saturday Review*, or else pointing the finger of irreverence at the dear old *Morning Herald*—formerly bitter foes of ours, but now our warmest friends and allies. On their joint parts, as they are scarcely able to defend themselves, we beg most indignantly to protest against the intended affront.

ELEEMOSYNARY EAU DE COLOGNE.

THE subjoined paragraph is taken from a column of general news in the *Post*:—

"THE HORSE SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL.—Regardless of expense, the enterprising MR. JOSEPH STUART, of 7, Westbourne Place, Bishop's Road West, occupies a stall, in the gallery, with a supply of the genuine 'Jersey' Eau de Cologne, which is not only patronised by HER MAJESTY, but is also ten per cent. stronger than any other similar article."

If the foregoing statement is correct, the enterprising MR. JOSEPH STUART is an uncommonly good fellow. He undertook to provide the visitors to the Islington Horse Show with a gratuitous distribution of Eau de Cologne. The announcement that he occupies a stall there with a supply of that odoriferous article, contains no intimation that he charges anything for it; on the contrary, represents him as occupying the stall "regardless of expense." If he sells the Eau de Cologne, even at a loss, he cannot be wholly regardless of expense, because he does regard so much expense as is equal to the difference between selling it at a loss and giving it altogether away; and an alleged sale of Eau de Cologne, or anything else, would be simply a sell.

But what are we to think of the allegation that the "genuine 'Jersey' Eau de Cologne is not only patronised by HER MAJESTY, but is also ten per cent. stronger than any other similar article?" Surely this is an anticlimax. "Is not only ten per cent. stronger than any other similar article, but is also patronised by HER MAJESTY." That is the way in which a judicious loyalty would put its recommendation of the "Jersey" Eau de Cologne. "Strong" is an ambiguous epithet applied to odours. Smells may be more strong than pleasant; a smell called strong is often the reverse of pleasant; but when we are told that a scent is not only ten per cent. stronger than any similar scent, but is also honoured by HER MAJESTY'S patronage, we understand that its strength is sweetness, and if we wished to imbue our pocket handkerchiefs with fragrance, and make ourselves generally agreeable by diffusing a grateful savour around us, we should, considering that the QUEEN'S name is a tower of strength, make choice of the perfume fortified with that of VICTORIA, and, if it were to be sold, lay out money on the strength of it.

EXTRACT FROM DIARY.

Wednesday. Saw on label in grocer's window, "Balmoral Sauce." Thought it might mean blacking.

SPIRIT-MOVING TRADE INTELLIGENCE.

IF we may believe the announcements in the Newspapers, the spirits in New York are playing wondrous pranks. They apparently have left off twisting easy chairs about and turning tables topsy-turvy, and have applied themselves to moving precious metals and provisions. By the commercial news transmitted through the *Times* the other day, we learn that on the twentieth of June "gold, which stood at 198¼, suddenly jumped to 201," and we further are informed, under date the twenty-third, that:—

"Gold rose yesterday to 245; to-day it has oscillated between 205 and 225."

This jumping about and rising and oscillating movement on the part of gold must clearly have been caused by spiritual agency, for, so far as we have knowledge of the nature of this metal, it has nothing automatic that could give it motive power.

But spirit-influence still more curious is described in the next paragraph, which speaks in verb-less language of—

"Breadstuffs rising. Provisions excited and irregular. Sugars firm. Coffee unchanged."

Here the spirits clearly have been at their work again, and have caused an elevation on the part of breadstuffs, doubtless similar to that which they produced in MR. HOME. If they would kindly undertake to effect a rise in bread just at the right moment in the course of manufacture, the bakers would be thankful for the saving of their yeast. But unluckily the spirits never condescend to stoop to any sort of useful work, and we have small hope of their helping us in any hour of knead. What kind of provisions were "excited and irregular" we are not precisely told; and we may draw upon our fancy for the picture of hams wildly waltzing about the larders, and rounds of beef in their excitement prancing with polonies or capering with calves' heads.

A Diplomatic Munchausen.

IN the House of Commons, the other evening, LORD PALMERSTON stated that the Prussian Ambassador desired to deny the authenticity of the letters published as BISMARCK'S in the *Post* "with all the weight of his official character." Ha! A nice distinction! The Prussian Ambassador's personal character may weigh as much as gold or platinum; but his Excellency does not pledge that. It is far too much to say that all the weight of his official character equals that of a feather.

TIME FOR LADIES' TAILORS.



E look upon the following announcement as a sign of the times :—

"COAT FOR LADIES.—The paper shapes for cutting out a lady's summer coat, with full directions for making up and trimming, will be given in the *Queen*, the Lady's Newspaper, of July 16."

No longer content to wear petticoats, ladies have now taken to wearing coats. What will they next get to wear instead of petticoats? As many of them as are industrious and clever enough to cut out their own coats, will, doubtless, cut out the other things too; but the majority of husbands and fathers must evidently prepare to sustain a new expense in the tailors' bills which will be run up by their wives and daughters. Crinoline is about to be superseded at last, and we can see how its place will be supplied. Already the mind's eye beholds the maidens and matrons of England going about with their hands in their pockets.

LORD'S CRICKET GROUND IN DANGER.

"WHAT 's that there they be a playun of upon the Green, yander?" inquired an agriculturist on a visit to a suburban friend.

"Croquêt," answered his host.

"Croaky. How d 'ye spell ut?"

"C . r . o . q . u . e . t."

"That are spells crocket. Crocket and cricket zounds summut like. Cricket vor men, eh, and crocket for ladies?"

"Your parallel runs on all fours."

"My what? My pig do. Well, I zay, and ben't there a Lord's Cricket Ground? Up there out o' Marrowbone way zumwhere?"

"Yes?"

"Well, then, what I sez, is, Why don't they likewise ha' a Lady's Crocket Ground?"

"MR. HOMEGREEN, your analogy excels BUTLER's. But we mustn't talk of a Lady's Croquêt Ground till we have secured Lord's Cricket Ground for the Marylebone Club. Do you know that it 's in danger of being cut up and covered with bricks and mortar—threatened with being sold on building leases?"

"Cuss them buildun lases; they be the rhuun o' the country. What 's to be done?"

"Why, the land must be bought up by subscription. Ten thousand pounds will be wanted in all. A large part of that has already been raised, but a good deal more remains to be."

"Do ut, now? Well, here 's vive shilluns towards ut, and I wish they was pounds. Do away wi' Lord's Cricket Ground, massy ho! That 'ood be a burnun sheam; a disgreass to the cricketers of England, and a sorrer and grafe to all as be admirers of manly English spoorts and pastimes."

"Just so, Sir, and I wish your truly liberal example may be followed by others, in subscribing what they can afford. There is a too general disinclination to put down a modest crown by the side of the larger but not more magnificent sum of five guineas."

"Every little helps, as the old 'ooman zed o' the tear as vell in the sea. And zo I hopes 'tween us we shall zave Lard's Cricket Ground."

WHAT MR. GLADSTONE heard the Bow Bells saying, "Turn again, Organman, great bore of London!"

A JOLLY PUFF FOR JOLLY NOSE.

WHEN are we to have the *Green Bushes* again? Soon, MR. WEBSTER we hope, because we understand that in one of the comic scenes between MR. PAUL BEDFORD and MR. TOOLE, something of this kind is to be introduced :—

Paul B. Easy now, easy now, my bumptious boy, and do not be in such a remarkably indecorous hurry to demonstrate the deficiencies of your education.

Toole. My education deficient, you antibilious old pterodactyl! And if it are, you had the broughtage of me up, and might have eliminated me into a consternation of talent.

Paul B. I taught you your reading, my obtuse and antiseptic child, but read you will not, neither improve your little mind, you ungrateful and intransitive preterpluperfectibility.

Toole. Don't say that, Guv'nor; don't be hard upon a promiscuous cove. I read when I can approximate a book as is within my meteor.

Paul B. Within your what, my uninstructed one? Say that again, or say something else.

Toole (*preferring the first alternative, repeats*), "Meteor."

Paul B. You must be irresponsible, to make such a response. What do you mean by "meteor?" hay?

Toole. No, not hay; nor yet Will o' the wisp of straw. I am given to understand that it is a delicate French Gallicism, and means "in my line like."

Paul B. Your line like! You mean *métier*, I suppose, my polyglottical baby?

Toole. I was afeard if I sounded it too Frenchy as you wouldn't have understood me, Guv'nor. But you've no call to say as I never read. I have just been reading a work of supernatural interest.

Paul B. Did it keep you from your supper, my greedy one?

Toole. Well, I won't go quite so far into waccaum as to say that, Guv'nor, but it made me enjoy the sensingers to that degree as I got the nightmare, and dreamed I were Mount Vesuvius in a eruption, spitting out laver, which indeed I always do in real life, hating that same nasty weggitable.

Paul B. Favour me, favour me, favour me with the nomenclature of the literary production which has stimulated your tardy predilection for the Muses.

Toole. Gov'nor, we are married men, and had better talk according. I have nothing to say about Muses. I have been reading a book. It 's name, says you? Hurry no man's appellations, says I; one day you may have a title-page of your own. I wrote it down: *Wanderings and Recollections, Facts, not Fancies*, by PAUL BEDFORD. Ever hear that name, Gov'nor?

Paul B. That concatenation of syllabic utterances does not seem entirely novel to my auricular organs.

Toole. Very likely. Ah! But did you ever hear that name before?

Paul B. Have I not said so, unperiphrastic one? And the emanations of this autobiographical historiographer have excited your organs of approbativeness.

Toole. Now I'll tell you what it is, Gov'nor. I 'm a plain man.

Paul B. Were a prize offered for a plainer, I believe that it would remain the undisputed property of the liberal benefactor who proposed it.

Toole. You are an indigenous old Behemoth and a hypochondriacal Anabaptist, if you come to that. I can say long words as well as you, but I prefer common civility.

Paul B. It is well, my excitable one. Now, impart to me your impression of the literary performance of MR. BEDFORD.

Toole. Why, it 's a stunner.

Paul B. The epithet is compact, but might be expanded with advantage to the platitudinarian intellect of the nineteenth century.

Toole. Well, I was talking about it with a lot of Swells, and them as know'd better than me, and the Swells say that the book is PAUL BEDFORD to the life, and all the better for being so, and that everybody ought to read it, and have a jolly good laugh.

Paul B. So recommended, I shall probably administer some leisure to the perusal of the tome in question. And I am glad, our uncultured one, that you are not so palpable a relative of the family whose sustentation is derived from a certain Scottish wild flower as I had apprehended.

Toole. Shut up, you thundering old elaborated Oystergoth, you blossom-nosed Buddhist of Trincomalee, shut up, will you? Here comes *Miami*.

Enter MIAMI, *with her gun.*

Miami. Ah! my friends, &c.

"Oh, It 's Snuffin'!"

IT is not generally known that there is a small colony of indefatigable snuff-takers living on the banks of the Thames. They are called the Snuffers of Hampton Wick.

Digitized by Google



Sententious Cabby (on receiving his legal Fare from Temple Bar to Furnival's Inn).
"AH! I ONLY VISH SIXPENCES WAS AS SCARCE AS GEN'LEMEN!"

HOLY *v.* UNHOLY, OR ALLIANCE AGAINST ALLIANCE.

WHEN THIEVES fall out, (the proverb runs,)
Honest men may expect their own;
But how when THIEVES fall in, with guns,
Sabres and trumpets, (though unblown)?

Despair, poor Poland, scarred and sacked,
Now that the thieves who carved thy soil,
Renewing their unholy pact,
Swear each to guard the other's spoil.

And thou, Venetia, gnaw thy chains,
Now Kaiser mates with Czar and King;
Meet guardians of stolen gains,
Black eagles linking wing to wing.

Pause, Prussia, pen and pipe in hand,
And ask what thine, what BISMARCK's ends;
When, bode of ill to Vaterland,
Thy King calls Czar and Kaiser friends.

The THIEVES fall in: up, honest men,
If old fights must once more be won:
Link hands, nor, once linked, loose again,
Till THIEVES fall out and right be done!

EARL GREY IN A BELT.

BEFORE the Lords' Committee on the Belfast Improvement Bill, one of the parties concerned, a MR. REA, wanting to speak, and being desired by EARL GREY to be quiet, got excited, and is reported to have said:—

"I am a subject of HER MAJESTY, and no belted Earl shall tyrannise over me."

From the above it appears that EARL GREY, when he presides over or attends a Committee of the House of Lords, is accustomed to wear a belt. There is nothing to be said as to that, except that, if it is so, there is a point of resemblance between the noble Earl and a rat-catcher. But then what is there in EARL GREY's belt that particularly determines MR. REA not to submit to any tyranny from the wearer? MR. REA had to be walked out, however, by two belted policemen.

EXTORTION UNDER GOVERNMENT.

To JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK, ESQ.

DEAR TEAREM,

WHENEVER any vermin are engaged in doing mischief behind the curtain in official quarters, you are the fellow to go in and rout them out. Before this reaches you, very likely you will have been induced to raise your honest bark in the House of Commons by some letters which have lately appeared in the *Times*, whence it appears that there is some nasty creature in the Inland Revenue Office at work in extorting legacy duty from the representatives and descendants of parties by whom it is alleged to have been left unpaid many years ago—as many as forty. Down come demands of this kind on executors of executors for principal and interest to the amount of nearly three hundred pounds. Records relative to the original executorship have been lost or destroyed; the past payment of the duty cannot be proved, and people who know and could know no more about it than the Man in the Moon, are fain to submit to the exaction, and pay the whole of the money rather than risk the cost of a defence against a Government prosecution. See the *Times* of Thursday, July 7th, in case you happen to have overlooked these monstrous cases of legal extortion—if it is legal. Read the letter, entitled "Hardships of Executors."

Talk of the oppression exercised by despotic governments; talk of any imposition enforced upon the subjects of an Austrian, Russian, or Prussian tyrant! Talk of any atrocity, short of bodily torture, inflicted on the people of his late Majesty of Naples! As for the Pope, his Holiness would doubtless feel his paternal heart lacerated by the mere supposition that he was capable of permitting such cruel injustice as that which is, as I have told you, practised by some vile underling in the Inland Revenue Office. To pattern it we should have to go to Turkey—the Turkey of BAJAZET and AMURATH.

What kind of a creature is it that has set himself to the odious work of ferreting out these obsolete claims of the Government on persons who are innocent of any knowledge of them? Is it some clerk who seeks promotion by the ostentation of a pitiless zeal? Or is it a wretch who takes a malignant delight in improving the opportunity that his situation affords him of subjecting as many people as he can to annoyance, distraction, and perhaps even misery and ruin? How comes it that he has been suffered—he cannot have been commissioned—to do this dirty work for his superiors? You will doubtless elicit, if you have not elicited, an answer to these questions from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, or some other responsible party. What brute is it that is either amusing himself, or trying to get on, by extortion in the Inland Revenue Office? Find him, TEAREM! Fetch him out! Shake him, boy! Sess! And believe me, yours ever,

PUNCH.

P.S. Who now will ever dare to accept the office of executor, so long as the Inland Revenue Office comes down upon an executor's executor for legacy duty on property which he never dreamt of?

THE LATE MR. WILKS.

THE sudden decease of a political writer and speaker, MR. WASHINGTON WILKS, has produced an appeal to the public on behalf of his widow and six children. This appeal we heartily second, in the interest of those whose helplessness demands all kindly aid, and without any approbation of the claim set up that MR. W. WILKS sacrificed his time to the making speeches at public meetings "with a total disregard to his health or pecuniary interests." No husband or father has a right to earn such a plaudit. He would have seen this, had he lived longer, and would have acted up to his conviction, for he was a very earnest man. Help for the widow and her children may be sent to the Honorary Secretary of the Fund, 65, Fleet Street, and they have the strongest claim upon those who will, we hope, on this occasion deserve the name of Ultra-Liberals.

Extensive Sale of an Ex-Shakspearian Committeeman.

"I DON'T think," said a would-be literary Duke, "you can find a single Irish character in all the works of SHAKSPEARE?"

"Yes, you can," boldly ejaculated young EDMUND, "for I can cite two—MISS O'PHELIA, and CORRY O'LANUS."

The noble Duke instantly started for Manchester.

Digitized by Google

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Bombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, July 16, 1864.



A PLEASANT KIND OF UNCLE.

SCENE—*Inside a Cab.* UNCLE *on back seat. Two nice boys on front seat.*

Uncle. "NOW, REGINALD, LOOK OVER MY HEAD, AND TELL ME THE NUMBER OF THIS CAB."

Reginald (slowly). "ONE, SIX, SIX, EIGHT."

Uncle (sternly). "HOW DARE YOU, SIR? SAY SIXTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHT. NOW, JAMES. WHAT IMPORTANT EVENTS IN ENGLISH HISTORY HAPPENED IN 1668?"

[*The Boys think they might as well not be out for a Cheerful Holiday.*

"WHERE'S REBECCA?"

WHERE is *Rebecca*, LADY CRAWLEY *née* SHARP? The last time we heard of her ladyship was soon after the death of his excellency, SIR RAWDON CRAWLEY, when she had taken to distributing tracts. If that occupation have not weaned her from worldly vanities, LADY CRAWLEY had better go over to Paris, and join her illustrious family, that of MONTMORENCY, in its protest against Imperial caprice. It seems that the noble old title of DUC DE MONTMORENCY (no one can forget *Rebecca's* claim of kindred) having become extinct, the EMPEROR has revived it, and bestowed it on the DUC DE TALLEYRAND-PERIGORD, who, if his pedigree be rightly stated, has as good a claim as anybody to that which nobody has a right to claim at all. But all the branches of the old family are in arms, heraldic and metaphoric, and they appeal to such law as the Elected of the Millions has left them, for a sentence against his act. Surely REBECCA LADY CRAWLEY will be heard of in the matter, and it appears to *Mr. Punch* that on the ground of respectability, she is quite as much entitled to be heard as a good many who are mixed up in the fray. "My mother was a Montmorency" should be a passport to the Tuileries itself, where anything like old blood must be at a premium, among such brilliancies as the DUC DE LA BOURSE, the BARON FITZ-BOUCHERIE, and the VICOMTE CIRQUE-OLYMPIQUE, *En avant*, REBECCA LADY CRAWLEY! *Noblesse Oblige.*

No Such Luck.

THE Savoy Chapel has been burned, with the Savoy organ. Could we make this last word plural, we should almost be consoled. Quite, were the word "organists."

PISCATORIAL.—Shakespearian Angler's Song to his bait: "Sleep, Gentle, Sleep."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JULY, 11*th*, *Monday*. The feelings of the Clergymen who are adverse to saying what is charitable over a deceased person continue to find an exponent in LORD EBURY, who persists in demanding an alteration of the beautiful burial service of the Church. The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has no objection to a commission for inquiring into the subject. The BISHOP OF LONDON will not hear of alterations in the service, but thinks that something might be done to relax the law under which the Clergyman is compelled to speak charitably of those whom he would prefer to describe to their friends as having gone to a place of torture. It will be a pity if some anodyne be not invented for these gentle-hearted portions of the surplice population.

The MARQUIS OF WESTMEATH, who is seventy-nine years of age, and who, having recently been divorced from his second wife, has just married a third, is entitled, both from his age and from his experience of church ceremonies, to complain of the inconvenient mode in which the services are arranged in the Chapels-Royal. The subject, however, is not one of intense interest to the public generally, and we do not know, in fact, what the conjugal Marquis complains about.

On the Shutting Public Houses Bill (which was afterwards passed) LORD BROUGHAM called attention to the advantages of the Cheap Kitchens, of which *Mr. Punch* has said so much. LORD BROUGHAM apprised the Peers that for a penny he had obtained a basin of as good soup as any of their Lordships could get at home, and that for fourpence a plate of meat and vegetables of similar excellence can be had. Did not *Mr. Punch* introduce the system from Glasgow? Knowing that such excellent and cheap food can be had, why do young idiots go to slap-bangs and eat sodden meat? Because they think such places more "genteel." But they are very foolish, especially the short-pipe smokers, who need nourishing food to counteract the stunting process which is making them such wretched little sallow animals that one really hates to look at them on the top of the omnibus, where, by the way, they have no business to be, for they ought to walk to their work. If LORD BROUGHAM did not say all this, he thought it, and *Mr. Punch* means to get him to say it some evening.

MR. FERRAND, making a great row (though he had more than one good case to-night, but spoiled it by his violence) was told by SIR GEORGE GREY that he "always spoke under great excitement, and was not aware what he said."

The House then "laughed consumedly" at MR. DARBY GRIFFITH, but this is the regular amusement of the House, and hardly worth chronicling. He asked some absurd question about——what does it signify?

On an Irish Education Vote, to which of course we should not refer were there not something more interesting than Irish Education involved, there was told, by a Minister, a little romance which beats all the sensationists. An Irish gentleman lay under the misfortune of being suspected of murdering his wife by poison. The interior of the departed was sent to the surgeons at the Cork infirmary to be analysed. The unfortunate Irish gentleman had fallen in love with a new Irish lady, who was to wed him as soon as he was legally acquitted of getting irregularly free from the first marriage. So he bribed a porter, or somebody, at the infirmary, to set the place on fire, in order that any evidence that might be obtained from the interior of his wife might be destroyed; and the plan was carried out with partial success. Now that is something like a story, and we have a presentiment that we shall read it in a book, and the novelist will introduce the usual clumsy vindication of a disagreeable tale—"it actually occurred," as if that had anything to do with art.

Finally, we had a British Museum debate, and MR. WALPOLE mentioned various interesting purchases that had been made, none of which, any more than a whole host of other invaluable things, can the public see, until those beasts and birds shall be taken away. While we can see four beautiful giraffes and two hippopotamuses alive, it is too absurd to fling lovely Greek marbles into a cellar, to leave room for that dusty splitting old straddler of a camelopard, and the wooden-looking river-horse at the Museum.

Tuesday. LORD SHAFTESBURY, having mentioned a rumour that the Prussians had murdered 400 Swedish Volunteers in cold blood, and being informed by LORD RUSSELL that he had ascertained that the burglars were not guilty of this crime, expressed his satisfaction, but declined to make any apology, fairly arguing that the general conduct

of the Prussians deprived them of any right to complain of any suspicion.

LORD MALMESBURY stated the case of the advocates of the Street Music Bill in a temperate and convincing speech, and the Bill was read a Second Time. And the Bill allowing the Masters of Collegiate Schools to read prayers, was passed, in spite of the extraordinary objections of a few Peers.

LORD PALMERSTON explained that the Brazilian Government behaved as ill as they possibly could in regard to Slavery, and to the Negroes whom they were forced to emancipate, and said that the Brazilian Slave Trade was carried on by the scum of the earth. It was only the fear of British cannon that kept the Brazilians to any show of decency. The Portuguese were equally criminal, and for still lower motives.

MR. DARBY GRIFFITHS was then honoured with a Count Out.

Wednesday. We had another theological Wednesday. MR. BOUVERIE endeavoured to do away with the law which connects the Universities with the Church of England. For once, a basis principle became matter of debate, and battle was given on the question whether the Universities ought to be merely national schools, or nurseries of the State religion. MR. WALPOLE of course took the latter view, but dwelt upon the catholic and comprehensive character of a Church that includes men of extremely diverse views. MR. MONSELL said that under the proposed Bill, M. RENAN might be a teacher in a University, and MR. BOUVERIE could make no better answer than "No, he is a Frenchman." WHALLEY THE WISE supported the Bill, because many persons at Oxford were inclined to Popery. The House roared, at which probably MR. DARBY GRIFFITH felt jealous, as he must suppose himself the person chiefly entitled to make the House laugh. We must get up an entertainment for WHALLEY and DARBY to present, all over the country, during the holidays. They would eclipse the Brothers, who lately made a hit as the *Two Dromios*. MR. NEATE (Cambridge Town) opposed the Bill, which was rejected by 157 to 101.

Then a number of Bills were withdrawn, and divers whitebait, swimming a little lower down than Westminster, began to feel uneasy in their minds, and to ask one another why fish were annually sacrificed on the altar of the British Constitution.

Thursday. The Commons insisted on restoring to the Penal Servitude Bill the clause compelling Ticket-of-leave men to report themselves once a month to the police. The Lords, after some discussion, decided by 62 to 25 that the clause should be accepted, so MR. WILLIAM SYKES will be obliged, occasionally, to leave his card at the house of his betters: a dreadfully oppressive rule, but genteel folks have to undergo the same penance for weeks together, and feel proud of the task.

Government really does not see how to compel Railway Companies to provide a means of communication between passengers and the guard. Very well, very well. Just wait until *Mr. Punch* takes his seat as a jury-man in a case in which damages are asked by reason of a disaster that might have been prevented had such communication been established. Eh, brother jurymen? "For the plaintiff, my Lord, damages £10,000, and the jury wishes that he had asked £20,000." We have made England into a Heptarchy, governed by seven great Railway Kings, but we can temper their despotism by epigrams in the form of verdicts.

We had then a New Zealand debate, in the course of which MR. ROEBUCK expressed his opinion that the natives must be exterminated, and MR. COBDEN expressed his that MR. ROEBUCK was no better than a Thug. The late news is not pleasant. SIR CANNIBAL TATTOO is fighting very hard, and very cleverly, for his own and his father's land, and not only are his military tactics able, but he manifests a spirit which makes it very painful to feel that we are shooting him in the interest of land-speculators. One of the gallant old chiefs, believing that the English had surrounded him, summoned his warriors, read them some portions of our Prayer Book, offered up a short prayer of his own, and then said, "Now, let us die by the hands of brave men." He and his followers dashed upon us, and cut their way into a place of safety. If HAVELOCK or any other of our own fighting Christians had done this, we should have had a burst of plaudit, and scraps of bad poetry in his honour. This war ought to be brought to an end, or left to the colonists. However we guaranteed them a loan, by 92 to 55.

MR. DARBY GRIFFITH, amid wild cries and laughter, wished to know about Denmark, "and about our policy in other matters." Needless to add, that he got nothing out of PAM. But he had a right to put himself "in evidence," for his rival, WHALLEY THE WISE, had just got a great shout by charging the New Zealand Rebellion upon the Papists.

Mr. Punch was much too busy at Wimbledon, shooting for the Queen's Prize, to have any time or attention for any more Parliament at present. He will be found to have knocked the Friday into next week—a feat often talked about but never previously performed.

EARLY BIRDS.



E lately published the prospectus of a joint-stock company for working popular enthusiasm to a profit, and drawing dividends out of hero-worship. Who knows how soon we may find this Company quoted in the market, now that the domestic virtues are beginning to be cultivated on co-operative principles, and stimulated by rewards which are only dividends in another form?

We had long known, on *Lord Dundreary's* authority, that "the Early Bird picks up the worm;" but henceforth the Early Birds have determined that they will not only pick up worms, but money. These Early Birds have actually invited the birds that flatter themselves they mean to be early, or are otherwise deeply impressed with the virtue of earliness, to unite themselves into a Society—which might as well be a Company at once—called "The Early Rising Association." Their prospectus, or body of rules (printed at Manchester), now before us, authenticated by the names of a *bonâ-fide* President, Vice-President, Treasurer, and Honorary Secretary, sets out ostentatiously

"The object of this Association is to promote Early Rising."

"Well—and why not?" an Early Bird may ask. If temperance is to be promoted by people laying their heads together—a timber stockade, or *pâli*, to keep out the foul fiend, strong drink—why not early rising, or cleanliness, or piety, or ready money dealing?

The "Soap-and-Water Society," might be a highly useful organisation, with a badge, and the motto, "How are you off for Soap?" the proper apparatus of fines for dirty faces and fingers, and prizes for the members who should show clean hands for the greatest number of days in the year. So might a society for cultivating in common the great virtue of punctuality in payments—the Ready-Reckoners they might be called—with "Down with your Dust," for a motto. Indeed one does not see why the principle should not be carried still further, and extended to the culture of the Cardinal virtues as well as mere domestic good habits. Why should not the Decalogue be distributed, on joint-stock principles (with liability strictly limited to a particular virtue), and piety, Sabbath-keeping, honouring one's father and mother, abstinence from murder, theft, evil-speaking, lying, and slandering, made sources of profit in the shape of prizes for the good people, to be made up by fines on the naughty ones, till the world had been taught that virtue was no longer to be her own reward, but might be made to bring in a comfortable addition to one's income.

The most serious objection to this plan is, that as these societies operated the fines would get smaller and smaller, and of course the prizes with them, till by the time we had brought up all the virtues to a premium, there would be no premiums available for them.

However, we will not do the Early Birds the injustice to think that such sordid considerations ever occurred to them. Besides they know that it will be a long time before they can induce everybody "to be completely dressed every day by 8 A.M.," as each member of the society is to be by the first rule. The rule does not say "*up* and dressed"—whence we infer that if an Early Bird liked to dress himself in bed, or to dress himself and go to bed again in his feathers, he would earn his day. Then comes a scale of fines to be paid by members not dressed at 8 A.M., rising from the mild infliction of 1*d.*, after 8 and before 8·30, to the alarming figure of 10*s.* after 11!

Again, there is a loop-hole opened by the words "completely dressed." What is complete dressing? It is a matter of taste: we know a gentleman, who generally makes his first appearance in nothing but a dressing gown and slippers. One has heard of shirt-collar and straps as a light and airy costume. Surely the society won't require *full*-dress. Do they admit *peignoirs* for ladies and shooting coats, or dressing-gowns for males? Do they insist on boots, or tolerate slippers? Are trousers indispensable? We see a great field for quibble and litigation in these words.

"On Sundays," (Rule II.) "each member must be completely dressed by 8·30."

"III. Any member on payment of 10*s.* is privileged to stay in bed all day, except Sundays, when the fine will be £1."

Digitized by Google

This is a direct encouragement to any unfortunate Early Bird who

may be caught napping after eleven, not to get up at all, as he is free of bed for the whole day for the 11·30 fine. "In for three hours in for four-and-twenty," is a dangerous principle to admit in a society where the temptation to a debauch between the blankets will, at times, be almost irresistible.

"IV. No excuse for being late will be taken except illness, in which case no fines need be paid, and the invalid will be considered as not being late, provided that the number of days' illness does not exceed sixty."

This puzzles us. In the first place, what is the illness that is to let an Early Bird off? Will a slight head-ache, or an all-overishness, or a general sense of "not feeling very well," or an indisposition to get up, be allowed as illness? And who is to certify the illness? Are Early Birds to be put on their honour daily? or is the Association to keep doctors for verification? And why, in the name of justice, is an unlucky Early Bird, who is ill for more than sixty days, to lose all right to indulgence? Is it supposed that if an Early Bird is unable to get up at eight o'clock for sixty days running, he may as well die at once—that he has forfeited all the rights and claims of an Early Bird, and may be devoured, in the shape of fines, by the other Early Birds about him, as, indeed, we know it is the practice of some birds to fall on and chaw up their sick companions? Or is it expected that the terror of the fines to come will bring the ailments of all Early Birds to a cure before the sixty days are out? Or that all diseases ought to be crushed—like the Confederate resistance—"within sixty days?" Or that no Early Bird, as *is* an Early Bird, *can* be ill more than sixty days running, and if he plead illness for longer, is, *ipso facto*, convicted of imposture, and "*taillable et corvable à merci*" like a feudal villein in France before the Revolution?

"V. Each member must be provided with a book, in which daily to enter the hour and minute at which he is dressed. Each member is put on his honour."

This answers a query put above. But still—? Books are all very well, but who is to ensure honest entries? *Quis custodiet ipsos early birdos?* "Each member is put on his honour." True. But will he stay there, without being looked after? If Early Birds can be trusted to sit perched on their honours quietly, and without hopping off or fluttering away, under either the fear of fines or the hope of premium, then we can only say they are *rara aves*—a new breed of Phœnixes—birds of a feather—a feather in their caps—birds, not of prey, but praise—true birds of Paradise.

Then come the rules about fines and premiums, fixing how the latter are to be raised by the former, and to be three—the first of one-half the sum total of fines, the second of one-third, and the third of one-sixth, after expenses. No member is to be eligible for these prizes unless he has paid no fines on 340, 320, and 300 days in the year. Ties are to be settled by minutes in bed on late mornings. We see a good deal of wrangling in prospect over all this. And then to think of the Early Birds "sitting on their honour" all through this tempest of temptation! The society ought to be called "an association for putting people on their honour." Rule X. is another puzzler:—

"If an able-bodied and an invalid are *equally* deserving of a prize, the preference will be given to the former."

"Who's to" decide when Early Birds disagree?" Not reason nor justice. *They* would have said where two people are *equally* deserving, divide the prize. But the Early Birds say, that when an invalid Early Bird has struggled against his ailments and triumphed—when in spite of all the ills his flesh is heir to, he has been up and carefully dressed—who shall say at what cost of resolution and suffering?—daily for 340 days by 8 in the morning, he is to yield the prize to some great, strong, hulking Early Bird, who has no nerves, and never knew ache, pain or twinge, or was conscious of a liver, stomach, or digestive apparatus, and who gets up, not from any sense of duty, fear of fines, or hope of premiums, but simply from the promptings of his rude, coarse, insensible, and brutally-robust system, that won't let him lie a-bed, if he wished it ever so!

This we must call the very acme of unfairness, and even cruelty.

The year of the Early Birds is to end on the 5th of April, when the books and fines are to be made up and settled, and prizes awarded and distributed, &c. as soon as possible after that date. On this we would only remark that there is clearly a mistake of four days in fixing the Early Birds' field-day.

Rule XV. is remarkable:—

"A member will not be considered completely dressed without his badge, and must never appear in public without it, on penalty of a fine of 1d."

A question arises on this—on the legal principle, *expressio unius est exclusio alterius*. As a member is not to be considered completely dressed without his badge, is he to be considered completely dressed with it? In other words, will wearing the badge be considered complete dressing? If so, we should like to see the badge before we join the Association . . . .

By Rule XIX. honorary members are to be admitted on payment of five shillings, and will have the privilege—of wearing the badge.

This would seem to imply that the badge must be something ornamental or useful, and increases our desire to see an article, the privilege of wearing which is worth five shillings, while it constitutes a complete dress in itself. We trust the Metropolitan Magistrates have been consulted, and that Early Birds in their badges will be recognised as "completely dressed," by the law as well as by the rules of the Association.

In conclusion, we beg to assure our readers that the Association we have been commenting on, really exists. If "birds of a feather flock together," Early Birds, it is to be supposed, will join it. If we may judge of the probable composition of the society by the Early Birds of our acquaintance, we should say that it would bring together, encourage, inflate, and otherwise aid, abet, and comfort a highly conceited and disagreeable set of birds, who are in the habit of revenging themselves, for the discomfort of their own early rising, by crowing over every other kind of bird for the rest of the day. And our conviction is, that the fewer worms the said Early Birds pick up by dint of their co-operative organisation, the better.

A KING AMONG PEERS.



IN reference to the *Times*, it will be seen that a new name has been given to one of the special attractions of the old established and popular Exhibition named therein; the department which contains the waxen effigies of GREENACRE, COUVOISIER, RUSH, MR. AND MRS. MANNING, and other persons whose remains were interred within the precincts of a prison, and whose epitaph might have been *Sus. per coll.*:—

MADAME TUSSAUD'S HISTORICAL GALLERY, established 28 years, at the Bazaar, Baker Street. A full-length Portrait Model of DR. COUTY DE LA POMMERAIS, Poisoner, from the original photograph by M. TAINQUART, Paris, from life and the best authorities, is now added to the Chamber of Physiognomy.

What used to be called the Chamber of Horrors, is now styled the Chamber of Physiognomy. The portrait Model of DR. COUTY DE LA POMMERAIS, Poisoner, is a great addition to it. A greater would be that of the KING OF PRUSSIA, who has done more to deserve a place in it than all the celebrities that figure there put together.

ETIQUETTE.

WHEN your host's servant announces dinner, jump up from your chair, cry out in a hearty manner, "Off we goes," and rush down-stairs.

On entering the dining-room, lift up the different covers and choose your dish.

When making a call, see that your boots are quite clean before going into the house. If they are not, take them off and request the servant to polish them before ascending to the Drawing Room.

Always carry your hat into any room, and whirl it round and round on the handle of your stick or umbrella; this gives an air of unconcerned good breeding while carrying on a conversation, and finds an occupation for your hands.

Abe Lincoln's Last.

"DID you ever see a wild goose a floatin' on the ocean?" asked the President of the Secretary of the Treasury, in the words of *Ole Zip Coon*. "Well," answered the Secretary, "I guess I have." "Why, then," says ABE, "you ought to know what it's like; but if you don't, I'll tell you, between yourselves, mind, so don't you go tellin' nobody else. A wild goose a floatin' on the ocean is like the Union, and our tryin' to restore the Union is pretty much like swimmin' arter the goose—a wild goose, CHASE. And, CHASE, you know as well as I do, that the end of a wild goose chase is gone goose."

"HAY WILL NOT BE PLENTIFUL."

IF flesh is grass, for which the farmer 's panting,
We 'll lay the dearth of hay to you, our BANTING.

HAGIOLOGY ON 'CHANGE.—*The Brokers' Patron.*—St. Simon Stock.

Digitized by Google



A LITTLE SCENE AT BRUSSELS.

T–mpk–ns (who has just come down to breakfast). "HERE! I SAY, GARSONG! I WANT A KELKCHOSE FOR DEJEWNAY! DER KORFEE, AND DES HOOFS, YOU KNOW!" *(N.B. The Stout Party T. pokes in the ribs is a wealthy Belgian Swell.)*

FROM THE "ST. STEPHEN'S HUE AND CRY."

LOST, in the House of Commons, during the Debate on MR. DISRAELI'S Motion.—1. A Temper: very little worn, and originally of the softest and most durable materials. Any Member having taken it by mistake, is requested to return it to the Owner, MR. GATHORNE HARDY, as its loss has put MR. HARDY to extreme inconvenience and discomfort.

2. A neat set of Peace-principles: supposed to have been stolen from MR. NEWDEGATE'S pocket by a Roman Catholic priest, who was observed lurking about under the gallery in a suspicious manner during Friday night's discussion, and who repeatedly refused to tell MR. WHALLEY his business.

3. A Scruple of Modesty: in a screw of whitey-brown paper, with the name and address of BERNAL OSBORNE, Esq. M.P. As this is the first time the article was ever brought into the House of Commons, the Owner trusts that if taken by any other Honourable Member it has been taken by an oversight only. The packet is so very small, that it may even have been dropped by the Owner, unawares, and have been swept up with the waste paper by some of the House attendants. Descriptions have been left with the principal pawnbrokers. It is hoped that, if found, it will be returned, as the Owner, to whom the article has been prescribed, is suffering from the want of it.

4. A small piece of Presence of Mind: in an envelope directed to the Right Honourable the SPEAKER, and taken from his chair early in the Debate.

5. A rough draft of a Manuscript, with the title, *Hopes of Office; a Vision:* marked with the initials, "B. DIS.," and tied up in a bundle, with an odd volume of *Vivian Grey*, the *Revolutionary Epic*, with MS. emendations, DELOLME *On the British Constitution*, DARU'S *History of Venice*, PRITCHARD'S *Caucasian Races*, and NEWMAN'S *Theory of Developments*.

6. A Betting-book: containing the latest odds for the Treasury Stakes, and a new recipe for a Cabinet-pudding (on the fly-leaf). As the Owner's name "JONATHAN PEEL" is written at full length in the first page, there can be no excuse for detaining the article.

7. An old set of Conservative principles (new mounted), tied up with red-tape in a piece of Manchester cotton print; also a ready-reckoner, the *Companion to the Blue Books*, a Manuscript abstract of the tariffs of all nations, the Transactions of the Social Science Association, interleaved and annotated, and a Diamond edition of the *Penny Encyclopædia*.

The above (especially the principles) being of no use to anybody but the Owner, LORD STANLEY, no reward for their return will be offered. The Owner trusts to the honesty of the finder, which will be found its own reward.

8. A whip and one spur: the thong frayed out, and the rowel worn to the stump; will be thankfully received by COL. TAYLOR.

FOUND,—1. The sight of the question (supposed to have been lost, on both sides of the House, during the debate).

2. Several large bundles of Danish pledges: supposed to have been dropped by occupants of the Treasury Bench. If not reclaimed in the course of the month, they will be sold to pay expenses.

STRAYED, a Conservative Treasury Hack: much collar-galled, lame in the fore-legs, low in condition, and bears marks of recent severe punishment; branded with the initials D.D., and a coronet on the right flank. Information to be given at the Goodwood Arms, H. LENNOX.

Hint to Fellahs who Call on Us.

IN a case, the other day, at the Middlesex Sessions, MR. OSCAR LA BURN accused MR. MORELLI, a clown, of assault. But it came out that when MR. MORELLI proceeded to beat MR. OSCAR LA BURN, the latter, by his own admission, "was humming a tune from the *Trovatore*." The sentence was very light. We are glad to see that Judges and juries appreciate the boring practice of humming hack old tunes. If the air had been out of *Mirella*, MORELLI might have been amerced more heavily.



THE WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE.

CAPTAIN PUNCH. "ANOTHER BULL'S-EYE, PAM! EIGHTEEN A-HEAD! FIRST PLACE STILL; AND MIND YOU KEEP IT!"

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

CROQUÊT.

A Parenthesis.

An English-Frenchman, whom this pen respects,
Tells me that in my use of circumflex
Over the "e" in Croquêt, as you see,
I am in no way authorised. (*L'esprit*
Of the French language asks for, I confess,
A circumflex when we omit an "s.")
My sole authority's JOHN JA-QUES; so
I give him up. Ask *him*; he ought to know.

X.

If you're a hand at Billiards, then you
Will choose a mallet as you would a cue;
The mallet should be made of Box or Ash,
All other kinds you may set down as trash;
Four shapes there are: howbeit, you will see
But one in constant use. Now this should be
So balanced, as to need but little strength,
And, on an average, three feet in length.
Sometimes the play demands a smartish rap,
Sometimes you will but give a gentle tap;
So that you can strike soft or hard with ease,
You'll hold the mallet any way you please.
A coloured ring should every mallet note—
One blue, one red, and so on, as in rote
Mark both the starting and the turning pegs,
Like varied garters on two wooden legs.

XI.

The Croquêt Ball comes next; and this should be,
If made of English wood, formed from that tree
Which in our parks and forests may be found,
Whence sylvan 'Peckers draw a hollow sound.
But better far to bear the mallet's knocks,
Are Croquêt Balls turned out of Turkey-Box;
Three inches, and a fraction, five by eight,
Circumference; and fourteen ounces, weight.
Of Turkey Boxwood made, or Beech, these two;
Beside, I know none other that would do.

XII.

For setting out the Hoops there are three ways,
Some this approve, some that, some t'other praise,
Who hold the one the other two condemn,
And, *vice versâ*, are condemned by them.
To settle this there is no certain voice,
You buy your implements and take your choice.
Test every mode: whate'er you think the best
Straightway determine on; and, for the rest,
In this old rule the surest guide you'll find,
In non-essentials, have a liberal mind,
Let, in essentials, Unity prevail,
In all things, Charity: we yet may hail,
One of these summer days, though now too late,
An Act, whose object, it shall duly state,
Is for the Better Regulation and
Improvement of the Game throughout the land;
"Whereas"—away with legal phrase!—"An Act
Of Croquêt Uniformity" in fact.

XIII.

When six or eight are playing, then the clip
Is used: 't is made of metal: with a nip
'T is fixed upon the hoop, through which you next
Are going: this decides the question vexed
As to the player's progress, stops all jangling,
One Croquêt clip at once cuts short much wrangling;
So, ladies, I advise its use: but that
Will call for further notice. *Verbum sat.*

XIV.

Aid me, ye playful nymphs that flit around
The Pegs and Hoops of every Croquêt Ground!
Ye gentle spirits do not mock, nor blame
My humble efforts to describe the Game.
Eight 's the full complement of players: more
Than *six* is bad, *I* think; let two or four
Of equal skill for Croquêt's laurels fight,
This the best form of game. Say, am I right?
Let MESSRS. ROBINSON and JONES choose sides;
MISS SMITH, MISS BROWN; perchance their future brides,
Events *do* happen strange as those we read,
And Croquêt may to Hymen's Altar lead.

JONES wins the Toss, and, cunning dog, forthwith
Takes for his partner blonde MISS EMMY SMITH;
While ROBINSON, who'd just begun to frown,
Looks happy and selects brunette MISS BROWN.
On EMMY, Blue her partner's care bestows,
And her with Yellow does Brunette oppose;
JONES chooses Green: two laugh: "he laughs who wins:"
To ROBINSON the Red: and Red begins.

BARCELONIAN BOOBIES.

ONE has heard that musical fools are the greatest of all fools, and it is hard to struggle against such evidence as this. Here is a bit from the *Musical World*, and the story is inserted without a word of comment, and as if such idiotcies were the most natural and proper demonstration in the world. At Barcelona a piece of foolery has been perpetrated "as a special mark of respect to MEYERBEER," who, if he had been alive and at all resembled his celebrated fellow-Hebrew, MENDOZA, would have made *his* special mark exactly between the eyes of the blockhead who could get up such an affair. A sham monument was erected on the stage, carpenters, redolent of garlick, of course, swearing and quarrelling as they held it up:—

"Nine members of the company each bore a letter, surrounded by *immortelles*, of MEYERBEER'S name, which they fixed to the monument. On the latter lay the scores of the celebrated composer's three great masterpieces. *They* were *crowned* with laurel by the members of the company, headed by the famous double-bassist, BOTTESINI. The audience, in their enthusiasm, let loose upon the stage white doves with black ribbons round their necks, and it so happened that one of the doves settled upon BOTTESINI'S wreath, just as BOTTESINI had laid it down."

How sweet! Let us hope that the dove was not from the pigeon-house of TOBIT. How pretty! What a pity that the bird did not settle on the fiddler's head, when the "enthusiasm" might have been still greater; for unless we can suppose that doves with ribbons on them build in the Barcelona opera-boxes, to be ready when wanted, the enthusiasm must have been rehearsed at the poulterers' and milliners' shops. Well, we don't want to be Pharisaical, and we own that English mobs, gentle and simple, do behave ridiculously at times, but we do not believe that grown-up English folk would do anything but roar with laughter, if a sentimental manager attempted such tom-foolery. On the other hand, we pay real homage to MEYERBEER, by regarding his works as the great attraction of our Season. We wonder whether one of those Barcelonian fribbles would pay a guinea to hear one of the "three great master-pieces?" We don't believe it.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Cavalier	MR. MUFF.
Lovely Being	MISS SURESOH.
Stupid Prompter	BY HIMSELF.

SCENE—*A Dungeon.* CAVALIER *about to rescue* YOUNG AND LOVELY BEING, *or* YOUNG AND LOVELY BEING *about to rescue* CAVALIER. *It doesn't matter which, as the plot is somewhat intricate, and the audience have lost the thread.*

Cavalier. And so, dear ISABELLA.

[*Looks at* ISABELLA, *expecting her to say something*

Isabella. Ah! a—a—

[*Looks earnestly at* MR. MUFF, *and nods, intimating that he has forgotten his part.*

Cavalier. You—a—a—dear ISABELLA.

[*Becomes confused. Indulgent audience applaud.* STUPID PROMPTER *hearing this thinks everything is going on capitally, and shuts his book.*

Isabella (*trying back in the dialogue*). The King will show you no further mercy.

Cavalier (*puzzled*). No—that is—yes (*sticking to his original point*)—dear ISABELLA (*aside to* PROMPTER, *but aloud to audience*) What's the word? [*Audience applaud*

Stupid Prompter. Eh? What? [*Awkward pause*

Cavalier. The word.

[*More awkward pause.* ISABELLA *determines never to play with* MR. MUFF *again.*

Stupid Prompter (*to himself*). Where's my spectacles? (*finds them*) (*Aside to* CAVALIER). What's the page?

[CAVALIER *anathematises* PROMPTER. *Confusion. Curtain falls. End of Act.*

BEER.—What's the difference between Bad Beer, Ginger Beer, and Good Beer?—Because they are respectively, All Slop, All Pop, and All-sop.

Digitized by Google



ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

"GO IT, OLD DUSTY, YOU 'RE AS GOOD AS A FORTUN TO US; SO TIP US YER FOOT, AND I 'LL JUST GIVE YER A SHINE FOR NOTHINK."

THE NEW COLOURS.

A Nursery Sea-Song.

So we 've done with the Red, White, and Blue,
And we 've done with the Red, White, and Blue,
For we hear from LORD CLARENCE,
The nautical Barons
Have made an arrangement that 's new.

Her Majesty's ensign is White,
Yes, Her Majesty's ensign is White,
And ships of all nations,
Must make salutations,
Whenever that flag comes in sight.

But what have you done with the Blue?
And what have you done with the Blue?
That colour is handed
To vessels commanded
And manned by Reserve-Men so true.

Then who shall display the bold Red?
And who shall display the bold Red?
Bold Merchants, whose story
Is England's true glory,
Shall hoist the proud flag. Go to bed.

THE NEXT VOTE OF CENSURE.

SHOULD the present drought continue over another week, MR. DISRAELI will move in the House of Commons, a Resolution for an Humble Address to be presented to HER MAJESTY stating:—"That this House views with the greatest alarm and concern the long continuance of a want of rain, as fraught with peril to the best interests of the country, and regrets that, whilst ADMIRAL FITZROY has been retained in his post by Her Majesty's Ministers as Chief of the Weather Office, all measures which the Government may have taken to obtain a sufficiency of refreshing showers have been unsuccessful." It is understood that this Resolution will be equivalent to a vote of Censure on LORD PALMERSTON's Government.

TWO ECONOMICAL DISHES FOR DINNER.—Two Dishes with nothing on them.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR PUNCH,

SOMNAMBULISM and insanity have both been represented on the operatic stage, and witnessed with the plaudits of many a pleased audience. *Amina* walks in sleep, and *Lucia* goes mad, and both of them to such sweet music that one is charmed by what to some people might seem a painful exhibition. More recently, composers have from mental aberrations turned to physical complaints, and sickness has been sweetly set to music for the stage. In one Opera the heroine goes off in a consumption, and the chief interest is sustained by her portrayal of the gradual advance of the disease; while in a still more recent work the unhappy *prima donna* is smitten by a sun-stroke, and dies after seeing visions, which she vocally describes. Perhaps ague will be chosen next for operatic treatment, and this disease would admirably suit the French vibrato style of singing, which fosters quite an agueish vibration of the voice. For vocalists who sing as if they had the shivers, a sharp attack of ague would be just the very thing to make their singing natural; and while the tenor had his shaking fits, the baritone or bass might be afflicted with the gout, which would give good opportunity for a burst of vocal vehemence whenever a twinge came, or some one trod on his big toe.

One surely sees enough of sickness in the world, without wanting to see it introduced upon the stage, and I could wish that in *Mirella* the sun-stroke had been stricken out of the libretto, ere the pen of the composer had begun to labour at it. Of course if foolish girls go walking in hot climates with nothing on their heads, they run the risk of being smitten by a *coup-de-soleil;* but there is very little interest in the sight of such an accident, and really I should like *Mirella* all the better if, when she wandered forth to pray for her lost lover, she had the common sense to put her shawl and bonnet on, and, for fear of sun-stroke, take a parasol. When she sees the vision of what is called in the libretto "a wonderful city on the brink of a large lake," and sings out in an extasy, "*Fors è Gerusalem, ed il suo templo santo; fors è l'avel delle Dive del mar*," I dare say a good many people thought it very fine; but I could not help reflecting that the poet had derived his inspiration from the ballad, wherein poor little BILLY sings at the masthead:—

"I see Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee,
And the British fleet a riding at anchor,
With ADMIRAL NELSON, K.C.B."

With all its faults, however (and for these not the composer but the poet may be thanked), I think *Mirella* quite worth hearing by those who like to hear a pretty, pleasant, piquant, unpretentious pastoral Opera: and I would specially give credit for the way in which this last named quality throughout is borne in mind. To people who are fond of judging by comparison, and cannot hear one opera without thinking of another, I would say that the bold song of the rough suitor *Orrias* is as picturesque and rugged and well suited to the character, as the song of *Mephistopheles*, "*Dio dell' or;*" while the charming recitative which precedes the air *Mirella* sings before *Orrias* comes to plague her, is a bit that made me think of WEBER and MOZART. What most pleased me, however, was—no, not your song, MRS. TREBELLI, piquant as it is, and piquante as are you; nor yet your one song, MISS VOLPINI, pretty as it is, and pretty as are you—but the duet "*Ah, parla ancor!*" in which the two girls' voices blend so charmingly and sweetly that he must have the ears of Midas, who does not feel a pleasant tickle in them while he listens to the strain.

I should not have spoken of the opera so much, but that of the theatres there is so little to be said. Indeed our managers this season seem somewhat bent on following the early closing movement, for unless you cross the Thames, or made a journey to the City, you will only find four theatres which are not now shut up. At these you have the choice of either seeing the *Ticket of Leave Man* for the three hundred and sixtieth time, or of seeing MR. WEBSTER in one of his old parts (*Janet Pride* or the *Dead Heart*, pray which, MR. CRITIC, do you incline to call his best?) or of seeing a new play—at least a newly borrowed one—for MA'AMSELLE STELLA COLAS, or of seeing a new burlesque on the now fashionable *Faust*. If you have caught the *Faust* fever, and have given your two guineas to see PATTI as *Mar-*

gherita, you will hardly grudge a crown to see MRS. CHARLES MATHEWS, and note the points wherein her conception of the character differs from your pet's. Moreover, you will find that her husband gives a thoroughly new reading to the part of *Mephistopheles*, quite distinct from that attempted by GASSIER or FAURE: and, as a further tempting novelty, you will in *Faust* at the St. James's, find the *Poodle* introduced, whom, out of reverence for GÖTHE, *Toby* was particularly pleased and proud to see.

As to the Princess's play, it is certainly worth seeing, if only to rub up one's Spanish history a bit, and improve one's acquaintance with KING PHILIP THE SECOND and his father, CHARLES THE FIFTH. If, from glancing at the playbill, you expect to see some likeness in his Majesty, KING PHILIP, to the actor, MR. VINING, you will certainly be disappointed, for, except perhaps in voice, there is no resemblance whatever to be traced. The King looks as if he had been framed as his own portrait, and had walked out of his frame, so like a fine old Spanish picture does he look. *Au reste*, MA'AMSELLE STELLA COLAS is a graceful little person, and her attitudes are always pleasant to behold. But though her admirers doubtless like to see as much of her as possible, she should not have been tempted to play two parts at once, for it needlessly fatigues her, and must perplex the pit. I don't want to find fault though, for both parts suit her very well; and I very much prefer to see her in a piece where (your pardon, Mr. French Author) the words are of small consequence, than to see her make a talking ballet-girl of *Juliet*, and to hear the charming poetry of SHAKSPEARE spoiled by a French accent and a somewhat mouthing voice.

ONE WHO PAYS.

THE GREAT RESTORATIVE PARTY.

To LORD JOHN MANNERS.



CONSERVATIVE LORD, — Now the Vote of Censure has broken down, allow me to tell your Lordship what. Our party must be re-organised. We must return to the old ways. In the first place, let us drop the name of Conservatives. What does it mean? Conservatives of what? Of things as they are? Why then we conserve all the Liberal legislation of the last five-and-thirty years. Conserve roses and apricots! Conserve my eye!

I call myself simply a Tory; always did, always shall. I don't want to conserve the whole of the present state of things, by any means. I wish to rescind all of it that is the work of Whigs and Radicals. In fact I may say I would if I could abolish the best part of it.

The so-called Conservative Party may get into office by a turn of luck, but it will never stay there. No party can keep in place now except by concession to popular demands. The only difference between the Conservative and Liberal parties is, that the former party does that with a bad grace, and the latter with a good grace. It must of course be the favourite of the two.

Office is at least as hopeless for truckling trimming Conservatives as it is for old Tories. But since we can't get place, let us stand by our principles. If all is lost but honour, we may anyhow as well keep honour. Conservatives are upholding the very measures which they denounced and opposed with all their might only the other day! I call that tergiversation. I say it is disgraceful. We may own that we have been beaten, but ought to maintain that we were in the right. Let us assert boldly that we were, and are, and always have been. They ask what our policy is? Let our straightforward answer be:—"A retrograde policy." Let us boldly proclaim that we desire to reverse all the measures that our predecessors opposed; restore the Test and Corporation Acts, repeal Catholic Emancipation and Reform, re-enact the Corn Laws, re-establish Protection at large, exclude Dissenters again from the Universities altogether, and subject all national education to the Established Church.

If we cannot be content with the good old-fashioned name of Tories, we might also call ourselves Restoratives; our avowed design being the restoration, if possible, of the good old times.

My proposal is not Quixotic at all. I don't expect that we shall get into office, professing the objects and intentions which I avow. But we have a better chance than your sneaking Conservatives. America is going to the bad, the Continent of Europe, where not in anarchy, is under oppression. Englishmen are frightened; reform has been dropped; reaction has begun; it may end in the reascent of Toryism.

The prosperity of the country under Liberal Government is an insuperable fact to us at present; but prosperity is eating up the land; and in the meanwhile benefits nobody but the commercial classes and the common people. The dearness of butcher's meat is owing to the rise of wages; and there are plenty of people who are sick of a prosperity which is that of others. Prosperity will some day end in a crash. Let us bide our time. DISRAELI may not seem to see all this; very well, then, we must depose him, and find another BEN whose Christian name may be JOHN, if your Lordship is of the same mind with your humble servant,

Gatton Club, July, 1864. MEGATHERIUM.

ENGLAND AND THE ENEMY.

If you are, as you think yourselves, Europe's Police,
Interfere with strong hand, and enforce Europe's peace.
You 're a pretty Policeman, JOHN BULL, to allow
Those two fellows out yonder to kick up that row.

Ah! yes, much, no doubt, old one, 'twould answer your ends
If I did put a stop to those games of your friends.
But one can't collar two, and you know I should find
There 's another of your lot those parties behind.

That is all a pretence to excuse standing by.
Two to one? Pack of stuff. Isn't France your ally?
Of your backing out only NAPOLEON's afraid;
If you 'll go the whole hog, France will give you her aid.

Come, I say, now, you, whom I renounce and defy,
Do you think that you see any green in my eye?
What a nice course is that you would have me pursue,
France does nothing for nothing as strictly as you.
Didn't VICTOR-EMMANUEL NAPOLEON employ?
And what had he to pay for it? Nice and Savoy.

Let a generous idea your counsels inspire.
You have no end of guns, but you won't open fire.
Though the weak are attacked, you exert not your might.
You have ships, you have soldiers, now why don't you fight?
Either fight or disarm, you behave like a goose,
Keeping up these huge armaments—what is their use?

Oh! what, don't you know that? Well then, wait and you 'll see,
In case any of those friends of yours molest me.
Now then, back, and be off, for your hoof I espy;
And you won't humbug me, so it 's no use to try.

MRS. HARRIS BANGS THE BISHOPS.

WE were afraid that the Conservative organs would be a little angry at the overthrow of all their party hopes, and the falsification of all their party prophecies, by the majority that has confirmed PAM in the possession of office. But though we "give the losers leave to chide," they should have a little decorum. Who so devout and devoted a friend of the Church of England, who so reverent to its venerable bishops "sacred with the oil of the Apostolic succession," as our religious friend the *Standard?* Who so piously indignant at Dissenters and other atheists, who dare wickedly to think that bishops are only men? But it seems that bishops are angels only when they vote with LORD DERBY. Hear what the religious *Standard* says of the others:—

"The Bench of Bishops is filled with the *creatures* of the Whig party, who openly avow, *with an elasticity of conscience to which only Episcopacy can attain, that they are bound to vote even for a falsehood rather than not 'magnify their makers.'*"

We shudder. This from the great Church of England organ! We thought by the scoff at "Episcopacy," that we were reading the Presbyterian *Record*, but the words are the words of *Mrs. Harris* of Shoe Lane. What shall be said unto her when she gets another religious fit, and the venerable hierarchs of the Catholic and Apostolic Church become angels again? "Elasticity of conscience to which only Episcopacy can attain." And this is the paper which the clergy are thought to read, and to consider "ably written." It derides Episcopacy, and profanely parodies the Bible! *Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Harris*, why don't they keep the pens and ink from you when you are excited, M'm?



Music Master. "NOW, MISS LOUISA, THAT SHAKE ONCE MORE. (*Sings.*) I'M AFRAID YOU'VE NOT BEEN PRACTISING."



Miss Lou' (*His Youngest Pupil, and fond of chaff*). "OH, MR. TRIPLITZ, I VOTE WE TRY SOMETHING ELSE. I SHALL NEVER BE ABLE TO SHAKE LIKE THAT TILL THE WINTER TIME!"

HINT FOR CLEANING WINDOWS.

(*From our Colwell-Hatchney Housekeeper's Companion.*)

Window Cleaning.—Be careful not to stand outside the windows, but sit down upon them, pulling up the lower sash, and pulling down the upper one at the same time. Take out each pane separately, and clean it. This should be done quickly. If the windows are of plate glass, their appearance is much improved by throwing stones and dust over them. Clean the corners of each pane with a sharp-pointed stick, which you can easily push through, so as to remove the dust from the interior and exterior simultaneously.

The *Housekeeper's Companion* also contains the following excellent Rules for establishing Libraries in villages and village towns:—

1. That every subscriber be allowed to take out all the books at a time.
2. That he may not keep them away for more than a month, except after special application to the Librarian, which shall be invariably refused; but which refusal, to avoid all offence, shall not have any effect on the subscriber.
3. That all persons paying nothing a-year, half in advance, shall become life-members, and be admitted to all the privileges of a full member.
4. That a member shall be only a full member after dinner.
5. That for the purpose of diffusing useful knowledge in the village, all the books shall be in Hebrew, Sanscrit, Syro-Chaldaic, and ancient Hindu characters.
6. That the library shall be open once a-year, from ten till four, during which time the Free list will be entirely suspended.
7. No restriction as to evening dress, which will be worn by all subscribers throughout the current year.

YET ANOTHER FOR BANTING.—"Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness."

THE WICKED LITTLE ONES.

THE Evangelical Alliance, as it modestly calls itself, has been holding a four days' conference at Edinburgh. The discourses were not remarkable for anything but length. But the Alliance felt itself bound to do something to promote Sabbath Observance, and we are privileged in being allowed to state that a devout man, the REV. DR. JENKINS, was inspired with a revelation, which if it be properly heeded, will prevent all Sabbath desecration for the end of time:—

"The REV. DR. JENKINS said, that he greatly feared that *parents were not sufficiently careful to put the children's toys out of sight on Saturday night.*"

Now we have it. The children do it all. Wicked little wretches! If they had their way, we believe that instead of going three times to chapel, and learning catechism between "worship," the profane little heretics would sit out in a field, and string flowers and sing, and even play cup-and-ball. It is awful to think of such juvenile depravity, and we heartily thank the stern JENKINS for pointing out the crimes of the lisping generation. Now we shall know how to prevent Sabbath desecration. Little did we imagine that the real authors of so much evil were crawling about our knees. But for the future let them look out for birch and Calvinism.

Notice to Correspondents.

IT is not true, as has been absurdly stated, that the National Discount Company discounts Parliamentary Bills.

We cannot undertake during the hot weather to supply our readers regularly with iced *Punch*.

The Opposition whip does not give any of his party the whipping that some of them deserve.

PICTORIAL.

PICTURES of Fruit and Vegetable subjects are quite in keeping with dining-room ornamentation. Hang up your cucumbers in their frames.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, July 23, 1864.



A FACT.—NOTICE WITH A VENGEANCE.

Fond, but Stout Parent. "YES, SHE DOES TAKE NOTICE, SO; AND SHE'S BEGINNING TO KNOW ALL THE BEASTS IN THE ARK BY NAME, TOO. THERE, BABY, WHAT'S THIS?" (*Holding up Hippopotamus.*)

Baby (*unhesitatingly*). "MAM-MA."

LOFTY SPECULATIONS.

PEOPLE who have more money than they know what to do with should dispose of it in the purchase of shares in some of those highly promising joint-stock companies, so many of which we now see advertised in the newspapers and in circulars sent to us through the Post-Office or left by errand boys at the door. If a man is estimated by the company he keeps, he will of course improve his social position by joining a company, in which his fellow-members will, many of them, be noblemen. It is now getting to be quite a common proceeding amongst the aristocracy to become directors of associations formed for the purpose of keeping taverns and shops, or, as their advertisements say, of "acquiring the business of MESSRS. SO AND SO," guaranteed to return at least ten per cent. Various prospectuses of these dignified concerns are before the world—or behind the fire. In addition to the schemes already proposed by noble lords and gentlemen to small capitalists who regard interest rather than security, we may announce the following:—

The Queen's Counsel Company (Limited).—The formation of this Company has been effected with a view to acquire the practice of the Queen's Counsel. Its efforts will likewise be directed to buying up that of the learned Serjeants, and the other leading barristers.

The Medical Attendance Company (Limited).—The object of this Association is that of acquiring the practice of the principal Physicians and Surgeons of London, and supplying medicine and advice and surgical aid of a superior quality to the British public.

SNIP AND CO. (Limited).—This Company has been formed, as its name implies, for the purpose of acquiring the business of MESSRS. SNIP, GOOSEY AND CO., the celebrated tailors.

The United Applewoman, Tater-Can and Oyster Stall Company (Limited),—has been formed for the acquisition of the whole of the business at present carried on by the old women, costermongers, and others who keep the various fruit and fish-stalls of this great Metropolis. Capital £1,000,000, in 10,000 shares of £100 each, of which it is not intended to call up more than 6*d.* a share.

Having submitted the foregoing list of eligible investments to confiding minds, we may ask what product of domestic cookery is resembled by an airy commercial speculation which comes to grief? Not a hash; no: do you give it up? Bubble and Squeak.

THE COMING COMET.

AIR—"*There's a Good Time Coming, Boys.*"

THERE'S a Comet coming, Boys,
A Comet coming;
We ourselves can't name the day,
Nor can MISTER HIND yet say,
When the Comet's coming.
Our last Comet came out strong,
This will come out stronger;
Comets' tails are very long,
This one's will be longer.
Chorus. There's a Comet coming, Boys,
A Comet coming;
There's a Comet coming, Boys,
Wait a little longer.

There's a Comet coming, Boys,
A Comet coming;
When the EMPEROR shall be
Thinking but of EUGÉNIE,
As the Comet's coming.
Workhouses shall ope their doors,
None shall die of hunger,
Organmen shall quit our shores,
Wait a little longer.
Chorus. There's a Comet coming, Boys,
A Comet coming;
There's a Comet coming Boys,
Wait a little longer.

There's a Comet coming, Boys,
A Comet coming;
When poor needlewomen may
For fair work receive fair pay,
As the Comet's coming:
Brutes who beat their wives shall be
Scourged with a sharp thong, a
Cabman shall act civil*lee*,
Wait a little longer.
Chorus. There's a Comet coming, Boys,
A Comet coming;
There's a Comet coming, Boys,
Wait a little longer.

There's a Comet coming, Boys,
A Comet coming,
To the war an end there 'll be,
When Americans shall see
The Comet coming.
Warlike keels shall not at sea,
Rouse the slumb'ring conger,
Universal peace there 'll be,
Wait a little longer.
Chorus. There's a Comet coming, Boys,
A Comet coming,
North and South Amerikee,
Wait a little longer.

There's a Comet coming, Boys,
A Comet coming;
'Tis to strike Earth's upper crust,
Gracious! won't there be a dust!
If this Comet's coming!
HIND, perhaps quite wrong may be,
TALMAGE may be wronger,
In BISHOP'S ob-ser-va-to-ree,
Wait a little longer!
Chorus. If a Comet's coming, Boys,
A Comet's coming!
May you, with me,
Be there to see,
But—wait a little longer.

The Yankee "Devil's Own."

SEVERAL of the Commanders of the Federal Army are said to have been lawyers. The American Civil War appears to be the first in which troops have been led to action by Attorney-Generals.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



JULY 15*th*, *Friday*. The CHANCELLOR took vengeance on the Bishops who, in Convocation, had condemned *Essays and Reviews*. LORD HOUGHTON introduced the subject, in an elaborate and historical speech, and asked whether Government intended to take any notice of the action of Parsons' Parliament. This gave LORD WESTBURY an innings, and he went at his work, we were going to say *con amore*, but there was small love lost between the high contending parties. The Lawyer poured out all his vials of contempt upon the Priest. He drew a ludicrously awful picture of what would be the final consequences to the Bishops and Clergy, should the Crown look at their proceedings in earnest, but said that there would be no interference at present. And he remarked that the condemnatory resolution was of so "oily and saponaceous" a character as to be harmless, from its eel-like nature. The Primate having gravely justified the course taken by Convocation, and the BISHOP OF LONDON having spoken with his accustomed shrewd sense, our friend the BISHOP OF OXFORD replied to the CHANCELLOR. Of course, the words "oily and saponaceous" conveyed no hint to the Bishop. The celestial mind is above such things. But in the interest of the Church, and truth, and humility, and so on, DR. WILBERFORCE did blaze out with uncommon fury; charged the CHANCELLOR with "ribaldry," but said that the hierarchy would sooner endure that cross than fail in their duty. The conflict between the Seal and the Mitre was edifying and suggestive, but it was hard work for a Bishop in a passion to defend the petulant follies of Convocation against a calm, sarcastic Lawyer.

There was nothing particular in the Commons, except that the very improper proposal to double the Australian postage stands over until the Colonists shall have informed us whether they desire a bi-monthly mail. This means a mail twice a month, though, grammatically, it signifies a mail every two months, and we are enraged to find Government adopting the vile slang of the half-taught.

A grant of £500 has been voted for the Royal Academy of Music, and it is not much to make a fuss about, but it gave divers Members an opportunity of venting two-penny indignation, which should have been displayed when millions were going, nightly, on extravagant Estimates. MR. HENNESSY, mentioning that some similar assistance had been half promised to Dublin, repined that when we had "ruined" Ireland, we should insult her with music. But what says the Irish bard, MR. MOORE?

> 'Come, take the Harp, 'tis vain to muse]
> Upon the gathering woes we see;
> Come, take the Harp, and let me lose
> All thoughts of ill in hearing thee."

Monday. This is a *dies albâ cretâ notandus*. It will not be *Mr. Punch's* painful duty to do away with the hereditary Legislature. For, to-night, in the Lords,

THE STREET MUSIC BILL WAS READ A THIRD TIME, AND PASSED.

Our heart is too full, at present, to allow us to do justice to the authors of the greatest of all the Emancipation Acts, but *Mr. Punch* is no niggard of reward to those who have done his bidding faithfully. Further particulars will be duly announced, and Italian fiends at a distance will keep there, and accept this intimation.

A Brazilian debate, originated by MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, is chiefly noticeable by reason of the extreme calmness and courtesy of LORD PALMERSTON, and the extreme and un-Parliamentary rudeness of MR. OSBORNE towards the aged PREMIER. *Mr. Punch* is not a harsh judge of hasty language, but MR. OSBORNE, who was born in 1811, might remember that LORD PALMERSTON was born in 1794, and might also remember that LORD PALMERSTON began to serve his country fifty-five years ago, and has been serving her ever since, while MR. OSBORNE'S services, deducting certain smart speeches, studded with st[illegible] impromptu, extend only over a period of six years, when he was A[illegible] ralty Secretary. If, as is supposed, he is discontent at not being enabled to add to the obligations under which he has placed the nation, he is not likely to excite a national agitation for his return to office by rudeness to the man whom at this time the people chiefly delight to honour.

We had another New Zealand debate, and again did WHALLEY THE WISE announce his conviction that the natives had been stirred into rebellion by the POPE. A wonderful thing is fanaticism real or affected. When EBENEZER ELLIOTT saw a man fall off a haystack and break his arm, the poet declared that "there was another result of those accursed Corn-Laws." Driven into a corner, the ingenuity of the poetic mind did, we believe, devise a concatenation of events which connected the broken arm with Protection. We guaranteed a loan to carry on a war which every one wishes at an end. Government declares that it is only a small portion of the natives who are opposed to us, and also denies that the colonial merchants supply those natives with arms. No, but they sell them to so-called friendly natives, who transmit them to their fighting brethren, and anyhow the result is, that the obituary in the *Times*, when an Australian mail has arrived, contains announcements of the deaths of English officers by Birmingham rifles.

Tuesday. A Bill for the Mutual Surrender of Criminals between England and Prussia, was read a Second Time in the Lords. It is a pity that it does not legalise exchange of criminals. Else we should be happy to hand over FRANZ MULLER, when we catch him, in return for the Commander of the Prussian brigand army in Denmark. The exchange would be against us, but never mind that.

LORD HARTINGTON informed the House that Six new Companies were going to Japan. As the object of our action in Japan has always been represented to be the extension of trade, it was supposed that these were new and adventurous trading Companies. But it appears that they are gallant British soldiers, whose stock-in-trade is powder, ball, and courage, and that if they open any shops it will be done with the bayonet. But trade customs vary with climates.

MR. MAGUIRE set out the grievances of certain Paper-makers, who describe themselves as ruined by Free Trade. The Government answer is, that the manufacture is not half so much ruined as is asserted, and that the nation is better off, in regard to paper, than before. Even LORD ROBERT MONTAGU deprecated the renewal of an old fray, and could not see why makers should be befriended at the expense of consumers.

SIR F. SMITH brought up the rather important question, whether the British fleet is properly armed, but the Admiralty declares that it is minding its own business in the most elegant manner, and will hear of no Commissions of Inquiry. MR. BULL will be good enough to make a note of this debate. Should an English ship meet the fate of the *Alabama*, he may have something to say to my Lords of the Admiralty.

Wednesday. Such resistance was offered to the Bill for allowing Church Prayers to be read in Schools, that the measure was withdrawn, and the Dissenting interest may be congratulated on having obtained one victory this Session.

Thursday. The Lords read a Second Time, the Bill which *Mr. Punch* took so much pains to explain, for promoting the use of the Metric System. Nearly all the Chambers of Commerce are in its favour, said the DUKE OF ARGYLL. LORD BROUGHAM regarded it as an important step in the right direction, and trusted that it would lead to a further adoption of the Decimal System.

A speculator having got up a sort of Cremorne in that peaceful district, Kentish Town, the Magistrates have hitherto been protecting the quiet residents against what they consider an awful nuisance, by declining to license the place. The public-house interest has of course, a mouthpiece in MR. COX, of Finsbury, and he demanded that Government should bring in a Bill compelling the Magistrates to give reasons for such a refusal. SIR GEORGE GREY replied that it was no business of his to bring in such a Bill.

A necessary measure has been somewhat hastily introduced, but ought not therefore to be rejected. It is a Bill for the Relief of the Casual Poor of London. The purport is to charge all the parishes with a general rate in aid of the unfortunate, instead of leaving them to the untender mercies of the present system. If honourable Members had walked near our workhouses on but one winter night, even the grouse would be neglected, for a day or two, that a measure might pass for laying the most hideous Phantoms that can haunt a city of Christians.

SIR CHARLES WOOD brought in the Indian Budget. There is a surplus of £1,800,000. We should add no more upon so utterly uninteresting and unimportant a subject, were it not that MR. GRANT DUFF, M.P. for Elgin, used language, in reference to good-natured, courteous, and zealous SIR CHARLES WOOD, which in other days would have been —well, thought ungentlemanly. He said:—

> "Not only was the Indian Budget submitted at the end of the Session, but they were brought down to listen not to a speech, but to a sort of concatenation of interjected sentences jerked out by a Minister to whom Heaven had denied not only the power of lucid statement but of articulate speech."

The House has been called the pleasantest club in London, but there is no other club where such impertinence would be tolerated. We doubt whether the Codgers would permit it.

MR. AYRTON urged, not without *primâ facie* reason, that inasmuch as Prussia had broken the treaty of Vienna and the peace of Europe, England ought not to hold herself bound to continue to guarantee to Prussia the Saxon provinces which she holds under that Treaty. But LORD PALMERSTON could not see that the gross misconduct of Prussia freed us from Treaty engagements.

A Bill passed for enabling the authorities to regulate the traffic over the London bridges. This police measure was so much wanted that we are surprised it was not violently opposed by some Metropolitan Members, and declared to be a violation of common law rights, the Thirty-Nine Articles, Magna Charta, and the Vaccination Act.

Friday. LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE desired to know whether there were any truth in the rumours of a new Holy Alliance. LORD RUSSELL thought there was none, and that if there were any, a Holy Alliance could do little harm in these days, especially as France and England were daily drawn closer together. This may be so. But LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE does well to look out. When a policeman sees three well-known thieves in friendly council, he does no harm in favouring them with a rather rude stare from his bull's-eye.

MR. CORNEWALL delivered a long, and exceedingly clever speech on the impolicy of Government in being the Manufacturer of ships, guns, coats, rifles, and other things which he contended could be obtained on far better terms from private enterprise. There was much sense in what he said, of course. But we do not imagine that the time is very near when we shall quite carry out his views, and when, England being at war, it will be announced that the contract for taking Sebastopol has been assigned to MESSRS. GRISSELL, PETO & Co., who have undertaken to hand over the defences to the Government engineer on the first of May.

Saturday. *Silvery fish, that in the morn were swimming*
Where the Greenwich golden waters glow;
Like the night, and tossed from goblets brimming,
Tumbled down the throats of PAM and Co.

WIVES FOR WORKING MEN.

OLD PUNCH,

THERE is now before me a newspaper called the *Morning Star*. It is a penny paper, but really contains one good thing. That is an account of a proposed institution, to be called a "Working Women's College." It is to be constituted like the Working Man's College which there is in Great Ormond Street, where I suppose the literary working men who some time ago wrote to the *Times* for and against extension of the suffrage, were educated. The original Literary Dustman was brought up, as you know, elsewhere, but in the neighbourhood:—

"You recollects the cinder-cap as stood by Gray's Inn Lane, Sirs."

About the Working Men's College, though, I am not joking, and don't in the least mean to make fun of the Working Women's. Among its promoters the *Star* names MR. LITCHFIELD and MR. V. LUSHINGTON, the REV. F. D. MAURICE, PROFESSOR SEELEY, PROFESSOR CAIRNES, DR. CHAPMAN, and MR. W. T. MALLESON; all men of a material more or less substantial than straw. The *Star*, with reference to the two former of these gentlemen, remarks that:—

"The association of MR. LITCHFIELD and MR. V. LUSHINGTON with the proposed institution is, in itself, a guarantee that the project is no weak invention to make a flash in the pan, and then be seen no more."

No doubt; only allow me to say that the *Morning Star* cannot have been up very early to talk of a flash in the pan at this time of day, when pans may be said to have been exploded long ago by the explosion of copper caps, which, in their turn, needles will soon explode in exploding cartridges for breech-loaders. The *Star* is evidently no shooting star. The antiquated metaphor, however, of your brilliant contemporary, detracts nothing from the interest of its article on that modern institution to which that metaphor relates negatively, and is inapplicable. The article in question on the contemplated Working Women's College assures us thereof that:—

"The programme which the promoters put forward has nothing visionary about it. The list of the subjects for which elementary and advanced classes will be formed includes Latin and French, vocal music, drawing, social economy, and physiology, besides the more ordinary but certainly not less useful arithmetic, grammar, history, and geography."

Come, I say, *Punch*, this will be a Working Women's College, indeed. What sort of Working Men do you think those will be who will be suitable mates for the Working Women of the Working Women's College? We are all Working Men, as many of us as have anything to do, and do it. It seems to me that to be eligible for the hand of a Spinster of Arts even, who has graduated at the Working Women's College, a fellow ought to have taken a pretty good degree at Oxford or Cambridge. I suppose the Working Women of the Working Women's College, all but those who

"Means to live as vargeants and still the laurel wear,"

will expect to marry University Working Men, at least, and will set their caps at the trencher-cap and not at that which consists of brown paper. Barristers, physicians and surgeons, beneficed clergymen; such, I presume, are the Working Men who, wanting wives, will go to the Working Women's College for those requisites. As yet, however, the Working Women's College is not actually in existence. For its actual establishment, however, the old, old condition is indispensable. "Money is required," as usual. "There are unavoidable expenses which must be incurred," of course. You may read by *Star*light that:—

"These are estimated at between £300 and £350 a-year. In order that the permanency of the institution may be secured, the promoters ask that at least two years' expenses shall be guaranteed, and for assistance in this respect they appeal to the public."

So now then, if any of your readers are blessed with infant daughters whom they would like to get qualified by-and-by for the wives of literary and scientific swells, or the governesses of gentlemen's children, let them come down on the nail for the Working Women's College. I suppose they may send their money to the office of the *Star*. Having an ardent attachment to a young lady who I very much wish had been sent to a Working Women's College, she is so awfully ignorant,

I remain, your constant Subscriber,

STEEPHON.



"But still the house affairs would draw her thence," &c., &c.—SHAKSPEARE.

Beautiful Stars.

THERE are two stars visible just now, that all dramatic star-gazers ought certainly to see. Of these *Stellæ*, the one is STELLA COLAS at the Princess's Theatre, and the other is *La Stella dell Norte* at the opera-house of MR. GYE. They both are evening stars, and in the eyes of their admirers doubtless both of them are viewed as stars of the first magnitude. Telescopes to see these stars may be hired any evening at a very trifling charge, and all who wish to take a sight at them must look somewhat sharp about it, as the stars will both be setting in a very few more nights.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

BISHOP COLENSO and CARDINAL WISEMAN are the Professors appointed to lecture before the Members of the Royal Humane Society during the Vacation, when they will each advance his particular views of Inspiration.



The "Governour," one of the right sort. "YES, JUST AS I AND THE BOYS HAVE GOT COMFORTABLE, AND OUR HANDS IN NICELY FOR SHOOTING, TO LEAVE THIS QUIET VALLEY AND GO BACK TO FEATHER-BEDS AND SHEETS AND FINGER-GLASSES AND TURMOIL AND TRUMPERY, I CAN'T BEAR TO THINK OF IT. MIX ME ANOTHER PANNIKIN OF BRANDY-AND-WATER, BOB!"

BRIGANDAGE AT SYDENHAM.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

UNTIL the afternoon of Saturday, the sixteenth of July, I have all my lifetime been under the impression that this was a free country. Provided that one did not trespass upon private property, I thought that in Great Britain one might go just where one pleased, and do just what one chose to do. On the fatal day, however, to which I have referred, this fond belief of mine was effectually dissipated. That afternoon, in a weak moment, (my watch unluckily had stopped, and so I can't precisely specify which moment was the weak one,) I allowed a friend to take me with him to the Crystal Palace. "Come and see the pretty actresses," said he to me, alluringly, "They hold a fancy fair to-day for the Dramatic College, and you may stare at them, you know, as much as ever you like, and won't have to pay a penny for the privilege of doing so." Well, thought I, one doesn't often get the chance of seeing actresses for nothing. So in my innocence I went, and, donkey that I was, I quite forgot to recollect to leave my purse behind me.

Well, Sir, directly I set foot within that fatal fancy fair, I found my freedom gone, nearly all my money also. A dozen pretty robbers held me captive by their smiles, and would not suffer me to go till I had paid good ransom. How many fans and fancy-fairings and photographs I purchased is more than I can say; but when my pockets were quite full of things that were quite useless to me, one fair syren held me spell bound by the magic of her eyes, the while she deftly fastened a rose-bud in my button-hole. "Only half-a-crown" I had to pay her for this ornament, which I knew in Covent Garden would have cost me only twopence. "But you know it's for the College," said she, with a sweet smile, and, after robbing me of half-a-crown, thus robbed me of remonstrance. And, Sir, will you believe it? while these brigands pillaged me, the police stood calmly by, and never stirred a hand to help me! There was I entrapped, waylaid and robbed, and at the mercy of a gang of thieves who really looked most killing; yet not one officer of justice came there to my rescue.

Having wholly lost my heart and very nearly all my money, I contrived at length to slip away from the Scylla of these Syrens, but then I came to a Charybdis in the shape of an Aunt Sally ground,[1] which completely wrecked my hope that the plundering was ended. Here I was kept prisoner until I had paid for half a sovereign's worth of shies, and had been so far successful with them as to hit Aunt Sally three times on her nose. Then, being released, I was dragged to a magician[2] who conjured half-a-crown down my throat without my knowing it; and after being forced to pay two shillings more to be frightened by a ghost, I had my few remaining wits completely frightened out of me by finding myself suddenly in the company of a gorilla, a lion, a big bear, and some few dozen more wild beasts.

Add to all these tortures the still more cruel one of being forced to go without my dinner (for the rough-and-tumble feed you pay so dearly for at Sydenham, it were a mockery to speak of by the sacred name of dinner, when any shilling slap-bang is far worthier of the word), add this climax to my misery, and you will hardly wonder that I still growl and grumble at the treatment I received.[3] But charity, as *Lord Dundreary* says, helps annually to cover a whole multitude of skins, and the money I was robbed of I know will be well spent in a good charitable cause. So I will forgive the Syrens, though I know I can't forget them: and I'll acknowledge, if they please, that the remembrance of their smiles is a sufficient compensation for the injuries I sustained.

Wishing the Dramatic College therefore all success, which this yearly playing of *The Robbers* must tend greatly to ensure, believe me, my dear *Punch*, yours and MR. WEBSTER'S and the lady-brigands' to command,

JOHN JONES.

[1] The presiding Brigand was one JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, well known to the Police in the Haymarket.

[2] A versatile imp, called TOOLEY, no doubt, and who has a familiar known as Little PAUL, both under subjection to a BLAND Magian of Bond Street.

[3] We also were robbed of a good appetite by confiding it to a very slatternly barmaid and a "cheeky" tapster.—*Ed.*

LATEST FROM "LE FOLLET."—The Sweetest Thing in Bonnets:—The Ladies' Faces.

Digitized by Google



SHORT COMMONS, OR THE MINISTERIAL WHITEBAIT DINNER.

PAM (HEAD WAITER). "IS THAT ALL WE'VE GOT TO PUT ON THE TABLE?"

JOHNNY RUSSELL (THE COOK). "HERE'S *MY* KETTLE O' FISH!"

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE MORAL OF THE WHITEBAIT.

A Delectable Ballad.

It was a menye of Ministeres,
And they were boune to dine—
Of the Moët to sup and the Mosel-cup,
And to eat of the Whitebait fine.

A blitheasomer band of Ministeres
Ne'er bandied geck and glee,
With their minds swept bare of the cobwebs o' care,
And their hands from the red-tape free.

There were young Ministeres and old Ministeres,
And Ministeres 'twixt the two,
But the blithest of a' was Childe PALMERSTON,
That with Time had nought to do.

They have ta'en the water at Whitehall-stairs,
In a steamboat chartered free;
They have steamed full fast the Bridges past
By Embankment soon to be.

With a gleeful crack on WILL COWPER his back,
Childe PALMERSTON he came down;
"Fair fall thee, WILL, that at least one Bill
Hast passed, thy Works to crown!

"The Bill that to quays, as well as locks,
The silent highway condemns:
And links, within a wreath of docks,
The names of THWAITES and Thames."

The chimneys they stood, like a brick-built wood,
Yet was never a black to spy;
And BROOME, the Temple gardener,
Prayed blessings as they steamed by

On Childe PALMERSTON, the Act who passed
That hard on those chimneys bore,
And, like KING JAMES, his *Counterblast*,
Said to them, "Smoke no more."

But with BROOME his prayers, from the Temple-stairs,
A fearful sound there fell;
'Twas the lawyers that cursed LORD WESTBURY,
With candle, and book and bell.

For a Cain and a rod to his brethren, that fain
Had kept grist from the legal mills,
By the cutting down of lawyers' deeds,
And the clipping of lawyers' bills.

"Now a fig for your curse," quoth WESTBURY,
"Ye carrion kites of law!
I have not braved OXON's horns, I trow,
To be scared by *your* beak and claw."

And as the Isle of Dogs they neared,
Childe PALMERSTON he cried, "Lo!
But a little month and to yon isle
We seemed about to go.

"Now not to the Isle of the Dogs we steer,
But to islands happier far:
To the table-land that is ruled by BRAND,
Where the leaves and the fishes are!"

They have ta'en their places at the board,
With appetites whetted keen . . .
But when the covers were lifted up,
All bare each dish was seen.

"Now is this a jape?" quoth GLADSTONE the Grim,¶
And a gruesome wight looked he;
"I move in Committee of Supply,
And it's who will second me?"

Then up rose MILNER GIBSON the Smooth,
And up rose CARDWELL the Cool,
But Childe PALMERSTON winked with his wicked eye,
And each resumed his stool . . .

"I trow 'twas but a little jest:
But a jest may its lesson bear:
Ye have heard, how in good old Border times,
When byre and fold were bare,

"The gudewife would serve an empty dish,
Or one with a spur therein,
As a hint that they who look to dine,
Should first their dinner win.

"So after a Session bare of Bills,
To Ministers blank of deed,
Methought these empty dishes here,
Might a hint and a warning read.

"There's GLADSTONE in his Annuities Bill,
One fish with his gaff has hit,
And JOHNNY can boast *his* kettle of fish—
And a nice mess he's made of it.

"But what is GLADSTONE's single fish,
Though 'twere twice as fair and fat?
And as for JOHNNY's kettle of fish . . .
We've had quite enough of *that*.

"In the empty dishes upon the board,
The Session's moral view:
And now that the moral has done its worst—
Serve, waiters! and guests, fall to!"

TRAPS TO CATCH FOOLS.

MANY a valuable lesson on the art of getting money, may be learnt from the quack doctors of the present day. Their contrivances, though very clumsy, are found to answer. A penny-worth of treacle, one pinch of cayenne pepper, half a dozen rusty nails, a pint of fluid, and a five shilling advertisement, is a failure if it only produce five or six sovereigns. A full-sized goose, has been found equivalent to four race-horses, a continental tour, and a diamond brooch. The laughter of the vermin-monger was only moderated by the assurance of his friends, that the bird had escaped with a few feathers untouched.

A small volume circulated through the post, forms an excellent bait. Such a work is easily set up by any unscrupulous printer. The four ingredients—mendacity, indecency, blasphemy, and rubbish have only to be well-mixed, and the nauseous compound is sure to be greedily swallowed by several lunatics.

Any individual who has failed in the coal-and-potato-line may do well with a museum. The wax and plaster models must be made on the same principles that MR. PUFF employed for his plays,—"not to show occurrences that happen every day, but things just so strange, that though they never did, they might happen." The beadle (a negro is to be preferred), and the curator should be paid a commission on the plunder; otherwise they are apt to get dull on the strong drinks contained in the preparation jars. It must be remembered that these decoy-ducks have to sing the praises of their master, and to give his private address for "consultation." To do this with effect requires discrimination and judgment. These qualifications are more actively brought into play, when it is known that they will be productive. An attendant who wastes two or three yards of insinuating talk upon "a young man from the country," without indirectly getting to his purse, must be ignorant of the very rudiments of the business.

The despatch of midnight telegrams with "Hints on the Teeth," can hardly be recommended at present. A few years hence, when the non-restraint system has come fully into play, and Hanwell is converted into a suburban tea-garden, it will answer better. Even dentists may be in advance of the age in which they live.

N.B. The Medical Act, which a generous Government designed for the protection of the public, has proved an utter failure. DR. PUNCH seriously advises his credulous friends not to be made the dupes and laughing-stock of the jack-puddings of 1864, whether the latter advertise themselves as "registered" or "non-registered practitioners," or resort to newspapers of apparent respectability, but which ought to find their way to the dust-bin of every decent family. The very best tonic for nervousness, groundless fears, and imaginary premature decay can be obtained in Fleet Street, every Wednesday, for three-pence.

The Victor of Wimbledon.

YOU poets who're living, stand neuter,
The subject's not one you should try at;
For, considering the County and Shooter,
His bards should be "SURREY and WYATT."

Elysian Fields. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

HIGH ART.—There will be, we hear, in the course of a few days, a great meeting of all Royal Academicians at SIR EDWIN LANDSEER'S residence, where, in his own studio, the distinguished artist has sportingly undertaken to draw a badger.

Digitized by Google



PORTRAIT OF THE HASS

WHO SENDS THE FALSE TELEGRAMS TO THE PAPERS.

MORAL RISKS OF RAILWAYS.

MR. PUNCH,

THE undersigned, equally with CAVENDO TUTUS, and PATERFAMILIAS, and other correspondents of your grave contemporaries, is impressed with the necessity for providing some way of communication between railway passengers and the guard. He is no less impressed with the fear that it never will be provided until Railway Companies are compelled to provide it by their own interest. A suggestion for creating that interest on their behalf will, with your leave, be proposed by him, premising that he, for his own part, and for that of others, regards those means of communication as required, not only for the security of defencelessness from ruffianism, but also for the protection of innocence from false accusation. It will not be until SYDNEY SMITH'S hypothetical prelate has been given into custody on a fictitious charge of rudeness by a wicked young woman, that this necessity of a safeguard for railway-travellers will be perceived.

In the meanwhile the expediency of sacrificing comfort to safety of good name, insured by unmitigated publicity, may be considered. With the view of gaining that point, persons hitherto accustomed to travel in first-class carriages, might now take to going by the third class, and so continue till they can trust themselves in the first without fear for their reputation. That is the suggestion for the above-mentioned purpose, offered by your old friend,

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

Profitable Reading.

PATERFAMILIAS will be caught by the subjoined advertisement, which appeared the other day in one of the Penny Papers:—

"ELOPEMENT AND MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—A full account of the recent elopement and marriage in high life will appear in the, &c. &c. Also, a coloured plate of the latest Paris Fashions, and all the latest Fashion and Dress News of the week."

The contents above specified, of the paper alluded to, will, taken altogether, be doubtless considered by Paterfamilias highly calculated to edify his daughters.

SOME PROSPECT OF A MILLENNIUM.

WE rejoice to find a writer in the enlightened *Revue des Deux Mondes* following up some comments on the subject of British non-intervention, with the subjoined observations on that of French:—

"We think that we, also, would do well to abstain for some time from intermeddling in foreign affairs. France would only gain by falling back on herself, and as in the space of two years her policy has failed abroad, she should pursue at home successes more profitable than the diplomatic triumphs which have recently baffled all her combinations. Our policy should be comprised in two words,—liberty and peace; liberty, which will give us back the sentiment of our rights, which will associate us sincerely, really to public affairs, which will complete our political education, which will renew the generous propagandism that we exercised for forty years in Europe: peace, by which we shall render fruitful all the elements of our internal prosperity and strengthen the springs of our power. As for our part, we have been convinced for a long time past that the surest means of insuring abroad the efficacy of French influence is to urge on Liberal measures at home."

If the foregoing sound and sensible remarks may be taken as the expression of French public opinion, France is to be congratulated on having awakened at last to a perception of the right course for a rational people to pursue, that is to say the course pursued by this country. France has not, hitherto, as some Frenchmen have boasted, and too many Englishmen have believed, taken the lead in civilisation; but she is now at least more nearly doing so than she ever was heretofore, by following that of England. Prussia and Germany, in the meanwhile, are adopting the policy of conquest, aggression, plunder, murder, and glory, which repentant England and France has wisely discarded. In good time, the French influence, with which neighbouring nations will be affected by the spectacle of a France enjoying the happiness about to be created by the Imperial Government in urging on Liberal measures at home, will cause those nations to kick out their despots. Prussia, Austria, and Germany will then follow in the wake of France, as France has followed in that of England; Russia in the same way will follow the Germanic nations, and be followed by the kingdoms of Ashantee and Dahomey.

MERCENARIES WELL PAID.

MR. PUNCH,

THUS remarks the correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, writing from Fredericksburg, on the sufferings of the wounded in the American Civil War:—

"Over every rod of the way and in the best two-horse spring ambulances, a jarring motion was communicated by the absence of half the planks on the plank side of the road, and the ruts and holes cut into the clay side during a week's rain by the transportation machinery of an army of 100,000 men. On such a highway, and in such a manner, did these poor fellows, who stretch their hands out of these ambulances and army waggons for the cupfuls of water, painfully travel—some with arms off at the shoulder, some with legs off above the knee, some absolutely with an arm and leg both off, hundreds shot through the leg or the arm, or the breast, some with horrible wounds of the face even to the loss of the jaw and the destruction of speech—all presenting in the aggregate every possible variety of gun-shot wound."

Among these mutilated soldiers, *Mr. Punch*, there were probably some for whose miseries we must feel a pity which we cannot express. Very likely their number included certain wounded Confederates. Ineffable compassion is due to brave men jolted over rough roads, maimed of arms and legs, or having their bones shattered, their faces smashed, or their jaws shot off, and having incurred this wretchedness in defence of home and country. But what sympathy can we feel for the wretches who have received these hideous injuries in the endeavour, for the sake of dollars, or of glory and promotion, or from a mere savage love of fighting, and in a spirit of wantonness, to inflict them upon others who have never wronged them? It might seem a charity to distribute among them a few copies of the above-quoted extract from the *New York Tribune*, with remarks explanatory of the personal privations and inconveniences therein detailed.

I remain, Sir, and hope I may continue, yours ever,

Armament Square, July, 1864. PAX.

THE GERMAN BAND.

WE wish that MR. BASS, in his bill against bad music, could have shown some way of silencing that troublesome German band, which has done so much of late to disturb the peace of Europe. The KING OF PRUSSIA has been playing the first fiddle in this band, and playing it in harmony with the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA. Under their joint leadership the band has done its best to make itself a nuisance, and very serious complaints have been on all sides urged against it, to which it has however paid but little heed. A meeting has been held to protest against the band, as disturbers of the peace; but though everybody said that the nuisance should be stopped, nobody seemed willing to take active steps to stop it. As we abominate all rows, we trust this German band may shortly be bound over by somebody to keep the peace, though we know of no one who has sufficient faith in them to offer to come forward as surety for their doing so.

Digitized by Google

PROSPECTUS OF A NEW THEATRE COMPANY.



LEASES for two New Theatres have been obtained—one for a building on a gigantic scale, in the neighbourhood of the late Turnpike, Kensington; and another for a smaller theatre, to be devoted chiefly to the Nautical Drama, an admirable position for which has been fixed upon in the vicinity of the Thames Tunnel. The Tunnel itself will be utilised for dressing-rooms, green-rooms, and machinery department.

A Holder of a Thousand Shares will be admitted to any part of the House, and will dine with the Committee once a fortnight, at his own expense.

Any Holder of more than a Thousand Shares, shall participate in the same privileges, and wear a uniform on Sundays which shall be provided out of the wardrobe of the Establishment.

Any Holder of Five Hundred Shares shall be admitted to any part of the House by means of the ordinary payments; and any holder of more than this number shall be entitled to a refreshment ticket, if any.

A Holder of Three Hundred Shares may be permitted to light the gas (but not to turn it on) on the stage, under the superintendence of the paid gasman. He shall then be allowed to quit the Building unmolested by the meanest official.

Any person holding One Hundred Shares, shall be permitted to hold as many more as he likes; and may visit the exterior of the Theatre at all hours. He shall further be permitted to express his opinion of the performance freely and unreservedly to any lady or gentleman frequenting any part of the House; but that he shall be liable to be forcibly removed on every occasion for interrupting the performances.

All Holders of Two Thousand Shares and upwards, may exercise their own judgment in choosing the Dramatic Pieces, and may give the characters in the same to whatever performers may take their fancy in any of the numerous London theatres.

To secure respectability, the Machinery will be entirely worked by Shareholders, three of whom, if respectively possessing One Hundred Shares, shall have the privilege of pulling up the curtain and calling the actors.

Holders of Fifty Shares shall be dressed in a becoming livery, and shall carry on a watering-pot wherewith to lay the dust between the Acts.

Holders of Twenty-five Shares may do what they like in any department unconnected with the Theatre.

The Call-boy's duties will be to attend to the Shares, and make the necessary calls.

To ensure harmony among Acting Members of the Company, all quarrels between Leading Tragedians, Light Comedians, and Low Comedians of the first and second class, shall be submitted to the Committee, who will sit daily in the Treasury from ten till four to adjudicate upon such matters.

Every Shareholder, considering himself an author, shall be entitled to have one or more of his own pieces produced during the Season; and shall have an undisputed right to the entire stage management.

The Prompter shall be elected by a majority of votes.

The Theatre shall be thoroughly ventilated on entirely new principles, as yet undiscovered.

During the Summer months the Private Boxes shall be iced; and in the Winter Season shall be warmed by patent stoves.

The proposed Theatre has the advantage of being close to all the Railway Stations, Cabstands, and Steamboat Piers. Dining Rooms, Supper and Breakfast Rooms, and Apartments for Families, will be attached to the Building. Further particulars will be duly announced.

APPOINTMENT.—MR. BANTING to be Adviser to the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy.

CROQUÊT.

PLAYERS.

Red . . .	MR. ROBINSON.	*Blue* . . .	MISS SMITH.
Green . . .	MR. JONES.	*Yellow* . . .	MISS BROWN.

XV.

ONE mallet's length from what *at first* we call
The *Starting* Post, the player puts his ball,
Here o'er the red our ROBINSON, with calm
Determination, lifts his dexter arm,
Whose hand, which even SAYERS' self might shun,
Grasps the firm mallet gleaming in the Sun.
Not otherwise did ARTHUR lift on high
The bright *Excalibur* and foes defy.
"Now then, look out!" Red's war-cry; and with care
The weapon slowly cuts the fragrant air,
The list'ners hear the dullest tap proclaim
The first blow given in th' exciting game.
Here ROBINSON's right hand its cunning shows,
Through the first Hoop the ball obedient goes,
And rolling onward seeks with gentlest pace
'Twixt first and second Hoop a middle place,
Whence its skilled master with no waste of force
Can the next 'vantage gain upon his course.
The Two Hoops won, the Red must now go through
The Third, that's parallel with number two;
But from it distant twenty feet, and so
Back at a sharpish angle you must go.
Now herein lies the art of arts, to send
Yourself to such a place as not to lend
The smallest aid to your opponent, yet
Where you'll from your ally assistance get.
Well, ROBINSON this crafty method knows,
And will essay; but he cannot "dispose."
A buzzing fly or some malicious elf
Taking that form, or Beelzebub himself,
The very king of flies, comes up to worry him;
And when he should be slow and sure to hurry him.
The Blue and Green do much enjoy the joke,
Brunette is angry: Red is "off his stroke."
Dame Fortune suddenly her wheel reverses,
And his ill luck Red, *sotto voce*, curses.
The fickle jade who's backed him, now has tricked him,
He hits to where he'll fall an easy victim.
His turn is over; for this rule 'a obeyed,
By none may two successive strokes be played,
Save one of these three following things you 've done—
Have Roquêd, Croquêd, or a Hoop just won.
The meaning of these terms I'll soon explain,
At present ROBINSON can't play again.

XVI.

NOW JONES commences, and both Hoops he makes,
Then steady aim he from the second takes
At Red, and *if he hits him*, 'twill be seen
What we by "Roquêtting a person" mean.
Huzza! 'tis done! MISS SMITH the deed applauds
As partisans cry out "well hit" at Lord's.
Napoleon-like, with folded arms and frown,
Stands Red. "Oh dear!" sighs heavily MISS BROWN.
Intent upon the game, without a word,
JONES puts the Green in front of Hoop the third.
Touching the Red, and thus the foes have met,
On Green is JONES's foot securely set.
When Greek meets Greek, we 're told and not before,
That awful moment comes the tug of war;
To Croquêt Red, is JONES's present end,
That is by striking Green the Red to send
Up to the limits of the Croquêt plane,
Whence he'll lose time in coming back again
To his original position; now
To "Croquêt anyone" I 've told you how.
JONES struck the Green, and thwack! the Green struck Red,
Who from his stronger foeman shudd'ring fled.
Honour the brave! he cannot choose but yield,
And leave the Green possessor of the field.
Deem not, careering JONES, that you have won
The game till all you 've got to do is done;
Nor be faint-hearted, oh ye other two,
Till he has done all that he's got to do.
Never should one despairing side cry *Actum*
Est de, etcetra, till the other's whacked 'em.

Google



THE "IMPERENCE" OF THEM LOWER CLASSES.

First Bystander (*British Workman*) *to Second ditto* (*Gorgeous Flunkey*). "WELL, BLOWED IF I WOULDN'T A'MOST AS SOON BE YOU, JOHNEY, AS ONE O' THEM FELLERS THIS 'OT WEATHER!!"

"WHO'S GRIFFITH?"

An Ode

In Commemoration of a Grand Parliamentary feat.

FAME! Blow your trumpet
In honour of the greatest man that liveth:
Or if you have a drum, just thump it,
Hurrah! for DARBY GRIFFITH!
Renown is his that never yet surrounded
Any M.P.
Let all electors gaze, and say, astounded,
"Yes, that is He."
Not once nor twice in our rough island story,
A thing twice done has brought a Briton glory,
But none like this, O Fame, no never! Far be,
The thought of equalling the fame of DARBY!
Twice Mayor have liberal Aldermen been greeted,
Twice Killed is KEELEY's most triumphant play,
Twice Speaker has a Commoner been seated,
And twice ten years has *Punch* been England's stay.
Twice men have had small-pox, spite vaccination,
Twice men have married, spite the warning Past,
Twice have risked life in mad aërostation,
Twice have risked fortune on the dicer's cast,
Twice have men tried a Crystal Palace dinner,
Twice sought to find a Peeler on his beat,
But never yet has Briton, saint or sinner,
Performed great DARBY GRIFFITH's awful feat.
Hear it, O, Counting BABBAGE, hear with joy,
Hear it, O BIDDER, Calculating Boy,
For counting such as this was never done
Beneath the Sun.
Hear it, all bores, wherever you may be
On land or sea,
Leap up, and shout, and hail him with a roar,
THE GREATEST BORE.
For in July, One, Eight, Six, Four,
Within twelve hours did DARBY G.
Stand twice upon the Commons' floor
(They laughed, but what cared he?)
And in the selfsame day,—
Read papers, if you doubt—
Devizes, twice thy Member raised his bray,
And was, in most unceremonious way,
TWICE COUNTED OUT.

Conjugal Unanimity.

A YORKSHIRE Paper says, last week:—

"A 'lady' fell off one of the boat piers at Scarborough, and was in imminent danger of being drowned. Three fishermen let each other down, forming a chain of their bodies, and saved her. The 'lady' did not even thank her deliverers."

Nor, we understand, did her husband.

NOTES AND NOTES.

A CORRESPONDENT from America says,—

"If LEE makes a dash at Baltimore, New York will quickly change its note."

Yes, and may then find it easier to change its note than its greenback.

A Waif from Wimbledon.

"PRAY don't hurry on so, it's really very dangerous," said CAPTAIN CHARLEY to Miss LIGHTFOOT, who was in haste to see the shooting. "Dangerous!" exclaimed the lady, "Why, what is there to fear?" "Well," observed the gallant officer, "you see, some of our fellows are remarkably good shots, and you might be mistaken for the Running Dear!"

Digitized by Google

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, July 30, 1864.



"HOME, SWEET HOME."

ACCLIMATISATION IS ALL VERY WELL IN ITS WAY—BUT IT IS NO JOKE, ON RISING TO THE SURFACE, AFTER TAKING A HEADER, TO FIND A LIVELY HIPPOPOTAMUS AS YOUR COMPANION OF THE BATH.

SALVATION OF A SERVANT GAL.

PLEZE ser your artishes wery Orphan drors Characters of survant mades In crinoleen makin hof us look ridiclus And the Same Way your littery gentamen Poakin their Funn at us in Print about Our catchin Fier continually and Bein bernt to deth now *mr. punch* don't be onjust and So mutch as Yuve sed a Bout the Accidence a Risen from Crenoline by fier to Pore servunts its only fare for U to acnolige the Perservation wich an instance of the Enclosed and Having by the Elp of a pear of Cesars instructed from the *Thames* nusepaper i ave the Plesure at this Oportunity to reqúes faver of your assertion:—

"SAVED BY CRINOLINE.—A few days ago a nursemaid lost her way on the cliffs at Newquay, and went close to the edge of the precipitous cliffs, when she slipped and fell to the beach below, a distance of a 108 feet. Her crinoline expanding with the air, however, so broke the fall that she landed without a scratch or bruise, and, although much shaken, was able at once to walk 100 yards and inform her mistress of the occurrence.—*Western Morning News.*"

there now *mister punch* wot do yew say to That if it addent a Bin for that nussmade's crinna lean to a certingty Shed A broak Er neck and wosent It a mersy she Add it on so now pleas sur doan't Never say Anuther wurd agin crinulen Nor yet ave hus Drord in it Stickin hout so Hand lookin like Stoopids but instedd of witch a nise Coppy of Versis and a Picter of the Nussmade a dissentin from the Clift like a Haingel from Eving or the Hintreppid feemail airy O a ventrin Down the Presipidge in a Parashoot. There is praps sum objexons to crinnolin for cookes and kitching mades Att the Fyre i wont say but wott it may be out a place but for them Has as to Wawk hout with Childern and look Respectable an ispesially on Lorfty cliftes and eye winds you must Admitt is a Savin of Human life and leastways Becomin to Nussmades anyow Its werry tru crinuline sum time ketches fiar, but for Wunce in the way u se were cort by the Wind witch hif itt ad not Bin hall Up i mene al Down with the wearher so no more cryin Down hoops which now in course we air hall cock a hoop and i remain beleave mee yure Afectionit umbel Searvent

SARY JAIN.

P.S. i Think it Wos a good Puff for Crineline.

Belgraveyard Guly 1864.

PROFESSIONAL LOVE SONG.

THE LAWYER.

SPINSTER of the Saxon beauty,
At the Grainthorpe Manor mill,
Of this heart you 've had possession
Since I made my uncle's will:
Yours the image all-engrossing
When I try to read Reports,
You, my AMY, am I drawing,
Even in the Chancery Courts.

Ah! that brow as smooth as—vellum—
Ah! those lips vermilion red—
Kisses wherewith I have sealed them
No one ever witnessèd:
I would sue the man who ventured
To deny you dressed with taste,
I would tax his costs who hinted
An "impeachment" of your waist.

Soon the long vacation 's coming,
Soon the weary term will end;
No more writs and affidavits,
No more actions to defend:
I shall take the first conveyance—
Train at five P.M.—express—
I shall count the sluggish moments—
Forty minutes, more or less.

Meet me, Cousin, at the Station
With the trap that 's duty free,
It can take my rods and gun-case,
We will walk, *prochein* AMY,
Past the glebe and old inclosure,
Past the deeply mortgaged inn,
On to where the freeholds finish
And the copyholds begin.

There I 'll make my declaration,
There I 'll pause and plead my suit;
Do not let it be "in error,"
Do not be of malice mute;
But "surrender" to your Cousin
In the customary way,
And become the donee, dearest,
Of an opal *negligée*.

I've a messuage—recent purchase—
Sixty-eight in Mortmayne Row,
Title good, and unencumbered,
Gas and water laid below;
Come and share it, undisputed
Owner of this heart in fee,
Come and be my junior partner,
And my better moiety:
J. P. WILDE shall never part us,
And in time we both may see.
Girls, fair copies of their mother,
Boys, the counterpart of me.

TEXTS TRANSPOSED.

MY DEAR PARENTS,

AT the request of my Preceptor I furnish you with a few specimens of my caligraphy, consisting of moral sentiments and maxims of my own selection:—

Procrastination is the soul of business.
Punctuality is the thief of Time.
Familiarity doth breed respect.
Virtue is its own punishment.
Vice is its own reward.
Diligence ensures fatigue.
Application is painful.
Industry commands privation.
Perseverance will fail.
Caution comes to grief.

In the pleasing hope that the foregoing evidences of my improved handwriting, and of my moral and intellectual progress, may merit and be rewarded with your kind approbation, I remain, my dear Parents,

Your Affectionate Child,

Mentor House Academy. JIM.

Digitized by Google

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ROYAL ASSENT WAS GIVEN TO THE STREET MUSIC-NUISANCE BILL, HENCEFORTH THE ANTI-GRINDERS' ACT, on *Monday, July 25th.*

The same ceremony was performed upon several other measures, of no importance, and upon several tons of Railway Bills, and we hope that somebody is looking after MR. BRADSHAW, who may reasonably be driven out of his wits by the prospect of the interpolations he will be called upon to insert in his interesting and exciting little work.

The Lords forwarded a Bill for the New Zealand Loan, but LORD MALMESBURY thought that the Colonists ought to do their own fighting, and that the War was an unjust and unholy one. So thought LORD LYVEDEN, formerly VERNON SMITH. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE denied that our troops felt disgust at the War, and declared that they were only too happy to kill anybody and everybody whom they might be instructed to slay. LORD ELLENBOROUGH believed that the Colony would not be able to meet its pecuniary engagements.

The Commons talked miscellaneously. LORD PALMERSTON utterly declined to attempt any mediation in America. The Fortifications Bill passed after a debate, in which LORD HARTINGTON stated that the country was by no means in a "deplorable" condition in regard to ordnance. We are glad to hear it, but only the other day the DUKE OF SOMERSET asserted that we had no good broadside gun. A Bill for sending out raw and half-taught medical officers to India was rejected, which was well, but it is not so well that the Army is medically officered, to a great extent, by such persons, because men of talent will not enter a service in which they are ill-treated.

The Bill for providing relief for the Casual Poor of London went through Committee, and was afterwards hastened through the Lords and passed; so that there is reason to hope that we shall be spared many painful and shameful scenes with which men who walk the streets on winter nights have been unhappily familiar.

Moreover, the Commons set themselves against the Bill for the Surrender of Criminals between us and Prussia, inasmuch as we know what despots mean by criminals, and we are not going to be entrapped into a treaty to hand over refugees. Government had to withdraw the Bill. The Germans will say that this opposition arose from the ill-feeling generated by the Danish War, in which case the Germans will say that which is untrue.

The House rescinded the Vote that turned BOB LOWE out of office. Now, he had better rescind his resignation. It was clearly shown that he had not done anything dishonourable. It was by no means so clear that his enemies had not.

MR. LAYARD said that we could do nothing more for the Circassians, whom the Russians have expelled, with their usual barbarous fidelity to a policy of acquisition. The brave mountaineers and their long rifles will be missed on a day when they might have rendered good service.

Tuesday and *Wednesday*. Routine and flat talk. We except a clever but awfully bumptious speech from LORD ELLENBOROUGH, who retains the old-fashioned idea that BRITANNIA rules, not only the waves, but all the shores they wash.

Thursday. The Lords, but not in their Parliamentary capacity, decided that MRS. LONGWORTH YELVERTON was not the lawful wife of MAJOR YELVERTON. The LORD CHANCELLOR and the (absent) LORD BROUGHAM considered that she was, but the LORDS WENSLEYDALE, CHELMSFORD, and KINGSDOWN, (*olim* PARKE, THESIGER, and PEMBERTON-LEIGH respectively) were the adverse majority. Deducting the value of the chance of being LADY AVONMORE, one would say that there was every reason to congratulate the lady on not being linked to the Major.

LORD EDWARD HOWARD was pathetic about the foolish fellows who go to America and are trapped for the Federal service. We imagine that the number is really rather small, but it is well that emigrants should be warned. MR. PETER ALFRED TAYLOR, the emphatic Radical Member for Leicester, took an opportunity of declaring that the Federals were resolved to put down Slavery and had the power to do so. With the Confederates ravaging Maryland and throwing Washington and New York into consternation, the declaration seemed a little ill-timed. PETER had better go down to his constituents and blow them up well for being such asses as to tear MR. COXWELL'S balloon to pieces and nearly murder him, because they thought his ascent was not to take place. Their treatment of the balloon was the more surprising, because folks who return a PETER TAYLOR must be rather partial to a Wind-bag.

Friday was, Punch is happy to say, the last day of a do-nothing Session.

The Royal Speech was read by LORD WESTBURY. It was a curious one. We cannot help thinking that somebody had "shelled" LORD PALMERSTON, and told him that there was nothing out of which to make a speech, and that he had gaily replied, "Bet you we make a longer speech than usual," and thereupon had ordered a vast quantity of extra "padding." On the principle on which the Address was framed, it might indeed have been made twice as long and a great deal more amusing, though every conceivable Parliamentary topic was crammed into it. We venture, in order to make this narrative readable, to show both what was said, and what, had the gossiping principle been a little more brilliantly carried out, might have been said in the Speech.

"You can go, and the QUEEN is very much obliged by your assiduity. The weather has been uncommonly hot lately, and HER MAJESTY supposes that you have done a good deal in the way of cup and other cool drinks.

"Very sorry we could not make peace between Denmark and Germany, but hope that it will soon be made. Rather a funny picture in the *Charivari*, representing England, with the usual prominent teeth, saying that she was true to the memory of NELSON, and would not insult him by preventing the bombardment of Copenhagen.

"We have got rid of the Ionians, and hope that the Greeks will like them. Ionia reminds one of the *Iona*, and a beautiful boat she is, and if any of you are going to Scotland for the recess, you can't do better than get aboard her at Greenock, and steam up through the *lovely* scenery of the Clyde. Her salmon cutlets are also lovely.

We are on good terms with China. The prices which china fetches at CHRISTIE AND MANSON'S are perfectly astonishing—people must be cracked, as well as the saucers they buy.

Have patched up matters between the Hospodar of Moldo-Wallachia and the Sultan. If you are visiting Constantinople, you will of course go to the Mosque of St. Sophia, and do not forget to buy a handful of those pretty coloured glass cubes that your guides scratch out of the great mosaics.

We regret that Federals and Confederates are still fighting. By the way, New York seems to have been a good deal riled, because the *Deerhound* did not hand over the Confederates whom she saved from drowning; but why don't the Yankees abuse LOUIS NAPOLEON for not giving up those who escaped to Cherbourg?

Very much obliged to the Commons for the money voted. The *ver pecuniarum*, as PAUL BEDFORD calls it in his entertaining book, is something that even a Regina can't do without. I believe you, my liberal and munificent ones.

Lancashire distress has diminished, and we trust that the raw material of industry will be extracted from countries that have hitherto furnished it scantily. This means Cotton from India, and elsewhere; but talking of that, we have not settled that SIR SYDNEY COTTON is to be the new Indian Commander, although he is seventy-three, or so, and therefore, of course, the fittest man for the place.

New Zealand is not quieted. But only a part of the natives are in revolt. It is to be hoped that among those who will be finally obliterated will be LORD MACAULAY'S eternal New Zealander, who is now becoming a nuisance of which the police should take notice.

Our East Indian possessions are developing their resources, and the people there are generally content. GRANT DUFF was abominably rude to CHARLEY WOOD, about his inarticulate budget, and deserves to be called GRANT DUFFER.

The Assent has been given to many measures of public usefulness. Did you see that one of the public usefulnesses, the shutting public-houses after one in the morning, produced a maiden assize at Bow Street next day? But we must not be proud, because that is wrong.

The new Factory Act will be beneficial to women and children. And if you'll excuse the joke, the new Malefactory Act, for wallopping garotters, will also be beneficial to women and children by protecting their protectors from murderous attacks.

The new Assurance Act will benefit the working classes. The Assurance displayed by the opponents of the measure, and by the officials

Digitized by Google

of the bad little Companies, was more remarkable than delightful, but the other Chancellor walked into them elegantly.

The new Act for making Advances for Public Works in the Manufacturing Districts will be useful. Are you not glad to be out of the way of public works in London? What with MR. THWAITES's Sewer barricades, and the Embankment carters, there is no moving in the streets. But I suppose, as the French say, one can't make an omelette without breaking eggs.

The Act for making it easier to make Railways will make them cheaper to make. But if the directors do not invent some mode of enabling passengers to communicate with guards, and accidents happen, it is to be hoped that juries will give thundering damages.

General well-being and contentment prevail through the QUEEN's dominions. But this remark doesn't apply to people who would like to get out of town in this fine weather, but are obliged to remain and attend to the ignominious details of terrestrial business.

We are glad to remark the progressive increase and development of the national resources. This sentiment is MR. GLADSTONE's, and it is not impossible that in the Deep Solitudes of Hawarden Castle, he may invent some Awful Sells in the way of new taxes. But sufficient for the Session is the Budget thereof.

We are also glad that you have been able to diminish taxation. By a precious little, say you, but that's ungrateful, and you must not look a gift-remission in the figures. If GLADSTONE had laid on taxes instead of taking them off, you know that you would have borne it patiently. The middle classes never complain.

On returning to your respective (and respectable) Counties you will still have important duties to perform, and we hope the grouse will be plentiful and not too strong on the wing. By the way, this speech does not apply to such of you as live in Middlesex, because here you are. That's awkward, not to say unconstitutional. We will vary the formula next prorogation.

Some of these duties are connected with the linking together of several portions of the community. This does not mean the acts of such of you as are Magistrates, when you order different kinds of culprits to be hand-cuffed in couples, but alludes to jolly field-sports in which all classes can join, races, private theatricals, and all that sort of thing.

May all that you do tend to the happiness of the people. Some folks may hint that your dispersion, and ceasing from dull debating, may be one means to that end. But we must occasionally be serious, and you know what is really intended. I do not know that I need detain you any longer, and several gentlemen of the Commons will be glad to go and shake hands with the SPEAKER. I should keep gloves on, as the weather is so warm, but this is matter of taste, or rather of feeling.

That is what the Speech might have been, as well as what it was, but such as it was, *Mr. Punch* rejoices that it has been said, and it is with much satisfaction that he again puts the stopper into the bottle of Essence of Parliament.

LADIES IN PARLIAMENT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

OF course I never read debates, no lady ever does, unless indeed she is made to do so by a brutal-minded husband, or a tyrannous Papa. But now and then I own, I *do* like hearing a debate, at least I mean I like the fun of sitting by and chatting with the lady friends one goes with, and quizzing the poor Members whom one knows, and loves to laugh at. So I was very glad to hear that SIR G. BOWYER intended to ask somebody or other to take away the nasty grating stuck before the Ladies' Gallery, and so give us air to breathe and not keep us caged up like canaries as we have been. But do you know, FRED tells me that the Government won't do it; because they say that if the horrid grating were removed, our faces would be visible, and this the stupid things declare "would exercise an influence on the proceedings of the House which would not be desirable." FRED tells me MR. COWPER used these very words, and as a married man, I think he ought to be ashamed of them. In any *decent* company, the influence of ladies must always be desirable, and SIR G. BOWYER was quite right in reminding MR. COWPER that ladies were allowed to sit in open galleries in the House of *Lords*, for the *Peers* have no objection to see a pretty bonnet and a pretty face beneath it, and are not afraid of being *injured* by their influence. FRED says, that MR. COWPER said, he thought the House of Commons was not inclined to be "exposed to such an ordeal" as the presence of a lot of ladies visible would be. *Ordeal!* Gracious me! Why, one would think the man was talking about walking on hot ploughshares, or being stretched upon the rack! The idea of ladies' presence being viewed as an "ordeal" for men to undergo, when I'm sure they ought to view it as an *honour* and a *compliment*.

As for Members being influenced by seeing ladies near them, well, perhaps at times they would be, and it would be a very good thing if they were. Talk of women's tongues, indeed! I declare we don't love talking half so much as men do. And the nonsense that men say, too! at least when they sit in Parliament. I'm sure there's not one speech in fifty that 's worth listening to, and not one in a thousand where the man might not in half the time have spoken all he had to say. You never heard such hesitation, such hem'ing and such ha'ing, and such a saying of the same things over and over again. Well, men may tell us that we ladies don't know when to hold our tongues, but we shall certainly not learn much if we follow their example.

I really think if ladies might sit where they were seen, the Members would be awed into a better style of speaking. At least they wouldn't be so prone to call each other names, as now and then they seem to be; because men don't like being chaffed or bullied before ladies, and so the debates would be cleared from personalities. Besides when men had talked enough, and were beginning to be bores, a grumble from the gallery would be quite enough to stop them. Indeed I should not be surprised if ladies were requested to sit on great occasions just opposite their husbands, so that, when an orator was getting rather prosy, he might just catch his wife's eye, and prudently sit down before he had quite made himself a nuisance to the house.

England being still in a semi-savage state, ladies are not yet allowed to sit in parliament—except behind a screen; where, though their tongues, say the reporters, may now and then be heard, they are not permitted to take part in the debates. I trust that by next Session the screen may be removed, as a proof that civilisation is advancing in this country; and that though their tongues be silent, ladies may be suffered to take part in the debates with as many speaking glances as they feel inclined to give.

In the hope that *Mr. Punch*, who is the champion of the ladies, will, for the credit of the country, carry this amendment, I beg leave to subscribe myself, in all feminine humility,

SOPHRONISBA SMITH.

P.S. I don't wonder that the Lords beat the Commons in their rifle-shooting. How can men expect to get a sight worth having when they daren't look a lady in the face!

PAM'S HOLIDAY.

THE others are off to the grouse or the salmon;
Their stables or stubbles, their sheep and their kine;
They have tenants to tickle, constituents to gammon;
There's Baden to punt at, or Paris to dine;
Some are dozing the seas, some are doing the mountains,
Some, *Murray* in hand, yawn through galleries afar;
Some, like DARBY GRIFFITH, are seeking the fountains
Of news at those sources, where breeds the *canard*.

Of correct country houses the mill some are grinding,
Piland'ring, and flirting, and dodging *ennui*;
Some are trying to croquêt the ladies, and finding,
To be croqued, not croquêt, 's the lot of a *he*,
All, one way or other, the means are contriving,
But in vain, to kill *him*, who 'll kill *us* by-and-by,
Time—against whose sharp scythe most confess there 's no striving,
But whom PAM, and PAM only, still dares to defy.

Yes—let others by desperate attempts Time at killing,
Acknowledge their terror lest Time should kill *them*:
PAM boils eggs with Time's glass, takes his scythe, blithe and willing,
To prune the lush growth of his secular stem;
Where blossoming bright, round the stout *lignum vitæ*,
The flowers of the summer in winter are seen—
Till we own PAM *the Chosen*—the more old, the more *mighty*—
His head may be grey, but his heart is still green.

Not for him the repose craved by brains over-wearied;
Not for him the distractions implored by *ennui*,
Romsey's Rifles reviewed, by express he 'll be carried,
And drop in on the lieges of Bradford to tea.
Is a railway to open? a town-hall to christen?
A school to inaugurate? PAM is the man.
"What 's your name?" "M. or N." We suspect, as we listen,
As the man's "*all* in *all*" that his name *should* be PAN!

Contagion on the Rail.

TO the other perils attendant on railway travelling is now added that of Small-pox. We all of us occasionally run to catch the train; now, if we catch that, some of us will probably catch something more.

A QUESTION FOR A COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.—What do you know of HENRY THE EIGHTH, and who told you?

MOTTO FOR BIRMINGHAM.—"HONOUR BRIGHT."

Digitized by Google



CROQUÊT IN AMERICA.

"True that we have taken up the Foreign Game of Croquèt—but how do we Play it? Not on the effete and shaven Lawn, but on the Boundless Prairie; not with the pusillanimous Hammer, but with the massive War-club, with which we smite the bounding Ninety-Six pound Cannon Ball, through a series of Triumphal Arches, until we sink it right into the Bosom of Sun-down."—*American Essayist.*

THE ARMY-SURGEON FAMINE.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

To Earl de Grey and Ripon.

My dear De Grey,

Something must be done to provide the Army with competent Surgeons. It seems that they are not to be had at the terms we offer them. Men of education will not come forward to compete for appointments by which they do not acquire the position of gentlemen, and the pay necessary to maintain it. That is not surprising.

What, then, is to be done? Common sense, uninformed of military matters, would suggest the immediate increase of Army-Surgeons' pay, and recognition of their social standing. But the former step would be a difficulty for Mr. Gladstone, and the combatant officers will never stand the latter. If ever so many Surgeons were killed or wounded in operating under fire, it would not signify. The others look upon them as civilians, and something lower. I may say that they regard them as intermediate between gentlemen and tailors. This may be absurd. It is perhaps absurd even of them to despise tailors. But the fact remains that they do despise tailors, and would not associate with tailors at all, and will not submit to associate on terms of equality with Surgeons. There is no arguing with a prejudice.

Now I should like those who are capable of judging the question to consider whether it would not be quite possible to procure plenty of Surgeons for the Army, cheap, and perfectly competent, by the simple expedient of revising the standard of qualification at present fixed as necessary to the competence of Army-Surgeons. I don't know, but it strikes me, that a man could learn to cut off a leg perfectly well without learning more of anything else than a butcher, usually knows. I don't see that even the ability to perform the most complicated operation in surgery requires any more education than what has generally been received by a common cabinet-maker. Why shouldn't a man tie an artery as expertly as possible, without being exactly able to pronounce its Latin name? I suspect the hitch is in that Latin. And if, in addition, you require Greek, and modern languages, you render it still more insuperable.

So much for surgery. Now as regards medicine. Considering how doctors differ, may we not safely conclude that what they call medical science is all humbug, and all that is really useful in medicine is the knowledge of what to give for this or that complaint, which might easily be acquired by any druggist's apprentice? I put what they call diagnosis, and all that, out of the question. I suppose it's easy to tell one fever from another, and organic diseases can't be cured, and men who are afflicted with them are of no use in the Army. If, then, a Surgeon need know no more beyond his own art than a skilled mechanic, and if all the knowledge requisite for a physician is no more than might be learned by a shop-boy behind a counter, why exact more from an Army medical officer? Why catechise him in botany and chemistry, and philosophy? Examine him in his own business, and nothing but that. In that subject him to competition if you like; invite Surgeons to compete for employment as you might hairdressers. Then you will get the sort of fellows you want; fellows who will be satisfied with moderate pay, who will not want, and indeed would be disinclined, to associate with officers and gentlemen; would be content to mess, where they would feel at their ease, with the non-commissioned officers.

In short, if we persist in not giving Army-Surgeons the pay or the treatment suitable to educated officers and gentlemen, we must make up our minds to accept illiterate snobs for Army-Surgeons. By

Horse Guards, August, 1864. George.

Art Gossip.

Mr. Cook, R.A., on being asked if he would ever send another nautical piece to the Exhibition, declared that he would not, confirming the announcement of his determination with a violent blow on his paint box. It may be said that this artist has struck his colours.

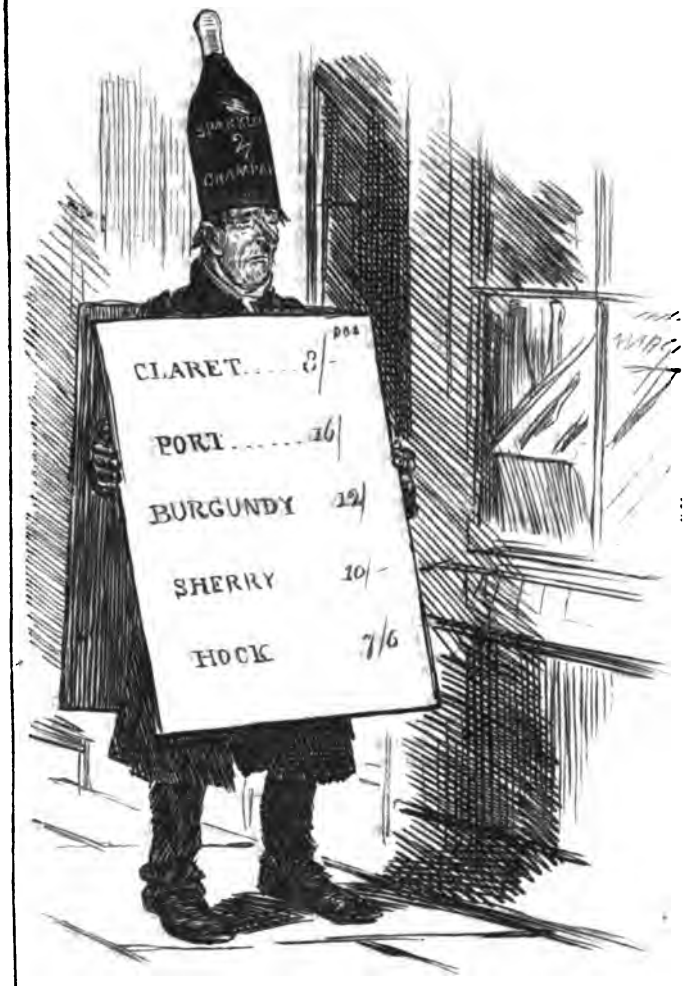


CLEARING THE STREETS.

MR. BASS (ASIDE). "THAT'S MY THUNDER!"

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



AN EXHIBITION

TO BE SEEN GRATIS, IN REGENT STREET; THE VICTIM EVIDENTLY SUFFERING FROM A BOTTLE OF ONE OF THE ADVERTISED MIXTURES.

OSTEOLOGY OF AN OLD SAINT.

WHO was that "SAMPSON STOCKFISH, a fruiterer," with whom *Justice Shallow* "fought behind Gray's Inn?" Is it possible that he could have been a collateral descendant—a direct one of course he could not have been—of ST. SIMON STOCK? And who, most people will ask, was ST. SIMON STOCK? He was an English Carmelite monk, who, however, became Prior of Bordeaux, and died there on the 16th of May, 1965, aged 101. We transcribe the following particulars respecting him from a narrative which appeared some time ago in the *Tablet*, headed "Relics of ST. SIMON STOCK:"—

"SAINT SIMON STOCK was interred at the door of the Carmelite Church, in accordance with his own express wish; but, in consequence of the prodigies that were there enacted, the Archbishop of Bordeaux, PIERRE ROSCIDIVAL, visited the church, caused the body to be taken up from the earth, and placed it upon an altar, for the more convenient veneration of the faithful. So great was the concourse of the people upon this occasion, that the whole body was left three days exposed within the church, and it remained 'free from corruption, exhaling a marvellous odour.'"

It had, doubtless, been converted into adipocire, subsequently decomposed, as we shall see. However—

"From that time numerous miraculous cures were effected, and it is related that the number and authenticity of these cases occasioned many wonderful conversions, to the great joy of heaven and earth. The Archbishop, 'after having satisfied public devotion, ordered that the body of ST. SIMON STOCK should be placed in a more honourable place until such time as a chapel, which was afterwards built, could be raised.'"

So the Archbishop granted the friars a *habeas corpus*, and accordingly they had the body of ST. SIMON STOCK transferred to a chapel, where it was venerated. SIMON was canonised by POPE NICHOLAS THE THIRD, in 1276, and from that time to 1680 divers Popes issued sundry briefs and bulls for the commemoration and glorification of ST. SIMON STOCK. And now, the other day:—

"After the lapse of five hundred and ninety-nine years from the date of the death of the Saint, there appeared in the Cathedral of Bordeaux the Prior of the Carmelite Monastery of London, with one of his Religious, and attended by an English layman. The object of their visit was to secure a relic of the illustrious English Saint, which was to be carried to the country where his first breath had been drawn."

"After the lapse of five hundred and ninety-nine years," now, in the nineteenth century, as we used to say before society had dreamt of spirit-rapping, three educated English Roman Catholics appear in the Cathedral of Bordeaux, to beg for a bit of dead man for religious purposes. They and some others, priests and laymen, marched in procession from the Sacristy of the Cathedral to the Chapel where the relics were preserved, and then was enacted the following scene of what, if the account of it, as below given, had appeared in a so-called "Evangelical" novel, one would take for an ultra-Protestant's fiction of Popish "mummery":—

"The case containing the relics having been brought into the sacristy, they were uncovered according to the appointed ritual. The Prior of London, having exhibited the authorisation of the Cardinal Archbishop, obtained the undivided relic, which was laid upon a silver cloth-covered pall, and secured by two white silk ribbons passed round the bone, and sealed at each of the four ends with the seal of the Archbishopric. So secured, the relic was placed within a reliquary, and fastened down upon a cushion with golden bands. The reliquary itself was then closed and sealed in eight places with the seal of the Archiepiscopal See of Bordeaux. The sealed reliquary was then given up to the Prior of London."

Now, if this is not indeed "mummery," what solemnity of burlesque can be conceived that is? With allowance for the difference between verse and prose, the foregoing statement reads like a passage in the *Ingoldsby Legends*. The relic, it will have been observed, consisted of a bone. The attention of "the PRIOR OF LONDON," and "the CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP," and CARDINAL CHIGI, who has formally attested this relic of ST. SIMON STOCK, may be invited to the fact that it was a bare bone. The body of the Saint, when first disinterred, remained "free from corruption, exhaling a marvellous odour;" perhaps a most ancient and fishlike smell. But chemistry had got hold of it, and slow decomposition had denuded its bones as effectually as if they had been those of an alderman, or any other man. The flesh of ST. SIMON STOCK has resolved itself into gases long ago, and it does not appear that his few remaining bones continue to exhale any odour at all. "A wide distribution of the relics of ST. SIMON STOCK has been made," we are told, "at various periods." For instance:—

"In 1423 our Religious of the town of Ghent received an arm of the Saint. This holy relic, after having been exposed to the veneration of the Faithful in their church up to the year 1578, was then wrested from their keeping by the heretics of that period. Other relics of our Saint, preserved till that time in the Churches of Cologne and of Bruges, in Flanders, underwent the same fate."

The Saint's arm appears not to have been miraculously capable of holding its own. Otherwise, it might surely as well have punched the "heretics'" heads. Again:—

"In our Church at Valenciennes, a finger of the Saint is still preserved with great veneration. This precious relic, which escaped the fury of the heretics, has been the instrument of many prodigies from 1566 to the present time."

ST. SIMON STOCK'S votaries appear to have torn him in pieces:—

"The tomb of ST. SIMON STOCK was opened in 1595, on the occasion of the visit of a celebrated Doctor of Salamanca, Religious of the Order in Spain, who had travelled to Bordeaux to visit the tomb of the Saint. He asked for and obtained of our Superiors the bone of one leg for the Church of our monastery at Salamanca; and also one of the sides (une des côtes) for our Church at Valencia. At Orleans, in France, the Church of our Fathers was about the same time enriched with one of the sides (d'une des côtes) of ST. SIMON STOCK, which is kept in a reliquary carried processionally every year through the town on the Second Feast of Pentecost. In 1617 the Carmelites of the convent in Paris obtained also some part of the relics of ST. SIMON STOCK, at the solicitation of M. MARK ANTOINE DE GOURGUES, the first President of the Parliament of Bordeaux."

One pious ecclesiastic, however, seems to have done what he could to put the saint together again:—

"In 1863, by the order of the MOST REV. FATHER GENERAL JEROME ARI, all that remained to us of the relics of the Saint's holy body was transferred to a rich 'chasse' of silver, ornamented with precious stones and other works. His holy skull was placed within a silver bust and the lower jaw within a silver box."

ST. SIMON STOCK was not of SHAKSPEARE'S mind; that is, he had not, seemingly, that decided objection to the disturbance of his remains which the divine WILLIAMS recorded in strong language. See, what ST. SIMON has accordingly been reduced to:—

"Amongst the remaining relics are the cranium and jaw of the Saint, part of one femur, and parts of other bones. The largest entire relic was that now possessed by the English Fathers."

And, as for that:—

"The relic within its shrine is now honoured in the Chapel of the Carmelite Monastery at Kensington."

In short, the biggest remaining relic of ST. SIMON STOCK is part of the Kensington Carmelite Friars' stock in trade.

Digitized by Google



PLEASURES OF A MILITARY RIDING-SCHOOL.—No. 1.

Corporal (loq.). "BEG PARDON, SIR, YOU MUST KEEP YOUR HEELS WELL DOWN WITH THIS MARE, SIR; BOLTS DIRECTLY SHE FEELS THE SPUR; NEARLY KILLED A ROUGH-RIDER THIS MORNING, SIR."

FLOWERS AND SLAUGHTER.

COMPLAINTS are made that though we have ample details of the doings of Federal warriors, we hear only of results as regards the feats of the Confederates. *Mr. Punch* is happy to give his friends a peep into the Southern camp. The following is an extract from a Texas paper which has just reached him. It is part of an officer's letter. The life of the Confederate seems to be an agreeable mixture of Flowers and Slaughter. Here are the Flowers:—

"On our entire campaign the ladies treated us with the greatest of kindness, not unfrequently strewing our way with sweet flowers and beautiful bouquets. More than once, I was asked 'are you a Texian?' Reply, I am. 'Well, I am always glad to see Texas soldiers, they are in such good spirits about the war.' On reaching our old stomping ground, we were met by many bright eyes and smiling faces that spoke of joy and relief. It did our hearts good to see what confidence and pleasure our presence inspired. (A slight intimation of what we hope to realise when we have freed our country and return home.)"

And here is the Slaughter:—

"Scarcely halted for the evening, when a party of negroes from Yazoo City, officered by whites—fifty or sixty in number—charged our camps, suspecting us to be a small scout. With frantic yell, and at full speed, our men charged upon them, cutting and shooting them like beasts—the road was literally strewn with dead negroes for four miles or more. Here and there were seen negroes begging for life. Some on their knees saying: 'Don't kill me, Massa, I'll cook for you, black your boots, keep your horse, or anything. Massa, I was pressed in.' 'You black rascal, I'll press you out again,' and down he would come."

The writer pleasantly adds:—

"The bloody old Sixth fully avenged herself of the murder of two of her members, STARKS and M'CLUNG, of company 1, who fell into the hands of the negroes a few weeks since near Mechanicsburg. Negroes had better look shy in this climate."

More agreeably diversified life it is hard to imagine. Now we receive a bouquet from a smiling lady, now we blow out the brains of a kneeling negro. "How merrily we live that soldiers be!"

MEDICAL QUERY.—When a person declares that his "brain is on fire," is it etiquette to blow it out?

THE LAST OF THE BENEFICENT LASH.

WE have heard little of garotting since the enactment of the statute which awarded stripes to the offence so named. Ruffians may fondly imagine that Act to have become a dead letter. If any do, they will be undeceived by an instructive narration which has appeared in the *Durham Chronicle*, thus commencing:—

"FLOGGING GAROTTERS.—JOHN CROUDACE and THOMAS ALLISON, who were convicted at the Assizes last week of garotte robberies at Sunderland, and sentenced, the former to five years and the latter to ten years' penal servitude, with 20 lashes each, underwent the punishment of flogging at the County Prison on Saturday."

So much may be sufficient for some scoundrels, who understand well enough what a flogging means, and are adequately admonished by a knowledge of the fact that two of their peers have had one. But there are others whose conceptions of the unpleasantness of being flogged are so vague, that any information calculated to give them clear and definite ideas on that subject is very desirable for such blackguards. They will profit by learning, from the continuation of the foregoing statement, that:—

"The instrument of punishment was manufactured by a sailor, who is undergoing imprisonment in the gaol, expressly for the purpose. The cat is ingeniously composed of nine thongs of stout leather, in each of which are nine knots, and these being connected to a flexible handle, the power, wielded by strong hands, is terrific."

The construction of the corrective implement thus neatly and precisely described, appears to have been quite a labour of love to the sailor, who so ingeniously composed it. This scourge is apparently a very considerable improvement on the knout, and would doubtless be highly approved of, as such, by the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA and GENERAL MOURAVIEFF, for the purpose of causing order to reign in Warsaw, or elsewhere amongst insurgent Poles. After a line particularising the effects of its vigorous application to an indefinite surface of integument, those whom it may concern are apprised that:—

"The prisoners were firmly tied up in a reclining position, the lower part of their shoulders exposed, the higher and lower part of their backs being protected by padding. The warders, HODGSON and ALLISON, executed their task with the skill of more practised hands."

By the "reclining position" in which the reporter states that MR. CROUDACE and MR. ALLISON were tied up, he probably means the reverse of what he says. A reclining position would have been more comfortable for those gentlemen than convenient for the warders who had to do them justice. Perhaps he intended to say that they were made fast in an inclined position; though it must have been against their inclination that they were so fastened. Anyhow their situation was such as to enable their disciplinary attendants to get well at them so as to execute their task "with the skill of more practised hands." The warders not only did this, but they did it with an enthusiasm, and a muscular vigour, which seem to have been inspired and stimulated by the very strongest antipathy to garotters, such an antipathy as might be supposed likely to be felt by persons whose best friends had been garotted by the criminals whom they were commissioned to flog. Consequently:—

"The first lash was received with comparative equanimity by each prisoner; but on the second—— !"

What follows may be perfectly well apprehended by the imagination of *Punch's* readers. The physical details, however, omitted here, will doubtless have been attentively perused by the unimaginative sort of persons for whose study they are suitable, and to whose edification they must conduce, in the penny papers. We will only add the sequel to those instructive particulars:—

"When the punishment had been inflicted, the prisoners were taken down and removed to the prison infirmary in a state of complete prostration,—indeed it is averred that neither of them could have received another lash without the greatest danger. Although the prisoners did not witness the punishment, they could hear the shrieks of the unhappy sufferers in their cells, and it is to be hoped the contemplation of the punishment may have a salutary effect on their minds."

It is, indeed. All well constituted minds will agree in the amiable aspiration expressed by the reporter of the *Durham Chronicle*, and sincerely hope that the consideration of the flogging administered to MESSRS. CROUDACE and ALLISON, garotters, may have a salutary effect not only on the minds of the prisoners who had the advantage of hearing them roar, but also on the minds of miscreants disposed to imitate their crimes, who were out of hearing of their cries. The infliction of the lash is a degrading and dreadful punishment. May all further recourse to it, for the castigation of garotters, be rendered unnecessary by the discontinuance of garotting.

A Hint to the Park-Keepers.

WE understand that, out of compliment to those who chiefly use it, and who by their behaviour drive away more decent visitors, it is intended that St. James's Park shall be henceforth called St. Giles's.

A MARTINET OUT OF ORDER.



REALLY Indian military service appears, in some instances, to produce on the intellect a peculiar effect, such as may be considered to be exemplified in the statement thus quoted by the *Times*:—

"A PARTICULAR COLONEL.—The *Englishman* says, 'Our readers will remember that a short time past COLONEL WALTERS, of Her Majesty's 35th, commanding at Fyzabad, placed LIEUT. PROCTOR, the cantonment joint magistrate, under arrest for appearing at a ball in plain clothes. The matter was referred to the VICEROY by the Chief Commissioner, and his Excellency has expressed decided disapproval of COLONEL WALTERS's conduct, on the ground that it would be highly inconvenient, and attended often with serious results, if a commanding officer were allowed to place a military officer in civil employ under arrest for what is, after all, scarcely a military offence. The VICEROY has also requested the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF to take such notice as he may think fit of COLONEL WALTERS's conduct.'"

What is there to render it necessary that a British officer should appear in his uniform at a ball? Why may he not wear plain clothes like any other man, leaving decoration to the ladies? For them, indeed, a ball may be regarded as a fit opportunity of display, but COLONEL WALTERS seems to require that officers should make it an occasion of parade. It may be a Colonel's business to prescribe the costume in which his subordinates are to face a battery of cannon, but what concern has he with that in which they dance at balls? If, at those festive assemblies, instead of waltzes and quadrilles, it were customary to execute war-dances, there would at least be some propriety in warlike attire, and still more in war-paint, which might, with consistency, be enforced by a savage Colonel. The notice which the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF will probably take of the conduct of COLONEL WALTERS in placing LIEUTENANT PROCTOR under arrest for the ridiculous reason above specified will probably result, under medical direction, in the administration of antibilious medicine to the gallant Colonel, and the application of cooling lotions to his head.

HINTS ON THE MANAGEMENT OF FEMALE SERVANTS, ADDRESSED TO LADIES.

BY AN EXPERIENCED HOUSEKEEPER.

THE want of some practical treatise on the management of that peculiar class of individuals, female domestic servants, has long been felt in the household world. It would be impossible for us within the compass of the following remarks to give anything but a slight sketch of a subject, which may at some future time, we hope, be treated of in a more masterly and exhaustive manner by abler hands. The few hints we propose to give may not, however, be without their effect in producing a better understanding between mistress and servant; for without some guide the best intentioned persons are often through ignorance, led into errors which they themselves may be afterwards the readiest to deplore.

On engaging a new servant, it is best at once to state, without circumlocution, that the place is an exceedingly hard one, and that you very much fear she is not equal to the work. It is but mistaken kindness to attempt to set things in a pleasant and comfortable light at first. A little exaggeration the other way is better, as the subsequent surprise will be all the more pleasant to her on finding the work not so hard as represented.

It is a good plan when you are initiating the new maid into her duties, to digress at length on the merits and good qualities of some predecessor. Feelingly deplore her loss, express very faint hopes of ever getting one like her again, and end by a general lamentation over servants as they used to be, the small wages they used to ask, in comparison with what they demand now-a-days, (it will add force to your remarks if you illustrate them by a reference to the wages you give to the new-comer), and their plain and inexpensive raiment as compared with the tawdry finery and crinolines of the present time; and as servants who are fond of dress generally contrive to obtain most admirers, you will thus be led by easy stages from crinoline to followers, against whom it is, of course, natural, nay, indispensable to the maintenance of due order and obedience that you should inveigh in no measured terms.

Having thus made matters smooth, and paved the way to a good understanding between herself and yourself, you will have the satisfaction of perceiving that you have made her "know her place," a branch of knowledge which all authorities agree to be most necessary for servants of every grade.

Should she have "a misfortin," as the breaking of a wine-glass, or the like, begin at once to blame her clumsiness, and on no account listen to any explanation ("*qui s'excuse*," you know, "*s'accuse*"), but threaten to deduct the value of the article out of her wages; for though you are, of course, aware that servants have to handle more fragile articles in one day than you have in a month, that can be no reason whatever for even the pretence of leniency, than which a mistress can possess no greater fault.

Take opportunities of blaming her before her fellow servants, this will be soothing to her feelings (if she has any, but it has been shrewdly conjectured that servants have none, at least to speak of, indeed some persons have gone so far as to consider them mere machines,) and in giving your orders send them by word of mouth from one servant to another (two heads are better than one) so that should they not be duly executed, you can have no hesitation in giving a general scolding all round, which is often a relief after any little family disagreement, such as will occur sometimes even in the best regulated households. Never scruple to contradict your maid servant flatly, even when you know you are wrong, (how can order be preserved in a house where servants know better than their mistresses?) should she plainly prove you to be in the wrong, don't give way, for that argues moral weakness, but persist in your assertion, whatever it may be, and don't, on any account, listen to her. A pronaness on the part of a servant to speak in her own justification must be at once repressed, it is generally the result of that false system of over education, now, alas! so prevalent among the lower orders.

As a general rule, argue with your servants on trivial subjects; if you are getting the worst off, raise your voice and out-talk them, for, remember, your dignity must never be compromised, nor will it do to lose your self-respect in your intercourse with menials. Be continually on your guard against depredations. Depend upon it, servants are always ready to take advantage of their employers. To prevent, if possible, this pilfering on their part, maintain a system of mistrust. Insinuate on every occasion that the loaves of bread have been cut (it is not a bad plan to notch the bread or otherwise mark it), the milk watered, and the sugar taken. Always count the lumps. Do so before the servants, (it is as well to be open and above board in one's actions). Be assured that nothing does servants so much good as the being suspected. It keeps them up to their work, and whatever misguided individuals may say to the contrary, induces a more Christian spirit in mistress and maid. Should one of your servants tell you that her parents are dangerously ill, and express a wish to go and see them, you can have no compunction in refusing to give her permission, at the same time evince astonishment that she should be so wanting in all proper feeling as to wish to leave you. Ask her what she thinks you are to do while she is away. If she still persists for some unaccountable reason in wishing to go, for fear of what malignant busybodies may say, allow her ungraciously to do so, but restrict her so closely as to time that she shall have only three-quarters of an hour clear at her home, however ill her parents may be. It will never do for you to suffer inconvenience for trifles.

Rise late yourself, and scold the maids for their laziness in lying so long in bed. Assert positively that the clock had struck seven before they were down—your being asleep at that time should be no bar to your doing your duty to yourself or them.

Finally, when you are at a loss (which a good manager never should be) upon what subject to have a difference with, or vulgarly speaking, to blow up your cook, you must fall back upon that grand *pièce de résistance* dripping, or if it be winter time, upon candles. They are splendid topics for an animated discussion, the first named especially, introducing, as it does, the grand question of perquisites, with all its intricate ramifications.

Fashionable Intelligence.

(From St. Giles's Chronicle.)

THE interesting infant daughter of an unlicensed Spirit Seller, in the neighbourhood of the Seven Dials, is to be christened *Ginny*.

AN APPEAL TO BETTING MEN.—What's the odds on any horse so long as you are happy?

DRAWN GAME.—Portrait of a Brace of Partridges.

Digitized by Google



"LISTENERS NEVER," &c.

A Circular Back Stairs joining the Grand Staircase is especially valuable in enabling you to find your Partner in a Crowded Assembly; only you may drop on Her suddenly, and hear Her mention "that you have Bored her into the next Galop, but she will show you another Card when you come, and get out of it."

SWEET VACATION.

(As Sung Last Saturday.)

Air—"*Dulce Domum.*"

Sing, O, Colleagues, we together,
Hey, why should our tongues be bound?
Troll we a jolly strain,
Parliament's o'er again,
Sweet Vacation, come, resound.
Sweet Vacation, Sweet Vacation!
Sweet, O sweet, O sweet Vacation!
Sweet, O sweet, O sweet O sweet Vacation!
Sweet Vacation, O resound!

Lo the happy time approaching,
When the Session's strife is done,
After the weary fray,
Now comes the time of day,
Soon will trouble's end be won.
Sweet Vacation! &c.

Pam is laughing, so is Johnny,
Gladstone, he is roaring too,
Now, Members, go away,
Off for a holiday;
We have our Vacation too.
Sweet Vacation! &c.

Boys, away fling blue books dreary,
Fling away despatches dry,
Fling business right away,
Ease now shall toil repay;
Care, to thee I bid good bye.
Sweet Vacation! &c.

Come, John Thomas, call the Hansom,
To the Station let us go!
Grouse-shooting on the Moors,
Exercise out of doors!
Ever singing gaily O,
Sweet Vacation! &c.

Sing we to the Lords and Commons,
In a voice which they shall hear,
Westbury, come, old boy,
Wherefore delay our joy?
We are safe one more half-year!
Sweet Vacation! &c.

HOWLING GAROTTERS.

As if a flogged ruffian were not tolerably competent to howl for himself, the *Morning Star* helps him with an additional bellow. A couple of garotting scoundrels came under the cat at Durham the other day, and because the lash was administered in an efficacious way, our contemporary raises as much outcry as if he, and not the cowardly brutes in question had "caught it." What sentimental nonsense next? *Mr. Punch* abhors and detests the lash as a punishment for the soldier, but there is a peculiar and special case in which such an infliction is exactly the thing to be desired. The villains who, for the sake of plunder, make a dastardly attack in the dark, and fell and stun an honest man, upon whose life and energy depends the well-doing of a family, deserve any amount of punishment; but the best, both as chastisement and as example, is that which they most dread, and there is nothing so dreaded by them as physical pain. It seems that these Durham rascals, though soundly flogged, were castigated with far more tenderness than is bestowed on the soldier. Pads to protect their upper and lower regions were provided. But the lash was admirably well laid on, and they howled and shrieked tremendously, and when something was said about it in the House, Sir George Grey replied that all had been done in conformity with law, but that really "flogging must be a disagreeable operation." The House laughed and applauded, and the nation, which reserves its sympathy for deserving objects (witness the Wimbledon abstinence from amusement, and from firing, for the sake of one unfortunate man) will say, "Serve the scoundrels right, and let the same dose be administered whenever such dastardly ruffians can be got under the swing of the not quite harmless, but decidedly necessary Cat."

A VALUABLE LITTLE MORAL.

Let everybody regard as an enemy the man who is nobody's enemy but his own.

PIPE ALL HANDS!

Certainly the wants that one sees advertised grow daily more extraordinary. Here for instance is a specimen:—

WANTED, A GOOD SECOND-HAND BISCUIT BAKER.—Apply, &c.

Is it the biscuits or the baker that must be second-hand? In either case the quality appears a little strange to us. Who on earth can have a taste for buying biscuits second-hand, after some one else has munched them? Or, in the other case, pray what on earth is meant by a "second-hand" baker! Footmen advertise themselves sometimes as being "single-handed," so possibly the advertiser put in "second-hand" to make it clear he wished the baker to possess a second hand, which in any time of knead would certainly be useful to him.

But, talking about hands, here are some still more curious manual requirements:—

WANTED, an Experienced Skeleton and Demi-SKIRT HAND: also Machine Hands; also a good Giver-out.—Apply, &c.

Machine hands very possibly are the hands used by the Spirit-rappers to be shown at their *séances*. But what a demi-skirt hand can be we are puzzled to conceive; and still less can we imagine an experienced skeleton. Indeed the latter really is too horrible to think of, and we therefore beg to be excused from taking further thought about it.

Ugly for Ever.

All enamels, pigments, and other preparations of that sort, advertised as imparting bloom to the complexion, obstruct the pores of the skin, and inflame the visage, producing permanent discoloration and disfigurement, with sallowness, tan, freckles, pimples, bubuckles, whelks, knobs and flames of fire.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 14, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—Saturday, August 6, 1864.



This is Jack Sparkles, who used to be such a thorough Preraphaelite, as we came upon him "at work" the other day—at least he called it so. He said he had come to the conclusion that "Painting was, after all, more or less a matter of Memory, and that he was Studying Skies!!"

ASSES ON INQUESTS.

(To Coroners' Juries generally.)

Blockheads,—Read the verdict which an intelligent jury returned in the case of Lee, engineer, and Trainer, fireman, sent by one of your description to be tried for manslaughter, on account of the deaths caused by the late accident at Egham. That intelligent jury declared that "they were strongly of opinion that there had been no culpable negligence on the part of the prisoners, and that the accident had arisen in consequence of the company having given dangerous instructions which could not be carried out." You see, that if you ought to have inflicted a trial for manslaughter on anybody, the parties whom you should have saddled with your verdict were the Railway Directors.

Know, blockheads, that it is your duty to decide according to evidence, and not to impose the anxiety and cost of a trial for felony on men against whom you have none that will sustain the charge. Observe that it is not your business to gratify the vulgar demand that responsibility shall be enforced on somebody or other, right or wrong, and that there is no law which authorises you to punish misadventure by annoyance, with the view of inducing greater care for the future. Recollect that you yourselves are responsible to

PUNCH.

Note by a Stump-Orator.

The difference between the Science of Cricket and Ornithology appears to be, that the one classes together the Bat and the Bawl, the other, the Bat and the 'Owl.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

TO BE OBSERVED BY PERSONS VISITING ST. JAMES'S PARK.

1. Visitors may enter the Park at any hour throughout the day or night, and, if they find the gates shut, they may scramble over the railings.
2. Visitors may come in any costume they think proper. Battered hats and tattered clothing are on Sundays *de rigueur*.
3. Visitors may bring with them as many dogs as they desire: mongrels, yelping curs, and savage-looking bulldogs are especially admissible. For the benefit of nervous ladies and their children, no dog is expected to be led by a string.
4. Visitors may send their dogs into the water, for the sport of fetching sticks or chevying the water-fowl. Dogs having rough coats are especially requested to shake themselves near other visitors who chance to be well dressed.
5. If any Chinese duck or other valuable water-fowl be caught and killed by any dog, it may be pocketed and cooked.
6. Visitors may walk, run, hop, skip, jump, and tumble about upon the paths, or on the grass, or on the flower-beds, without fear of interruption by the keepers of the park, and may trample down or pluck whatever flowers they think proper, and may climb or pull the branches off whatever trees they please.
7. The Park being intended as a quiet place to walk in, visitors may play at any noisy games they like, and may shout, scream, whistle, cat-call, shriek, sing, bawl, and bellow to their heart's content.
8. Smoking is permitted. Dirty pipes preferred, and dirty hands to match. Visitors who happen to have dirty faces also are requested to sit down by any decent-looking person, especially a lady, and to puff their smoke as much as possible right into her face.
9. Visitors in walking may hustle whom they choose, and, if spoken to, may use the coarsest language they can pick.
10. Visitors may pic-nic in the Park when they think proper, and are especially requested to scatter about their orange-peel, and bits of dirty paper which have served them for a table-cloth, as much as ever they can.
11. Visitors may use the Park chairs without paying for them, and may turn out any sitter who is better dressed and weaker than themselves.
12. Visitors may cut their names upon the seats and trees, or may whittle them away, or chop them up for firewood, or disfigure them in any other manner they prefer.
13. Visitors may throw stones anywhere they like, and if they happen to hurt somebody, may laugh and say, "O here's a lark!"
14. Visitors may cadge and beg of any one they meet, and may chaff, insult, and worry any decent persons who, from age, sex, or infirmity, are unable to defend themselves.
15. The Park-keepers are instructed to go to sleep and to remain out of sight as much as possible, so as not to interfere with the proceedings of the visitors, who are to be allowed in any way that pleases them to misuse and spoil the Park, and make themselves and it as great a nuisance as they like.

LAY FROM LLANGOLLEN.

"A large party of excursionists was discharged into this peaceful locality the other day. They had drunk freely, and commenced to be insulting and outrageous, for which some of them were rather roughly handled by the inhabitants, and took away some bruises and black eyes as hints for future good behaviour to unoffending people."—*Welsh Paper.*

Air—"*The Maid of Llangollen.*"

The Vale of Llangollen is all very well,
But a trip to Llangollen's no end of a sell:
Bad luck to the day on the banks of the Dee,
When the Man of Llangollen he pitched into me.

I'd heard a good many romantic sweet tales
Of the Passes sublime in the mountains of Wales,
Things came to a pass I did not hope to see,
When the Man of Llangollen he pitched into me.

I climbed to Crow Castle as brisk as a cat,
And I've just brought away a memorial of that;
For my eyes are as black as a crow's back can be,
Since the Man of Llangollen he pitched into me.

The jolly Welsh ale was uncommonly strong,
And through the small streets we came bawling along.
I thought on excursions all larking went free,
Till the Man of Llangollen he pitched into me.

While my nose was a bleeding, to add to my woes,
A Welsh harp played something called, *Ah, heed your nose!*
I knows what I'll heed, which is larks by the Dee,
Where the Man of Llangollen he pitched into me.

Law!—The splendid new Law Courts at Manchester have cost some thousands. Baron Pigott assured the Magistrates that they could not in any better way have spent the Hundreds of Salford.

SEA-LIONS AT SCHOOL.



E gentlemen of England who *don't* live on bread and cheese, but can give yourselves good dinners down at Greenwich if you please, *Punch* has some six words to say which he will thank you to attend to.

You may recollect, perhaps, that on your road to Greenwich, that is if you go by railroad, you pass a certain station which is called New Cross. Now there exists in that same neighbourhood a certain Royal Naval School, which more than thirty years ago was founded for the benefit of sons of Naval officers, and of officers in the Marines. If when you next go down to Whitebait you just pull up at New Cross, you may learn that at this school for future COLLINGWOODS and NELSONS:—

"Nearly two hundred sons of Naval and Marine officers are now receiving the benefits of a first-rate education, qualifying them for any pursuit in life, on less terms than the actual cost of their maintenance, and a portion of these pupils, in necessitous circumstances, are maintained gratuitously, and on a merely nominal charge, preference being given to the orphans of those who have fallen in the country's service; and it is an ennobling feature in this school that the names of these, or the terms upon which they are admitted, are unknown to any one in the establishment. Cases of pressing necessity are at once met. How promptly this is done may be seen from the report of the Council, who refer, with pride, to the immediate admission, upon the foundation, of the son of an officer who was drowned in Her Majesty's ship *Orpheus*, and to numerous other instances in which orphans have been received, without the delay, expense, and anxiety of canvassing for votes; all these cases being thoroughly sifted and decided solely on their merits."

If you have time enough, you also may just have a little chat with MR. ALFRED EAMES, who has managed from its birth the finances of the school, and, to his credit be it said, never has allowed it to get into debt. MR. EAMES is much too modest to brag of his good management; but if you chance to look benevolent, he will very likely drop a gentle hint that schools, however well they are managed, do as a rule cost money, and that the Royal Naval School is no exception to the rule. On hearing this, perhaps, you will assume a hurried air and pull your watch out hastily, and suddenly remember that your train is due for Greenwich. Of course *Punch* too well knows what is due to a good appetite, to recommend you to run risks of being late for dinner and finding your fish spoiled. But, dinner being over, and the bump of your benevolence being pleasantly excited by the whitebait you have copiously been washing down your throat, just talk the matter over with the friends you have around you; and, as you glance at Greenwich Hospital, where old sea-lions have a den provided them for life, just cast your eye up-stream and think of New Cross Naval School, which has been launched expressly for the sons of old sea-lions, of a somewhat higher breed.

Ten thousand pounds or so is all that is required for the completion of the School, which then will hold three hundred scholars, as its founders wished it should do. If you don't happen to have this trifling sum about you after payment of your bill (and after a fish-dinner one is apt to find one's person somewhat fuller than one's purse), the best thing you can do is just to write a cheque for the few hundreds or so lying idle at your banker's, and get the friends about you to do the same. For fear of any accident, you can stop on your way home and leave the cheques with MR. EAMES, who, if you ask him prettily, will not object to take them because perhaps the signatures are not written quite straight.

It has been lyrically stated that—

"Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls."

But wooden walls, or even iron ones, would prove of little service, if wooden heads commanded them. By the Royal Naval School the heads of future Captains are saved from growing ligneous, and Admirals that are to be have their brains put in good trim to go on active service whenever there is need. So, ye gentlemen of England, who'd live at home at ease, Without fear of molestation by the French or Portuguese, or Russians, Prussians, Spaniards, Turks, Dutch, Yankees, or Chinese, Or any other nation that has ships upon the seas, Subscribe unto the Naval School at New Cross if you please, And teach our young sea-lions how to mind their *q*'s and *p*'s. Only one wing more is wanted to complete this Naval School; so give your ten thousand pounds more, gentlemen, and up will go this wing: and the school, having two wings, will then get on "like flying."

EXTORTION OF INLAND REVENUE.

FROM letters that continue to be sent to the *Times* by executors and lawyers, it appears that the authorities of the Inland Revenue Office are conducting the affairs of their Legacy and Succession Duty Department like low tradesmen, rascals who keep their accounts in a slovenly way, neglect to enter the payments made to them, and every now and then try on the dodge of sending in again the bill that has been already paid, on the chance that the loss of receipts by the customer will enable them to make him pay it twice over; when the receipts are produced against them saying that they are "very sorry." The agent of this scoundrelism is, of course, not to be blamed for it, if, in its execution, he only obeys orders. He is no more a thief than the JACK KETCH who hangs an innocent man by official warrant is a murderer. The instrument of the extortion practised by the Legacy Duty Office is named in the *Times*, a MR. TREVOR. His employment seems to consist in looking up the accounts of duty due and settled some twenty, thirty, or forty years ago, but of which the settlement was unrecorded by the fault of negligent clerks, and demanding the repayment of the Government bill with the menace of a Crown prosecution. If this TREVOR is not a malignant misanthrope, availing himself of the facilities of his position to amuse himself by the infliction of misery and ruin upon everybody whom he finds in his power, his employers will surely be at once dismissed from Her Majesty's Service. The Trevoracity of these harpies is insufferable. Either they should be sent about their business, or MR. TREVOR should be obliged to exchange his situation for an appointment in Bedlam.

Architectural.

IT is said that portions of St. Paul's must shortly undergo repair. It is also proposed that a Festival in honour of SIR CHRISTOPHER be held. The Dean, however, opposes all Wren-ovation.

SPORT.—*Nice Dinner for Sporting Men.*—Steaks and Cup.

LATHER AND SMOKE.

WE read in the *Leicester Journal* that a barber, named ALLEN, charged before the Magistrates of the balloon-destroying borough with Sunday shaving, pleaded—

"That the persons who laid the informations were actually carrying on business of a much more annoying and demoralising character, that of tobacconist and cigar dealers, and were teaching boys and youths *to smoke bad Cigars on the Sunday*, to the annoyance of all respectable persons."

Well said, ALLEN the Shaver. For boys and youths to smoke at all is bad, for them to smoke on Sunday is worse, but for them to smoke bad Cigars on Sunday to the annoyance of respectable people is worst. You are a logical man, and we dare say an easy shaver, and we agree with the Magistrates that there was very great force in what you said. We wish they had not fined you. We approve your protest against the sickening sight of brats sucking tobacco. It is a pity that the police are not empowered to take away pipes and cigars from the little wretches, and box their asinine ears. However, as we must not say with POPE,

"Let humble ALLEN, with an awkward shame,
Shave beards by stealth and blush to find it fame,"

Mr. Punch makes the fine up to you by this piece of fame, well deserved by your remonstrance.

The New Draft.

KING LINCOLN, at Confederate raid in twitters,
To a new draft his subjects would compel;
The newest draft for Yankee-land were bitters—
The wholesome bitters drawn from Truth's own well.

ARISTOCRATIC AND SEASONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—Creation of a New Peer—at Brighton.

Digitized by Google

NEW RAILWAY SIGNALS.

(*From the Code Godsonian.*)



COME, "now," said the Learned Judge to MR. GODSON, the Traffic Manager of the South Western Railway Company, who was giving such lucid evidence in the matter of the fatal accident at Egham Station, "Is that a serious answer? It really might be put into *Punch*."

Whereupon MR. JUSTICE PUNCH, respecting the opinion thus expressed, and being perfectly agreeable to submit his will to his WILLES, immediately communicated with the S. W., Traffic Master, offering to stand as Godfather to any clever contribution from GODSON.

MR. JUSTICE PUNCH has now much pleasure in submitting to the public a set of entirely New Rules and Regulations which are drawn up for the future guidance of the officials connected with the New Railway Line, which, when opened, will be entitled, The N. S. E. W. Colwell Hatchney Railway:—

1. GENERAL SIGNALS.

Blowing a Whistle.
Blowing a Nose.
Playing the Trombone.
Waving your Hand gracefully.
Waiving an Objection politely.
Stirring the Fire with the Sugar-tongs.
Imitating HERR VON JOEL on a Walking Stick.
Winding up a Watch (Anybody's) the wrong way.
(*With Power to add to their Number.*)

As these general signals have no arbitrary signification, they may mean anything, everything, nothing, or something, which it will be the duty of the stoker, the engine-driver, the signalman, the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, sitting in Committee on the top of a first class compartment, in an express train, to decide upon, and see carried out, even if accompanied with personal violence.

2. The persons employed on the Line shall be a tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, ploughboy, apothecary, thief. This will ensure due attention being paid to all classes of Her Majesty's subjects. Each one of these shall be empowered to give signals to any one else.

3. Waving a black flag on a black dark night far away from any light, means danger.

4. Standing on a Line on which the express train is just coming, means danger to one person. Two in the same position, means danger to more, and so on.

TIME.

1. The Trains on the New Line shall run every *seven minutes*, and in order to prevent confusion, *fifteen minutes* at least shall be allowed between the starting and departure of each Train.

2. Every ten minutes, a plate-layer shall cross the line as a signal to the fireman that his dinner is ready.

3. There shall be five minutes' difference between all the clocks at the several stations on the Line, so as to ensure the quickest train reaching its destination *in no time*, and to suit the requirements of BRADSHAW'S *Railway Guide*.

4. The Company intend to run Trains just whenever they like, without reference to any stated times, which are only a source of nuisance, and unnecessary excitement to the travelling public.

DUTIES OF SIGNALMAN.

The *Red Flag*. The Signalman may wave the Red Flag, whenever he feels elated or excited, as a sign of his jollity and happiness.

Red and Blue Flags. To be waved as a sign that it is a Director's birthday.

Waving a White Flag Violently. Means "Hooray!" "Three cheers," &c., or anything of that sort.

The *Red Light* shall mean "Stop!" except when it means "Go on!"

The *Blue, vice versâ*.

The *Green* shall mean nothing.

The *Yellow* anything.

General Rules.—Blue on yellow, Red's your player in hand. As at Pool, so here, the aim of the Company is to fill the Pockets, and "lives" are lost at this game.

THE GUARDS.

Every Guard shall carry a Red light, a Blue light, a Bengal light and a box of CHILD'S Night Lights. He shall also be light-headed. He will also be provided with as many flags as M. ROBIN used to produce out of an ordinary hat; besides the Standards of all Nations. He shall also carry all the Acts of Parliament affecting Railways, and a book containing Lines from different Poets, and a short history of the Seven Sleepers. He must know the current number of *Bradshaw* by heart.

NOTICE.

The Company will hold themselves responsible for nothing.

CROQUÊT.

XVII.

THIS is the state at present of the game,
MISS SMITH's not had her turn: MISS BROWN the same;
Red, croquêd, does for speedy vengeance call,
While Green continues striking now the ball;
This rule can't fail the losers to provoke,
Viz., that a Croquêt's followed by a stroke;
Ofttimes, to Croquêt helps you to a place,
Which you would not have reached so soon; this case
Was JONES'S, for, at Hoop three, is the Green
Where he could not, without Red's help, have been;
Thus selfishly ambitious worldlings play,
Clinging to who will help them on their way,
Whom, being used, they will, at the first chance,
Croquêt away, and thus themselves advance.
At the third Hoop now Green prepares to fire,
With grim delight Red views him strike the wire,
And "better luck next time," cries Red, "old fellow!"
"Show him no quarter, but be careful, Yellow."
This to Brunette, who makes the first and second,
Then Roquêts Green, on which she had not reckoned,
Then Croquêts him away, not very far,
While ROBINSON exclaims, "Green, there you are!"
As through the third Hoop goes Brunette; the two
Foes eye each other, "Now the fourth she'll do."
Right through again! all are astonished; she
Is more amazed than any of the three.
The fifth, at her *next* stroke she cannot do;
Hoop five, to four, is, as was three to two;
The last but one before the turning post
Is number five, which she, as 'twere, may coast;
So for this neutral Port does Yellow steer,
Placing herself the wished-for haven near.

XVIII.

N.B. You mayn't, howe'er its place entice,
The same ball Croquêt in your one turn twice,
'Tis as immutable as Median laws,
But yet to this there is a saving clause:—
If twice you'd have a ball your Croquêt take,
Between the strokes, your Hoop, in order, make.
Yellow, Green Croquêd, can't th' assault anew
Repeat, till she her proper Hoop's gone through;
When through the Hoop that's next, the Yellow's been,
Naught hinders but she can re-Croquêt Green.
Observe, my friends, the fourth stroke that JONES made,
Was viciously, not well, or wisely played.
When Green drove Red as far away from sight
As possible, he did it out of spite:
He should have Croquêtted Red that 't might arrive
Where it would help him on through number five;
Before which, meeting him, with well-aimed thwack,
He 'd send him to Hoop nine, till he came back;
And so on: thus the *Second* player may
At once make all the Hoops by skilful play.
Without a purpose Croquêt not a ball:
Or *really* play, or do not play at all.
Ladies, at Croquêt I'd not have much talking,
Some chatter from a spiteful love of baulking.
The silent player plans a careful game,
And shoots the careless with a surer aim.

Thankful for Small Mercies.

THE Irish are certainly the oddest birds out. That collection of "Martyrs of Circumstance," the Avonmore Lot, has been ringing bells, drinking healths, and making speeches at an Irish place called Belleisle, all for joy because the House of Lords has solemnly declared that LORD AVONMORE'S son, MAJOR YELVERTON, was not to be believed. We don't see much in that declaration to cause either astonishment or jubilation. However, the "Siege of Belleisle" is not raised yet.



LETTER H.

First Manly Voice. "BEAUTIFUL HAIR, ISN'T IT, FRED?"

[LAURA, *who had not expected to make a Conquest so soon as their first afternoon at Sludgey-on-the-Ooze, listens not displeased.*

Second Manly Voice. "YES;—NICE BREEZE, SO REFRESHIN' AFTER THE 'EATED HATMOSPHERE OF THE METROPOLIS!!"

[*And* LAURA *was properly Chaffed by her Younger Sisters, who took stock of the Speakers.*

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

(*Respectfully Dedicated to Small German Princes in general.*)

THERE is an ancient fable that everybody knows,
Whose truth and point come closer home the older that one grows.
It is as young as yesterday, ancient as HOMER's times:
Its moral 's seen in action in all ages, ranks and climes.

A cat once with a monkey lived in *Bund*, if not in Bond,
Which Puss—or Pruss let 's call her—was of roasted chesnuts fond;
But on these toothsome fruits while she was fain to close her jaws,
She had a wholesome horror of singed hair and toasted paws.

One day MISS PRUSS, much meditant upon her favourite Diet,
Long o'er her claws in velvet sheathed with closed lids had sat quiet;
Sudden her green eye twinkled; she rose, purred sweet on Pug,
And closed her soft fur round him in an electric hug.

Now this monkey was, at some points, an exception to his kind;
Neither lecherous, nor yet treacherous, nor to mischief much inclined:
Bumptious he was: went with his nose in air and tail tight-curled:
Chattered: laid down the law—in short, a monkey of the world—

But on the whole a kindly, inoffensive little Pug,
Quite contented in a mirror to gloat on his own mug,
If kept out of the way of edge-tools, gun-powder, fire,—
Things Pugs always come to grief with, and so most to them aspire.

But whether 'twas the thrilling of MISS PRUSS's fiery fur,
Or the seductive whisper of her insidious purr,
Certain it is, Pug's passions seemed to take a sudden start,
And MISS PRUSS's crave for chesnuts flashed through his little heart.

"Chesnuts!" mewed Puss. "Roast-chesnuts! Duchy chesnuts! or I die—"
And "Chesnuts! Duchy chesnuts!" chattered Pug, "or so do I."

"'Tis I will light the fire," quoth Puss, "and all the world I vouch
That 'tis not for myself I roast, but that Pug may fill his pouch."

Then Pug clawed Puss in gratitude, and Puss purred sweet on Pug;
The fire was made, the chesnuts laid in the ashes, smooth and snug;
They hissed, spat, sweated, shrivelled, split, while Pug and Puss, safe posted,
Watched their various ways of showing their objections to being roasted.

"They 're done!" quoth Puss, "How savoury they smell! but, Pug, I say,
We mustn't let 'em roast too long, or they 'll roast all away.
Now to extract the dainties from the fire's hungry maw!"
"Don't burn yourself!" quoth Pug. Quoth Puss: "Oh no—I'll use *your* paw!"

So said, so done: ere simple Pug could argue, plan, inquire,
His luckless paw was into, and the nuts out of, the fire.
You may see him chafing, chattering, wringing his blistered paw,
While Puss nibbles up the chesnuts, and bids Pug "hold his jaw."

MORAL.

The moral 's the important point; if in our adaptation
We 've reversed the actors' functions, excuse the alteration.
Our Puss we 've made the artful one, our Pug the tool eximious,
As BISMARCK fits the feline part, the smaller powers the simious.

"I Deny your Major."—*Falstaff.*

DOD's *Peerage* says that MAJOR YELVERTON is connected with the houses of Sayers and of Walker. There is a class of sayers whose sayings make many people say "Walker!" but we did not expect such rudeness from the House of Lords.



BRIGANDS DIVIDING SPOIL.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

WHALLEY THE WISE.

Mr. G. H. Whalley has lost no time in giving an account of his Parliamentary Stewardship to the intelligent electors of Peterborough, who do themselves so much honour, and so thoroughly vindicate their title to the franchise, by returning that determined enemy of Popery. We regret that we can find room only for a portion of his admirable address to his constituents.

Mr. Whalley, after a sketch of the past Session, and references to his introduction of a protest against the Church of Rome on the Third Reading of every Railway Bill and other domestic measure, proceeded: "I shall continue this course. I am asked what Popery has to do with railways? I answer, Everything. I know that nearly every station-master is a Jesuit in disguise, and some day when there is a Roman Catholic rebellion, and troops are wanted, the lines will be blocked, and probably collisions will be arranged for the destruction of the Queen's soldiers. The Jesuits are everywhere. Do you know why the Nelson Column is not complete? Because Popery obstructs homage to the victor of Roman Catholic fleets, and Sir Edwin Landseer has been converted. (*Cheers.*) Do you know that the Lord Chancellor of England, in utter defiance of the law that the keeper of the Queen's conscience shall have no Popish leanings, has favoured the interests of Mrs. Yelverton? Why? Because that lady is a Catholic. (*Sensation.*) Do you know that the Queen of Spain has ordered a statue to Columbus? Why? Because the Emperor of the French has founded a new Catholic empire in America, and that in ten years Federals and Confederates will lie at the feet of the Pope. Gentlemen, I have often felt pangs of conscience at representing a borough called after St. Peter, and I do wish you would change the name of your town. (*Cheers.*) Are you aware that in the heart of London, in front of the most magnificent railway terminus we have, is rising a beautiful and costly copy of an Eleanor's Cross, the superstitious monument erected by a Popish king? Do you know that the conductor of the music at our noblest opera-house, (visited I am sorry to say by the Heir to the Throne) is M. Costa, a Catholic, and that he has got a dispensation for leading the *Huguenots* and the National Anthem? Have you heard that Earl Russell, the pretended enemy of Popery, is going to bring in a Bill for restoring to his relative's property its old Popish name of Convent Garden? You knew, gentlemen, that the London General Omnibus Company was a foreign speculation, but do you know that all the conductors are Jesuit priests, that they charge half fares to passengers who cross themselves, and misdirect to Catholic chapels those who inquire the way to Protestant places of worship. (*Shame.*) Yes, gentlemen, and can you hear with patience that a Catholic Tract Society has obtained leave from Mr. Panizzi, of the British Museum, to insert a tract in every volume of the Library? Does Mr. Panizzi's name remind you of England or of Italy? Was there a word, gentlemen, in the Queen's Speech last week, to remind us that the Sovereign is a Protestant? Not one. But the Queen was made to go out of her way to express satisfaction that she is on good terms with the Emperor of China. Who cares for the Emperor of China in himself? But what so-called Christian religionists have had for hundreds of years the greatest sway in the Chinese Empire—who have been tolerated when Protestants have been excluded? Why, the Jesuits. (*Cheers.*) Again, do you note that it is made matter of boast that the French and English are drawing into closer alliance, Catholic with Protestant? (*Cheers.*) Ay, you cheer, but that is not all. Who is our friend's friend? Who, at this moment of the increased amity is about to visit the Tuileries? The King of Spain. Does that anti-Protestant bigot come for nothing? Will Lord Cowley see him? We live in awful and perilous times, gentlemen. I know for a fact that there were hundreds of Catholics among the Riflemen at Wimbledon, and that if one of them had been the best marksman of the meeting, Lady Elcho would have unhesitatingly presented him with the Queen's Prize. (*Sensation.*) Yes, and how soon would that silver vase have become the ornament of a Popish mass-house? It was providential that it fell to Mr. Wyatt, who is a Protestant, but no thanks to the authorities. Why have passports just been so universally abolished on the Continent? In order to entrap Englishmen and Englishwomen into Catholic countries in order to promote proselytism? Why has the cross on St. Paul's just been ostentatiously and splendidly regilt? Look at that. And why is a magnificent bridge being constructed, at vast expense, at Blackfriars—and observe that Popish name, gentlemen. Because Blackfriars Bridge will open a tempting and delightful road from mid-London to Cardinal Wiseman's Popish cathedral, St. George's. Lastly, gentlemen, though I could give you a hundred similarly alarming demonstrations, hear this. You have heard of Mr. Banting. His system is artfully promulgated all over the country. It is pretended that he merely desires to reduce the over-corpulent. Bah! He is a Jesuit priest, and his object is to introduce and make popular the Popish practice of regular Fasting. Yes, gentlemen, I repeat that we live in perilous times, and the Triple Crown will soon dominate the Three Kingdoms."

Mr. Whalley sat down amidst loud cheers and passionate cries of "No Popery!"

THE "SECOND COLUMN" OF PUNCH.

(*An Improvement on that of the Times.*)

JIG. Grandmamma crusty. Cat has blue kittens. Don't come.

WOMBATS has no tails. F. Z. S.

FRANK. You have been watched—and found not worth watching.

WIGGLES has split. Beef it.

KATE. Photograph received, and you won't do. Evidently a squint. You are forgiven. Get thee to a nunnery. Celebs.

HUME.—Thermometer up to snuff. Spirits boil. Zero nunquam est ad bonos mores. Fire.

WAPSHOT fazlegig barabbas yah bowlegs nifflekin jinks B 16 gubble wobbleby law bacon erysipelas toad jobbloly-boy gr mx jones bleat scrunch. Address, Liverpool, as before. Snumps.

IF the GENTLEMAN who drew an infesence on Tuesday, and drew so correctly that it is clear he cannot be a Royal Academician, is as able to draw a cheque, he may send it to Impecuniosa, *poste restante*, Regent's Bank.

LOST, the Half of a Five Pound note, of which the advertiser had previously lost the other half, and therefore cannot tell the number, but any one will do, and preferably a whole one. Address, Roderick Dee, the Minories.

LOST, by a Lady, at least missing, for it is absurd to say that she can have lost it, as she is exceedingly careful about money matters, but the shopman was pestering her to look at several things at the same time, and it was past her husband's dinner hour, and he makes such a fuss if he is kept waiting. P.S. She is not quite sure whether it was a cheque or a note, but it must have been one or the other, because she had no silver except halfpence, which she remembers because she was going to give a beggar-child a penny, and did not, and it was on the day of the Horticultural Fête, or else the Crystal Palace Concert. Please send it to her house, and enclosed to herself.

LOST, two hours waiting for two ladies at the Waterloo Station. Will never take them out any more. No further reward will be offered. S.

LOST, a PORTE-MONNAIE, supposed in an Atlas Omnibus. It contained nothing of any very great value, except the photograph of a policeman (new helmet) and some love verses cut from the *Family Herald*, and commencing, "*I dare not bid thee blow thy nose.*" Direct, Rosalind, Area, 17, Lycurgus Cottages, Somerstown.

THE EXECUTOR (or EXECUTIONER), of SAMUEL HALL, (supposed to have finally disappeared in connection with an unlegalised arrangement for equalising capital by nocturnal taxation at private residences) is requested to communicate with his representatives, care of Barney Aarons, Esq., Houndsditch, in the event of any property of the supposed late Hall being in the possession of the above. If not, never mind.

RED GERANIUM. I said what I meant, and I mean what I said. Your old party took care I should not speak to you again in the train, but I am single, deeply affectionate, and though I have no tin, I expect from the style of your dad's trap that he has lots. Drop us a line to "Pensive James," Blotchar and Scratchley's, law stationers, Mile-end.

APOLOGY TO SLAPP BANGER, Esq.—Sir, In consideration of your having kindly abstained from punching my head in the presence of females at the Music Hall on Saturday night, for saying in an unguarded instant that you was no gentleman, I humbly recal that objectionable sentiment, which was only prompted by the heat of the moment, and of the room, and of the iced lemonade, and by your shoving me off my seat, and calling me a dirty little snob, and I regret using expressions as are derogatory, and you may publish this.

Witness, Bob A'Dill Blazes (*Irish Native Militia*). Moses Sneaker.

COURT of FIRST INSTANCE, BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, FRANCE. On the complaint of Arry Snook, English subject, and vaulter of *comptoirs*, that Ernest Perigord, French subject, and perfumer, lately sold him a confection under the name of *Crême de Rhinoceros*, warranted to make the youth Snook's hair black:

Considering that the hair of Snook hath turned green by force of such confection.

Considering that green hair may injure Snook in his business, by promoting the ridicule of the frivolous, who are the chief customers of Snook's master.

The Court doth order, and make it of record, Book 198, p. 1037, charge for entering, three francs, six centimes, that Perigord shall rub into Snook, *franco*, a pot of his *Huile D'Hippopotamus*, day by day, till compensation. L'Ane (*Huissier*).

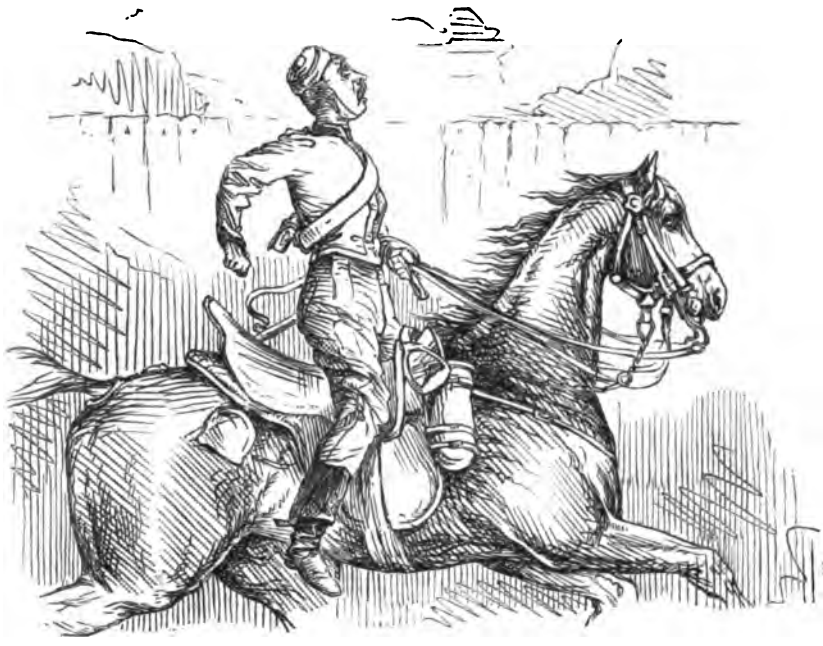
FOUND, lately, something rather elegant. To prevent fraud, the Advertiser declines being more particular in the description, and if it is not claimed in twenty-four hours, her conscience will be satisfied, and she means to keep it. N.B. She will not look at an advertisement for six months from this time. Address, A. B., London.

LATRO.—When first I met thee warm and young, I little thought thou wouldst be hung. Pause and repent, my thievish friend, or on a line thou wilt depend.

THREE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD will be given to anybody who will reveal the means of preventing the publication of any new novel whose interest is based upon the violation of the sixth, seventh, or eighth commandment. Address, Paterfamilias, Anywhere.

FAST.—Your fears might have been dissipated, if you had not been so yourself. Proceed to the City of Bladud, and obtain artificial baldness.

JOHN.—I have made a new will, and your only benefit under it will be as an inmate of the Asylum for Idiots, to which I have left what I had meant for you. Bless you.



PLEASURES OF A MILITARY RIDING-SCHOOL.—No. 2.

"NOW THEN, SIR! SIT WELL BACK, AND LET HIM BUMP YOU, SIR."

BEES AND BEEHIVES.

SIR,—Here is a communication which I've just received from the Master of the College at St. Bees.

What the old Queen Bee said, in this last very hot week, when she was going with her party out of the Hive, "This *is warm* work." To which a Country drone replied, "Yes it be's."

The letters in the *Times* on this subject are highly instructing. But Bee Master has not given us any information concerning the management of a "Bee in a Bonnet;" nor does he once allude to those Scotch insects known as the Drones of a Bagpipe. Hoping to hear something more in this matter.

I remain, Sir, Yours truly,

HONEY SOTT.

Progress of the Embankment.

WE are happy to say that this important metropolitan work is making great progress. Thanks to the energy of the contractors, the stream of traffic in Fleet Street and the Strand is all but choked up, and will soon be completely diverted from the main arteries of London. The dams are very numerous and strong. Nothing is now driven in the neighbourhood except the carts and the piles.

NEW PUBLICATION.—Unpoetical "Lines on a Lady's face,"—Crows'-feet.

THE NAGGLETONS UPON ROME.

The happy couple are at Breakfast in their house in the fashionable locality in which we had last the pleasure of meeting them. MR. NAGGLETON *is, of course, reading his "Times."* MRS. NAGGLETON *has received some letters by the morning post, and has been meditating on their contents.*

Mrs. Naggleton. HENRY, this is the First of August.

Mr. Naggleton (*without looking up*). MARIA, your chronology is indisputable. Moreover, I wish you many happy returns of the day.

Mrs. N. Good feeling would dictate your avoiding a joke on *that* subject, HENRY.

Mr. N. (*conscious*). O, isn't it your birthday, my dear? But that is no reason why I should not wish you a happy return of the day, or of any day.

Mrs. N. Happiness is a word for persons who are differently circumstanced from myself, HENRY, but I am making no complaint. I merely reminded you that this is the first of August.

Mr. N. (*prepares to receive cavalry*). I had already learned that fact from the newspaper.

Mrs. N. You may learn something else from it, I dare say, and be told that everybody but ourselves is out of town.

Mr. N. If there is such a personal statement, my dear, I shall come to it presently, and I will then consider whether I ought to call the editor to account.

Mrs. N. I think, HENRY, that by this time you have known me quite long enough——

Mr. N. My dear, I am incapable of admitting anything so rude.

Mrs. N. (*emphatically*). Quite long enough to be aware that nonsense may delay what I may wish to say, but cannot prevent it.

Mr. N. Have I ever refused my tribute to your pertinacity, my dear MARIA? What do you wish to say now?

Mrs. N. What it would not have been necessary for me to say, if I had had a different husband.

Mr. N. Well, you have an indifferent one. Agreed. Go on.

Mrs. N. Indifferent, indeed, HENRY. Indifferent to the state of my health, and that of his children.

Mr. N. Agreed, again. How hard he tried to get you from MRS. OWLEYBIRD'S party on Friday, when morning was dawning. And how pleasantly he handed DR. PETER GRIEVOUS a cheque for thirty-seven pounds on Saturday for medical attendance. Your husband is all that is objectionable, but make the best of him while he lasts.

Mrs. N. (*mildly*). It is, I am sure, as much for your own sake as mine that I wish, if we are to visit the Continent, that we should not delay until the season becomes unhealthy.

Mr. N. But suppose we are not to visit the Continent. Who's the Continent, that we owe him so much attention?

Mrs. N. O, go to Southend, if you like, or stay at home, and shut the front shutters. I don't care.

Mr. N. Very well, my dear. As that is the case, I will consider those two excellent suggestions. At first blush I seem to prefer the shutters.

Mrs. N. Is this the way in which we ought to converse, HENRY? I am sure that I hear nothing like it between other couples. MR. WINKLETOP can be playful in answering his wife, but it is affectionate fun.

Mr. N. Playful darlings!

Mrs. N. And though MR. and MRS. GOUGH-HAWB are always laughing, they understand one another, and she has no wish ungratified. But you are always in an attitude of fighting and resistance.

Mr. N. Ajax defying the lightning; eh? Am I so ferocious? Well, look on me as another classical sculpture, the Dying Gladiator; and now, what can I do for you before I die?

Mrs. N. Ah! Those allusions remind me of what would indeed make me happy. But it is of no use talking.

Mr. N. Never mind that. Talk. What is it? Do you want to go to M. BRUCCIANI'S new gallery, and see his casts?

Mrs. N. Shall I *ever* see Rome? Here is a letter from MRS. BOSSER, who is there, and who writes in perfect raptures of its treasures of art and of antiquity.

Mr. N. MRS. BOSSER? No, no, MARIA. Come.

Mrs. N. There is her letter. (*Throws it to him.*)

Mr. N. No, thank you. LORD PALMERSTON says he has had no time for twenty years to read anything but manuscript. I prefer print, not being eighty. But MRS. BOSSER. I think it was that eminent lover of art who told us LANDSEER'S dogs were clever, but not equal to those of ANIMAL CARRACCI, and I am sure it was that eminent antiquarian who told us that Hereford Cathedral was being restored in the Renaissance style.

Mrs. N. Your spiteful memory supplies an argument against you. We go abroad to learn.

Mr. N. Some of us, like yourself, my dear MARIA, have nothing to learn, except how to stay at home.

Mrs. N. I am too painfully conscious of my own deficiencies to accept an insincere compliment dictated by a mean economy.

Mr. N. (*enraged*). Then I would avoid exposing those deficiencies to fellow-travellers, as you would do in a place like Rome.

Mrs. N. (*gently*). There was a time, HENRY, when you pretended to take pleasure in showing new objects to your wife, and making her enjoy them by your clever explanations, and the information that you have so curiously acquired.

Mr. N. (*hit, but staggering up*). There is nothing curious in it. I have endeavoured to read books, and I have tried to remember what was in them.

Mrs. N. Men's minds are so much better trained than ours, and you learn to apply your knowledge at a moment's notice. I know nothing

Digitized by Google

more delightful to a wife than to be able to turn to her husband for anything she wants to know, and I am sure that if you and I could see Rome together, it would be something to remember all our lives.

Mr. N. (*moved*). My dear, I am a humble but faithful adherent to the Church of England as by Law Established. What could I say to myself, if your Protestant principles should be sapped by the Scarlet Lady, and you should seek refuge in a convent?

Mrs. N. (*playfully*). I took the veil once, my love, and my courage has not been so very well rewarded that I am inclined to try again; so do not be afraid, or perhaps I should say, have no hopes.

Mr. N. Well, but look here now. Another year I would not object. But we are too late for Rome this year.

Mrs. N. We can never be too late for the Eternal City. MRS. BOSSER is enchanted with it.

Mr. N. The Eternal City and WIDOW BOSSER. "Powers eternal, such names mingled." Really, MARIA, the idea of a woman of your intellectual power being led by that idiot, at whom you used to be always laughing.

Mrs. N. I am not led by her, HENRY.

Mr. N. (*artfully*). Yes, you are; and I cannot understand the ascendency she has acquired over you. Even SNOTCHLEY, the milk-and-honey boy, has remarked that you dress at her, repeat her foolish sayings, and surrender your own judgment to hers.

Mrs. N. If you permit another person to make disparaging remarks to you about your own wife, I say no more.

Mr. N. But I did not permit it. The words were hardly out of his mouth when I gave him my mind on his impertinence, and he will not repeat it; but, to do him justice, he apologised by urging that he only noticed what everybody else said, wondering at your humility.

Mrs. N. That settles the question.

Mr. N. And you will not give further cause for such tattle by following MRS. BOSSER to Rome at her bidding.

Mrs. N. I will go to Rome to show how utterly I despise tattlers and backbiters.

Mr. N. (*hoist with his own petard*). I do not quite see it in that light.

Mrs. N. If you have the spirit of a man, you will. And I will write to MR. SNOTCHLEY this very morning, and tell him among other things, that while MRS. SNOTCHLEY owes me for the very shawl in which she came to my party——

Mr. N. (*mildly, seeing a door of deliverance*). What shawl, my dear?

Mrs. N. (*indignantly*). What shawl? Have men no eyes? Did you not put it on her great shoulders yourself, and quote something ridiculous about not displaying her beauties to the moon.

Mr. N. (*quietly*). I understood you to say it was your shawl, my dear. The one I gave you on your—birthday? (*With meaning.*)

Mrs. N. (*too angry to be discreet*). I never liked it, as you know.

Mr. N. You told me it was sweet.

Mrs. N. I didn't—or I hadn't tried it on—or one changes one's mind. At least she said she liked it, and I let her have it at the price you said it cost, and she owes me the money.

Mr. N. (*to himself*). Not a bad bargain for us, if she pays that, and takes a year's credit. MARIA, I don't like this.

Mrs. N. Don't like what?

Mr. N. I say nothing about ladies selling things—I suppose you have your own code of high manners. But I made you a present on your birthday, and you pretend to be delighted with it, and then you sell it. I shall remember that.

Mrs. N. No doubt you will. It will be an admirable excuse for stinginess for the rest of your life.

Mr. N. I have never been stingy, and you have no right to say so.

Mrs. N. I shall say what I like.

Mr. N. Still, at your time of life, you should set your children an example of speaking the truth.

Mrs. N. So I do.

Mr. N. I deny it. And I repeat that you did not do a wife-like act in parting with a present of mine.

Mrs. N. A wonderful present, certainly, to make a fuss about. And I am not a child, or a slave, to have a thing given me on condition I always watch over it, and never lose it.

Mr. N. If your temper had been given you on those conditions, my dear, I fear you would be without one. I am glad to find that you are not.

Mrs. N. (*suddenly changing from volcano to iceberg*). Will you buy a Continental *Bradshaw* to-day, and ascertain about the route to Italy?

Mr. N. (*solemnly*). I will not. No, MARIA. Every walk we might take in Rome would remind me of this painful disclosure. As you have said, the Eternal City would be an eternal memory. The Tarpeian Rock would recal domestic treachery. The Via Sacra would show me MRS. SNOTCHLEY going to church in my shawl. Bitter thoughts would have a long Triumph in the Forum; and the inevitable ball at the banker's would make me think of the cheque SNOTCHLEY owes. Southend, or the Shutters, or even Paris; but no Rome.

[*Exit under cover of his own fire; and then, outside, and with a disreputable grin,*

But to quote a Roman poet, *Sic me servavit Apollo.*

Mrs. N. (*within*). I did not think I should get him even to Paris; but there's nothing like asking for more than you want. *That* is safe, and I love Paris. I wonder whether MR. SNOTCHLEY did say a word of all that. I will call and lunch there, and perhaps she will pay me. Lucky I did not tell him that I had sold the shawl to her at half-price.

FRANCE.

(*From Somebody Else's Correspondent.*)



HE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH is at Vichy, and daily takes a Bath. The KING OF THE BELGIANS is reported to have called this "a very Vichy-washy sort of proceeding."

Everything is peaceful in Kabylia, in consequence of the tribes having exterminated one another. The French have therefore very little trouble with the natives now.

The other day the EMPEROR, dressed as BLONDIN, took a walk on a rope stretched aloft more than a hundred feet above ground. Anything to heighten his popularity; though his Imperial Majesty, in a letter to a Private in the Foot Chasseurs, whom he has kindly been instructing in drill exercises, merely alludes to the performance as a method for elevating the people's taste.

The most curious point in the *Napoleon Correspondence* is, considering the distance of time between the two, the marked correspondence between NAPOLEON THE FIRST and NAPOLEON THE THIRD.

The French troops are leaving Mexico; but as they have not discharged the bill for their lodgings, and have left several small accounts still unsettled, it is expected that they intend to pay —— another visit.

The Three per Cents. closed at 60f. 30c., and a New Line of Railway opened at 6·30 P.M. on the same day.

The Right Men in the Right Places.

MR. ROEBUCK's airing-ground.—Wormwood Scrubs.
MR. HORSMAN's Parliamentary property.—Noman's land.
MR. BERNAL OSBORNE's College.—Brasenose.
MR. WHALLEY's Fishery-preserve.—The Great Orange River.
DISRAELI's Country Retreat.—Cold Harbour.
MR. FERRAND's Town Residence.—Strutt-on's Ground.
The Favourite Walk of the Dignified Clergy.—Bishop's-gate.

"Gridirons is Looking up."

"The PRINCE OF WALES has made the formal application which is preliminary to any person becoming a member of the Masonic body."—*Court Journal.*

THIS may be true, in spite of its appearing in the *Court Journal*. But if so, the Prince has shown that he is qualified to be trusted with the Secret, for he has not mentioned his intentions to Brother PUNCH. We shall be present at his "making," and have no doubt that he will display the proverbial courage of his family. So mote it be.

MUSICAL.—Living for some time upon a "fiver" may be the definition of "Dwelling on a note."

Digitized by Google



THE BREECH-LOADERS.

German Agent for the "Mount-Storm" Rifle (Apropos of TOMKINS, *who having Loaded Carelessly, has had his Right Whisker singed off).* "BOT—IF DE FORLUNTEERS VILL PUT PURNING BABER IN DE PRESCHES OF DE GONS, DEN SHALL DEY NOT VONDER IF IT VILL PLÖ UP IN DEIR VAZES!!"

TESTIMONIAL TO LORD PALMERSTON.

A MOST flattering Testimonial has been rendered to LORD PALMERSTON by certain agents of a Power whose opinion of any British Government is a safe test of the strength or weakness, as well as of the merits of its foreign policy. MR. GASKELL, the Member for Wenlock, has addressed a letter to a local journal, in answer to an accusation which it had brought against him of cowardice in not having voted with the so-called Conservatives in the division on MR. DISRAELI'S Vote of Censure, for which the House of Commons substituted a Vote of Confidence. MR. GASKELL says:—

"I did not support the Government because I disapproved of the course which they pursued on the Danish question. I did not vote with the Opposition because I could not affirm, with them, that I thought England had been degraded. Moreover, it was not my wish to see LORD PALMERSTON displaced. Foreign ecclesiastics, then recently arrived in London, and other declared and determined enemies to constitutional freedom, were then endeavouring to effect his downfall. For that, if for no other reason, I should have declined to join in the vote of censure."

Hear, electors of Wenlock, hear your Member. Here is a real Conservative for you; free and independent electors of Wenlock, make much of him. MR. GASKELL is one of those true Conservatives who want to conserve constitutional liberty at home and encourage it abroad, and whose sole object is not simply that of conserving place when they can get it. He knows the value of a statesman whose downfall is eagerly desired by his Holiness the POPE, who sends over foreign ecclesiastics to endeavour to effect it, which they can only do by employing spiritual persuasion or intimidation to enlist Roman Catholics on the side of that party which includes MR. NEWDEGATE. In endeavouring to effect the downfall of LORD PALMERSTON, those foreign ecclesiastics do him not only the greatest honour that they can, but also the greatest service. They dispel the fancy or refute the pretence that England is losing influence in Europe. We may be sure that England has plenty of influence in Europe so long as we see the emissaries of the POPE hard at work endeavouring to effect the downfall of the Minister who wields it. We are, moreover, sure that he wields it aright. "Vote for LORD PALMERSTON and Constitutional Freedom at home and abroad!" That will now be the Liberal and truly Conservative cry at every election. That of the party whom the Opposition leaders lead by the nose, will, to express what is really their only distinctive policy, be "DERBY, DISRAELI, and PIO NONO the POPE KING for Ever!" Much good may it do them!

RACES WITHOUT HORSES.

MR. PUNCH has been favoured with a copy of the Rules and Regulations issued "by permission of MAJOR-GENERAL RIDLEY" for the guidance of the managers of the races at the Camp, Curragh, Ireland. Had the gallant Major-General been Old BOB RIDLEY, we should not have been surprised at any bit of fun like the penultimate rule, which is this:—

"The *horses* are to be at the post precisely at the advertised times, *or the races will proceed without them.*"

Mind, this is not an Irish bull, but an emanation of the wisdom of a knot of English officers. Perhaps, however, they are acclimatised.

Fine and Final Moral Declaration.

(*Wrung from our Used-up Contributor.*)

THE Bank at 8, the Glass at 80,
Che Sàra, Sàra. I 'm a Turk,
Bring weeds and ice, my dearest KATIE,
I'LL PAY NO BILLS, AND DO NO WORK.

The Election in the West.

EXETER CHANGE for a Liberal.—The Conservative LORD COURTENAY.
COLERIDGE'S *Aids to Reflection.*—Broken promises of Exeter Electors.
WHAT MADE A TORY SUCCEED DIVETT.—DIVITIÆ.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London. Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, August 13, 1864.

Digitized by Google



Federal Malingerer (*in robust Health, to English Officer whom he meets at a New York Hotel*). "WAL, SIR! YOU SEE MY LEAVE CAVED LAST WEEK, BUT I AIN'T GOIN BACK YET. I'VE GOT GASTRIC FEVER NOW, AND GUESS NEXT MONTH I'LL HAVE SMALL POX!"

English Officer (*rather taken aback*). "GASTRIC FEVER—AND SMALL POX! REALLY I DON'T UNDERSTAND!"

Federal Malingerer. "WHY! WAY'S THIS. I GO TO A CIVILIAN DOCTOR, AND TELL HIM I WANT A MONTH'S SICK LEAVE—AND I JUST GIVE HIM TWENTY DOLLARS, SO HE CERTIFIES I'M SICK, AND GOES TO AN ARMY DOCTOR WHO CERTIFIES IT-IS-SO. I GIT MY LEAVE, AND THE TWO DOCTORS *TROUSER THE DOLLARS* BETWEEN 'EM!" [*Spits, and cuts a fresh plug of Tobacco.*

THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S HOUNDS.

(*Song by* HERR VON BISMARCK.)

KING WILLIAM supreme reigns by true right divine,
With a will that owns not any bounds.
His realm is a kennel, his people canine,
And I am his Master of Hounds.
Dogs, to drink and smoke none faster
Guzzle beer or blow canaster;
Dogs, led as sheep by pastor;
Led by me.
I am the Kennel Master;
Don't you see?

The Kennel was only a short time ago
Disturbed with a mutinous row;
The dogs howled and growled; made of teeth a slight show,
And a terrible deal of bow-wow.
Dogs to drink, &c.

Brute natures by human, through craft, are compelled
With the strength of superior brains;
And so, when the Kennel had almost rebelled,
I hounded the pack on the Danes.
Dogs to drink, &c.

They flew, tooth and nail, at the throats of the foes
For my purpose at whom they were set,
And thus did I, leading these dogs by their nose,
Their grievances make them forget:
Dogs to drink, &c.

Now, gorged, they will go back to Kennel again,
There in quiet contentedly lie,
Submitting to have on the muzzle and chain,
If paws and tongue need be to tie:
Dogs to drink, &c.

How deeply, how slyly those dogs I have done!
Like a fox, how the pack I have sold!
If they find that out, I may be taken for one,
And get served like Actæon of old.
Dogs to drink, &c.

A Geographical Bad 'un.

IN what respect does the land on the banks of the Wye differ from that at Land's End, Cornwall?

In this, *viz.*, that the one is on a *Wye-stream*, and the other on an *Ex-treme*.

TO CONTINENTAL SPECULATORS.—*Poetical and Eligible Investment.*—"*Buy* the margin of fair Zurich's waters. Tulla-liety," &c.

THE NAGGLETONS ON VOLUNTEERING.

MR. NAGGLETON *has dined in Town.* MRS. NAGGLETON *has dined with the Children. He has returned about Six o'clock.* SCENE—*The Drawing-Room.*

Mr. Naggleton (*cheerily*). Anybody called?

Mrs. Naggleton (*coldly*). Who should call at this time of year, when every decent person is out of town?

Mr. N. (*playfully*). I asked an answer, not a question.

Mrs. N. (*as before*). No one has called on me.

Mr. N. rings the bell.

Mrs. N. What do you want?

Mr. N. I want the bell answered. That was one reason why I rang it.

Mrs. N. The servants are busy.

Mr. N. Now, how should *you* know? Surely such domestic details are beneath your notice. I doubt whether you know how many servants we have. Here is one, however.

Enter HOUSEMAID.

Has anyone called for me?

Housemaid. Only the taxes, Sir, and MR. WINDHAM WARING. He said he hadn't a card, but his love, and you was to be punctual at eight to be grilled.

Mr. N. I understand.

Housemaid. And there is a large parcel of clothes for you, Sir. I have put it in the dressing-room. [*Exit* HOUSEMAID.

Mr. N. What a blessing this rain has been. The country must look lovely.

Mrs. N. That concerns those who are allowed to see it, not me.

Mr. N. All in good time, my dear. The taxes. I thought I had paid them.

Mrs. N. O dear, don't apologise for leaving your wife exposed to duns. A man's home is the last thing he thinks of.

Mr. N. The first and the last, if he 's a good man.

Mrs. N. But the insolence of officials must be borne—a woman cannot help herself when a husband is unwilling or unable to meet his debts,—but I will not bear vulgar people coming and leaving joking messages with my domestics.

Mr. N. No, I told you it was not the thing when we were walking out last night, and you left word with MRS. SNOTCHLEY'S MARTHA, to say that you supposed her Mistress had been washed away by the rain.

Mrs. N. Will you be good enough to tell MR. WARING that if he chooses to persist in calling here, he had better behave like a gentleman?

Mr. N. I shall tell him nothing of the kind.

Mrs. N. Then I shall.

Mr. N. I can't prevent your making an unladylike speech to anybody, but that is scarcely the way to impress him with a sense of his error.

Mrs. N. We shall see. I am not afraid of him, though you are.

Mr. N. Am I? I didn't know it.

Mrs. N. Other people do.

Mr. N. Bless them.

Mrs. N. I wanted to call on the BALTIMORES this evening, but as you have MR. WARING'S orders to be somewhere else, of course that is out of the question.

Mr. N. Not for that reason, but because I do not choose to call on any but decent people.

Mrs. N. And what have you got to say against the BALTIMORES, pray, except—I admit that that is bad enough—except that they are your wife's friends.

Mr. N. You just said that all decent people were out of town.

Mrs. N. The BALTIMORES go on Thursday, and that 's why I want to see them, but it is so like you to shelter yourself behind a mean catch.

Mr. N. Your image is rather confused, my dear, and savoureth less of your favourite, DANTE, than of your favourite, *Dundreary*. Sheltering behind a catch would be difficult, even to an expert cricketer.

Mrs. N. Trash!

Mr. N. (*struggling to be civil, but not exactly succeeding*). True. But KING SOLOMON has told us to answer a—wise person according to his wisdom.

Mrs. N. I don't believe there 's another man in London calling himself a gentleman who would allow people to leave ridiculous messages at his door to make a servant grin when she delivers them.

Mr. N. I have already given you my opinion on that kind of message, so we need not re-open the subject. If you like, I will leave you at BALTIMORE's and call for you in an hour and a half.

Mrs. N. I shall do no such thing.

Mr. N. I said what *I* would do, my dear, if you liked.

Mrs. N. Certainly, that you may go to some low haunt or other with MR. WARING, and come back to the BALTIMORES in a state of vulgar excitement.

Mr. N. Serene in good intent, MARIA, I defy that taunt. We are going to see a nobleman, a real nobleman, my dear, and to listen to his aristocratic and improving conversation for the time I have mentioned.

Mrs. N. As if any nobleman would receive MR. WARING and you!

Mr. N. I am going by the divine creature's express invitation, not to say command, MRS. NAGGLETON. Now!

Mrs. N. I will believe that when I see it.

Mr. N. Duly thanking you for your wifely confidence and respect, I will at once permit you to see it. There!

[*He gives her a note, in which he is informed by the Adjutant of the Westbourne Volunteers that they are to come to drill that evening at Eight, when the* COLONEL, LORD SILVERTONGUE, *will be present.*

Mrs. N. (*having read it with that contemptuous haste so delightful in woman*). I did not think that you were such a Fool. You must excuse the word. I know no better one.

Mr. N. (*in a white rage*). Well, that *is* an excuse, I admit. And I deserve the word, for—for several reasons, one being before my face. However, there are limits to everything. (*Rises.*) I will send up your cheque from wherever I may be to-morrow. Good evening.

Mrs. N. (*thinking of the Paris trip*). Now, HENRY, is not that cowardly, and just like a man? A wife does not exactly see the rationality of something he is doing, and instead of defending it, he runs away, at a time of year too when she is without a soul to speak to.

Mr. N. She had better speak to her own soul, at least to her conscience, and ask what she deserves.

Mrs. N. I was wrong. There! But I have been far from well all day, and you startled me so with the sudden paper that I did not know what I said. How can you be so cross?

Mr. N. Cross is not the word.

Mrs. N. Haven't I begged your pardon? But why could you not tell me that you were going to be a VOLUNTEER.

Mr. N. I had planned what I foolishly thought would be a pleasant little surprise for you and the children when I came down in the uniform. But I ought to have known how little I could calculate upon your abominable temper.

Mrs. N. And if my temper is not quite what it was, what has spoiled it but the trials of my married life? And you ought therefore to be the last person to revile me for it.

Mr. N. You say what is perfectly untrue, and no woman ever had less to complain of.

Mrs. N. Ah! You little know what people say.

Mr. N. And I care as little.

Mrs. N. (*has a capital rejoinder, and if she were only in Paris!—but as it is only says*). My dear HENRY, do not set the strength of your mind against mine. Allow me a woman's privilege to be unreasonable. And come, if I let you go to LORD SILVERTONGUE, will you promise not to be later than ten?

Mr. N. If I am, tell the servant to go round for you.

Mrs. N. Now that 's unkind, after what I have said.

Mr. N. After what you have said, I don't think so.

Mrs. N. Yes, it is. Go and learn your drill,—I suppose that was what MR. WARING meant by grill—and make friends with LORD SILVERTONGUE, and ask him to come and see us.

Mr. N. Not very likely that he will.

Mrs. N. I don't know why. It is a fine noble family, certainly, but he is only the second peer, and his grandfather made his fortune by honourable commerce, just as you have done. Where is the wonderful difference between you?

Mr. N. (*utterly subdued*). You wicked radical, you; I wonder that fat Peerage there, which you study so hard, doesn't explode and blow you away.

Mrs. N. I respect the aristocracy, dear, but to degenerate the great middle class would ill become the wife of a mercantile man——

Mr. N. (*but not spitefully*). Or the niece of a celebrated acc——

Mrs. N. HENRY!

Mr. N. Acclimatiser of infant aristocrats.

Mrs. N. (*thoughtfully*). Do you know that I think your Uncle would have liked to be called that? He was fond of sonorous expressions.

Mr. N. (*laughing*). The taste is hereditary.

Mrs. N. (*near the Tuileries*). Don't begin scolding me again. You might invite me to come and see you—grilled, O! I *must* tell that to the children.

Mr. N. (*mumbly*). Well, yes, certainly, but you had better wait until the Corps is a little more perfect in certain exercises.

Mrs. N. (*innocently*). Such as the goose-step, dear? I think I have heard of that manœuvre.

Mr. N. That is—they call it the balance-step without gaining ground—that is an early accomplishment.

Mrs. N. Show me how you do it; do, dear?

Mr. N. (*rather red*). Never mind now. I will another time. How do you wish me to go with you to the BALTIMORES?

Mrs. N. Of course I do. They are going to Brussels, which is only a little Paris, after all, I believe, and I want you to say to them, carelessly, in your humorous way, that a little Paris is not big enough for us, and that we are going to the great one.

Mr. N. But we are not.

Mrs. N. O yes, dear, we are. You know you promised that, and you never go back from your word to me. You promised me faithfully.

Mr. N. Bad English.

Mrs. N. Then we 'll mend it with good French. Was not that clever, MR. HENRY? And mind you bring out what I tell you neatly to the BALTIMORES. I shall lead up to it, so look out. By the way, what was the large parcel SARAH spoke of?

Mr. N. (*slightly sheepishly*). My uniform.

Mrs. N. O, go and put it on—you must, and you shall. I should like to see it of all things. Couldn't you go to Paris in it?

Mr. N. Certainly not.

Mrs. N. I don't know why. The French are a military nation, and would take it as a compliment.

Mr. N. I have no desire to compliment the French nation.

Mrs. N. But you have a desire to compliment me. Go up and put the uniform on, and knock at the children's door and tell them to come down. Then we 'll go to MRS. BALTIMORE's. Would you mind having a cab, as I am rather tired?

Mr. N. As you like. Be ready at half-past seven.

Mrs. N. All right. You are quite like the DUKE OF WELLINGTON already in your prompt orders.

Mr. N. (*half grumbling*). I wish I wasn't like him in having to invade France. [*Exit.*

Mrs. N. Yes, I should think I would have a cab. Fancy walking in daylight with a man who has on a uniform for the first time! But I have clenched Paris. Men are very weak. If *he* had called *me* a fool, I would have made it Rome before I spoke to him again. But we must put up with them. Come in, darlings.

Shakspearian.

WHAT proof exists that *Prince Arthur, King John's* nephew, possessed a large stock of linen?

Because SHAKSPEARE, who was thoroughly blank-versed in the history of that time, makes the unfortunate boy, when meditating a departure from England, say,

"I 'll find a thousand shifts to get away."

It is improbable that these were his grandam's. They were subsequently sent by *Hubert* to his Uncle, who lost them in the Wash.

NOT A WORD ABOUT THE PIG.

A VERY Clever Book has just come out under the title of the *Competition Wallah*. It may be necessary to inform agricultural gentlemen that the subject matter of this publication is not what may be supposed to have taken place in a stye.

France.

THE Imperial Government of France is about to make some alterations in the laws regulating the well-known game of *Vingt-et-un*. Henceforth, to be consistent with a recent decision, it shall be the object of the players to obtain thirteen, but the game shall still retain its old name of *Vingt-et-un*.

NAUTICAL CONJURING.—To keep a *Sailor's Log-Book* properly, is considered to be the Art of *Ledger-de-Main*.

Digitized by Google

GRAND HOTELS,

AND THE MUCH-ADO-ABOUT-NOTHING SYSTEM.



Vast improvement has been lately introduced in the building of our Large Hotels. New systems of Management are being tried at some of the Grandest of the Grand Hotels. The following Rules appear to be in experimental working at the magnificent establishment recently erected, on one of the most commanding sites, opposite the fashionable parade of London-super-Mare:—

Rule 1.—*For keeping the accounts clear, and preventing either confusion on the part of the waiters, or disappointment to the customer; and, further, for promoting civility in the servants of the House.*

Probable Hypothesis; the customer gives an order to the waiter, in the Coffee Room. If this waiter be not *the* waiter officially authorised to receive such order, then this waiter must inform the said customer, that he ought to address himself to another waiter, at the same time expressing his deep regret that he is prevented, by existing regulations, from personally attending to the gentleman's wants. Hereupon, if there be time, he may apply his napkin to his eye, intimating thereby that he is affected even unto tears. He may then, unless otherwise engaged at his own special table, proceed in search of the required waiter.

Rule 2.—When the customer gives his order to the right waiter in the right place. The waiter so addressed shall say, "Yes, Sir," *slowly* and *distinctly*, shall *not* move any glasses from any table for no particular purpose, shall *not* dust a clean table-cloth with his napkin, nor shall he go to the side-board for the sake of touching the green glass containing toothpicks, whence ordinary waiters generally appear to derive fresh strength and energy, as did Some-one-eus from his native earth; but, eschewing such unnecessary trifling, shall at once proceed on his mission in the manner following:—

Given. The order for a glass of sherry and soda-water.

Observe. Here be two ingredients for the one drink, and several things required.

First, Sherry. Secondly, A glass wherein to put it. Thirdly, A decent silver salver whereon to hand it. Fourthly, A bottle of soda-water. Fifthly, A large tumbler. Sixthly, A knife. Seventhly, A corkscrew (perhaps). Eighthly, A tray whereon to carry these last.

Fully impressed with the magnitude of this commission, the waiter will walk thoughtfully to a corner of the room, where—

Rule 3.—Shall be seated one matronly personage, attended by a damsel, whose joint business it shall be to receive the orders from the waiter, enter them in a book, and take the waiter's number before he leaves the room. (This plan has been adapted from that in use at the Railway Stations applied to cab-drivers. The Committee of the New Grand Hotel are not above taking a hint.) It shall be the business of the damsel to prevent the matron from making wrong entries; and the matron shall keep a vigilant eye upon the movements of the damsel.

Rule 4.—Having seen that his surname, Christian name, number, and order, have been duly registered in the abovementioned book, the waiter shall then walk to a glass door, behind which shall be seated three clerks, to whom he shall communicate the wishes of the customer. One of these clerks shall enter the order in a large book, supervised by the two other clerks, who shall look over his shoulder; second clerk shall then enter it in a larger book, while the other two look over *his* shoulder, and so on with the third. During this time, the waiter shall look over his own shoulder; the left shoulder. He shall then receive a cheque for the sherry to the amount required; *i.e.*, one glass.

Rule 5.—The waiter shall then proceed to another glass door, where, after a similar ceremony, he shall receive another cheque for soda-water. (This prevents all confusion.)

Rule 6.—He shall then get the order stamped by the maid at the bar; get the barmaid's stamp ratified by the head-waiter; get the head-waiter's ratification of the barmaid's stamp endorsed by the sub-manager; the sub-manager's endorsement warranted by the manager up one flight of stairs; the warranty of the manager up one flight of stairs, approved of by the assistant-under-secretary on the third landing; the assistant-under-secretary's approval of the manager's warranty signed by the under-secretary, third flight; such signature witnessed by the secretary; the secretary's signature countersigned by the resident-director top story, (who shall telegraph particulars to the committee; then come down-stairs, with the copy of the telegram of particulars and the order-cheque, containing the resident-director's counter-signature to the secretary's signature to the under-secretary's third flight approval of the assistant-under-secretary's signature to the manager's up one flight of stairs warranty of the sub-manager's endorsement of the head-waiter's ratification to the barmaid's stamp to the cheque that the registered waiter had procured from one of the clerks behind the glass door in the Coffee Room.

He shall then proceed to fetch the sherry.

Rule 7.—The above will be carefully repeated for the Soda-water.

Rule 8.—The barmaid shall then apply to the under-cellarman, who shall inform the cellarman, who shall notify the same to the master-cellarman, who shall depute the sub-under-cellarman to give the barmaid the required sherry.

Rule 9.—So also for the soda-water; application to be made to the refrigerator-man, and so forth.

Rule 10.—The waiter shall procure another waiter to assist him in bringing in the sherry on *its* salver, the soda-water on its tray, and the under-porter to open the Coffee Room door.

Rule 11. (*appended hereunto by the public*). Having found the sherry and soda-water, the waiter will now proceed to find—the customer.

PROFESSIONAL LOVE SONG.

THE MEDICAL ASSISTANT.

I Know I mind the Surgery bell, and roll the frequent pills,
I know I draw the paupers' teeth, and cure their coughs with squills;
While she—a banker's only child (J. P., D. L., Esquire),
Is belle at all the County balls, and beauty of the shire.

The diagnosis of my case the sympathetic know,
That counter-irritant, the boy, has probed it long ago;
He sees the flush, the start, the stare, when she goes riding by,
And grins the while he idly spreads the lively Spanish fly.

Good bye to "Watson" when the eye a sight of some one gets—
The merest glimpse of Bella's nose nosology upsets;
Or if dispensing and I hear her piebalds from the Park—
The cooling lotions I neglect her lineaments to mark.

I'll go to Guy's, I'll carve my way to surgical renown,
I'll live on pulse till I'm the boast of my natal market-town;
And in this local print.—How now! some water, I'm unwell—
The palpitation at my heart no stethescope can tell!

"Match in High Life—on the *tapis*—and to come off in May,
'Twixt the lovely and accomplished Miss B. Blank and General J."
'Tis well that boy is in the town delivering pills and doses,
Just let him mind his eye! I'm mad. He might get ecchymosis!

Farewell the hope each Sunday brought that passing down the aisle,
She might vouchsafe to gladden me with one phlogistic smile;
Farewell the dream, that sitting by the Surgery fire was bliss,
Of one day giving her the sweet emulsion of a kiss.

There is no salve on all the shelves can mitigate my smart;
Not all the College can reduce a fracture of the heart!
As so my Donna Bella's going to become another's wife,
Come, Belladonna, berry dear, and ease me of my life.

Theatrical.

An Energetic Provincial Manager advertises an Operatic, as well as a Dramatic and Ballet Company. He intends that this shall be, he says, a "Treble Company." Surely he will have some difficulty in getting Operas specially composed for a Treble Company. Where's the Bass?



RETURN FROM THE RACES—BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

English Stable-boy (to his Pal). "I SAY, JONES, ISN'T IT A PITY MOUNSEER HAS NOT GOT ANOTHER HAND FOR THE WHIP!"

PADDY BEFORE RICHMOND.

THE Irish boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of GRANT you'll find him.]
By Yankee bayonets goaded on,
With a frequent prod behind him.
"Land of Crimps!" said the youth ill-starred,
"Let BRIGHT and COBDEN praise thee,
And ivery fool their words regard;
Och botheration saze thee!"

Poor PADDY fell on the Southern plain,
Ere he fire had well got under;
When he found himself on his legs again,
"I'm kilt," he cried, "by thunder!"
And said, "Ye dirty blackguards, ye
Base sons of bogus knavery,
It 's fightin' you are that Trade mayn't be free,
And not to abolish Slavery!"

WOMEN AND WALKING-STICKS.

THE statement that EVE once presented ADAM with a little CAIN, may perhaps, by a bad punster be considered a good answer when one is asked if walking-sticks may be esteemed to be of ancient date. But whether their antiquity be provable or no, it seems that Canes are more and more now coming into modern use: for the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH, has taken them in hand, and as Empress of the Fashions her influence is all-potent to make popular her taste. For the instruction of our lady readers, we copy what was lately said on this important point in a contemporary print:—

"As the little cane has been seen in the hand of the Sovereign, all other young women have adopted it. This cane is now made equal in value to a jewel, and is generally white—in pearl, ivory, or rhinoceros ivory, or in white wood, japanned and varnished, and all the art possessed by workers in ivory is lavished on this little object. The Chinese ivory cane is carved all over with pagodas, side by side with the inhabitants of Pekin; whilst those from Dieppe represent the knotted bark of a tree, and are ornamented with acorns in white silk or any bright colour. The head of the cane is engraved with the initials or crest, and often encrusted with turquoise or garnets."

Some ladies stick at nothing in making themselves fashionable, so we can hardly be surprised to find them take to wearing sticks. Nevertheless, a description of these ladies' canes, we think, is not superfluous, or cynics when they hear of a woman with a walking-stick, might imagine her resembling an old fairy in a pantomime, supported by a crutch. Now, if *we* were a young lady (and our figure is so slim and elegant that it were no great stretch of fancy to imagine that we were one), we should not like to be belikened to the *Mothers Bunch and Goose*, or to poor old *Goody Two Shoes*, and people of that sort. But a cane such as is above described, we should be sure that no old person would ever dream of carrying, excepting they were in a stage of second childhood, and could not take a walk without some plaything in their hand. A walking-stick of ivory "carved all over with pagodas and inhabitants of Pekin," is a sort of thing that nobody would carry for convenience, and its only point of usefulness would be that it might help the fortunes of the glove-makers, for with a very little handling, it certainly would play sad havoc with one's gloves. On this ground, we assuredly as father of a family, shall forbid our girls from following this fashion of the Empress, however great a tyrant they may think us for so doing. But all Papas have not their daughters under such control as we have, and in some cases perhaps, a compromise may be found needful, to prevent a flat refusal to obey Papa's behest. Here we would advise him, if he can, to make the bargain that if JULIA and EMILY will persist in carrying canes, they will both abstain while doing so from buying parasols. More than half the ladies who carry parasols, do so when the sun has not the least idea of shining, and when therefore those articles are not of the least use to them. On such occasions, walking-canes would serve them just as well, and be cheaper in their wear and tear perhaps than parasols. An economic girl might, with a little ingenuity, convert her last year's parasol stick into a new walking one, and so save Papa the cost of the ivory pagodas to which allusion has been made. But we fear it is not fashionable to be economic, and a young lady who would condescend to manufacture her own walking-stick, would probably have sense enough to walk without a stick at all.



SOMETHING FOR PADDY.

O'CONNELL'S STATUE (LOQ.). "IT 'S A *REPALER* YE CALL YOURSELF, YE SPALPEEN, AND YOU 'RE GOIN' TO DIE FOR THE *UNION*."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

SEVERITY OF THE SCOTCH SUNDAY.



WE learn from the *Invergordon Times*, that the other Saturday evening, Her Majesty's Ship *Salamis*, carrying the Commissioners on Fisheries and their fortunes, having arrived at Invergordon:—

"Those in command applied here to get on board supplies of provisions, on Sunday; but our merchants, much as they value the orders to supply Her Majesty's ships, and painful as it would be for them to see our gallant defenders starve, respectfully declined to execute the orders sooner than two o'clock on the Monday morning."

HER MAJESTY might, in the exercise of her royal prerogative, confer a merited distinction on the Sabbatarians of Invergordon. She might command that the name of the port at which her ships were refused the supply of necessaries on a Sunday should be changed to Inverscribe, or Inverpharisee. But then the Scribes and Pharisees did understand the difference between the seventh day and the first, and, whilst observing their Sabbath to excess, really observed the Sabbath. The obstinate perversity of the Scotch mind on this point may be regarded as typified in the national emblem, the thistle, taken to signify the mental food of Scotchmen. Invergordon, for the future, had better be called Inverdonkie.

CROQUÊT.

XIX.

Now, 'tis MISS EMMY's turn; she strikes the Blue,
The first Hoop gains, but misses number two.
Quoth timid Blue, "I am not playing well."
While Green defines her failure as "a sell."
"Ho!" from the farthest corner comes a shout
Whence Croquêd ROBINSON would fain get out;
Then as the stricken rock by Old Thor's sledge
Raced with the wind, so now from edge to edge
Flies the Red ball; too strong the stroke for good,
The Red stops just eight feet past where it should
By Green, to whom some time since it occurred
To be by Yellow Croquêd, Hoop the third
Must now be gained: yet stay, Green can't go through,
He can but "place himself," and *voilà tout*.
The fifth Hoop, unmolested, Yellow seeks
Through that, then through the sixth and last she sneaks,
The last, I mean, before the turning peg
At which she aims, when Red is heard to beg
That she'll be cautious; some folks who would serve one
With good advice, oft manage to unnerve one.
Brunette, "I know that I shan't do it," cried;
Then Yellow makes, in cricket phrase, "a Wide."
EMMY pretends, the cunning little soul,
With her dark foe's misfortune to condole,
While quietly the second Hoop she makes,
And on her backward road her partner takes,
Whom she, with much more certainty than haste,
Now Croquêts, through the third, from where he's placed;
Then following to the same propitious spot,
Makes the fourth Hoop for both, a wondrous shot!
In Blue-green breast see dying hope revive,
Her place Blue takes for gaining number five,
And first she'll, passive, serve her partner's need;
MISS EMMY's play's been very good, indeed.

XX.

Still the Third Hoop invites the fretting Red,
He nearly reaches it: his luck has fled.
Green runs to Blue, who Roquêd, Croquêd, flies
Through the fifth Hoop, then near it soon Green lies,
And passing through the sixth, his skill is such
That he the Turn-peg manages to touch.
To hit the post again, then help his mate,
His plan: the Yellow makes him hesitate:
He strikes the post, returning, then one look
At Yellow settles him; 'twill suit his book
To Croquêt her to Jericho, let's say;
And JONES was right, it was the game to play.
So first he Roquêts Yellow, and then whips
His foot atop of Green, and then—he slips!
His stroke is lost, and, such is fortune's whim,
She, whom he came to Croquêt, Croquêts him.

THE LAST STROKE.

Much as I have described goes on the game:
The play of course is never twice the same.
When you, forestalling victory, shall march
'Neath the last Hoop as your triumphal arch,
Think not the work for honest hands is over,
For till you hit the post you are "A Rover;"
Which means, that you, though bound in turn to strike,
May Croquêt anyone just when you like.
Your mission is your slow-coach friends to seek,
And like a true knight-errant help the weak.
When to the post the winning-ball you send
Where it began, your Croquêt-life will end:
With gentle blow thus terminates the game,
And goes the mortal player whence he came.
To'ards the marquee then let your steps be bent;
Let your Camera be the Ladies' tent;
With laurel-wreath the victor must be crowned,
You're sure to find some laurels on the ground;
Though how to weave a wreath is not so plain,
I never yet could make a daisy-chain.

L'ENVOI.

A great deal more I might have said, indeed
Have written volumes that "who run may read;"
Volumes! if on this subject I'd penn'd one,
Whoe'er should read, would very quickly run.
Say, reader, have you ever tried to guess
The weekly problems of the Game of Chess,
Which, with a ground-plan of a board, my eye
Have oft attracted? Aren't they monstrous dry?
And so I found, (I thank Chess for the hint,)
That Croquêt's not a bit less dry—in print.
"Red Croquêts Blue, hits Yellow, moves to three,"
It puzzles you? 'Egad, it's puzzled *me*.
Lie there my Croquêt-pen. The mallet I
Henceforth will wield. A few words, then, good bye:
We're told that *Squeers*, the Schoolmaster of York,
Had a queer mode of setting boys to work;
Take the word "winder," when a boy had seen it,
And spelt it, *Squeers* then sent him off to clean it.
Reader, spell Croquêt. Good. In one word say it:
That's good again. Now then, you go and play it.

WHY AND BECAUSE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,
THE paragraphists say,

"It is gratifying to observe the unanimous testimony of the Judges during the present assizes, that crime was never so low in Ireland as it is now."

Crime is always low, in fact vulgar, whether committed in Ireland, or elsewhere, and I do not understand the Irish Judges. If they mean rare, why can't they say so? And if they do mean rare, I am rejoiced to hear of its rarity, and scorn to hint that the population of Ireland was never so scanty as it is now. Why do black sheep eat so much less than white ones? Because the black are much the fewer.

Yours, cynically,
A MALIGNANT SAXON.

Reciprocal Conscience-Money.

X.Y.Z. acknowledges the receipt of £200 from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER for Legacy Duty, which had been paid twice over to the Inland Revenue Office.

WHEN THE COMET IS VISIBLE.

(Orally communicated by our own Astronomer with a severe Cold.)

IN BADAME TUSSAUD'S Wagswork, there's a boving figure of the *Cobbett*.

Digitized by Google



Enraged Cabby. "SIXPENCE BY HACT O' PARLI'MENT, THEN YOU DON'T KETCH ME A CARRYIN' OF YER AG'IN, 'CAUSE I CAN'T AFFORD IT. WHY IT WON'T PAY ME FOR HOILIN' AND SCREWIN' UP ARTER YER!!"

THE IRREMOVABLE DEPOSIT JOINT STOCK BANKING COMPANY.

THIS Company has been established to meet a pressing want, which has been long severely felt by persons of genteel but somewhat slender means, as well as by the members of the poorer classes. It will afford a safe, and at the same time a permanent investment for all sums, however small, which are entrusted to its keeping, and on which a very liberal rate of interest will be guaranteed. In fact, the principal intention of this Deposit Company, is to retain whatever principal may chance to be confided to it, and out of this to pay as high a rate of interest as the managers may find it to their interest to allow.

The Government have taken great credit to themselves for the Act which they have passed for granting Government Annuities, and have also plumed themselves upon the notable success of the Post Office Savings Banks, established not long since. Both these measures were intended to induce the poor to save, and lay up money for old age, receiving or accumulating interest by their doing so. There is this defect, however, in all Government investments, that the money which is put in them, will be paid out at any moment when the owners may apply for it. Now in the Irremovable Deposit Company, this evil will be stopped, for nobody will be permitted to withdraw above a quarter of the money he may place in it. Depositors will thus be saved from the temptation of drawing out their savings on some frivolous pretence, such as sickness, emigration, or protracted want of work. Moreover, though they cannot spend their own money themselves, they will at any rate continue to possess the satisfaction of knowing it is standing to their credit at the Bank, until the Bank Directors may think proper to make use of it.

For further particulars and terms as to obtaining a place on the Directorship, which it is expected will yield a certain income of at least ten thousand a-year, apply to JEREMIAH DIDDLER, No. 1, Scamp Buildings, Shark Street, where the business of the Company is for the present carried on.

PUSS IN THE CORNER.—The Cat is let out of the bag at last, and is now used for flogging Garotters in Durham Gaol. We heartily join with the worthy Chaplain in saying, "Sarve 'em right!"

A CHAT ABOUT THE NETLEY MONUMENT.

SCENE—*Inside a First Class Carriage.* SWELL *and* SURGEON *passengers.*

Swell. Deuce! (*Winking and blinking violently; presses fingers to his eye.*) Ah!

Surgeon. Something in your eye?

Swell. Cinder from engine.

Surg. Let me take it out.

Swell. Thanks.

Surg. Where do you feel it?

Swell. Here—just here.

Surg. Under the upper eyelid. Wait a minute—must evert the lid. Don't be alarmed (*taking out pocket case*); only want this thing. (*Accomplishes the operation by the help of a small probe*). There! Out?

Swell (*winks and blinks*). Out! Thanks. By Jove! (*Observing case returned to pocket.*) Lucky to have a Surgeon in the train.

Surg. That is lucky, sometimes.

Swell. Too often. Every train ought to carry a Surgeon.

Surg. Yes, and an Assistant-Surgeon, to operate if necessary on the other. A man can't cut off his own leg.

Swell. That is one of those things that no fellow can be expected to do. A Surgeon in a railway-train is as liable to be smashed as any other fellow. He is like a Surgeon under fire. Right and proper, that Netley Monument.

Surg. To the fifty-four medical officers who fell in the Crimea.

Swell. Monument will be a rather fine thing.

Surg. Yes; but it won't do.

Swell. Why?

Surg. It won't encourage fifty-four more, or any number of fellows, to fall in the Crimea or elsewhere on the present terms.

Swell. Ha! Yes. There's a regular Surgeon-Famine in the Army. It's a great bore.

Surg. The famine might be relieved easily enough.

Swell. What do the Surgeons want? Better pay?

Surg. Well, yes; but more than that; better treatment. Fraternity and equality.

Swell. Ah yes! I understand. To stand on the footing of brother officers and gentlemen.

Surg. That's all. It isn't much.

Swell. Well, you see, a Queen's warrant was issued to give them that. But the combatant officers wouldn't stand it.

Surg. So when the doctors had been hooked in, the warrant was coolly rescinded.

Swell. It certainly was an awful swindle.

Surg. Talk of combatant officers! Isn't a fellow who may have to take up an artery in a shower of bullets as much a combatant officer as a General who as often as not directs strategic operations at a safe distance from them; if not exactly, as the showman says, "him taking good care to keep out of 'arm's way?"

Swell. That was "BONAPARTY," I think.

Surg. "NAPOLEON BONAPARTY." Wasn't THOMSON, who was left on the field in charge of the wounded all night, which killed him, a combatant officer?

Swell. As much so as any fellow who ever won the Victoria Cross.

Surg. There was a time, to be sure, when Army-Surgeons were a rough lot.

Swell. In short, when Surgeons were Snobs. It's odd how long prejudice survives. The tradition of the Army is, that they are Snobs still.

Surg. Yes; and good care is taken to keep them Snobs by refusing to treat them as gentlemen. Able Surgeons won't accept the position of Snobs. So the authorities have absolutely been reduced to advertise for Acting-Assistant-Surgeons.

Swell. Certainly the cleverest way to get the compound of Surgeon and Snob which they appear to want. Only I'm afraid it doesn't answer. Have an idea! As they are resolved that the medical officers in the Army shall be Snobs, they should head their advertisements:—"Wanted, Snobs for Surgeons."

Surg. They will most assuredly get no Surgeons but Snobs, unless they give in. Decent fellows, men of education, steadily refuse to compete for the service. Doctors do agree on this point; and their unanimity is wonderful.

Swell. It is very plucky of them, and does them the greatest credit. I admire their spirit, by Jove. The medical profession hanging together

Google

in this way—though you'll say the legal ought rather to do that—is just what proves that they are not Snobs ready to underbid one another, like bagmen.

Surg. I think we've shown the Horse Guards that we are independent gentlemen, anyhow. Surgeons in the Army must have their claims conceded, or the Army will have to do without Surgeons.

Snell. The thing is to remove the absurd prejudice against Surgeons. Ha! Have an idea! The way would be to place the medical profession on a level with the military, and with the legal. Make a distinguished Surgeon a Peer.

Surg. When you have found your distinguished Surgeon.

Snell. Ha! By Jove! Well, I think I have. Fine idea. Will mention it to PALMERSTON. (*Train stops.*) Got a card? Thanks! Here's mine. Deuced glad to have met you. *Au revoir.* [*Exit.*

Surg. (*reading card*). The EARL OF PLINLIMMON. Well, to be sure! I thought that young fellow was a gentleman.

THE NEW WHIST-RULES.



O oblige the PORTLAND, ARLINGTON, GARRICK, and other clubs where the finest Whist is played, a Committee has been appointed to frame a few additional rules not to be found in COTTERS, CAVENDISH, BALDWIN, or any of the standard authorities. As everybody now plays whist, and as it is a solemn truth that "the young man who does not learn it is preparing for himself a miserable old age," *Mr. Punch* has pleasure in giving the New Rules a world-wide circulation.

Call. You must never call for anything, when at whist, except for seltzer and sherry, and you may call for this once only during a rubber.

Slam. A very rude habit. When you enter or leave the card-room, close the door gently.

Tenacs. Nothing is more unbecoming than to be vulgarly tenacious, but it is well to have your rights recognised.

See-Saw. You ought not to leave the table during a rubber, for a game at this, no matter how much you may desire to stretch your limbs. In all good clubs, however, a plank and barrel are kept in the strangers' room for the recreation of whist-players, between the games.

Cutting. Cut everybody during the game, except when you are obliged to speak. Whist requires absolute silence.

Bumper. If the waiter hands you this, beware of slopping and wetting the cards; as old players do not like it.

Love. If you are in this, you had better not play whist until cured.

Larch. This applies to games on board a yacht, or other vessel. It is ungentlemanly to look over an adversary's hand when he falls into your lap.

Treble. If your voice is of this character, there is additional reason for your silence, for nothing is more detestable than a squeaker.

Renounce. Old-fashioned gentlemen, who dislike vulgar swearing, use this active verb as part of an oath. The late MR. DOWTON was always saying "renounce me." But it is better avoided.

Tierce major, or minor must never be mentioned when you are playing with a brewer.

Longest Players. These withdraw by rotation after the second rubber, so you see the advantage of being a little man.

Abandoned Hands. Never play with people of this kind.

Bald Lead. When this is led, the adversary must say "dash my wig."

Ragged Cards. If these are dealt to you, call the card-room waiter, and silently kick him.

Ruffs. They are the same birds as Reeves, but you should not talk of them at play. . "When you shoot, shoot, when you play whist, play whist." (CHARLES DANCE.)

King-Card in Petto.—If you keep it there too long, your partner is justified in being also in a pet.

Cutting Out. Nothing can be more annoying to the other players than your doing this during a game. If a messenger has come and wants you, let him wait.

Cutting into a Table.—Cut your initials, if you have a knife, but do no more. It wastes time and spoils the cloth.

Asking for Trumps. You can ask, if you like, but the dealer ought not to attend to you, but to give out the cards impartially.

Odds. Are always in favour of even tempers.

NOSTRUM AND VESTRUM, OR MUTUAL ATTESTATION.

To MESSRS. DU BARRY AND CO.

GENTLEMEN,

IT is with the greatest pleasure that I perform a duty that I owe to Society by attesting the efficacy of your DELICIOUS HEALTH-RESTORING REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD, which restores perfect digestion, strong nerves, sound lungs, healthy liver, refreshing sleep, functional regularity and energy to the most disordered or enfeebled, removing speedily and effectually indigestion (dyspepsia), habitual constipation on the one hand and diarrhœa on the other, all gastric derangements as well as mental insanity, fevers, hæmorrhoids, liver complaints, flatulency, nervousness, biliousness, sore throats, catarrhs, colds, influenza, noises in the head and even in the ears; rheumatism and gout, impurities, eruptions, hysteria, neuralgia, irritability, sleeplessness, and lethargy also; acidity, palpitation, heartburn, headache, debility, dropsy, cramps, spasms, nausea, and sickness, swimming, sinking, by which so many have found watery graves, fits, cough, asthma, bronchitis, incipient confirmed and galloping consumption, scrofula, tightness of the pulmonary organs and money-market, pains at the pit of the stomach, between the shoulders, at the fingers' ends and the tip of the nose, frambœsia, plica Polonica, carbuncle, hydrophobia, delirium tremens, and all other diseases. Subjoined are two cases whose authenticity I can vouch for.

The first is that of the late lamented EARL OF ALDBOROUGH, on whom I tried your Revalenta Arabica, and it cured him of rheumatic gout in the nape of the neck, with repeated and formidable attacks of the blues.

The next case is one of a peculiar congestion of the chest, accompanied by an itching palm, seriously affecting,

Yours truly,

PROF. HOLLOWAY.

P.S. Persons wise enough to have recourse to your delicious and health-restoring Revalenta Arabica Food, will henceforth need to be troubled with No More Pills nor Any other Medicine. H.

To PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY.

SIR,

WE should decline the fulfilment of a moral obligation were we to withhold our testimony to the certain cure invariably resulting from the use of those invaluable medicines, HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. Bilious and stomach complaints; all diseases springing from foul blood, malarious districts, overheated atmospheres, hot or cold climates, unhealthy employments, over-exertion, indolence, intemperance or total abstinence, can be cured by these noble remedies. Fever, ague, influenza, bronchitis, diphtheria, whooping-cough, measles, small-pox, thrush, stomach complaints, bilious disorders, affections of the eye and the mind, and the great toe, are easily met and readily conquered by your unrivalled medicaments. They are an effectual and instantaneous remedy for the mulligrubs. Both act harmoniously in preserving the pure and best materials of the body, and in expelling all that is redundant, effete, or corrupt, restoring the British constitution by a process precluding any occasion for the ballot and extension of the suffrage. Thus the Cure is not slight and ephemeral, (as it is with the credulous, who swallow quantities of stuff which is unwholesome if not inert), but complete and permanent, as thousands who have been cured of dropsy, cancer, fatty degeneration of the heart, noli-me-tangere, and glanders in the human subject, have gratefully testified. Invalids and sufferers in every quarter of the globe, including hunters in the prairies of America, who have been bitten by the rattle-snake and the marsh-mocassin, have been thoroughly renovated by your remedies. Having administered your Ointment and applied your Pills to numerous persons, we are enabled to subjoin a few out of 60,060 cures.

Cure, No. 49,832. Of 50 years' indescribable agony from organ-grinders, dyspepsia, nervousness, asthma, cough, constipation, flatulency, spasms, sickness at the stomach, toads and frogs in the inside, vomiting, alloverishness and fidgets.—MARIA JOLY, Wortham Ling, near Diss, Norfolk.

Cure, No. 49,832. Of fever, fungus hæmatodes, and St. Vitus's dance.—SIR HUMPHREY DUMGUDGEON, of Jericho, Baronet.

Cures, Nos. 49,833, 49,834, and upwards. Of all the diseases above enumerated, with a windy swelling, and general puffiness of system,

Your humble Servants,

BARRY DU BARRY & Co.

P.S. The number of our Co. accounts for the multitude of the complaints we have been troubled with till cured by your Pills and Ointment.

EXETER ELECTION.—Any Member of the HENLEY family should have been asked to stand for this place. *Hen-ley* ought to be the best representative of *Eggsitter*. (Oh!)

Digitized by Google



REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF THE FORCE OF HABIT.

WHAT IS THIS? WHY, THIS IS YOUNG SUBBLETON, OF THE —TH, JUST HOME FROM INDIA, AND WHO, IN THE COURSE OF A TEDIOUS VOYAGE, HAS GOT SO ACCUSTOMED TO BEING "ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP," THAT HE CAN'T GO TO SLEEP WITHOUT THE ABOVE LITTLE ILLUSION BEING PRACTISED OUTSIDE HIS DOOR FOR AN HOUR OR SO EVERY NIGHT.

[*N.B.* BUTTONS *is up-stairs overhead, dragging the Fire-Irons about the floor, and blowing a Dog-whistle at intervals.*

THE BUTTERCUP AND DAISY LEAGUE.

THERE is in the music-shop windows on sale a vulgar song, entitled "*I'd choose to be a Daisy.*" Its title, however, is suggestive, and has, in fact, helped to suggest a proposal which may happily find favour. For the rest, this suggestion is derived from a paragraph in the *Times*, stating the threatened destruction, and the attempt in progress at the rescue, of a beautiful meadow, forming part of the view from Carisbrook Castle in the Isle of Wight. "Gently sweeping from the carriage road below, down to the placid mill-stream, is a flowery meadow, 'ever blooming fresh and fair,' and studded with luxuriant elms; beyond the stream are the smiling gardens and verdant lawns of the west end of the village of Carisbrooke." Such is the reporter's account of this piece of "charming rural scenery," which goes by the name of the "Volunteer Field," having been bought, half-a-century ago, by the Volunteer officers of the Isle of Wight, out of their pay, applied by them "to Volunteer and charitable purposes." For these purposes, the money and the land were vested in trustees; but the money all went smash in a local bank some time ago, and it turned out, the other day, that "arrangements" had "been made for letting the land on ground-rents for building purposes." No wonder that "at Newport and everywhere throughout the island, the project for carrying out this work of destruction has called forth strong feelings of disapprobation." The only wonder is that a project for spoiling a part of the Isle of Wight was ever listened to by the Trustee of the land, who is no Snob, but SIR HENRY OGLANDER, whose ancestors came in with the CONQUEROR. It is as hard to conceive an old English baronet acceding to such a scheme as to fancy Fauns and Dryads consenting to the felling of timber. And yet we have to fight for Hampstead Heath against SIR THOMAS MARYON WILSON.

However, SIR HENRY OGLANDER is not SIR THOMAS WILSON, nor is a Trustee who acts in the interest of others, like a proprietor who simply consults his own. SIR HENRY OGLANDER is a gentleman; and if the fine old blood had stagnated, and induced a lethargy of soul, it was stirred up by a deputation from the Newport Town Council, that waited on him "with the view of setting before him the destruction of rural scenery which the inroad of bricks and mortar would involve, and inducing him to abandon the project." He promised to do all he could to meet the wishes of the Newport people. But "a portion of the land has been already let." May the larger part be saved from the defacing clutches of the speculative builder!

The song, "*I'd choose to be a Daisy*," associated with the foregoing particulars, has suggested the foundation of a Society for the defence of Woods, Forests, Commons, Moors, and all other wild and beautiful places, from enclosure, agriculture, and bricks and mortar. This league for the preservation of English scenery will call itself "The Buttercups and Daisies."

It is not good even for grocers, cheesemongers, butchers, bakers, linendrapers, tailors, and shoemakers, that the beauty of the country adjacent to their shops should be ruined; spiritually it is bad for them, and financially also. The Isle of Wight has been called the Garden of England. What sort of customers will its shopkeepers get when the parterres and flower beds of this garden are covered with bricks and mortar? Even the haberdasher and huckster may, with an enlightened eye to business, if the association above proposed should be organised, be disposed to become a Buttercup and choose to be a Daisy.

Military.

THERE are (*on dit*) to be *Vivandières* appointed to the Scotch regiments. So delighted were the men at the intelligence, that the Band and Bagpipes immediately struck up, "*The Camp-belles are coming!*"

FOR CONVALESCENTS.—*Riding and Walking Combined.*—Equestrian exercise soon sets a man on his legs.

SPORTSMAN'S BOOK OF MELODIES FOR AUGUST.—Moor's.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 14, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, August 20, 1864.

Digitized by Google



DANGER OF CRINOLINE.

Emily. "Oh, Laura, dear! Do turn round and look at Aunty!"

THE WAY TO MEET THE TIMES.

(To an Old Croaker.)

My Poor-spirited Friend,

What fun it is to hear a small man like you, grumble, as you do, at being forced to contribute to that general prosperity which you are invited to share! You are out of keeping with the time—behind your age. Since you are forced to contribute to the general prosperity, why do you not accept the invitation to share it?

You complain, forsooth, that the Income-Tax deprives you of the savings which, against old age and loss of employment, you ought to hoard out of your slender and precarious income. Poor petty miser! How much would sixpence in the pound be to save out of an income which is slender and precarious? You ought not to have a precarious and slender income. You should make a fortune. Why don't you speculate and be rich? Invest in several of those numerous joint-stock companies that will yield you twenty per cent. for your money. If you have no money to invest, borrow it at five per cent. Who will lend it to you? Nobody, while you live in such a hole and so shabbily as you do. Take a large house in a good district, give parties, and live up to the means which you should determine to get.

The very basis of the country's present prosperity, which you call inflated, is our fiscal system. There is something pitifully laughable in your objection to direct taxation! You say that the State confiscates a large part of your little income, and offers you compensation by encouraging you to spend the remainder. Well, why don't you take the compensation? You don't want it, you say; don't want the cheapened luxuries which the facility of purchasing is the boon conferred on you by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in return for taking away your money. But you ought to want them. And you ought to make money to enable yourself to enjoy them. Make money, and make others make money. The price of butcher's meat, and of many other things, is ruinously high? Pooh! Make the more money, and enrich your butcher, and others. Produce and consume more. You are not half either of a producer or a consumer. Raise your consumption to the social standard, and increase your production, that is to say acquisition, with all your might. Don't talk of frugality, husbandry, thrift. Those very words are obsolete. Be as covetous as you please; but no parsimony! Don't be a narrow niggard; be a lavish screw. Sumptuous avarice is the fashion of the day, instead of cheeseparing economy.

Probably, if you were living in a district where turnpike tolls have been abolished, you would complain of having to contribute, as a rate-payer, to the maintenance of the roads in more than a just proportion to your use of them, whereas what would be your proper course in such a case would be to indemnify yourself by using them more, and keeping horses and a carriage. I dare say, now, if any one were to leave you £1000, you would go and invest it in the Three-per-cents, as an old woman or a country curate would have done formerly. What would be the use of £30 of yearly dividend to you? You would be better without it, inside the workhouse. Risk a £1000 for £200 a-year, and then risk that at the same rate, and so on. Nothing venture nothing have. What if you fail? You fail. You must fail somewhen. Anyhow death is a sure smash for everybody. Failure need not come first. If it come, and is intolerable, why—there is chloroform.

Are you subjected to cruel grinding, little sufferer? Don't groan under it, like a weak idle fool. Endure the grinding, and reimburse yourself by grasping with redoubled energy. The harder you are ground, grasp the wider. Never think of the end. It may be opulence, may be pauperism, may be penal servitude. At the worst there is always—chloroform. The life to come? Oh, bother! you must jump that, and not stand in the way of this world with your galoches and old umbrella. Who are you that you should have a way of your own which is not the world's? Go with the majority, sacrifice, or you will be sacrificed to Mammon, as some dyalogistically call the Spirit of the Age. I prefer the name of

Plutus.

An Old Story Spoiled.

A Contemporary relates a wonderful anecdote about a hen, that flew at a cow in defence of her chickens, and killed the cow with one blow of her bill. This statement is not quite correct. To make the story perfectly genuine the hen should be a cock, and the cow a bull.

QUIET WATERING-PLACES.

No. I.—WINKLEBEACH.



HAVING been deputed to fill the Office of Chief Travelling Explorer and Paid Official Adviser to the Committee of the D. U. Q. W. P. E. Company (Limited), which initials mean, as you are by this time probably aware, the Discovery-of-Unquestionably-Quiet-Watering-Places-in-England Company (Limited), I, on their behalf in particular, and in the interests of Society in general, have recently commenced my tour. The following is my report:

Winklebeach, Sussex Coast.—Winklebeach, so called from the splendid specimens of the 'Winkle tribe found on its rocks, was recommended to me, as an out-of-the-way spot, by my young friend SHRYMPER, whose father, it appears, is the owner of some considerable property in the neighbourhood.

The Railway has not yet reached Winklebeach. The nearest station is four miles distant. A message by telegraph is unknown. The *Times* is a luxury; an enterprising general shopkeeper procures an occasional copy of *Punch*, which he permits to be read in his shop at a halfpenny a head, finally presenting it, munificently, to the Mayor and Corporation of the Town. The Mayor is the monopolising baker, the Corporation is represented by the aforesaid enterprising general shopman. The Civil Executive Force consists of one un-intelligent policeman, who is under no sort of control, having refused to take any oaths on conscientious principles; he is on and off duty all day and night, taking turn and turn about with himself. The inhabitants chiefly get a livelihood either by lying on their backs on the beach, or walking out to the Downs, and then walking back again. The Elders of the people disappear usually at the early age of One hundred. There is a church, and an Independent chapel. The latter is remarkably Independent, and seldom opens its doors. There are only six houses in any way worthy of the name; numerous thatched cottages; and an ancient hostelrie called The Old Inn. These particulars having been obtained from SHRYMPER, I decided that this, of all others, must be the shop for Quiet. Through my humble instrumentality, I foresaw the future Quiet Greatness of Winklebeach.

Of the means of Conveyance to Winklebeach.

Monday, July. Extract from Note Book.—The only traveller alighting at the New Station of Swashborough. Nobody cared about taking my ticket. At length, after some trouble, a deaf old lady was summoned from her tea, by a small boy, who was digging potatoes. "Grandmother," cried the lad, "here's 'un wants to give tickutt." His aged relative received the pasteboard, and was returning to her placid meal, when I stopped her by asking, "if I could get a conveyance to Winklebeach."

"Sure," said she, and straightway gave directions to her grandson, who ran off somewhere or other, and in the course of a quarter-of-an-hour returned with Something or other, which we will term a vehicle. Such a vehicle! it wasn't a hackney-coach, because it was a bathing-machine, and it wasn't a bathing machine, because it was a hackney-coach. In I got with my portmanteau, and an uneasy time I had of it over the rough half-made roads; for the hackney-bathing-coach-machine had not been fitted with patent springs, and was unprovided with a cushion. I cheered myself with the inspiring thought, that, at all events, the nuisances and annoyances of cockney civilisation had not reached Winklebeach, and, despite the fact of my being unable to remain on the seat for more than two consecutive minutes at a time, I was happy, idealising.

FIRST DAY AT WINKLEBEACH.

4·30 P.M.—Arrived at the Old Inn, Winklebeach, facing a beautiful green leading on to the beach. Clear view of the sea. Everything charming. Not a soul about. Boy wants six shillings for driving me. I appeal to landlady. It appears that he is entitled to ask what he likes, there being a monopoly of fancy bathing coaches in these parts. I pay him. Will I have a room? I will. Facing the sea? By all means. Dinner? Certainly. When? Now, or as quickly as possible. What will I have? What *can* I have? Oh, anything. Good. Then, let's say lamb. Oh! can't have lamb. No matter: a small leg of mutton. No mutton! No, not to-day, because it's Monday! What, not a chop? Oh yes, in twenty minutes. Chops be it. "Prawns and 'Winkles to f… of course?" Of course. Platefuls of these are bro… in after dinner. Like Prawns, doat on 'Winkles.

5·30.—I have unpacked, made myself comfortable, and sat down to my chop. The sea-breeze fans me through the open window, and a peppering of sand sprinkles my plate. "The Sea! the Sea! the o–o-pen Sea!" and so forth. Here is quiet: real quiet. How very odd: I heard something like a cheer. Another. I am informed by the waiting-maid that a Cricket-match, *Trade* v. *Gentry*, is just being finished. Ah! a gala day, probably. Oh no, there's Cricket every day about this time of year, and a match once a week. Ahem! Well that's scarcely a drawback. I hear no more cheers. I will light a cigar and stroll.

7·30.—Not a soul on the beach, save a few fishermen mending their nets. So picturesque! they smoke while thus employed. *Pax vobiscum*, ye fishermen: go on mending your nets by all means. *Pax vo*—I can't help fancying that I heard an oath. Another. Another. Their conversation is limited; but seems to consist chiefly of oaths, and objectionable terms of endearment. I shall quit the beach.

8 *o'Clock.*—In my room! Will have tea? What should I like? Oh, as usual. They bring two plates full of enormous prawns and 'winkles. Shall commence my report of this quiet place for my employers. "Winklebeach is the quietest place in——" Very strange, there must be a quarrel going on outside. In front of my window are assembled I should say, *all* the inhabitants, mostly fishermen, fisherboys, fisherwomen, of various ages and sizes; some sitting on the low sea-wall, some squatting, some standing,—but all, as far as I can gather, talking simultaneously. I ring for the handmaid. I am informed that "there is nothing the matter, they are only talking over the Cricket-match. They always do that." Oh, do they! Then I will slightly modify my report and say, "Winklebeach is, except in one trifling particular, the quietest——" By the way, the Cricket-match was between the Trade and Gentry. By this light I cannot distinguish the Trade from the Gentry; nor does their language materially assist me to discriminate.

8·30.—A great clattering, a shuffling of feet, and a confusion of voices in the room under mine. I ring my bell. Not fire, I hope. Oh dear no, the Cricketers are sitting down to supper. Do they sit down in this manner *every* night? Oh no, not every night. Thank you. "Winklebeach is, except in one or two trifling particulars, the quietest——"

9·15.—The tinkling of a banjo! It is, there is no doubt about it, it *is* in the room below. Ha! the burden of a well-known song arises! Can I believe my ears! "Is the Pretty Polly Perkins of Paddington Green." *Chorus*, everybody trying to mark time with their thick-soled clumsy feet, each man according to his own idea. "She's as beautiful," &c. I ring my bell. Does this go on every night? No, this does *not;* man with banjo is a visitor. That's lucky; dropped in by accident, eh? Oh no, he generally comes on a Cricket-match evening. Oh! thank you. "Winklebeach is, except on Cricket-match evenings, when the man with the banjo comes, the quietest——"

10.—Somebody has taken to sing sentimental songs, with much chorus. As the night advances, the songs seem to be all chorus. Some rustic is trying *his* hand on the banjo. I shall go to bed. The wind has begun to howl.

10·30.—Cricketing Party breaking up. Rain. Cricketing party very noisy. Hail, I should say, judging from the pattering at my window. Stones, as I live! Small stones. Crash! I look out; and am jeered at, perhaps by the miscreant with banjo. Feet scuttling away in all directions. An Englishman's room is his castle. What a cold I shall have to-morrow. I light a candle to write this, and go to bed. How the wind has got up; that reminds me, so have I. To bed. One line more. "Winklebeach is, with the exception of cricketing, supper-parties, and banjos, the quietest——" Puff! Candle out. Bed.

(*End of First Day at Winklebeach.*)

MR. TREVOR'S MOTTO.—Where there's a Will there's a way to worry.

Digitized by Google

PICTORIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

A GREAT Classic has told us (and as we knew it without him we are noways obliged), that there is nothing like appealing to the Eye, if you wish to secure attention. The remark has not the least bearing on what we are going to say, inasmuch as printing appeals to the eye, as well as engraving; but the man who neglects to show that he has been classically educated, is unworthy the name of a scholar and a gentleman. With this *exordium* (another scholastic expression), we beg to call attention to the following specimen of a new style of advertising. In these days of hurry and scramble no appeal can be too emphatic, and we consider this new means of attracting attention decidedly worthy of notice.



WANTS Evening Employment after 6 o'clock.—Active, Energetic, and Obliging. For Testimonials, apply to Scotland Yard.



THE ADVERTISER will receive into the bosom of his family, a few young Gentlemen to Educate.—No Holidays.—No Pocket Money.—The finer feelings of the Pupils always considered and acted on.—A great number of the pupils have passed their examination at Stonewall and Colney Hatch, thereby securing Government Appointments for life.



WANTED the Next-of-Kin to the Above.



MR. LIFTER begs to inform his friends, that his present Address is Portland, Hampshire, Care of the Governor.



THE ABOVE REWARD will be given to the Two Gents (who insulted the lady in the Railway Carriage), if they will kindly send their address.—Distance not the least object.



ANY one finding the above is earnestly requested to Keep it.

HOW TO KNOW WHEN PARLIAMENT IS UP.

Report of an Accident during the Session.

ON Tuesday night, at half-past Eight, one of the engines on the new portion of the Great Southern and Northern Railway ran away, and dashing through the wall of the bridge over Squitterton Street, Clerkenwell, fell into the street. Happily no one was passing at the time, so no harm was done beyond the destruction of the engine, and of a costermonger's barrow.

Report of an Accident after the Session.

It would be late in the day to dilate upon the great advantages which Society has derived from the invention of our Railway System, and we confess that we hail every extension of that system with what we hope is not an unreasonable pleasure. At the same time the most fervent admirers of the Railway must admit that there are some drawbacks which, though they cannot be regarded as blemishes upon a noble invention, are not unfrequently productive of serious mischief. Fortunately in the incident which we are about to describe there are no features of a painful character, but it is impossible not to feel that under other circumstances we might have had a far more lamentable tale to tell than that which we have now to narrate. The opening of the auxiliary branch of the Great Southern and Northern Railway has been a decided boon to the inhabitants of the densely populated neighbourhood through which the extension has taken place, and until Tuesday in the current week, the extreme care of the intelligent officials has prevented the slightest casualty from marring the gratification with which this Metropolitan Improvement has been welcomed. But there is no rule without an exception, and the evening to which we have referred was destined to create such an exception in the case of the line to which our preliminary remarks refer. There is some little discrepancy in the accounts of the exact period at which the accident occurred, some witnesses stating that it took place at half-past eight, P.M., and others insisting that it was nearer a quarter to nine, but this may be in some measure accounted for by the fact that the population of Squitterton Street is not of that class which deems it essential to carry an unimpeachable chronometer, like one by MR. BENNETT, and is content to depend for a general knowledge of the hour upon the clocks which form part of the furniture of the leading shops, and which not uncommonly vary to an appreciable extent. But about the time in question, the neighbourhood was thrown into a state of extraordinary excitement by the news that a Railway Accident had occurred. At first it was rumoured that the Birmingham express train, with all its travellers, had been precipitated into the street, but on recollection that the Birmingham trains do not travel by the new line, this idea was dismissed, and the population hastened to discover for itself what was the nature of the calamity. It was at once seen that a magnificent engine, the name of which we were unable to detect, owing to the peculiar way in which it had fallen, had been eliminated from its proper sphere, and had plunged into the street below. Beneath it, and happily its only victims, were a large number of herrings and apples, the property of one JAMES SNOGGIN, a costermonger (and a native we believe of Battersea or Chelsea) who had retired for a few moments of refreshment to the nearest public house, the Carp and Tinder-box, kept by a respected landlord, MR. DOBBS, who is a subscriber to the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, and the other charities of that admirable body. The distress of the poor man at the destruction of his stock in trade excited much sympathy, and a subscription, headed by a few choice spirits who are in the habit of using the Carp and Tinder-box, was commenced for him at the instance of the worthy host. We have at present no further particulars of public interest, for the station-master declined to furnish us with any opinion of his own as to the proximate cause of the accident, and the porters and workmen may be excused by the excitement of the hour, and the necessities of exertion, for the apparent incivility which referred us to the most objectionable sources for information. We may add, however, that several of the inhabitants had been heard to say that the bridge did not look strong enough to bear the weight that constantly passed over it, and though this remark did not apply to the wall, which alone gave way, it will no doubt have due consideration when the searching investigation, which will of course be demanded, shall take place. Should we obtain any further particulars, they shall be published.

Latest Particulars.

We have still failed to obtain the name of the engine, owing to the extreme reluctance of the Railway officials to afford any information; but a person named STOGGER, who is engaged in the occupation of a crossing-sweeper near the spot, believes that it was something at all events beginning with an "F," probably the Fly or the Phantom.

Yankee Overture to the South.

BULL sold me arms and ammunition, and he sold you ships; he helped you some and me some, but neither as much as we wanted; he has mortally offended us both, and now let us unite and pitch into him.



A LITTLE FAMILY BREEZE.

Mrs. T. "WHAT A WRETCH YOU MUST BE, T.; WHY DON'T YOU TAKE ME OFF? DON'T YOU SEE I'M OVERTOOK WITH THE TIDE, AND I SHALL BE DROWNDED!"

T. "WELL, THEN—WILL YOU PROMISE NOT TO KICK UP SUCH A ROW WHEN I STOP OUT LATE OF A SATURDAY?"

PREMATURE SMOKING.

LIKE many other profound thinkers, *Mr. Punch* is fond of smoking, and he naturally entertains a sympathy for smokers. To have his sympathy, however, smokers must smoke sensibly, and not commit excesses. *Mr. Punch* likes moderate drinking, but he hates to see men drunk; and he regards immoderate smokers as only a shade less to be despised by him than drunkards.

Smoking prematurely is, to *Mr. Punch's* thinking, the worst form of excess, and the one which moves in him most hatred and disgust. Smoking prematurely is a selfish snobbish practice, and it is matter for regret that there are not more means to stop it. Clearly it is nonsense to pretend that boys can really have a need or liking for tobacco, or be a whit the better or the happier for using it. Boys who prematurely smoke do so not because they like it, but because they think it manly to be seen able to smoke. Such smokers are, in fact, mean silly little snobs, and all right-minded people justly hold them in contempt. Nature does her best to act as their tobacco-stopper; but by practice they acquire the power to smoke without being made sick by it, and, this done, they delude themselves by fancying that tobacco has become a vital need to them, and when they smoke they try to think they really relish it. This however is sheer nonsense, for the true taste for tobacco comes alone with age, like the appetite for turtle, and is not to be acquired by those who prematurely seek it.

Moreover, boys who take to smoking have not the sense to put due bounds on their indulgence, and they are apt to smoke at times when it does them the most injury, and is to others the worst nuisance. Unable to control themselves, they smoke in business hours and in going to their business; and when going out to dinner they take a furtive pipe, and even come into a drawing-room with coats that stink of stale tobacco: Now, tobacco is a good thing, and good things ought not to be wasted. Smoking prematurely is a worse than waste, for it annoys people about him and only harms the smoker. One cannot well doubt this, if one but sees the pimply cheeks and tallowy complexions of the young short-pipe-sucking fools who meet us everywhere. Every whiff they take but helps to blow their brains out, and puts out of tune their organs of digestion. Few men can smoke early in the day without its hurting them, and any boy who does so must assuredly be weakened both in body and in mind by it. A boy (which word applies to all youths under twenty) who goes to business daily with a pipe between his teeth has put an enemy into his mouth that will steal away his brains, and it is well that his employer should be warned against the robbery. Smoking prematurely is a habit as injurious as taking early morning drams, or drinking port wine before dinner; and as the evil has increased to really serious dimensions, *Mr. Punch* may be excused for making serious remarks, and not making a joke of it.

CHEMIN DE FER ET DE L'ENFER.

THE Northern Spanish Railway has been opened, and inaugurated by the personage who is denominated KING OF SPAIN. No end of priests attended, to bless the engines. The boilers are to contain nothing but holy water. A first-class carriage has been fitted up as a confessional, in case of accidents. The line is to be managed only by Spiritual Directors. The time-table is headed *Hora pro nobis*. The first bushel of coals was doubly consecrated, being some that remained over from the last *auto da fé*. Nothing can be more orthodox than the whole affair. And yet—and yet. One end of the line is in devout Madrid, but where is the other? Alas, in Voltairean Paris. Which way will flow the stronger current of thought? We fear that the Priests should have kept up the Pyrenees. There are none now, but revolutions are repeated, and we may live to see the Mountain in Madrid.

AMERICAN MINING NEWS.—GRANT'S new Mine has been opened. Nevertheless, gold is still at 259¾.

Digitized by Google



VERY PROBABLE.

Lord Punch. "THAT WAS JEFF DAVIS, PAM! DON'T YOU RECOGNISE HIM?"

Lord Pam. "HM! WELL, NOT EXACTLY——MAY HAVE TO DO SO SOME OF THESE DAYS."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

EXAMINATIONS FOR LADIES.



THE great success of the Examinations which have lately been instituted, under University authority, for the Queen's male subjects, has induced the adoption of a system of Examinations for Ladies. Particulars will shortly be announced, and in the meantime the first portion of the Questions has been issued, that ladies may direct their attention to the necessary studies.

The following are the first four instalments:—

LAW.

1. Give a general idea of the Laws and Courts of Justice, from the knowledge of them which you have acquired by reading the books of lady-novelists.
2. Why are baronets who are criminals tried before the Lord Chancellor and a jury?
3. State the reason why an entailed estate goes to the daughters if the marriage settlement is burned or mislaid.
4. Give an account of the law of wills, and why the courts hold that a regularly witnessed and solemn will must be set aside by an unwitnessed codicil, if on pink paper.
5. Why is a marriage void if the name of any one of the witnesses is spelt wrong in the copy of the certificate?
6. When you petition the Queen to set aside a marriage, why must you have a personal interview with Her Majesty, and who pays the fee to the Lord Chamberlain?
7. What Sovereign began the practice of signing death-warrants in red ink?
8. If a witness of a murder cannot attend the trial, will it do for him to send word by anybody that he saw the crime, or must he write a letter, witnessed by a clergyman?
9. When the Chief Justice makes a decree in Chancery for committing a virtuous poacher to gaol, on the request of a tyrannical country magistrate, and a chivalrous young attorney pleads the case of the victim before Convocation, can the coroner refuse to take bail?
10. If a wicked man declares in his will that none of his debts shall be paid out of his property, and his creditors are thereby reduced to beggary, why are his daughters legally bound to pay the amount when they marry rich husbands?
11. Why cannot a murderer be touched by the law if the victim charges every one to forgive the assassin?

FICTION.

1. Who was Ivanhoe, and what were his chances of matrimonial happiness with the Lady Rowena?
2. Compare the characters of Front de Bœuf and Simon Legree.
3. Give an account of Blanche Amory. What were *Mes Larmes?*
4. Name the intimate friends of Mr. Lovelace, and the relations of Clarissa Harlowe.
5. Explain the escape of Monte Christo from the Château d'If.
6. What is the advantage of having such ears as those of the real hero of "Transformation?"
7. Give particulars of the educational system pursued by Mr. and Mrs. Wackford Squeers.
8. Whom do you consider Lily Dale ought to marry?
9. How do you pronounce the Christian name of Pisistratus Caxton, and what is an Anachronism?
10. In what way did Lady Audley's husband get out of the well, and was that lady justified in putting him in?
11. Explain the phrase in Nicholas Nickleby, "his owls was horgans."
12. Should you have liked Jane Eyre for a sister?
13. State the history of the rise and progress of the love of Julia Dodd for the hero of Hard Cash.
14. Describe generally the contents of the pages you skipped in *Les Misérables*, and give an account of the various changes in the French Government since the first revolution.
15. Analyse, from photographs, the characters of the best-looking novelists of the day.

POETRY.

1. Write out Mr. Tennyson's *Skipping-Rope*, and say whether the gentleman ought to have taken the final advice of the young lady.
2. What proof have we that had the Corsair reformed and settled in England with Medora, she would have made good Cup in hot weather?
3. Explain Pope's meaning in saying that most women have no characters at all, and from what nobleman did he quote?
4. Find the incongruities, if any, in the following lines from a theatrical prologue:—

> "So may our bard, whose phosphorescent hopes
> Exfoliate to-night these classic tropes,
> At your command the blushing honours share
> That Drake and Wickliffe both were proud to wear,
> And take the chaplet loud from British hands,
> As Cato died—and Trajan's column stands."

5. Explain the mystery of Christabel.
6. What were the chief defects in the moral character of Mokanna, and how would you have endeavoured to cure them had you been one of his wives?
7. Who was Wordsworth, when did he or she live; and write, if you can, a line from his or her poems?
8. Who wrote the line—

> "There is no woman, where there's no Reserve."

9. Sketch the history of Evangeline, and say whether you do not consider it a shame that the author made the boats pass without a recognition of each other by the lovers.
10. What final fate did Lord Byron intend for Don Juan, and would it not have been shocking to see him at the National Window? Explain this last phrase.
11. How much have you really read of Paradise Lost, and did you not make a face when the book was given you as a present?

POLITICS.

1. Show, by argument, why we are right in giving the House of Lords the sole right of laying on taxes.
2. When the Lord Chancellor of the Exchequer "opens his budget," is the bag a black or a red one?
3. How does the Queen make laws for the nation when the Parliament is not sitting?
4. Explain why the bishops attend the House of Commons, and whether it is their duty to confirm Acts of Parliament.
5. Are petitions the same thing as laws, or when petitions are granted do they become laws directly?
6. Describe the system of voting in Parliament, and say whether vulgar men who do not sound their aitches ought to have the same right to be heard as refined gentlemen from College, or noblemen.
7. On what principle of justice is a Member of Parliament obliged to hold his tongue while another is speaking impertinently, and is not the loss of English *prestige* on the Continent owing to this want of spirit?
8. What is your opinion of the system that allows a great nobleman, like Lord Palmerston or Lord Derby, to be questioned by any snobbish creature that may have bribed a mob to let him be a Member?
9. Do you see any reason why all the taxes should not be done away, and the money paid out of the income of the nation?
10. Is it your opinion that all the laws should be made short and plain, and hung up in churches, like the Commandments, as then there never could be any mistakes?
11. Why should not the Queen, who is the head of all things, abolish all bad laws, and let Sir Charles Phipps publish any new ones in letters to the *Times?* Would not this prevent all Parliament nonsense?

RECIPROCITY ON ONE SIDE.

We had not noticed the heading of the following advertisement in the *Telegraph* when giving way to our first burst of admiration at the kindliness and benevolence of the advertisers:—

> A Lady and Gentleman having no family of their own would take a MALE CHILD from its BIRTH, or from that to three months old, and bring it up entirely as their own.—Address, &c.

We had begun a mental survey of the households of our friends, and were considering to what over-stocked establishment we should enclose the invitation, when our eye darted up to the first line, and we beheld a word, and something else. We saw this:—

FOR £100.

Well, this would be cheap if the transaction could be made secure. A precious boy costs a precious deal more than £100 before you have done with him. But as the sale of an infant (except in the way of a high-life marriage) is not recognised by the law of England, and as, when the money had been spent, and the baby-buyers got tired of their bargain, they might send it back by the Parcels Delivery Company, we resolved, on second thoughts, to keep the advertisement as a curiosity for the readers of *Punch*.



TOMKINS LOOKING TOO LONG AT THE CARTES DE VISITE OF THE LAWYERS IN CHANCERY LANE, IS SEIZED WITH A SUDDEN INVOLUNTARY PANIC. "DON'T BE ALARMED, MY BOY," SAID HIS FRIEND WIGSBY, WHO HAPPENED TO BE PASSING AT THE TIME, "YOUR *COAT* POCKETS ARE QUITE SAFE; WE DON'T DO IT THAT WAY!"

DANNLE GRANGE ON THE DROUGHT.

COME, how about
This here long drought?
The larned can't explaain;
Knows no more why,
Nor you and I,
Why we doan't ha' no raain.

If this here hate
Wun't hurt the whate,
The turmuts 'twool destroy.
Canst thee vorecast
How long 'twool last,
Hey, ADMIRAL VITZROY?

Yaa, ZADKIEL!
Dost thee voretell
Plags, earthquaaks, vamuns, wars,
And coosn't thee,
Old chap, vorezee
This weather by the stars?

I shan't rely
On thee, not I,
In futur as avoor;
Nor gie no heed,
Nor vaith, nor creed,
To that are VRANSUS MOORE.

Though none can zay
How many a day
This drought is to extend,
I be a go'n
To cause my own
Immadiately to end.

Earth cracks wi' thirst,
I'll quench mine vurst.
The fields be parched and zere;
Whilst this here flesh
Keeps miste and vresh:
Gie us a quart o' beer!

INTERESTING FOR THE FACULTY.—A Lady, who has lately suffered from pins and needles in her feet, has been obliged to leave England in a packet.

A VERY STRONG PRINCE.

WE always regarded the Napoleon family as mentally if not physically strong, but information which we have just received from Glasgow, and which is published in the *North British Daily Mail* of the 17th of August (we give the date for the benefit of M. THIERS, or any other historian of the Napoleonic dynasty), shows that one member at least of the distinguished Corsican family is possessed of personal strength which would make him very formidable in battle, did his tendencies lead him into such a scene. The *Mail* says, in its account of PRINCE NAPOLEON'S visit to the Scottish capital (yes, MRS. EDINA, the Scottish capital, and how do you like that?)

"The utmost privacy has been observed in all the movements of his Royal Highness, insomuch so that he preferred lifting a cab on the stand, in preference to sending out for it."

Achilles, we believe, was too much for a rival who had three tremendous horses harnessed to his car. WALTER SCOTT tells us of a Scottish knight, who at a blow divided an English knight, horse and all, into two instalments. In *Morgante Maggiore* we read how the friendly giant carried his dead horse to *Orlando*. But none of these feats equal the deed of the Samsonic PRINCE NAPOLEON, and his cousin may be congratulated on the vast strength of the Atlas who aids in upholding the Imperial throne.

JARS.

NAGGLETONIAN Couples should immediately provide themselves with

COVERS for FAMILY JARS, or Jars and Covers complete, for Preserves, Pickles, &c. Sample cap sent free for four stamps.

Those Naggletons, whom this advertisement offends, had better send for the Sample Cap: it is sure to fit.

LIGHT REFRESHING WINE FOR PEDESTRIANS.—*La-fitte.*

A PUZZLE BY A PARSON.

HERE is an announcement which is constantly perplexing us:—

UNMANAGEABLE BOYS, or Youths (up to 20 years), made perfectly tractable and gentlemanly, in one year, by a clergyman, near town, of 30 years' experience, whose peculiarly persuasive, high moral and religious training at once elevates children of peculiar tempers and disposition (because not understood) to the level of others. A most liberal education, including modern languages, successful preparation for every examination and vocation in life, and every gentlemanly comfort, on moderate terms. Address, for interview, &c.

By starvation and severity a boy may be made "tractable," doubtless, in a twelvemonth; but how can it be predicted with anything like certainty that he will be made "gentlemanly" in that restricted time. Of course, religious training may do much good to a boy, but if his disposition is to be a snob, or sneak, or scoundrel, we scarcely think a twelvemonth would suffice to make him gentlemanly, in the right sense of that word. Gentlemen unluckily do not spring up like mushrooms: and, in minds quite unprepared for them, truly gentlemanly qualities are not of rapid growth. We are told there are born gentlemen, and there doubtless are born blackguards, and to make one of these latter a gentleman in a twelvemonth, is more than forty parson power would be able to effect.

Quite Pat.

UNDER the heading of *The Belfast Riots*, the other day, there was a letter in the *Standard* signed "O MORES," animadverting on one which had before appeared in that journal with the subscription of "O TEMPORA." From the temper displayed in these communications, as well as from the subject to which they relate, it may be surmised that their respective authors might, consulting aptitude, have penned their signatures with the least taste of a modification. They should have written themselves down O'TEMPORA, and O'MORES.

FOR TOURISTS.—There is one shore which most travellers seek at this time of year. And that shore? is—"Brad-*shaw*."

Digitized by Google

ZOOLOGICAL RECREATION.



ORTHY MR. PUNCH,

THE interest excited by the late swimming matches suggests a seasonable question for zoologists. Let me revive the controversy about Man's place in Nature, which has flagged for some little time, by asking that question; which perhaps PROFESSOR OWEN or PROFESSOR HUXLEY will answer.

You know, Sir, that animals are distinguished from man not only by deficiencies but also endowments; as well by the possession of instinct as by the want of reason.

I think all quadrupeds swim naturally, whereas no men do. Now I want to know whether the quadrumana swim naturally. The question I wish to ask anybody who can answer it is, "Do monkeys swim?"

This point, if there is any doubt about it, might easily be settled in the Zoological Gardens, by tossing the orang-outang into the hippopotamus's tank. Or an Italian organ-grinder's monkey might be put to the proof, and his master, too; for if an orang-outang is what you call an anthropoid ape, an Italian organ-grinder is what you may call a pithecoid man, and he is a body such as the proverb recommends for experimental purposes, and a ducking would clean him. Jocko and Giacomo, or whatever the grinning alien may call himself, are, to be sure, disgustingly like; yet I hope there is an essential difference between Simia and

HOMO.

P.S. I have, perhaps, too hastily assumed that mankind does not swim naturally. Do babies swim? I am not a papa, and few mothers are philosophical; but no doubt you could get many a wet nurse, having the care of a lady's infant, to determine this inquiry for you in a tub.—H.

BLACK LETTER LITERATURE.

THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA, say the French, has made a marriage offer to the QUEEN OF ENGLAND. Confound his Abyssinian impudence! We wonder he has not sent Ethiopian Serenaders to declare his regard under Windsor windows, but perhaps he has heard of Bass's Act. We feel loyally frantic at his black cheekiness, and can only say that whether an Ethiopian can change his skin or not, His Majesty would certainly want a new one very shortly after *Punch* had got behind him with a hippopotamus whip. Black King moving towards White Queen! A dangerous game for him, though not a Mate. We demand a copy of EARL RUSSELL'S answer, and hope that he has not, to show his geographical knowledge, put in a joke about *Che Sahara, Sahara.* "Juno but an Ethiop were," but, by Jupiter, VICTORIA shall be none. The Earl is gone, we see, to Woburn Beds, but must neither rest therein nor be thankful until we have seen his letter.

Bravo, Grouse!

THE latest intelligence concerning the Shooting Season in Cornwall is that "The birds are very strong on the wing." Strong? are they! Then they decidedly should not be kept any longer. Hampers of game may safely be directed to our own Private Inquiry Office, 85, Fleet Street. The strictest secresy may be relied on.

MOTTO FOR "THE CRICKETER'S GUIDE."—A "DARK" Saying.—"Blind as a Bat."

THE ANTI-RAILWAY ASSAULT AND ROBBERY GUARANTEE COMPANY.

Chairman.

THE CHEVALIER CLAUDE DUVAL,
Knight of the most noble order of the Fleece.

Vice-Chairman.

RICHARD TURPIN, Esq., Rookwood Hall.

Directors.

CAPTAIN MACHEATH, Portland Bill, Dorsetshire (late Chairman of the Beggar's Opera Company Limited).
JOB PEACHUM, Esq., Oakhum House, Milbank.
SOLOMON LOCKIT, Esq., The Retreat, Brixton.
PETER PILCH, Esq., Grindwind Lodge, Coldbath Fields.
JEREMIAH ABERSHAW, Esq., Cracksman's Hotel, Old Bailey.
With power to add to their number.

Standing Counsel.

JONATHAN WILD, Esq.,* Q.C., Stonejug Chambers, Caledonian Road.

Secretary.

MR. JOHN SHEPPARD, The Jollypals, Fakeaway.

Bankers.

MESSRS. BLACK LEG & Co.

TEMPORARY OFFICES:—FAGIN'S CULINARY STORES, Baldwin's Gardens.

IN an age pre-eminently distinguished by commercial enterprise, it is somewhat remarkable that an organisation similar to that embraced by the "Anti-Railway Assault and Robbery Guarantee Company," should never have met with any vigilant promoter. It is now proposed to combine in one grand Joint-Stock undertaking the experts who on British Banks or Hounslow Heath have hitherto found exercise for their predatory powers. The papal administration has never hesitated to recognise and reward talent in any guise—even when assuming the scarlet cloak of a brigand. Our non-paternal Government firmly declines to employ for its own advantage, the faculties of felony, even when they have successfully passed a penal examination, and secured those much-coveted diplomas, popularly known as tickets-of-leave. Under these circumstances the formation of a Company has become with the nobleman and gentlemen whose names are attached to this Prospectus, a matter of paramount necessity, while it supplies a desideratum which has long been secretly felt by all who love their specie.

Respect for those conservative feelings which shrink instinctively from innovation, impels us to make one simple but important remark. The honourable custom of black-mail to which in feudal times the border barons occasionally lent a helping hand, affords a precedent for this institution, and denotes the principle on which it is based.

The Anti-Railway Assault and Robbery Guarantee Company will grant, according to a graduated scale regulated by the nervousness of the insurer, a *safe conduct* to all parts of the United Kingdom—Ireland excepted.

An ornamental card, embodying the Policy of Insurance, worn on the hat or mantle, will entitle the bearer, whether lady or gentleman, to the respectful forbearance and chivalrous protection of the company's agents on any specified Railway, and at all hours of the night.

Luggage properly belonging to Insurers, and taken by the Company's Agents through inadvertence, will be restored within forty-eight hours after written application to the Secretary.

Ladies publicly exposing their watches will vacate their policies, unless at the time of granting the same, such extraordinary risk shall be duly paid for and provided.

No loss occasioned by skirt-pockets will be recognised, except on payment of a premium proportioned to the facilities offered.

Convivial gentlemen returning from City Dinners, can insure for a single journey at very moderate premiums.

Members of Parliament, Fellows from the Universities and the Stock Exchange, desirous of witnessing the noble art of self-defence, as illustrated in a contest for the championship, may insure in this office to a limited extent against insult and spoliation. The Company will, however, under no circumstances insure the retention by its owner of any ring valued at more than five shillings sterling.

Special Policies granted to muscular Divines, securing immunity from ecchymosis of the eye, or a broken nose.

Clubs liberally treated with. Twenty per cent. discount allowed to Members of the Carlton, in token of their warlike spirit and recent zeal for the National honour.

N.B. The Shareholders in this Company will be gratified to learn that the Directors of all the Great Lines have unanimously resolved not to open any communication between Passenger and Guard, or to sanction any other precaution which might be detrimental to the interests of the Anti-Railway Assault and Robbery Guarantee Company.

* Quarrelsome Convict.



JOLLY ANGLERS.

Old Float and Tom Gentle don't get any Bites, so they Land on an Island to have a quiet Smoke.—They suddenly discover that the Rope has slipped, and the Boat is drifting down the River! (*No one near for miles.*)

VARIETY!

A Hard time of it must be the lot of the Fashionable Reporter to the *London-super-Mare Gazette*. To make the Arrival List pleasing to the eye and the ear requires such a delicacy in discrimination, and so great a refinement of expression as to present a task of no ordinary difficulty, even to the talented and practised hand engaged upon the column of interesting and exciting news.

The urn is hissing, the prawns are blushing on a blue crockery ground, and the Lady of the House wonders whether the So-and-sos have arrived yet. No sooner is the wish expressed than a member of the family takes up from its resting-place by his plate, the neatly folded Gazette, and plunges into the Chronicle of Fashion.

"Prince Sulkoff has arrived at the Grand Hotel."

No particular interest is exhibited, but all feel more or less satisfied at being in the same town, it may be under the same roof, with his Russian Royalty. Now, please keep your eye on the italicised variety.

"Count Badasany *has arrived* at the Bedford Hotel."
"Lord Newgis *is among the arrivals* at the Albion."

Mind you, this seems rather derogatory to the Newgis's dignity. He's only *among* the arrivals; one who might have come with a lot of anybodies and nobodies in a large omnibus, and have been left to wander about the Coffee-room, patronised by the waiters, unrecognised by all.

"The Dowager Lady Coddleton *is sojourning* at the Oldfolk Hotel."

There's something very patriarchal about this word "sojourning." It conveys to my mind the idea of Her Dowagership going about grandly somehow or other, in a tent, like Abraham. That the Oldfolk Hotel wouldn't allow Tents as a rule, I am scarcely in a position to affirm, not having "sojourned" there myself; but of course the ancient Lady is entitled to her whim when she pays for it.

Here is a startler:—

"Sir Thomas Stavington Cokewood Burnington Gage is daily expected at Pegg's, Royal York."

Poor Pegg! Fancy the excitement. Pegg's upper chambermaids, like anxious Sister Annes taking turn and turn about on the loftiest pinnacle of the Royal York (if there be pinnacles, if not, say on the roof), craning towards the four points of the Compass alternately, in daily, hourly, expectation of the coming of Sir Thomas Stavington, &c., &c., &c. And when he *does* come, there will be a stirring of Pegg's. But will Pegg be happier?

"Colonel and Mrs. Bawldero are staying at Artillery Lodge."

Bang! Bang! Sound the trumpets, beat the drums, while Colonel and Mrs. Bawldero give each other a morning salute in the presence of the prawns.

"Mrs. Hammond *has returned* to her residence. Mr. H." (Who's he? Charles Lamb's Mr. H? Mysterious this!) "and Miss Crawley *are at* German Place. Count Goavisky *is still* at Victoria Lodge."

Poor Count! he can't be well.
Now the writer forgets, repeats himself, and fails:—

"Lady Johnson is *prolonging her stay* at Marine Parade.
"Mrs. Thompson is *prolonging her stay* at the Bedford Hotel."

Oh dear! Two ladies prolonging their stays! Consult the book in the Hall, oh Fashionable Reporter, but respect the privacy of the Toilette.

One for Him.

Reading the paper Laura sat:
"Greenwich *means* time, Mamma, what's that?"
"My love, it's when your stingy Par
Won't take us to the Trafalgar."

Maritime Law.

To be "Mast-headed," is, according to the rules of the Service observed on board a Man-of-War, to be treated with the utmost *rigger*.

Digitized by Google

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—Saturday, August 27, 1864.

FROM OUR ILL-USED CONTRIBUTOR.

To Mr. Punch. *The Temple.*



DEAR SIR,—I consider myself an ill-used man. I am aware that ill-used men are awfully unpopular, but I do not care about popularity. You have sentenced me to Penal Servitude in London, at a time when I ought to be far away, like all the rest of your young men, and as good conduct is no longer to be reckoned in regard to the remission of a sentence, I trust I am too faithful a Protestant to attempt any works of supererogation. I shall stay in town, and I shall write, "since better may not be," but you need not look for any of that loyal and gushing zeal which I display at other times in your interest.

You instruct me "to remain in London, and to take a general view of what is going on." *Dolus latet in generalibus*, as the old lawyers say, but for the first word you may read *dolor*, as more descriptive of my present state of mind. Besides, there is nothing going on, except the Thames Embankment.

You have frequently remarked, and I have not dissented from the propositions, that my style combines the easy flow of ADDISON with the vigour of MACAULAY, that it is studded with the wit of SYDNEY SMITH, and with the pregnant epithets of CARLYLE, while its undercurrent of philosophy is redolent of TUPPER, and its poetic proclivities remind you of LONGFELLOW and TENNYSON. Or if you have not exactly said that, critics say it everyday of any author they are told to puff, and I deserve such recognition quite as much as anybody. But, Sir, charming as my style may be, it will be ruined by such work as that to which you have so inconsiderately doomed me.

London would be a howling wilderness, if there were anybody left in it to howl. Forty-eight hours have elapsed since I have spoken to any human being except my cook (the housemaid is visiting at Ramsgate) and the waiter at the Club, who is sulky because other waiters are having their holiday in fine weather, and he believes—and I hope—that he will have wet days. I am losing the gift of speech. I misapply words. I spoke civilly to a cabman on Tuesday, though the brute put me down two doors further than the house I wanted. I said to that sulky waiter, "Oblige me with some bread," and he had the impudence to think that I was going to be facetious with him. I promptly cured him of that idea when he proceeded to forget the French mustard, but you see the state to which solitude has reduced me. I am getting nervous, too, and when my cabman was lashing his horse and tearing up a street covered all over with heedless children, I was weak enough to shut my eyes, and very nearly told him to drive more slowly. You are responsible for debilitating the finest intellect in your service.

Where am I to go? Nearly every theatre is shut. I have seen the *Ticket-of-Leave Man* until I could prompt without book. I went so often to that witty and enchanting entertainment, *The Pyramid*, that MR. REED believed I wanted to steal his lovely bull-dog. ALFRED MELLON has given me nine boxes for his Concerts, which are the best things in the world, but I am horribly afraid he thinks that I sell them, knowing the demand for them—this is a good puff, but it is deserved. I know *Masks and Faces* by heart; besides, that heart is on the waters with *Leah*, and the theatre without her makes me pensive. MR. VINING'S house on fire excites me too much to leave me a tranquil enjoyment of my Welsh rabbit at PADDY GREEN'S, and MR. GREEN himself, though he addresses me in the words of some song, "*I have always a Welcome for Thee*," evidently imagines that I am in town, at such a time, for no good purpose. Besides, you do not pay me a large (if inadequate) salary to write about theatres and mutton chops.

Certainly, a few nights ago the Club was crowded, that is for the time of year. There were four men in it, including your Ill-used Contributor. There was BERTIE WALPOLE (O, I shall print names or anything else, I am in no humour to be making anagrams, though by the way I might have called him DIRTY REDPOLE, as some of his intimate friends do) and he told me that he had come to town to consult an oculist. My playful retort you will have quickness enough to imagine, but he declared that it was *not* all my Eye, but his, and he was savage at a second epigram which I launched in reference to a certain greenness which I suggested that the operator had better remove. Oculist! I know why he came up. My lawyers are his lawyers, and though solicitors never betray professional confidence, one can't help seeing papers when they lie under your very proboscis or nose. MR. JEHOSHAPHAT, of the Hebrew persuasion, has a knack of recalling some of his friends to town, just when they least want to come. As BERTIE chose to try to mystify me, perhaps I didn't lead the conversation into Jewry, and make him fidget in his chair, in spite of his tenpenny cigar, the extravagant beast. Then the next quarter of the party was TED CLEVELAND. He was perfectly miserable. He cannot get away at all, his partners being off, but he did not care about that much while he knew that MISS MARIA (*née*-never mind) was safe at her uncle the parson's, in the country village, with about nine she-cousins and a hobbadehoy. But MARIA and the eldest MISS CONCORDANCE have been invited to the Larches, and MRS. FIRCONE has always three or four Guards, or Treasury men, or some such awful swells pervading the house. TED somehow managed to let his misery out, and BERTIE and I ran the bag-fox like men. We looked at our watches, and told him that CHARLEY STRATTON, the handsomest chap in the 119th, must just then be taking MARIA in to dinner; and later we pointed out that CHARLEY, who has a wonderful mumble just above a whisper, which he has artistically cultivated, must be having good innings by that time. And we pictured a pic-nic among the rocks by the cascade, and MARIA, with abbreviated crinoline, helping CHARLEY to boil the kettle, which nearly made poor TEDDY boil over with jealousy and rage. The best of it was, too, that I knew CHARLEY had left the Larches for Scotland last week. So we had some little pleasure that evening, but what is one Oasis in a desert? And talking of that, what is an Oasis?

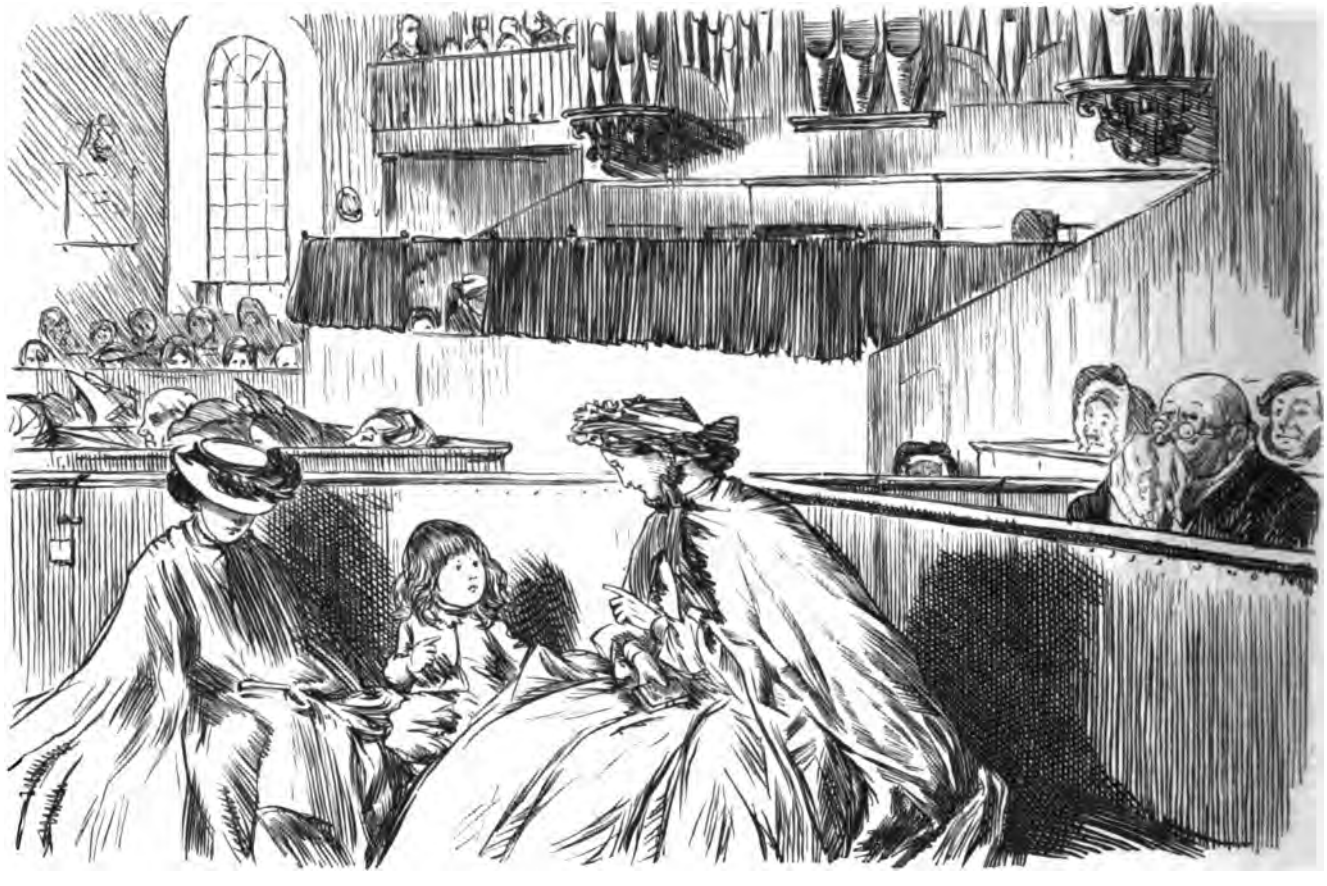
The other man will not stand chaff. This was HENRY VAMPIRE. I found him in the Library, scribbling his hardest, with a lot of books beside him. He apprised me, with much objectionable but forcible language, that his editor (there are other tyrants beside yourself) had sent him four or five theological works to be elaborately reviewed, and he was knocking them off as fast as he could, for he had promised himself a fortnight's good gambling at Baden-Baden. To my demand why he did not work in his own well-stocked study, he replied that the painters were in it, and he referred to those apathetic mechanics with a strength of adjective and participle which showed how earnest his theological reading had made him. I invited him to join me and BERTIE at our humble repast, but he replied savagely that he would neither eat nor drink until he had polished off the everlasting humbug who had written the volumes to which VAMPY was doing as much justice as he knew. I have seen the review since, and I am bound to say that the REV. CARNEY, D.D., owes small thanks to those paint-pots of Egypt.

But BERTIE WALPOLE has, I suppose, squared it with JEHOSHAPHAT, and TED sulks at home, and VAMPIRE has ventilated his theology, and is off to the play-tables of Baden-Baden. At all events, there is nobody in the Club, except the impersonation of discomfort who has the honour to address you. I have nothing to do, nothing to read, nobody to speak to. I work away at the newspapers doggedly, but newspapers, at this period, are sad and solemn things. One gives me a leader to-day on the Education of the Orphans of Criminals, another on the Drainage of the Outhouses on Farms, and a third on the Law of Patents. Still I read them, as a prisoner counts the nails in the door of his cell. Then I look out at a window, and see a railway van, and hope it will break down, and a costermonger's cart, and wish there was a law against his bellowing, and seven empty cabs, crawling, and they remind me of the railway station to which you have forbidden me to drive. Then I look out at another window, but the prospect is not materially varied. Then I go to the desk, and see what is for dinner, and behold very few things, and none that I like, except grouse, which is four shillings, and *you* know whether I am paid highly enough to afford grouse. Then I go and smoke, and that destroys the little appetite I had, and I take sherry and American bitters to bring it back, which it doesn't. Then I read the evening papers, and they are stupider than the morning ones, and badly dried by that detestable and sulky waiter. Finally, I sit down gloomily to dinner, and take much more wine than I want in order to help on the evening. Lastly, I smoke again, many cigars, but I do not enjoy them, and my mouth is hot, and gin-sling I think makes you thirstier, nevertheless I take it. Ultimately, I go home in a Hansom, and the driver asks me an extra sixpence because he has been doing nothing all day. I give it him because I have been doing nothing all day: in other times I should have told him he ought to be ashamed of his idleness, and left him with the repartee instead of the sixpence. But I am demoralised. Then I go into my house, and find two letters from duns who know I am in town, and one from my wife, stating that she and the family are delighted with Scarborough, and that she wants money. Then I go up-stairs to bed, and find all the carpets taken away to be cleaned or done some other nonsense with. And I can't sleep, having had no mental or bodily work, and when I do I dream that I am in a drain and bellowing up the grating to be taken out, and none of the passers-by can hear me. And all this is your doing.

Nevertheless I remain, with affection and respect, your dutiful Contributor,

EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

Digitized by Google



Little Innocent (in an audible little Voice in the middle of the Sermon). "MA! WAS THAT THE ORGAN?"

[We hope Old Dubbleby will take the hint, and not make such an awful noise Blowing his Nose in Church for the future.

CREATORS OF RELIGIOUS RIOTS.

TIME was when the Government of the day found themselves called upon to administer "a heavy blow and a great discouragement to Protestantism." There has again arisen a necessity for the same stroke of policy. Just because the Roman Catholics of Dublin, in the exercise of that freedom to which they are entitled, get up an O'CONNELL demonstration, the Protestants of Belfast, imagining themselves entitled to a corresponding freedom, must needs get up an anti-O'CONNELL demonstration! They well knew that their Roman-Catholic fellow-citizens cannot stand contradiction, and are sure to return chaff with stones. They know how dangerous it is to vex them; then why do they do it? They go and make a Guy of O'CONNELL, and, of course, provoke those religious people to assault them with intent to kill them or do them grievous bodily harm. Hence the Belfast riots.

Then see what has happened in Jersey. A MR. T. G. OWENS, of London, who probably may be heard of at Exeter Hall, comes down from the capital of the larger island to that of the smaller, and undertakes to deliver in the Prince of Wales Assembly Rooms, three lectures on "Bible Truths and Romish Errors." As if he were not aware that it makes the generality of Roman Catholics very angry to call any of their doctrines erroneous? What was the consequence of MR. OWEN'S impudent imprudence? Of these lectures, as we learn from a report in a contemporary:—

"The first was delivered on Tuesday evening, and efforts were then made by a number of Catholics to seize the lecturer, whose life they threatened."

Their object, of course, was to silence the assailant of their opinions in the shortest and most effectual way. The attempts of the Faithful to destroy the Heretic were, however, unsuccessful. The bigoted incendiary escaped from them and their pious indignation by a side-entrance to the hall. He was silenced without having been killed. This partial success was sufficient to quiet the champions of Roman doctrine, for the time during which MR. OWENS was obliged to hold his irritating tongue:—

"On Wednesday night, however, the part which was played by the mob proved of a most serious character. Soon after seven o'clock a large number of Roman Catholics, many of them armed with bludgeons, collected at the door of the Lecture Hall, and commenced yelling and hooting. They were aided and urged on by between twenty and thirty women of the low Irish class. After creating immense uproar outside, they smashed the windows of the Hall by throwing stones through them, while some of the women yelled 'Fire! Fire!'"

This gentle violence was emblematical. The windows were smashed, to symbolise heretical darkness. The stones thrown through them were arguments, calculated to beat conviction into Protestant heads; arguments truly suitable to the vindication of the see of PETER, as that name is synonymous with stone, if not exactly with pebble. The hint which the ladies meant to convey in the words which the reporter pleases to say they "yelled," is obvious. Will it be believed that, not only were the Roman-Catholic controvertists put down by the police under the direction of the Bailiff (MR. G. HAMMOND) and the Constable of the Town (MR. JOHN GILBERT), but, on Thursday evening, the parish constable, instructed, no doubt, by his fanatical superiors, took measures to secure the impious Protestant, in his offensive endeavour to impugn the dogmas of Infallibility in a public lecture-hall, from interruption on the part of their zealous believers? So OWENS, in a lecture on "Transubstantiation and the Mass," was actually enabled to state his impertinent objections to those mysteries as freely and openly as a Roman-Catholic, priest or layman, would be allowed to argue that the Church of England is a humbug!

If a law, prohibiting, under sufficiently heavy penalties, all attempt at the disproof of Roman Catholic tenets, existed, it is probable that the Roman-Catholic lower orders would seldom take the law into their own hands. The re-enactment of the statute *De Hæretico Comburendo*, would be tolerably certain to prevent all such disturbances as those which have taken place in Jersey and Belfast. But though that is not to be hoped for by an oppressed minority, they may perhaps reasonably expect that the Legislature will interpose, to prevent them from being provoked to outrage and violence, by the secondary punishment of penal servitude, adjudged, without mercy, to those who exasperate them by gainsaying them.

A Ceremony with a Sanguine View.

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, the other day, held a Confirmation of prisoners in the County Gaol at Maidstone. Let us hope that none of them will turn out confirmed rogues.



INFLUENCE OF THE RAILWAY ON THE RHINE.

Emily. "OH, DO LOOK HERE, ARTHUR DEAR—SUCH A LOVELY VIEW, AND SOME MORE SUCH BEAUTIFUL CASTLES!"

[*Arthur gives a prolonged grunt and snore.*

IN RE PUBLIC SCHOOL COMMISSION.

"APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUÂ."

NOT BY DR. NEWMAN.

MR. PUNCH,

I TURN to you, Sir, as the friend of the oppressed—the ever generous apologist for youth's short-comings—above all, I turn to you, Sir, in your omniscience as knowing more, or certainly more knowing than all those Commissioners to whose wise conclusions, as exhibited in their Report on Public Schools, I refuse to defer. I am one of that class, *Mr. Punch*, who having passed the days, all the days of my boyhood, at a first Public School, turn out at the end a know-nothing—*Anglicè*, Sir, a fool!—and yet, Sir, being all this (I need not repeat the graphic description given by the Commissioners), I venture to appeal to you in apology for my class. I hope to show you that the deil is not so black as those worthies have painted him. I hope to show you, Sir—and through you, the whole world beside—that I am not so wholly useless in my generation. The Commissioners tell you what I am *not* worth, hear me while I strive to show you what I am.

Now, Sir, these gentlemen parade against me, that after all these years of education I cannot put a common-place English sentence into decent Latin. Now, *Mr. Punch*, I beg you to take any one of your own telling, terse paragraphs, and request of those gentlemen on either side of the House, or Sir, in either House, to do that passage Ciceronically, and give me the result! Get up, MR. BRIGHT; MR. COX of Finsbury, up! and apart from whisperings with MESSRS. GLADSTONE, CARDWELL, LOWE, or a pocket Ainsworth, give us *Mr. Punch's* last *more Ciceroniano*, or if it like you better, "Liviano," or more like *Punch* still, "Terentiano," and I bet you twopence to a farthing that you are nowhere. Or, setting aside the Cambridge quidnuncs, just put it to the Hon. Members aforesaid to explain 00000′′— + — 0000„ XXX = ????„ and what will you get out of 'em? Or, ask them to give in detail as recorded by POLYBIUS, the dialogue of HANNIBAL and NAPOLEON on the best way of crossing the Alps, with the dates and particulars of the Marengo and Cannæ fights, and which commanded at which, and which was First Consul, BONAPARTE, or FABIUS or GREGORY of Nazianzen, and where Nazianzen *was*, and if it *is*, and see how blank their faces and their papers will be! Well, Sir, you will say, this is nothing to the point; but pardon me, when I say, that it is all to the point; for though these gentlemen don't know these things, they make (many of them) very decent M.P.'s; and so I, though I don't know them any more than they do, make in my proportions very often a very useful member of Society. Nay, *more*, *Mr. Punch* and a very important *more* too, which these wiseacres ignore *in toto*. After all, I do not come away such a fool as they would make me, for though I may not know who did what in which chapter, or who dragged who round the walls of what—whether it was BRASIDAS, or CLEON, or POMPEY or, GUSTAVUS VASA, who crossed the Rubicon and took Calais; yet for all this I have read and learned to admire deeds of derring-do, and to imitate acts of courage and heroism, and to despise those which savour of meanness, and cowardice, and blackguardism; and so when I see my old governor at home, educated as I have been, and no more able to come the scholar than I am, yet honoured by the old poor who don't go away from his gate unrelieved, and doing his duty by his people, like a trump that he is, I hope one day to be like him, and live as he lives, and die as he will die, with Hope in his eye, and many a tear-drop on the eyes of those who stand by his grave-side.

What, good Sir, I should like to ask you, has all his philosophy and Greek done this or that Professor, but to unsettle, may be his own mind, as it has done that of many of his followers? What good has his history done that man which causes him to mis-believe the highest of all history? or what good has his arithmetic done that Prelate from over the sea, who has become a subject for Nursery Rhymes, and whose books, as they tell me, are the laughing-stocks of scholars? Or, again—(but I must shut up, or you'll reject me) to come nearer home; are our little female cousins and sisters, or those we hope one day to be nearer and dearer still, are they not to be thought of? May we not know how to take care of them—on the saddle, or the drag, or the boat—or when by their side, is it only in science that we may venture to open our lips? Apropos of these melting moments, is this to be the character of our converse, "Fair lady, I see you feel this weather, but is it not

interesting to know that the evolution of heat depends on a slow combustion going on in the organism?" And she replies, "Ah, yes, profound disciple of a learned master, and to know further, that as the temperature of bodies is increased, so does a proportionate increase in bulk accrue." "Ah, Fairest, I had forgotten that! Then should this weather last, what a whopper will MRS. GRAMPUS be!"

But I forbear, *Mr. Punch*, you have wisdom, you see what I mean, and will not throw back the cause of the

SNUBBED ONE.

QUIET WATERING-PLACES.

SECOND DAY AT WINKLEBEACH.



CONTINUE—*Tuesday Morning.*—Not slept well. Complain to chambermaid of being bitten. She asks, "did I go on the beach yesterday?" I did. "Ah well, great many fl**s on the beach. I must have brought 'em in." Glorious weather. Fresh sea-breeze coming in at my bedroom window. My watch has stopped. The old clock on the stairs strikes five. One gets up early by instinct here. Few nursemaids and children about, and somebody in the distance bathing. "Early to bed and early to rise," &c. Bah! what a smell of stale tobacco and rum in the passage: bother the Cricketers and man with banjo. Order breakfast. "Up betimes," say I, affably to the maid. Not earlier than usual. Oh! I mustn't mind the clock on the stairs; the works are out of order. To-day it's five hours behind. "What will I have for breakfast?" Oh, anything. Very good. Prawns and 'winkles.

11 A.M.—Walk out towards the beach. A few fishermen sauntering about. After all, this *is* a quiet place. I lie down and try to count the large waves. Little child wants to know what time it is. How can I tell? Dear me! here's quite a crowd of gentlemen coming on the beach. Excursionists, I'm afraid. No, not gay enough for excursionists. Surveyors, perhaps: inspectors of breakwaters or fortresses, only there are no breakwaters or fortresses. I've got it, they are the Gentry who played Cricket against the Trade. Five of the party, most respectable elderly gentlemen, suddenly take off their shoes and stockings, and dance barefooted in the waves.

Three others commence leapfrog on the beach. Healthy, but eccentric. I ask a lounging boatman if the Cricketing gentry do this every day? Lounging boatman informs me, "Them ain't Cricketers, them's a party brought down, once a week, for a holiday, from the 'sylum." The Asylum? "Ay; them's lunatics."

I quit the shingle and enter a note. "Winklebeach, with the exception of the Cricketers, the Banjo and the Lunatics, is the quietest——"

12·30.—What will I have for dinner to-day? What *can* I have? Oh, anything. Well, say lamb. It appears that I may *say* lamb, but can't get it. Why not? Because it's Tuesday. As this is a perfectly satisfactory reason to the landlady, I content myself with saying, "Oh yes, of course," not liking to appear ignorant. Well then, mutton. Not mutton to-day, Sir, I'm afraid, because to-morrow's Wednesday. Well, a duck or a fowl. A fowl be it.

Note.—"The provisions at Winklebeach must be chosen according to the day. The butcher, it appears, kills something or other on Wednesday: it is therefore well to watch the butcher's proceedings closely."

One o'Clock.—Bring me luncheon. More prawns, more winkles, larger than ever. There is a broad green in front, specially adapted for loungers, who do not care about the beach. Dear me! what is that up there on a wall. An advertisement, as I'm alive! "FLICKSTER'S Mammoth Circus with an Elephant. Tumbling Clowns, and the Greatest Wonder of the World, Little Boolu! The Grand Spectacle of Blue Beard!!!" Have I avoided London and the Gaslighted Theatre to fall into the clutches of Little Boolu? It cannot be. Yes, it is, though. Coming events cast their shadows, and already the little children, freed from school, are frisking over the green—the lounger's quiet green—playing at the elephant, the horses, the tumbling clowns, Blue Beard, the Mammoth, Little Boolu, and the Circus in general, by anticipation.

Note.—"Winklebeach, with the exception of," &c. &c. &c.

2 P.M.—I will seek a quiet spot under the cliff, where the circling seagull builds its nest, and all is chalk and cheerless. Solitude, I woo thee. What are those two boys doing with that gun? Climbing about with the deadly weapon at full cock. Hallo! Hi! don't point it this way. The ruffians laugh. They pretend that they mistook my white wide-awake for a seagull. Here's twopence not to let off that gun near me. They take the twopence and promise. Good boys. Pop! bang! I knew it. They saw a gull and fired. Saw a gull! Yes, I should think they did.

2·30.—Back to luncheon. From my window I see somebody in a uniform. "We shall be quite lively this afternoon," says the landlady. Lively! Horrid idea. What does the good woman mean? "Why, there's to be artillery practice and volunteer firing on the ramparts." The ramparts? "Yes, I can see the ramparts from my window." So I can, there's one cannon on them, and a flagstaff. Do they often fire the cannon? No, not often; but they will to-day.

3·30.—Volunteers take possession of Lounging Green. Every one comes out to see them. There are six volunteers and a corporal. There is a grand review. They charge the corporal, and storm the ramparts. The cannon is then fired at the sea; and Winklebeach trembles to its very foundations. This sort of thing oughtn't to be allowed. I have not read a line all day, and am so nervous from the firing, that I can't open a book.

4·30.—All over. Every one gone to dinner or tea. Perfect calm. Shall write and read. After all, Winklebeach is a very quiet—ah—what—An Organ!—An Organ!!! playing *La mia Letisia* very slowly. Can't he be sent away? Sent away, indeed. Residents pay him to come and amuse them periodically. There is a crowd already round the grinning Italian; all the Winklebeach windows are open, and trade generally is suspended. Away! Away! Over the Downs into the Weald of Sussex! Away! Away!

6.—I have been caught in the rain on the Downs, and have returned for dinner. Good duck. Organ-grinder gone. The wind has changed, and I fancy I smell drains. On inquiry I find I am right.

8.—After dinner, the Winklebeach Volunteer brass band play on the Green. The organ was better than this. The landlady thinks "they don't play so bad, considerin'." Send for the bathing-hackney-machine-coach. I'm off. There ain't no more trains to-night. *Hoop-là, tchk!* Here's the Circus coming in; five caravans and another brass band. Everyone comes to the old Inn. The Organ-man has not gone away! the Man with Banjo returns, the Artillery-men come in to drink, the Volunteer band fraternise with the Circus band, and all assemble, in the tap-room under my sitting-room, for an orgie.

9·30.—I will avoid them and lie on the beach in the stilly night. It is no use, out of doors they are setting up Circus tents, and the hammering is unbearable. Their camp-fires smoke and their lamps smell.

10·11.—In my room. Tea. Hang the prawns! take away the 'winkles! The bands playing in the room below, talking, singing, shouting, jingling of glasses and shuffling of feet. I ring my bell five times, and am not attended to. Will this noise last long? No, not long, most of the gentlemen (save the mark!) are going to bed. So it appears! Bang bang bang, stamp stamp, scuffle scuffle, up the stairs about twenty of them apparently. "Good night, BILL! Good night, JIM!" Bang bang bed-room doors. Row up-stairs, some one got into somebody's room by mistake. Bang bang, scuffle scuffle. "Which is my room?"—"Where's the candle!"—"Don't make that noise!" (This request is shouted at the top of somebody's voice.)—"Hallo! Hi!"—"You're disturbing the house, JIM."—"Ha! ha! ha!"—"Here's my room," bang bang.—"Here's mine!" bang bang—"Here are our rooms," bang bang bang bang bang, *ad lib.* Thank heavens! While all sleep I can read ZIMMERMANN *On Solitude*, and calm my agitation. They've begun throwing the boots out into the passage. More jumping and kicking and stamping overhead. The Circus Acrobats have got the room above, and are practising for to-morrow. To bed.

Note.—"Winklebeach, with the exception of a Banjo, a Circus, its own native Volunteer band, its own Cannon, its weekly Cricket matches, its evening convivialities, is naturally one of the quietest——" Out, out, brief candle.

One o'Clock.—I relight my candle, in order to try and catch a confounded moth that won't let me go to sleep. Over the bed; on to the drawers; I've got him, with a towel, on the wall: no, I haven't. Hang the brute, I've fallen over the hip-bath. Somebody stamping above; *knocking* at wall. "Will I be good enough to make less noise, as no one can get to sleep." 'Pon my word, that's cool. The moth is now secured under a tumbler. Such a specimen for naturalists, as big as a mouse; a marine moth; something between a large prawn and a bat: peculiar to Winklebeach, I hope.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



THE AMERICA

Digitized by Google



N JUGGERNAUT.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

HEAVY CHARGE.

SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG's monster gun
At Shoeburyness resounds,
To try what damage can be done,
And bang! goes forty pounds.
Good forty pounds at every shot;
Consider of it well;
And also full as much, if not
Much more, for every shell.

What's there to show for this expense
Of powder and of ball?
Hole in a shield, the model fence
Of Ironsides; that's all,
Save proof that if, with skilful aim,
The gun were levelled true,
And Ironsides invading came,
'Twould riddle her sides too.

In peace, for practice, we must fight
Imaginary foes,
Since war is ever in our sight;
That's how the money goes.
But how, against invading fleet,
Much faster it would go
Had we an enemy to beat
At forty pounds a blow!

Suppose your gunner's aim to fail,
As oft the case may be;
Your forty pounds, of no avail,
Go plump into the sea.
To such a tune if war require
Our giant guns to play,
Some hundred millions we shall fire
In little time away.

But will the bolt, so pitched aright,
(Which sometimes may betide,)
As foreign Ironsides to smite,
And penetrate her side,
Do damage in a measure such
As due proportion bounds?
For oh! it should do very much
Indeed for forty pounds.

Bomb, certain Ironsides to smash,
For dog-cheap we should hold,
Though more its charge were worth, in cash,
Than fulminating gold.
Therewith, come whosoe'er might come,
Prepared we could remain,
Nor need keep firing off the sum
Of forty pounds in vain.

ISN'T HE IN A RAGE?

"ANGER," says quaint old FULLER, "is one of the sinews of the soul, and he that hath it not hath a maimed mind." This Irish advertiser must be a sinewy party:—

DOG LOST.—Stolen on Sunday last, about two o'clock, from Compton House, Rialto-bridge, Grand Canal, a very small red Terrier, with cropped ears and tail; very strong made. Whoever restores him will be rewarded, but God help any one he is found with after this notice.

The advertisement was in the *Dublin Daily Express*, and contrary to our wont, we give the address as per original, being perfectly scared at the thundering denunciation, and anxious to prevent any fellow creature from encountering the advertiser's fiery wrath. Send the dog back, whoever you are that has got it, if you think that the owner is as "strong made" as the beast. Send him back, if he were twice as small. Hurry, now!

First Warning.

THE Bankers of London have made an arrangement by which their unfortunate clerks will be prevented from leaving work on Saturdays until four o'clock. This won't do. We know a bank on which the wild thyme grows, but we decline to know any bank in which time is dealt with in this wild manner. The new Order must be cleared out of the Clearing House, or *Mr. Punch* will make such an awful run upon the bankers as will astonish their weak minds. What can they be dreaming of, to think that he will stand such tyranny? They must rescind their order, or set their houses in ditto. PUNCH.

THE GREEK AND DANISH QUESTIONS.

THAT pious, but liberal and enlightened journal, the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, the celebrated organ of constitutional government in Germany, ascribes the misfortunes which, in the dismemberment of Denmark, have befallen CHRISTIAN IX., to a judgment wherewith that monarch has been visited by Heaven, because he allowed his son GEORGE to accept the throne of Greece, *vice* OTHO, expelled. The journal of the Cross demands to know what right GEORGE had to it? and asks:—

"Have not the victories of Düppel and Alsen given the answer of the living God to the Cavourist policy of KING CHRISTIAN at Athens?"

Because, argues the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, CHRISTIAN let GEORGE become the sovereign of the Greek people, who had deposed OTHO, and whom OTHO had abandoned, therefore CHRISTIAN robbed OTHO of Greece; and for having robbed OTHO of Greece, Divine Justice suffered him to be robbed, in his turn, of Schleswig and Holstein. This argument shows how cleverly a journal of high principle can combine the respect due to crowned heads with the rebuke of rascality. If KING CHRISTIAN was robbed of Schleswig and Holstein, who were the thieves? And if the peaceful acceptance of the Greek crown was a robbery, were not the victories by which Düppel and Alsen were taken, robbery aggravated by murder? and who are they that were both thieves and murderers? An answer to these questions may be returned at the convenience of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA and the KING OF PRUSSIA.

A FEDERAL HERCULES.

ONE set-off against the evils and horrors of war is the development which it gives to moral and physical qualities. The following wonderful instance of heroism and bodily prowess, engendered by the great struggle in which the contending States of America are engaged, is related by the *New York Times*:—

"SUPERHUMAN FEAT.—MAJOR SHAY, of the 22nd Indiana, was severely wounded, but subsequently took prisoner the Colonel of the 33rd Arkansas, and swam with him across Peachtree Creek."

When we consider that, in order to swim with his prisoner across Peachtree Creek, the Major must have taken the Colonel in his mouth, we are enabled to form some idea of the effort which the performance of that prodigy must have cost him. On the other hand, we are called upon to admire the Colonel's chivalry, in submitting, under the obligation of his parole of honour, to be carried quietly over the water by his captor like a duck by a Newfoundland dog.

GALLANTRY OF BRITISH JURYMEN.

COMMENTING on a recent action of breach of promise of marriage, brought by a man of fifty-five against a woman of sixty-nine, and conducted in a Court of Justice at Leeds exactly as it might have been, less cigars and brandy-and-water, by a Judge and Jury Club in a pot-house, the *Morning Post* very pertinently asks, what is the reason why, whilst female plaintiffs, in such cases, receive handsome damages, male plaintiffs get laughed at, and nothing besides but an amount of damages represented, according to the customary suggestion of counsel, by "the smallest denomination of coin known in the country?"

The reason is, that petty jurymen are mostly fathers and brothers, who want to get their own daughters and sisters off their hands, but wish their male relations not to marry.

A Laughable Image.

To protect the so-called Achilles Statue in Hyde Park, from whose plinth some letters have been removed, from further damage, a correspondent of the *Builder* suggests that it should be surrounded with "a sunk ha-ha fence." The statue in question, being supposed by connoisseurs of sculpture to be not that of the son of PELEUS, but to represent a common gladiator, and having also, as it stands, a highly ludicrous appearance, has always, when encompassed by a circle of spectators, a sufficient ha-ha around it.

A Representative Man.

SAID PAM, at, and of, Tiverton:—

"We all know that those who are past their childhood (especially those of the fair sex) retain their good looks to a later period of life than is often their lot in other parts of the world. (*Laughter and cheers.*)"

It is not announcing a truism to say that LORD PALMERSTON is the Representative of Tiverton.

PRETTY BUTTERFLY!

ALEXANDRE DUMAS is writing a book called *Essence of Religion*. What a subject for a Frenchman, and a French novelist! He must have made some strange mistake, and fancied that religion is some kind of perfume, sold on the Boulevards. Tell him, somebody.



Affectionate Nephew (going back to School after the Holidays, and Bonneting the Old Gentleman as a parting salute). "TOUCH YER LAST, UNCLE!!"

RESPONSIBILITY AND NUMBER ONE.

SOME time ago, certain officers in Ireland, having, in the discharge of their duty, to quell a mob, ordered the men to fire on it, and so killed some of it. A Coroner's jury charged them with wilful murder. On this charge they were allowed to be brought to trial. They were acquitted of it, indeed, but they had had to endure the horror of a trial for their lives, and to incur the cost of their defence. This was calculated to make all officers, civil as well as military, take care how they quelled a mob for the future. The results of the salutary lesson thus impressed on authorities we have just seen at Belfast. Enforcement of responsibility can have no other effect on sane people than that of making them resolve to do nothing for which they can possibly become responsible. Responsibility is surely intended to make folks take care to be safe. How can a strictly logical Public complain that it answers its purpose?

Exact strict responsibility for all blunders, mistakes, and errors of judgment. But then, if you want anybody but a fool to run the least risk in serving you—don't you wish you may get him? How nice to enjoy both the satisfaction of exacting responsibility, and also the advantage derived from daring! How equally nice would be the cake which you could eat and keep too!

A WORD TO A WESTRY.

A NEW Medical Officer is wanted in Marylebone. Upwards of two hundred doctors have designated their distinguished brother, DR. HASSALL, as the man for the place. That these educated gentlemen, who have the best means of forming a judgment on the subject, should have made the suggestion, has enraged that awful body the Marylebone Vestry. This splutters and swaggers, and taking advantage, in the pettiest manner, of a word the doctors have used—the word everybody else uses in regard to the Vestry in question—"delegates," the terrible Vestrymen denounce the Medical Profession for its interference. Now, if Marylebone were Houndsditch, or the New Cut, or any place where adulteration and fraud in trade were the rule and not the exception, we could understand the hatred of tradesmen for a man like DR. HASSALL, who has shown up very mercilessly the merciless tricks of shopkeepers. But the tradesmen who form the majority of the Marylebone Vestry are of a high class, and cannot be suspected of ill-will towards an exposer of disgraceful practices. Still, it looks fishy to see Trade banded against HASSALL, and for the sake of the "good taste" of which these swell parochials are so justly proud, *Punch* thinks that they should listen to the Profession on a subject which it must understand better than they can.

The Noble Army of Yankees.

IT is said that a German worthy, named KARL VON ESSENGHEN, at New York, has devised a plan for intercepting the *Victoria*, communicating with MÜLLER, and enabling him to escape in a fishing-boat and enlist in the Army of the United States, for a bounty to be pocketed by MR. VON ESSENGHEN. If MR. MÜLLER did really murder MR. BRIGGS, he will be just the sort of recruit for the Federal Army.

A VISIT TO THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

(AIR.—"*The Low-backed Car.*")

To MR. MELLON'S Concerts,
I went the other day;
(I should say night), 'twas that I might,
Hear his musicians play;
But the Programme told me what I had
Before that time not known,
That among the men was ALI BEN,
Who would play on his Turkophone.
Now what was his Turkophone?
I couldn't make out, I own;
I asked all around, but no one could be found,
Who was up to the Turkophone.

I'd heard CARLOTTA PATTI,
MISS HUDDART well I knew,
And a German maid, who sweetly played
On the grand pianny, too;
And MR. LEVY who had
Charmed LOUIS on his throne;
But somehow very few had
Ever heard of a Turkophone.
Now what was a Turkophone?
I couldn't make out, I own;
I asked all around, but no one could be found,
Who was up to the Turkophone.

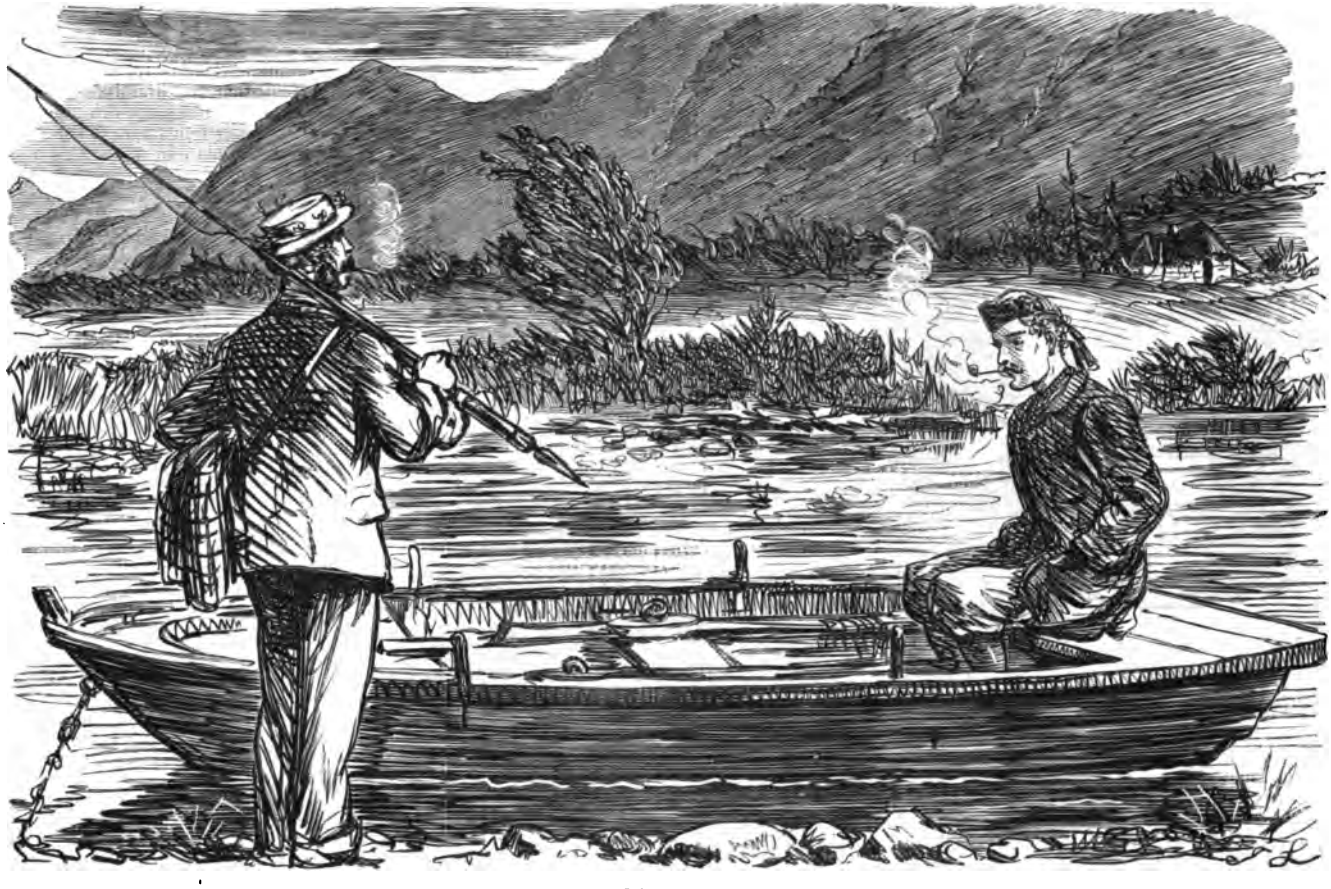
I didn't mind ROSSINI,
I wearied of MOZART;
And the worst of bores I considered the pause,
'Twixt the first and second part.
I grew so agitated that,
I scarce could stand alone;
And I cried out, "When will ALI BEN
"Come and play on his Turkophone?"
Oh, what is a Turkophone?
I cannot make out, I own.
Is it wind, is it string, oh what sort of a thing,
Is this wonderful Turkophone?

'Twas very near eleven,
MR. MELLON gives a rap:
And a man in a fez cries out, "Oh, yez,"
Like a foreign sort of chap.
And then was the great ALI BEN,
To the English public shown;
He was dressed in his best, in a Turkish vest,
And he carried the Turkophone.
But was it the Turkophone?
I couldn't make out, I own.
'Twas a lute, or a flute, or a hautboy; but no boy
Could swear 'twas the Turkophone.

He handled it so neatly
Before the list'ning crowd,
And he piped and wiped, and he wiped and piped,
Then looked around and bowed.
And the people all applauded,
For he brought out such a tone,
And the man at the harp had to look very sharp
To keep up with the Turkophone.
As he tootled the Turkophone,
The player on the trombone
Put his hand to his ear, and then let fall a tear
As he grinned at the Turkophone.

'Twas the Last of Summer Roses
He played, and then I smiled,
When very soon we lost the tune
In his variations wild.
So away we went to supper,
For hungry had we grown,
And ordered some "Fizz," which the right thing is
With a devilled Turkeybone.
That wonderful Turkophone!
But a grilled peppered Turkeybone.
And Champagne at the Raleigh would make e'en
BEN ALI,
Cry, "Bother the Turkophone!"

Digitized by Google



SALMON-FISHING!

Friend (on the bank). "WELL, JACK! HAVE YOU HAD PRETTY GOOD SPORT?"

Jack. "SPORT! IF YOU CALL IT SPORT TO HAVE NO WATER AND NO FISH, AND TO PAY NINETY POUNDS FOR THREE WEEKS OF IT, I'VE HAD PLENTY!"

AN IRISH MARE'S NEST.

THE Mayor of Belfast, a grocer named LYTLE, has been awfully wigged by the MARQUIS OF DONEGALL, Provincial Grand Master of Masons, for absence from Belfast during the recent scenes of savagery. The grocer says he wasn't well, but did not leave his duty until the night of the day on which the riots began, besides which, in anticipation of a fray, he had called in 150 extra policemen. Then he went to Harrogate. Now we do not expect grocers to be logicians, and we are quite content when they sell us good currants and coffee at a fair price. But when they turn Mayors, and begin to "hargyfy," we must apply the test usual in dealing with the utterances of great men. If MR. LYTLE thought that there was any chance of a row, he ought to have stayed; if he did not think so, why did he send for extra peelers? However, what he lacks in logic he makes up Irish fashion, declaring himself to be a very grand kind of man, and taunting LORD DONEGALL with not having done his, the Mayor's, own business. Clearly he ought to have been a valiant Mayor—like our own SIR WILLIAM WALWORTH—snatched up his mace (not that which he keeps in the drawer with the ginger), beaten a drum (not a drum of his excellent figs), and caused the rioters on both sides to "nap pepper." The Marquis has put the saddle on the right horse, but Belfast has put the gown on the wrong mayor.

Amends to Leicester.

THE Balloonatics of Leicester are incensed with *Mr. Punch* for having hinted that people who elect a certain kind of orator should have been kinder to a Wind-bag. They inform him, haughtily, first, that MR. COXWELL'S balloon was not destroyed by Leicester men, but by excursionists, and secondly that Leicester wants no dictation as to its choice of a representative. If the former statement be true, we will pardon the little escape of electoral gas manifested in the second, the rather that the Leicester men are subscribing pennies to buy the gallant aëronaut a new balloon—a most graceful way of skying their coppers.

OUR OWN REVIEW.

A NEW Poem with an old title has just come under our notice. It is called *The "Lay" of the Last Minstrel*, and is very properly dedicated to MR. BASS, M.P. The introduction is very fine, and the allusion, in the third line, to—

"His withered *cheek*,"

no less poetical than true. The organman's cheek is, we trust, rapidly diminishing:—

"The last of all the grinders, he,
Who sang of BABBAGE chivalry.
For well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead,
And he, by just police suppressed,
Moved on and gave poor inmates rest.
No more by patient donkey borne,
The Monster Organ roused the morn,
No longer courted and caressed,
By heartless neighbours, dreadful pest!
For Bass, M.P., in Session time,
Had made his grinder's art a crime."

So the organman driven from the Metropolis, wandered forth into the country, and there

"He played, to please a peasant's ear,
The tunes, that none in town would hear."

This poem should be in everybody's hands. If, in consequence of the great demand, it is not already out of print, we wish that our readers may get it.

The New Bream Down Harbour.

WE see paragraphs thus headed. What sort of a fish is the new bream, and why does it swim down harbour, and down what harbour does it swim? When MR. F. BUCKLAND goes out of mourning for the lamented sturgeon, we should like the above ichthyological information.

A VISIT TO MYNHEER VAN DUNK.



DEAR PUNCH,—As a man of very varied and extensive information, you doubtless are aware that Her Majesty QUEEN ANNE is dead, and that our once allies the Dutch have taken Holland. But there are certain other facts relating to that country which may very likely not have come within your notice; and I should not be surprised if, in common with most Englishmen, you still labour under numerous delusions as to Dutchland. I dare say now you fancy that, excepting cheese, perhaps, there is nothing there worth looking at. A few pictures there may be, in the tea-board style of art, and here and there a quaint costume, not as yet extinguished by the milliners of Paris. Your notion of a Dutchman is taken very probably from *Knickerbocker's History*, and formed upon the model of the famous *Rip Van Winkel*. You imagine him a man about as broad as he is long, whose habit is to sit at home all day smoking a huge meerschaum, and never opening his fat lips, excepting when his pipe or his stomach may want filling. The sage Dutchmen, you have read, when their city was attacked, sat smoking in mute council till the fragrant cloud they blew enveloped all their city, and thus hid it from the enemy. Well, Dutchmen certainly do smoke, but they don't smoke meerschaums now, and but few clay pipes are visible. The modern *Rip Van Winkel* would most likely go to sleep with a cigar between his lips, for cigars are now in vogue with all smokers in Holland. Soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor, gentleman, apothecary,* small boy, thief, every one you see there is smoking a cigar. Weeds in Holland are as plentiful as weeds now in the Thames, and if you have pulled from Oxford lately, you can estimate their number without much fear of adding to it. A row from Oxford down to Windsor is like rowing through a salad; and if the drought should last much longer, I expect to hear that Croquêt has been played upon the river, and the regatta reach at Henley has been chosen for a cricket-match.

Put aside, then, if you please, your old Knickerbocker notions, and learn that Dutchmen now, excepting that they mostly shave, are vastly like to Englishmen. *Tollite barbarum!* "Away with the barber!" has been our cry of late, but is not echoed yet by Dutchmen. A moustache is here the rule, in Holland the exception; and, so far as I could see, a beard is very seldom reared there. The Dutch are not more silent than ourselves, and are scarcely greater smokers; and in many of their ways —their love of home comforts, for instance, and their industry in business—they show a strongly-marked resemblance to the English. They eat roast beef, and they drink beer, and go to clubs to read the newspaper, in a manner not much different from that of most Great Britons. Their country is in fact a sort of foreign England, and any English visitor soon finds himself at home there. On the whole, I think their churches and their other public buildings quite as ugly as our own; and though they pay a little more regard to picturesqueness in their houses, these do not look a whit less likely than our own to yield a comfortable dwelling-place. As a rule, their rooms seem far more lofty than our own; and their front doors are so gigantic that they all seem made for Brobdingnags. Not being a business man, I could not value, as it merited, the vastness of their warehouses; but I delighted to observe how beauty in their architecture blended with utility, and how the decorated gable ends, on which such pains and paint had been carefully bestowed, were all furnished with a hook to haul up—if not merchandise—chairs, chests of drawers, and dinner tables.

Not for the world would I throw doubt upon the *dicta* of our Bishops. But the BISHOP who informed us, in the jolliest of glees, that our friend MYNHEER VAN DUNK "drank brandy-and-water gaily," and daily quenched his thirst with half a gallon of that spirit, I fear can hardly be relied on for correctness in his statement. If, however, it be true, MYNHEER VAN DUNK must have been quite an exception to the rule which Dutchmen practise in their drinking. Beer is their chief tipple, and the few who call for spirits, take Schiedam, not brandy. If you go into a Koffijhuis, you find that eight in ten, at least, are drinking beer, while the other two most probably are sipping lemonade, or some mild drink of that sort. I never saw a drunken man in my week's visit; and, indeed, the beer which is commonly consumed seems hardly to be capable of producing drunkenness. Poor, thin, wishywashy stuff it is, not better than our "swipes," and has but very little flavour excepting what is nasty. I pity Dutchmen for their living so remote from BASS and ALSOPP, and for their distance from the nectar brewed by CHARRINGTON or TRUMAN. I think a British Beer Exporting Company should in charity be started for the benefit of Dutchmen, to enlighten their poor minds by showing what good stuff from malt and hops can be extracted. Care, however, must be taken that the barrels and the bottles be not tampered with in transit, and then refilled with German wishwash. Of all the tricks in trade I think this the most odious. What torture can be greater than to get a bottle marked with the red pyramid of BASS, and to find that it contains some continental nastiness? I experienced this agony myself at Amster-hem! (as the genteel lady called it), and was charged a guilder for the disappointment. Of course, big brewers cannot stoop to bottle their own beer; but they might appoint their bottlers, and make them use stamped corks, and then Englishmen abroad would not be duped as I was. Marked bottles may, of course, be emptied and refilled with any vat-rinsings and cask-dregs; but marked corks, when once drawn, could not be used again, and I would make it penal to imitate the stamp on them.

I have said that Holland often reminded me of England, but the beer I tried to drink there certainly did little to refresh my recollection. At the same hotel, however, where I was duped so Bass-ly, my native land was strongly brought into my memory. I arrived on Sunday evening, as weary and as hungry as a long Dutch sermon, followed by a short journey, could make me. "Waiter! garçon! Jan!" said I, in my best Dutch, "I want some dinner, sharp now! Vat haben you to giben me?" I thought he looked a Dutchman, so I gave myself the trouble to speak in his own language. But, beshrew me! the knave answered, "Dinnersir? yessir. Whatwouldyoupleaseto'aveair?" just as though I had arrived at any swell hotel in England. "Oh, well," I replied, a little disappointed at not having to talk Dutch, "I want something nice and foreign, *un dîner du pays, voyez-vous*," said I; for when travelling abroad I never lose a chance of trotting out my French, albeit that plain English may be vastly more intelligible. "Furrin-dinner? Yessir. Bringyouabiledfowlsir, horwouldy'pleaseto'averoast-beef?" Boiled fowl or roast beef! Wasn't that a pretty dish to set before an Englishman, whose main desire in travelling was to expel all thoughts of England, and live a foreign life! But I was much too hungry to move any amendment of this wretched bill of fare, and so I sat and vainly tried to think myself abroad the while I ate roast beef off a dinner-plate marked "Wedgwood," served on an Irish table-cloth, and carved with a Sheffield knife and fork.

I have another word or two to say about the Dutch, so I beg leave to subscribe myself, yours, dear *Punch*, eternally (until the middle of next week, say),

VAGABUNDUS.

* When you write to your Dutch friends, you should spell this "apotheek," and you may ask why the apotheeks always have a ghastly-carved head stuck outside their shops, with the mouth gaping its widest, as though taking a big pill?

"BEES ARE HUMMING, I AM COMING."

WE think that a line has accidentally slipped out of the last letter from the Bee-Master. He says that critics of the wasp kind are delighted when they can discover a trumpery blemish in the works of TENNYSON or LONGFELLOW. Has not the printer managed to omit the words that should follow—something of this kind, "or detect a careless lapsus in a Lecture on Prophecy." Eh, DR. BEE-MASTER? Nevertheless your letters are very good ones, and you may write as many more as the *Times* likes to insert, though as COWPER says:—

"We who make no honey, though we sting,
Critics, are sometimes apt to maul a thing."

A Contribution to the next Burlesque.

(It may be introduced à propos of nothing, of course.)

EAST-INDIAN Foundlings have no safe retreat,
Like CAPTAIN CORAM'S near Lamb's Conduit Street;
CORAM in India never watches o'er 'em,
For then he would be called an *Indy Coram*.

A BRUTAL DEMOCRACY.

HITHERTO we have known of an Animal Kingdom only, but now that the belligerent Yankees have sunk to the level of savage beasts, we are forced to recognise also an Animal Republic.



Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, TELL ME THE TIME!"
Crusty Old Gent. "YES, SIR,—BED-TIME!"

IN THIS OLD HAT.

In this old hat Policeman X
Has guarded London well;
In this beguiled the female sex,
And wooed each area-belle:
To fight and fray, by night and day,
From Kew to Camden Town,
That shiny top has put a stop,
Obedient to the Crown.

At parting from the friend of years
Deep sighs disturbed his belt;
His dark blue eyes brimful with tears
Attested what he felt:
The helmet now upon his brow,
He paces slowly by,
In doubt how Cook and JANE will look,
When it arrests their eye.

Policeman X, SIR RICHARD bless
With all your might—and main,
He apprehends the style of dress
That pleases Cook and JANE:
For over tea they both agree—
You captivating dear—
With such a casque you need but ask,
To have incessant beer.

"Non Talibus Horsepitiis."

FROM Cornwall comes a story of a horse who, weary of an idle life on a common, deliberately went and drowned himself in the sea. We don't believe a horse would be such an ass. Does not this sea-horse much resemble the *Cetus* pointed out to Privy Councillor *Polonius*, calf, by H.R.H. the PRINCE OF DENMARK, K.E.?

CLUB CONVERSATION

(FOR THE TIME OF YEAR).

SCENE—*Reading Room of the Club.* SOLITARY MEMBER, *who has read all the papers, serials, and magazines, is discovered sitting at writing-table, trying to remember some one to whom he owes a letter; as writing to* anybody *is more sociable than speaking to* nobody. *Door opens, and enter, cautiously,* DE FEBLE.

Sol. Member (*laying down his pen and elevating his eyebrows*). Hallo!

De Feble (*as if intensely surprised*). What, *you* here!

Sol. Mem. (*rising, with outstretched hand, and in his heartiest manner*): How are you?

De Feble (*making the usual satisfactory reply*). How are you?

During the Season, DE FEBLE nods, and just manages to recognise the existence of SOLITARY MEMBER, and the latter speaks of the former as "that conceited puppy DE FEBLE, whom he should like to kick," or words to that effect. But now, in the desolation of a St. James's Street Club, it is a hand to grasp, a human voice with a word of sympathetic welcome, even though that hand be nothing but a paw, and the voice a yelp, which by a logical development of the canine simile they both very well might be.

Sol. Mem. (*returning to his seat, making as though his letter was of great consequence in order to give* DE FEBLE *the idea that business detains him in Town*). Well—and so—you—(*after the first glow of heartiness there comes over them both, but more especially over the one who has made the first advance, an indefinable chill*)—you—(*hits on a bright idea*)—you're in Town, are you?

De Feble (*rather ashamed of himself, and not liking to admit the fact all at once, says dubiously*). Well—yes. But—um—(*clears his fashionable reputation at the expense of his veracity*), I'm going down into the country to-night.

Sol. Mem. Ah! (*Wishes he could say so, too; thinks he will say so.*) I'm a—(*becomes nervous, and thinks he won't*), at least I'm not going away yet awhile.

De Feble (*feeling that he has got the advantage over his acquaintance now*). Ah! I shall be away for some time.

Sol. Mem. (*fidgeting with his pen*). Ah! (*vaguely*), going to Hertfordshire?

De Feble (*with some uncertainty*). No, no, (*as much as to say that he could go to Hertfordshire if he pleased*). I shall get some shooting at my Uncle's, and so forth, as usual.

[*Shrugging his shoulders as if the arrangements bored him.*

Sol. Mem. (*Smiling thoughtfully*). Yes. (*Looks serious and wonders what the deuce he was smiling at.*) Yes.

[*Begins to watch the few people in the street.*

De Feble (*tracking back*). Yes. I shall be off to-night, (*knocking his cane on the floor*) or to-morrow morning, early.

[*Watches people in the street.*

Sol. Mem. Ah—yes—er—. [*Bites pen.*

De Feble. Well—or (*looks at his watch*), let me see, I must—

[*Mumbles something to himself.*

Sol. Mem. Um—um—

[*Tears up a piece of paper, and makes a show of commencing a letter.*

De Feble. Well—er—(*as if about to say something of great importance which he had left for the last moment*)—Good bye.

Sol. Mem. Good bye. (*Nods pleasantly, but omits the ceremony of shaking hands.*)

Exit DE FEBLE, *making a mental memorandum to the effect that he must not, for his own credit's sake, enter the Club again for some days.*

DE FEBLE partly regrets within himself that he did not ask the Solitary One if he was going to "dine at the Club—and go anywhere;" but he cannot do that now, so he feeds at some remote restaurant, or in his own chambers with himself and his Familiar Humbug.

SOLITARY MEMBER entertains a better feeling towards DE FEBLE after this interview, than he ever did before. For DE FEBLE's blooming companions being all out of Town, the natural man is peeping out through the artificial man; the buckram Court dress of the season has been taken off, and DE FEBLE goes easily in his smoking coat. And so it comes to pass, that, in the letter which SOLITARY MEMBER *does* pen to a friend out of Town, this sentence stands recorded—"I met DE FEBLE in Town to-day. He's not such a bad fellow, after all." So these two men are, both of them, the better for being chucked against one another, by an unfashionable Fate, in this *entr'acte* time of the year.

The Weather.

THE storm which was in London on a Sunday, visited several parts of the Country during the week. It was heartily welcomed wherever it dropped in. This sounds all very well, and is of course at this season, the fashionably correct movement; but what, we may ask, will the poor bound-down-to-London Londoners do, when even the Wettest Weather leaves Town?

ADVICE.

How to make a Watch keep time.—Never wind it up, it will then keep the same time all the year round.

Digitized by Google

FROM OUR ILL-USED CONTRIBUTOR.

To Mr. Punch.

The Temple.



SIR,—The Starry GALILEO (and his woes) may have preceded me in remarking that the world still moves. He was born in 1564, and died in 1642. I have nothing to add to his Copernican observation. I am obeying your tyrannic orders, and am remaining in town. But you are throwing away my salary, though that may not be much to talk about. I could do you much better service by sending you sparkling essays, prompted by the pleasures of the sea-shore, or the excitements of foreign travel, as I promised to do if you would let me go away, and you know that such promises are always redeemed by an errant Contributor. *Mais tu l'as voulu.*

That Irish agriculturist who fed his pig one day and starved him the next, and so on, in order that the bacon might show alternate slices of fat and lean, has relieved ADMIRAL FITZROY at the weather office, for everybody is relieved except myself. Yesterday it rained steadily, and I was wet through with rain. To-day the sun scorches and—antithesis demands what delicacy denies—let me merely say that I am unpleasantly hot. The tradesman who supplies ice to my refrigerator here is of course at Hastings or Dieppe, at all events he has sent me no ice. Yet I paid his bill, at his request, a fortnight ago. The next time he wants to leave town, he need not depend upon my aid to put him in funds. I will pay his ice-bill at Christmas, and console him for the delay with a jest touching the fittingness of things. I drink your health in lukewarm soda-water, and you may imagine the attendant good wishes.

Last week I gently complained, or rather I faintly murmured, because of many hardships. I hinted that by enforcing my sojourn in town at such a time you were debilitating the finest intellect in your service. I regret to say that you are answerable for a still worse state of things. I have become addicted to play. Among the fluctuating population of five who now pervade the Club, three play whist, or imagine that they do so. They conspired on Thursday to induce me to join them, and I was, as our humbler fellow-creatures say, "*that* helpless," that I tore myself from the *Annual Register* for 1789, and dragged myself into the card-room. I play well, but it is upon a theory of my own, which is based upon the principle of paying no attention to the play of the others at the table. This play is not understood by ordinary minds, and though my promptitude at Athanasian repartee prevents persons from frequently remonstrating with me, I perceive that my play is disagreeable to my companions. This is some compensation, I allow, for my misfortunes, but it is only a sentimental compensation, and is not much in account against the loss of six, eight, and nine pounds, odd shillings, lost by me on three afternoons respectively. I believe, at least, that such will be the opinion of MRS. EPICURUS, to whom, on the remote chance of a wife's troubling herself to read her husband's rubbish, I hereby break the pleasing news. The fault, if there be any, of course is entirely your own, for had you allowed me to be at Scarborough with my family, as would beseem a husband and a father, I should not have been playing whist with the heartless at the Opossum Club. I do not know whether I shall play again to-morrow, but very likely there will be an addition to the load on your editorial conscience, and to the demand which I shall have to make upon you as the Chancellor of *Mr. Punch's* Exchequer. And I will add, though that obstinate idiot, SNOOZER, couldn't or wouldn't see it, and wickedly provoked me into using bad language by his persistency, I was right at the end of the game, as second hand, remaining with tenace in trumps and king of another suit guarded, eldest hand holding minor tenace and the corresponding ace, and leading the ace, I was right, I say (and SNOOZER be hanged) to sacrifice my king, because then I brought it to an equal chance whether I won three or two tricks; whereas, if I had held back king, three couldn't have been made: and if you don't see this, you are as numb a hand as SNOOZER, and I don't care a red cent what CŒLEBS says, or anybody else.

I meant to go and see the balloon start from the Crystal Palace one day last week, and to have described the ascent, in order to give you something novel and exciting, but I forgot the affair on the very day. You may have remarked, or you may not, and you may accept the profound observation in lieu of the graphic detail that would otherwise have filled this paragraph, that when one is exceedingly busy with all one's intellectual steam at high pressure, an able man, like myself, never forgets anything, and a score of important things are all attended to at the right moment and in the best manner. Whereas, when one has nothing to do, except one or two things, the chances are that they are forgotten, or dawdled over, and dealt with in an unsatisfactory way. This is illustrated in London and Provincial life. An active Londoner, with all his hours crowded, finds time to write or answer letters. A bucolic party, with abundant leisure, can never find time to write when he ought, and invariably begins his letter with some excuse for delay; a parson called, or a pig had to be killed, or there was no ink, or GOODY BROWN's children had got the hooping-cough and he had visited them and feared to send contagion in the letter. But about the balloon. Perhaps it was as well I did not go, for in my state of mind a very little would have tempted me to ascend with MR. COXWELL. I did go up once from Cremorne Gardens with MR. GREEN, and never enjoyed myself more, especially the coming back from Erith marshes, (where we landed,) in a damp old mouldy omnibus, drawn by two cart-horses. Perhaps there be men, now decorous and retired like myself, who remember that night, and whether night or morning looked upon the returned voyagers when they emerged from a roaring *café* (we wittily and monosyllabically called it *café*) near the respected BUCKSTONE's theatre. But my second voyage might not have been so prosperous, and what would you have thought of yourself then, to say nothing of the compensation which my executors would have exacted from you in the interest of that female at Scarborough?

You will be happy to know that the Thames Embankment is going on well. The incessant fall of the Monkey, and the equally incessant bawling and swearing of the intelligent operatives, whom I take to be mainly of the Irish persuasion, now disturb not my accustomed ears, but about once in every two hours I hear a preternatural row, and then I know that a horse and cart have been cast into the Thames in company with the load which it had been intended to add to the bank. Sometimes horse and cart are dragged out, amid shouts and execrations that might be heard from the Temple to Greenwich (where I have not dined once this year), but at other times I incline to believe that the animal, being drowned, is interred in the Embankment, and laid away for a few centuries, at the end of which his bones will be dug out, and set up in the British Museum at Kensington, in evidence that the English of the Victorian age buried horses with funeral rites, and could have been by no means the Christians they described themselves in the leading articles and sermons of the period. By the way, I suspect, *entre nous*, that we, the Victorians, may be somewhat roughly handled by posterity for one or two other matters about which we are rather complacent, and I think, therefore, that we are wise in our generation in praising ourselves as much as possible (as we do on the slightest provocation), while we have the opportunity. We are a great and glorious people, but I wish we could manage to do posterity out of the law and criminal reports and a few other records of the day. However, my own writings will tell to all time that while I was proud of the progress of my country, I was not blind to her errors, which I always sought to correct.

You will probably ask me, in the private note enclosing your cheque how I spent my Sunday. I reply by anticipation to this unjustifiable demand, by stating that I do not consider you entitled to inquire. That day is a holiday, even to me. It is a holiday to all except to the thousands engaged in getting up the daily papers for Monday. I hope the Sabbatarians are aware of the exception, and that every dweller at Clapham or any other pious neighbourhood, who reads a paper on Monday, knows that he or she is an accomplice in what he or she considers criminal. The Sunday papers are all prepared on Saturday, but the newspaper, the absence of which on Monday morning would, I fear, cause considerable ill-temper in the families and at the counting-houses of the patrons of Exeter Hall, is produced by the literary and mechanical labour of Sunday. No humbug can do away with this fact; and until Sabbatarianism registers and keeps a vow never to read a Monday newspaper, Sabbatarianism is just as wicked as the evil barber who shaves the mechanic before the bells ring.

As for your demand about my Sunday, I will merely say that our district church being closed for repairs, and I having been severely admonished by more than one bishop of my acquaintance upon the duty of keeping to my parish, I permitted my one remaining servant (who disclaimed any such scruples) to leave our house in my charge, and to go to her own church. I hope she did. She took extraordinary pains with her toilette, and I observed that she was joined, at the corner of the Square, by a smiling young man, simply and elegantly attired, whose red waistcoat, blue cravat, and yellow gloves had quite a floral effect upon the eye. The discourse they attended must have been long, as she was absent from half-past ten until a quarter to three; but the humbler classes do not speedily weary of instruction, as their more frivolous superiors do. I devoted my own morning to reading the Homilies, and I now quite understand why the clergy disobey the counsel of the Rubrick, and never read those compositions instead of

their own dull sermons. For after a course of the close, pithy, pregnant English homilies, the platitudes of the ordinary pulpit would be intolerable to the congregation. But, if preachers would preach like CHARLES KINGSLEY, they need not be afraid of such contrasts; but to preach as he does, a man wants brains like his, and such articles are not too abundantly distributed in Church or State.

Having thus again supplied you, as desired, with a general view of what is going on, and with my particular views into the bargain, I beg you to receive the assurance, &c.

EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

STREET-ARCHITECTURE.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE not visited London for some time, but being called up to the Metropolis on business, I have made the best use of my spare moments by walking through the great thoroughfares, and noting the present vast improvements in Street-Architecture. I was much struck with an Ecclesiastical Building in the Strand at the corner of Catherine Street. To what order of architecture it belongs I am unable to say, but it is, perhaps, a sort of Scott-Goth-Italian-Norman-Puginesque style, which presents to the eye of the spectator a confusing beauty entirely its own. It is evidently a Monastery, or a Nunnery; or, on second thoughts, it might be a Roman Catholic Chapel, with house and schools attached. While thinking the matter over, from the opposite side of the way, it suddenly occurred to me that it might be an Irvingite place of worship, or something perhaps of the Early-English-Italian order, built specially, according to some original design, for Brother IGNATIUS. A gentleman also much interested in the subject suggested that it was "Baths and Wash'uses." He said, that he spoke from experience, as he has found that almost all new buildings of this fashion ultimately turn out to be Baths and Wash'uses. Some one tried to make me believe that it was intended for a Music Hall. But though I may be a young man from the country, yet am I not to be got over in that manner. The idea of the *Perfect Cure*, or the *Dark Girl*, or any other of those vulgarities, being perpetrated within the solemn cloister! No, no. It's a Monastery, or a Chapel or Church of some kind, or I'm another. On Sunday I attempted to enter what I thought was a pretty little Gothic Chapel, not a hundred miles from Leicester Square. I was nearly being taken up by a Policeman for attempting a burglary upon the London and Leicester Square Bank! There seems to be some want of originality in design among our architects. Let a Chapel be a Chapel, a Music Hall be a Music Hall, a Bank a Bank, and let me sign myself,

Yours truly, LITTLE BEN.

MIXED PUNCH.

LAST week, *Mr. Punch* received a sensation. The *Times* published a letter, to which were appended some lines, headed *Prison Verses*. These the correspondent stated to have been found on a prisoner in a certain gaol. A glance at the verses, which are excessively clever, as *Mr. Punch's* next words will prove, showed him that they were His Own. They adorned his columns a few years ago, and are an improvement upon DR. WATTS's poem, *Whene'er I take my Walks Abroad*. *Mr. Punch's* sensation, however, was not one of pride—quite the reverse. He was filled with sorrow that a man who could and did read *Punch*, should not have been preserved from error, and should have behaved so evilly as to have deserved imprisonment. As *Mr. Punch* moodily brooded over this fact, he looked at the verses again, and to his partial satisfaction found that some of them had been altered and debased. The criminal had studied them from an impure edition. This, of course, removes all blame from *Mr. Punch*. If a doctor prescribes a drug, and that drug be administered in an adulterated form, it is not his fault if the patient continues ill. *Mr. Punch* has sent to the governor of the gaol a correct copy, to be given to the prisoner when his sentence shall have expired, and no doubt his reformation will then be complete.

PUNCH.

85, *Fleet Street*.

Polly Perkins.

LA *Gazette des Étrangers* informs us that—

"Trois jeunes miss, les filles de M. PERKINS, le célèbre brasseur de Londres, étaient allées jusqu' aux rochers des Grands-Mulets."

We can state, on good authority, that MDLLE. POLLY PERKINS, of Paddington Green, was not of the party, as she has not yet quitted Town, nor indeed does she appear likely to leave us for some considerable time.

ROUGE-ET-NOIR AT HOME.

To those who are unable to visit Homburg this year, we are authorised to state, that though ordinary gambling is clearly illegal, yet, on parts of the River Thames, the authorities permit any amount of "punting."

MILK FOR PIGS.

An Eclogue.

THOU, to Elysium ere thy Manes fled,
Who didst relate what brutes, discoursing, said,
Possess this hand, and through my pen set down,
A dialogue between a Pig and Clown.
JOHN SMOCK, whose arms on elbows fixed, as props,
With palms of horn supported lantern chops,
Leant o'er the palings which enclosed a stye,
Bespoke the Pig, and heard the Pig's reply.

JOHN.

Thee bist a happy chap now, bistn't thee?
Ah! better off a precious sight nor me.
To veast and sleep an aisy life is thine;
How much alike lives gentlefolks and swine!

PIG.

Humph! What hast brought? Hey? Let us have it. What?
No wash? No grains? No barley-meal hast got?
Nought? Nought? Hoh! Nothing? Neither bite nor sup?
Then what disturb me for, and stir me up?

JOHN.

Look, here 's a tatur; zummut vor to munch,
To stay thy stummick till they brings thy lunch.
You pigs, you always gets your reglar meals;
Tain't for no want you grunts, and squeaks, and squeals.

PIG.

Tatur? Don't like it. Coarse and common food.
Ugh! Take it home and cook it for thy brood,
Whilst they eat taturs, I myself regale
On the white plenty of the milkmaid's pail.

JOHN.

Ees, that thee dost, and so we can't, not we,
Git nare a drap o' milk our young to gie.
Ay, dairy-fed thee bist, and dost no work:
Dost know thee 'rt beun vatten'd up for pork?

PIG.

Eh? Umph! What? Future never think about.
Eat, drink, enjoy the present. Lout! Get out!
Come what may come to-morrow; feast to-day.
I have milk and you haven't. Go away!

JOHN.

Fine griskin for a roast thee 'lt make by 'n by!
I thinks I hears thy cracklin' fizz and fry.
Yaa! Christians' projinny for milk may squall;
To feed the Pigs the Farmers gies it all.



AN ANTI-BANTING-ITE.

For the Use of Schools.

QUEEN ELIZABETH was remarkably proud of her personal appearance. When she assumed to herself the title of "Head of the Church," it was SIR WALTER RALEIGH who suggested, that, instead of this title, her Majesty should have that of "The Vane."

TURF CLASSICS.—A couple of "Welshers" may be described as PAR NOBBLE-LE FRATRUM.

Digitized by Google



"LOVE'S COURSE NEVER DID," YOU KNOW.

IT WAS VERY UNPLEASANT! BUT WHAT JENKYNNES HAD TO SAY TO HIS FLORA, WAS SAID UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES.

QUIET WATERING-PLACES.

THIRD DAY AT WINKLEBEACH.

Wednesday Morning.—Houp-là, tchk! Boom, bang, boom! Walk up! walk up! Full band belonging to the Circus playing all the morning. I will hie me to the Downs. Winklebeach shall yet have a chance of quiet immortality. I will spare it yet one day. Breakfast. I loathe the sight of prawns and detest 'winkles. What will I have for dinner to-day? What *can* I have? "Well any part of the mutton." This is a puzzler. How many parts has a mutton? Shall I say a round of mutton, or a saddle, or a haunch, or a brisket, or a chine (if it has a chine)? All these sound to me like family joints. I leave it to the landlady. I seek solitude among the Downs. Rabbits may peep at me, sheep-dogs may grin at me, the hawk may circle round and round my head, the lark may carol aloft; I care for none of them; I am free! free!

1 P.M.—The mountain air induces appetite; I must return to Winklebeach. *Houp-là, tchk;* boom bang, boom! still at it. Swallow my biscuit, drink confusion to organ-grinders and street-musical nuisances in an inspiring draught of BASS: then off to the Downs to my friends the circling hawk, the savage sheep-dog and the bleating fold. Away! I will take my note-book and philosophise. I choose a retired spot. Certain itinerant minstrels on their road to Winklebeach insist upon playing to me. They look ferocious, and are three to one. I give them money, and they pass on.

In my note-book, in pencil.—It occurs to me on the Downs that Winklebeach is a good place *to go away* from: that its proximity to the grand lonely Downs offers advantages to the contemplator of Nature that—

At this point I must have fallen into a sound sleep, from which I was abruptly awakened by great heavy drops of rain on my nose.—N.B. When it does rain at or near Winklebeach, it *does* rain: there's no mistake about it. In a few minutes I was wet through, and was forced to seek my Inn. Everyone driven from the Circus tent by the pelting rain into the Inn: the band as well. Boom boom, bang bang, in the tap-room.

4 *o'Clock.*—Squeaking of pipe. The *Pifferari* of the Abruzzi have arrived. Keep it up.

5, 6.—Rain. Performances going on down-stairs. There is, providentially, a lull during my dinner, in order to allow a Conjuror, belonging to the *troupe*, who has volunteered a performance, to make his preparations.

7.—Boom boom, bang bang! By permission of the authorities the large room in the Inn is to be cleared for the Conjuror. "Will I come and see it?" No, I denounce the Conjuror and all his works. They'll all be gone to-morrow, says the landlady. Thank goodness!

9.—The Conjuror is doing a trick with pistols. It has appeared to me that for the last half-hour most of the Conjuror's tricks have been done with pistols. Tea. What can I have? "Nothing, except prawns and ——" Bah! Shut the door.

10·30.—Singing and supper as before. *Pifferari* give an entertainment consisting of noises of their own native land.

11·45.—Winklebeach policeman is in bed, and won't come.

FOURTH DAY AT WINKLEBEACH.

Thursday Morning.—Circus gone. Capital. Fine day. Delightful. Landlady says she's glad it's a fine day, because of the Regatta. The what? The Regatta. Where? Here, at Winklebeach: it begins at eleven, the German band from Wilfriston will be here at ten o'clock. What! another band! Landlady says it will be a very gay day. What, gayer than yesterday? I ask. Oh, yes, much gayer than yesterday. There'll be crowds of people here. Oh! What 'll I have for dinner? I shall not dine to-day. Bring me *Bradshaw*. Send for the bathing-hackney-coach-machine. There's a train at 9·45 before the band. Farewell, Winklebeach.

Summary of Report for the D. U. Q. W. P. E. Company (Limited). Winklebeach may be the quietest place, except in the Winklebeach Season, which I am informed lasts during the summer months. The living is pretty good of its kind; but restricted chiefly to prawns, 'winkles, and parts of the mutton. On the whole, in Summer, avoid Winklebeach.



LIBERTY À LA PERSIGNY.

MR. BULL. "HA! THAT'S YOUR NOTION OF LIBERTY, IS IT, MUNSEER PERSIGNY?—IT AIN'T MINE!"

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

A VISIT TO MYNHEER VAN DUNK.



DEAR PUNCH,—His Brilliancy the Duke of Diamonds was staying at the Hague while I was there, but though I sojourned at the same hotel, I had not the good fortune to see him or his brilliants. It was the *Haagsche Courant* that told me of his presence, and on referring to the file, I found that for a month or so his name had been paraded at the head of the arrival list. For a mere Mister of course but one announcement will suffice, and he may consider himself in luck if he gets that. But a Royal Duke you know sheds such a lustre on a place, that immense care must be taken to tell the world his whereabouts. I dare say now the price of lodgings has been rising at the Hague, ever since the happy day when the Duke of Diamonds entered it. Some people like the privilege of living near the rose, even though the rose be fading and not in the best odour. I hear his Brilliancy when travelling always takes his diamonds with him, knowing no one he can trust enough to leave them with at home. If this be so, I certainly don't envy him his jewels; indeed I rather feel my pity rising for this poor old royal *Sindbad*, whose precious stones must surely be a precious burden to him, well nigh as wearying in travel as the *Old Man of the Sea*.

'S Gravenhage, or La Haye, or, as we English say, the Hague, is certainly the nicest place to stay at in all Holland, and if you have never been there, you will find it worth a visit. It is not so picturesque as Rotterdam or Haarlem, which latter town is full of quaint old high-peaked gable-ends, that an artist finds it difficult to pass by without sketching. At the Hague are finer houses, but of much more modern date, and, I scarce need say, a good deal less attractive to one's pencil. I think wherever one goes nowadays one finds this is the case, and that architects now study comfort more than picturesqueness. The chief charm of the Hague, however, is its wood, wherein is not too fine a palace, which the King makes his abiding place; wisely giving it the preference to the Dam at Amsterditto, where his other palace stands and many doubtful smells surround it. Now, there are few things I hate more than being dragged to see a Palace. But besides its clever frescoes and its curious Japan work, the palace in the wood is worth a visit for its ball-room, as is that at Amsterdam—which, by the way, your Majesty, sadly wants new doors to all the state apartments. Really, those I saw were of the scrubbiest and shabbiest. But the ball-room there, they told me, is the highest in the world; a hundred feet from floor to ceiling! an altitude which, if they please, the young ladies who caper there may call the height of luxury.

At the Hague, the wood I spoke of is quite thick with fine large beech-trees, whose shade the sun finds hardly penetrable; and in the middle is some water which is grandly called a lake, and by its margin some good music is once or twice a week or so performed by a good band to the delight of a good audience. Some few square yards near the orchestra are railed off for a Societeit, whose members, I presume, are payers of the pipers; but elsewhere you may stand or walk or sit about and hear good music gratis. I heard a symphony by MENDELSSOHN played here in the open air to at least three thousand listeners, who scarce moved foot or tongue until the final note of it. They lounged about and chatted while the dance-music was played, but when MENDELSSOHN began they all *intenti ora tenebant*. We have no big wood in London, where the ground sells by the inch; but a band plays in our parks at times, and, as happens at the Hague, many poorer folk are pleased by it. But I wonder if a symphony that lasted half-an-hour or so would here be heard with so much relish and applauded with such vehemence.

People go to bed in Dutchland at a reasonable hour, and there are not many street noises to prevent your sleeping. At the Hague I thought the kloppermen, whose business is to keep the peace, were liveliest in breaking it. They are armed with clumsy clappers, like what boys use to scare the crows with, and these they clap about the streets at night, and call out what's o'clock, which people fast asleep must find extremely useful. *Au reste*, I only heard one barrel-organ while I was in Holland; but now MR. BASS's Bill has passed, some of our legion may be driven thither. Moreover, the Dutch street-boys are less musical than ours, and not so much addicted to bellowing and cat-calling. The dogs too are, I fancy, better taught to hold their tongues than they are in this free country. Still I would not advise *Toby* yet to emigrate to Dutchland. There are real dog-carts there still, that is, small carts drawn by dogs (harnessed four abreast sometimes) who don't look very happy in them. Besides, as dogs delight occasionally to bite as well as bark, *Toby* would not be allowed to take his walks abroad without having a muzzle on. By the way, this talk of dogs reminds me that at Omsterdem (as the natives mostly call it) I got an Anglo-French-Dutch dictionary to improve my mind a bit one rather rainy morning; and herein, wishing to pick up a useful word or two that might serve me while in Holland, under the letter T quite suddenly I stumbled upon this—

"Tonner . . Donderdagen Anglais."

I forget what was the Dutch for it. But, will you believe me? there was no mention of *Toby*! With kind regards to whom, believe me yours sincerely,

VAGABUNDUS.

FORM AND SUBSTANCE.

(*A Poem by a Particle.*)

I'm an ultimate atom of matter,
And revolve, in a varying round
Of relations, from former to latter,
And back, in and out of the ground.

Through the River I went to the sea
From the City, returning in wheat.
Here I am again, sent, by the baker,
In the loaf that you're going to eat.

All existence is but circulation,
Up and down, down and up, as before,
This is that in mere recombination
We ourselves are ourselves evermore.

A RECEIPT.

THE *Saturday Review* quoted the other day an admirable receipt from "British and Foreign Spirits," which was called "our own" Punch; after giving some very generous directions as to the quantities and qualities of rum, sugar, sherry or port, and orange bitters, it finishes with:—

"Fill the tumbler up with boiling water, and stir together."

Two correspondents write to us, complaining of the hardship attendant upon any attempt at compliance with the last requisition. They used all the ingredients, multiplied according to the size of their bowl, and not only filled, but also emptied their tumblers (they are unable to say how many times, but certainly more than once), and then found that to "stir together," or indeed to stir at all, was a physical impossibility. Left sitting.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

A RAILWAY Committee in 1864, are restoring the Cross of Charing, on which a Puritan Committee vented their spite in 1641. It is being reared in front of the Grand Hotel. Can any of your readers inform me as to the truth of the following hypothesis:—

The many ELEANOR'S Crosses are supposed by some to have had their origin in the frequent bickerings of the Royal Naggletonians. Whenever the QUEEN lost her temper, as, for instance, she did at Waltham, the KING quietly observed "ELEANOR'S Cross." Whereupon, with a Courtier's officious zeal, a subscription was immediately got up by one of the Lords in Waiting, and a lasting memorial of the QUEEN'S violence was speedily erected.

"It is the curse of Kings to be attended
By slaves, who take their humours for a warrant."

Short Whist.

"SHORT whist," says a descendant of MRS. BATTLE, whose opinions on the game are very generally known, "is a rubber, where two, out of four, are hard-up players, unable to settle their losses. This is very "short whist."

"Long whist," adds this excellent matron, "is MR. BATTLE'S constant excuse for coming home from his Club, at four o'clock in the morning."

Digitized by Google



THE REFINING EFFECTS OF THE METRIC SYSTEM

IN THE COLLIERY DISTRICTS.

Miner (*loq.*). "WUNY OOP TO 'IGH PARK COLLIERY, A'LL TOORN TO ROIGHT 'BOOT CENTIMETRE OOP ROOAD, THEN GOA ON STRAIGHT ROOAD 'BOOT DEKAMETRE, TILL A COOM TE COMMON, CROSS OVER IT 'BOOT HEKTOMETRE TO WHOITE GATE INTO 30 DEKARE FIELD, THEN GOA REET LONG OOP TO FARM THROUGH WOOD, AN A'LL BE WI'IN A METRE ON 'T."

BALLAD FOR THE BRITISH VOLUNTEER.

NOT famous ALEXANDER,
Nor noble PERICLES,
Nor any great Commander,
Name any one you please,
Of his hosts of valiant heroes
Had any to compare,
With the brave band who defend their native land;
To the British Volunteer.

There never were such fellows,
Except the British Line,
(So don't let that be jealous)
For drill and discipline.
Obedience to orders,
No matter how severe,
As we may say, is the *spécialité*
Of the British Volunteer.

One regiment, notwithstanding,
This good rule lately broke,
Its officer commanding,
Withstood—the Basingstoke—
And so has been disbanded,
To rid the service clear
Of a bad lot, and discreditable blot
To the British Volunteer.

Some corps at Aberystwith
On duty, too, fell out,
And fighting, fist to fist with,
Each other knocked about,
The Second and Third Montgomery,
Had they had too much beer?
And the Captain, fie! was cut above the eye,
By a British Volunteer.

Through insubordination
The finest troops on Earth
Fall prey to demoralisation,
And then they 're nothing worth;
So away, like thorough soldiers,
With every mutineer,
That would bring shame on the honourable name
Of the British Volunteer.

LEGAL "INSTRUMENTS."—"Soft Recorders."

"ROMANCE IN A DRAPER'S SHOP."

So the tale is headed with which *Mr. Punch* proposes to delight his readers. It is told in the *Liverpool Courier*. But he is obliged to say at once that the story is not at all exciting. In fact, there is no romance in it, and its sole interest arises from the truly beautiful way in which it is told by the Liverpool writer. It affords an illustration of the value which a genius can confer upon the most ordinary material, by high-class manipulation. A log of wood is worth twopence, but that log in the hands of a GRINLING GIBBONS became something that nobles fought for. This adventure of a shopman is nothing, but mark how sweetly it is told.

We begin with a profound thought:—

"In an incident that has just occurred in Liverpool we have another evidence of how the powerful promptings of a tender heart control the more reflective senses of the mind."

Another evidence. Observe the art of the true artist. You have not been told by him of any preceding evidence, but by the adroit use of the word "another" he compels you to recal all the touching narratives which you have ever read, and thus, having saturated you, as it were, with romance, he plunges your prepared soul into his own magic cauldron. The exquisite and subtle philosophy and psychology of the last line need no pointing out—you at once behold the marvellous machinery of our being, and you see the powerful pumpings—we beg pardon—promptings of the heart working at the more reflective senses, and leaving alone the less reflective ones. Now for the tale:—

"In a rather extensive business establishment in Liverpool, where several assistants are engaged, there might have been seen, a week or two since, a young man of commanding deportment and of agreeable features, who gave effect to his avocation behind the counter in a manner that was at once inviting to the customers and conducive to the success of his master."

The artist in every line. A more vulgar hand would have impaired the pathos of his story by describing the business establishment. He would have told you of the counters strewed with the rich silks and satins of the world, of majestic mirrors reflecting the countenance of chaffering beauty, of the majestic shop-walker striding proudly about, with a severe glance for the vassals and an obsequious smile for the customers, of the gay and animated scene presented by an emporium where commerce spreads her choicest wares to tempt the taste of opulence. No; the "romancer" knows better. He does not even set the establishment high—it is but "rather" extensive, and only "several" assistants are engaged. Thus, simply set, with a plain background, rises in giant proportion the godlike figure of the Hero. His commanding deportment at once impresses you, and you can hear his haughty order, "'And down that roll of flannel," and the next moment you see the blandness of his "agreeable features" as he "gives effect to his avocation." The flannel is sold ere he whips out his wand, and the sharp matron eyes, that ordinarily watch the measuring process so sharply, are softened for him, and he metes out the material in the calm knowledge that he is trusted. Trusted! Ah, trusted indeed, and with the richest trust—the love of woman.

"With many customers he became a favourite, but with one in particular. More than once—sometimes more than twice—in the course of a week, a carriage would be drawn up at the shop-door, from which would emerge a lady, apparently between thirty and forty years of age—tall, of delicate appearance, but with an outline of features that unmistakeably indicated an aristocratic descent."

The lady would "emerge from the shop-door," as stated by the romancer, and stand in all aristocratic pride before the counter usually graced by the handsome young plebeian. Nay, the last word was wrong, the romancer himself hastened to eliminate it. Aristocratic love ennobles its object, and he is no plebeian.

"If the young gentleman—we say young, for he was scarcely twenty-one years of age—"

Digitized by Google

And a very good reason for calling him young. We could not desire a

better. A gentleman scarcely twenty-one *is* young, and though we are young at fifty, that is nothing to the point. "If the young gentleman—

"Was not at his accustomed position behind the counter upon her entering the shop, she made the most urgent inquiries after him, desiring that he should attend to her and no one else. The worthy proprietor was always too happy to comply with her desire, for she was one of those first-rate customers that settled a good ledger account once in six months without the allowance of the ordinary discount."

"Attend to her and no one else." Pretty, playful command. The "worthy proprietor." (and the adjective is well chosen, for he who could see his good fortune in having such a shopman was worthy of it) is represented as having acted upon a commercial, rather than a sentimental view of the case, and here, once more, the conscientious artist in words puts forth his power. Had he described a Liverpool draper as yielding to "the powerful promptings of a tender heart," and as encouraging a love affair for its own sake, we should all have felt that the thing, if not impossible, was improbable. But by instantly assigning a good business reason, and in good business English—"she was one of those first-rate customers that settled an account without discount," we are not disturbed in our romance by the suggestion of an incongruity:—

"The favourite salesman was seen at his post serving the lady, and though a goodly number of articles might be disposed of, there appeared to exist a 'peculiar something' in the 'business transaction' which in the course of time looked very much like a warm cordiality of sentiment, and a reciprocity of feeling and idea bordering upon mutual attachment."

Rousseau could not have traced the progress of affection more delicately, nor could the vocabulary of GEORGES SAND have more sweetly set out the deepening tones of love. We are reminded of lines committed to memory when we were even younger than the hero of the tale:—

"A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too revealed,
For neither bosom lodged a wish
Which virtue keeps concealed."

Pass we by, reluctantly, the record of the playful "chaff" of envious shopmates, who in Dundreary accents, declared that no fellah could understand what was going on, and let us hasten to the crisis. The Young LOCHINVAR of Liverpool was away with his bride:—

"Since one day last week, however, the buxom stripling has become *non est* as far as the establishment is concerned, while the face of the lady as well has not presented itself within the visionary region of the other assistants or their employer."

The excitement of the narrative has elevated the narrator into language somewhat more poetic, and a thought less clear than usual, but we are authorised to state that the "non-presentation of the face within the visionary region," means that nobody in the shop has seen the lady. We need hardly say that this little obscurity is no fault, but a proof of the self-exciting power of genius, and appropriately closes the epic part of the narrative. The idyllic portion remains, and it is charmingly simple:—

"A letter was addressed by the young man to his mother on the eve prior to his leaving, stating 'that he had left his old place to better himself elsewhere. Fortune had suddenly smiled upon him in a wondrous manner!' He assured his mother that, 'the next time she confronted her "darling boy" she would see him a gentleman of the first stamp.'"

This touching incident was perhaps not much, but the art with which it is thrown in at the close of the tale, invests it with a significance not to be overlooked. We have hitherto heard only of the personal attractions, and graceful attentions of the hero, but we now are told of the excellence of his heart, and are adroitly led to infer that as a good and thoughtful son makes a good and kind husband, the fair duchess, or whatever the aristocrat may be, will be happy in the husband she has claimed from the counter. We shall look out for the presentations to the Prince next Season. Meantime we rejoice in having lighted (thanks to the *Morning Star*) upon a simple tale, so beautifully told as to be invested with all the charm of romance.

DRAWING-ROOM AND WATERING-PLACE SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.



MY DEAR PUNCH,—During the past Season several promising fillies have been trotted out, of whose doings we shall expect to hear great things next year. Numerous matches of a very sporting character have come off, and a great deal of love has been made and lost over the events.

We hear of many young thoroughbreds still in the trainer's hands at Brighton, Scarborough, Clapham, and other places noted for their admirable Training Establishments, under the management of mature sharp-eyed spinsters, and hard-working assistants.

At the many rout and sit-down suppers there were plenty of entries for the Ladies' Plate.

Among the younger gentlemen there were several Flat Races, which do not call for any special notice.

The winning-post at most of the Steeple-chaces during the Season was either at St. George's, Hanover Square, or St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Of the Langham Steeple-chace we have heard scarcely anything at all.

The following are names of those who, according to the latest telegrams, have been struck out of their engagements:—

On the 16th instant, 9 A.M., LADY VALSINGHAM DEUX-TEMPS, out of her Hanover Square engagement: She has changed hands, we hear, but the owner has not yet been mentioned.

On the 20th instant, 10 A.M., MISS FANNY FLIRT, out of her Oxford engagement, entered into during the excitement of the Commemoration. This was not, as we believed from the first, a *bonâ fide* affair. Really Matchmakers should be more cautious.

On the 22nd instant, 11 A.M., MISS FLORENCE FOWLER out of all her engagements. These were thirteen in number, entered into at various times under Ball-room, Picnic and Moonlight circumstances. With this telegram comes the information that she has been entered for a fresh engagement with an eligible *parti*. Future date unknown.

Paid Forfeit.—The HON. MISS MARY MOTH. The match was to have come off on the 23rd instant between the Moth and the Ensign. The Ensign was at his post, St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to time. The Moth never put in an appearance. Her backers, who were all present, were much chagrined. She has since paid forfeit, and sent back all the Ensign's letters and presents.

Paid Forfeit.—MRS. VANE WEATHERCOCK. On the 19th instant she did not put in an appearance for the Breakfast Cup, causing great anxiety to her owner. She has paid forfeit of her former good position in Society.

MR. VAN DOUBLEDOLLAR, the great Dutch Merchant, has purchased LADY PENELOPE FARTHINGSWORTH, eldest daughter of the MARQUIS OF HARDUP. One small engagement for a small sum off in consequence. No love lost.

Trial Stakes.—MISS FLIGHTY and CAPTAIN JOHN IMPULSE to start from Boulogne for one day. There are some difficulties in the way, but it looks like a match.

Prospective for 1865.—In the next year's Annual, MISS BLONDE, LADY SWEETLIPS and MISS FILLE DE L'HEIRESS are to be engaged. FILLE DE L'HEIRESS carries £300,000 weight, as a maiden, and with this she ought to win.

Bachelor's Middle-aged Stakes.—MRS. MARTHA O'LEARY, widow, trained at Margate, winner five years ago of the Fat Buck Stakes, will have it all her own way.

The colours of the winners have been chiefly white body, no sleeves, lace veils and orange-blossom wreaths.

The Matrimonial Jockey Club has this Season issued its orders to the effect that there shall be "No Cards" of the races, correct or incorrect.

Nursery Stakes.—Of these it is evident we cannot at present say anything. But we hope that in spite of all the complaints with which we have met in various sporting quarters, there will be no deterioration in the true breed of English Thoroughbreds.

From the Training Establishments we hear that MISS GOSPRIGHTLY, of Brighton, has a fine team for the Brompton and Kensington Buck Drawing Christmas Stakes.

WILD AGNES, now at MISS BACKBOARD'S Academy, Clapham, is backed for a good place in Society's Races next year.

Sweetheart's Correspondent at Scarborough says that Little PICKLE, age thirteen, at MISS VIOLET POWDER'S Ladies' College, is much improved, and will take a good deal of beating.

MISS ALICE BEAUXYEUX, aged seventeen, now at MISS WATCHFUL'S Seminary, Richmond, will have to be run in blinkers.

Bachelor's Convivial Stakes, for Steeple-chacers that have refused to take the great leap. This is an entirely new race. We should imagine that there will be a goodly list of entries.

On last settling day several well-known jilters were posted and warned from the ring. No more at present from yours,

SADDLE AND BRIDAL.



ADVANTAGES OF AN IRISH CAR.

MR. DANGLE (NO FAVOURITE WITH MRS. MUM, WHO IS HARD OF HEARING) "IMPROVES THE OCCASION" BY TAKING ADVANTAGE OF A SLIGHT SHOWER TO RENEW HIS ACQUAINTANCE WITH MISS M.

IRISH SCOTCH.

LORD BYRON riled the Scotch by stating that they were originally Irish. Had he seen this advertisement, which *Mr. Punch* has observed in an Edinburgh newspaper, he might have been fortified in his statement:—

INVERESK.

TO BE LET, with Entry Immediately, *or a few weeks sooner*, for Four Months, an EXCELLENT FURNISHED HOUSE, within five minutes' walk of the Inveresk Station, containing, &c.—Apply to J. & T. SCOTT, House Agents, Edinburgh.

We think that in the Lyceum days MR. WIGAN, then enacting *Cœur de Lion*, desired MISS MARY KEELEY, then enacting *Blondel*, to procure him a sherry-cobler. To which order the Minstrel loyally replied,—

"Thirsty Sire, I will.
I'll fetch it instantly, or sooner still,"

and the audience was pleased at the unhesitating devotion of the attached troubadour. Perhaps somebody, then an innocent young Scot, was in the gallery, and having since grown up into an older Scot (he has had plenty of time) has remembered the remarkable promise, and reproduced it, with improvements. A few weeks sooner than immediately is a poetic burst. Are MESSRS. SCOTT relatives of the author of *Marmion?*

Music and Medicine.

THE Grand Choral Festival of the Tonic Sol-Fa Association was held on Wednesday last week, at the Crystal Palace. We cannot let this occasion pass without remarking that the Tonic Sol-Fa is, to our taste, an infinitely more agreeable tonic than quinine.

FAUST.

IT will be gratifying to all moderns holding Origenal views on Theological Questions, to be informed that, on October the 13th, even Faustus appears as a Saint in the Calendar. Truly, as *Edgar* hath it, "The Prince of Darkness *is* a gentleman."

GOING SOME LENGTH.

THAT zealous Highchurchman, ARCHDEACON DENISON, at a Conservative banquet, held the other day at Congresbury, East Somerset, in proposing a toast, delivered himself, with reference to his Church, or idea of the national Church, of the following remarkable climax:—

"Who would not fight for such a Church? Who would not die for such a Church Who would not go to the hustings for such a Church?"

To fight is something to do for a Church; to die is something more; what can anyone do beyond that? Go to the hustings, says ARCHDEACON DENISON. To the hustings? Is that a phrase? In the event of dying for his Church, where does the ARCHDEACON OF TAUNTON himself expect to go to?

A CURIOSITY.

IN this hot thirsty weather, this announcement seems to us to be uncommonly alarming:—

A GENUINE BREWER'S HOUSE, Essex. Rent free; good trade warranted; cash £400.

A "genuine brewer's house!" Gracious powers! Can it then be possible that there are brewers living who are presumed not to be genuine? We suppose, of course, the epithet is intended for the beer, as well as for the brewer, and the advertisement appears to favour the idea that elsewhere than at this brewer's house, the beer sold is not genuine. This is an appalling thought to men with thirsty throats!

Time, Wanted.

A CORRESPONDENT writes, complaining that if he could only *find time*, he would do anything for us. Another writes word, that he has been *keeping late hours* for several years. Surely the latter must have a stock by him. One Correspondent will doubtless be able to oblige the other with a few spare minutes.

Digitized by Google

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, September 10, 1864.



CABBY AT HIS CLUB.

Hansom Cabby (loq.) "VELL, I ALWAYS LIKES TO GET A GENT AS IS A SMOKIN'; FOR YER SEE BAD 'BACCA AND BAD FARE GOES TOGETHER, AND WICEY-WERSEY. SO I JEST SMELLS THE GENT (!) THROUGH THE TRAP A'TOP, AND DRIVES HIM ACCORDIN'!"

RAILWAY SUTTEE.

RAILWAY Directors! A letter in the *Morning Post* contains an alarming account of a fire in a railway carriage, caused by a lump of burning coke which entered it from the engine. This accident chanced to happen on the Paris and Strasbourg line, but the like might occur any day on a British one. The carriage contained "two ladies in light summer dresses, with one other gentleman" than the gentleman who narrates the accident. "In an instant the cushions and the trimmings of the carriages were in flames and the ladies in hysterics. I had," continues the latter gentleman, "the presence of mind to close the window at once to stop the draught, and applying my paletôt, which POOLE sent me this day week, I succeeded in stifling the nascent conflagration." The POOLE that furnished this paletôt could not, of course, supply the water which would have been more effectual. Not only was the paletôt sacrificed, but in that sacrifice the hands of MR. POOLE's client were "dreadfully burnt to the bone, and" his "shattered nerves received a shock which," he remarks, "they are not fitted to endure." He adds, "I shudder at the contemplation of what might have occurred had the blazing mass fallen into the lap of one of the lovely French girls seated in the carriage." In conclusion, he mentions that, on the same line last year, a lady and a gentleman in a *coupé* near the head of a train were actually burnt to death.

These facts, Gentlemen, imperatively require you to provide all your trains with a water supply sufficient to extinguish any fire which may occur in any one of the carriages. The great danger is not that the fittings, but that other contents of the carriage, much more combustible, may catch fire. If there is a lady therein, it is sure to be filled with linen-drapery. These inflammable fabrics are spread out on a steel cage apparently made on purpose to ventilate them in the event of their ignition. Should they ignite, the consequence must be a sudden rush of flame, and the instantaneous conversion of what we may call Beauty into animal charcoal!

Well, gentlemen, this may not much signify to Beauty, which would not surround itself with fuel, disposed for a Suttee, if it were not prepared, morally as well as physically, to undergo cremation at any time. But what if one of you were the companion of Beauty thus all at once enveloped in blazes? If, Mr. Chairman, *tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet*, how much more when your fellow passenger's crinoline and all its paraphernalia are in flames? What are you to do? Put the lady out, if but for your own sake. But how, without a sufficiency of water?

Connected with a properly constructed reservoir, a hose, running the whole length of the train, and sending into every carriage a branch fitted with a stopcock, would enable any gentleman at a moment's notice to constitute himself fireman to a lady on fire. With this contrivance you might, if sufficiently alert, play on the blazing fal-lals at least in time to save yourself from being involved in their conflagration, and thus affording a meal to the devouring element.

The hose should extend into all the carriages, third class and all. Crinoline is worn without regard to circumstances; and lucifer matches are likely to explode at distances safe from sparks out of the engine. Gentlemen will smoke if ladies will allow them, and ladies, as they increase in manliness, will soon smoke too.

"Husbands, insure your Wives." This, gentlemen, is a caution which you ought to post conspicuously at every station, with the further warning of "Doubly Hazardous."

Riddle.

(Picked up during the very last Ball of the Season.)

SUPPOSE you find CAPTAIN COOING and MISS BILLING together, in a convenient flirting corner, "sitting out" a quadrille. Why is that circumstance remarkably like two o'clock in the morning?—Because it 's Two, *a-hem!* (Oh!)

DIFFERENT WAYS OF TRAVELLING.—Man travels to expand his ideas; but Woman,—judging from the number of boxes she invariably takes with her,—travels only with the object of expanding her dresses.

A MERMAID'S DIARY.



The Sea-side, South Coast.

O DEAR MR. PUNCH,—One reads all sorts of books by the sea-side, and I have lately been looking into an old book called the *Spectator*. I am told it was the *Punch* of those days. Well, I lighted on a piece of advice to young ladies to keep a diary of each day, hour by hour. I thought this such a good notion that I determined to try, and I send you a little bit of my journal. If you are good-natured, and print it, I may send you some more. But, of course, keep my name secret, or I shall never hear the last of it. I *should* like to see myself in print, I confess, and most of all in your delightful pages.

Ever your affectionate admirer, SYBIL.

DIARY.

Monday, 8-9 A.M.—Dressing. Dropped my ivory hair-brush twice. I know it's all nonsense, but I wish I had not.

9-10.—Breakfast. EDWARD shook hands as usual, and sat next me, but suddenly turned cold and silent. He cannot have had letters to-day, as there is no London post. What has poor me done?

10-11.—Gave EDWARD six opportunities of speaking to me, but he did not, and went out to smoke. I was almost rude to Mamma, but she need not have begun to grumble about my not practising on that wretched sea-side instrument. And I was quite right in saying that she ought to make the children do their lessons every day.

11-12.—Bathed. The sea cold, and the bathing-woman rude. EDWARD never came to meet us.

12-1 P.M.—Doing my hair. Broke my comb.

1-2.—Lunch, and looking at photograph book. Took out EDWARD'S sister. She may be very good in her way, but she's a Guy. Wondered whether he would notice it.

2-3.—The boys proposed a sail. EDWARD objected. Of course I was for it. At last Mamma refused, because old MISS GRIBBLES had said she should call. What nonsense spoiling an afternoon for that poor old thing, who only comes for what she can get!

3-4.—In my bed-room, trying to read *Ivanhoe*. What rubbish it is!

4-5.—Took the little ones for a walk. Scolded them well all the way, for they are certainly the rudest children I know.

5-6.—Dinner. One of the little MALCOLMS came in, and insisted on sitting next to me, in EDWARD'S place. He made no attempt to move her, and it was not for me to do it. He was very "attentive and gentlemanly," and I hate it. I hate hypocrisy. But I was as gracious as my lord, and thanked him, in the sweetest way, for a peach. I will have it out with him before I write again.

6-8.—I said I would. We all went for a walk along the sands, and when he offered me his arm over the rocks, I told him to offer it to Mamma. The dinner had given him back his temper, and he made a joke about his arm and his hand going together. Being relieved by finding that there was nothing serious, I gave it him well, and asked him what happiness one could expect with a person of an uncertain temper. I went on as long as I dared, and until his voice began to deepen, and then I asked him what I had done? He was ashamed to tell me, and well he might be, though I like his taking notice of everything. I had come down to breakfast without his brooch, and with the one CAPTAIN SEYMOUR gave me for a Philippina. If EDWARD is humble enough (which he was not) he shall see something. We came home very good friends.

8-9.—Begged that the children might stay up and play the Race Game, poor little things. They ought to enjoy their holiday, and I am sure they are very good. Had such luck at the game, and EDWARD was second horse.

9-10.—Music. He has very good taste, though he does not sing, and soon detected that ROSA CLARKE (whom I hate) sang false. He made some nonsense verses to one of our songs, and I declare that they were much cleverer than the original. He must send them to *Punch*.

10-11.—Soda-water and things. When we went up, EDWARD went out to smoke, and think about me, he said. I said I hoped that he would think more properly than he had been doing all day, but I don't believe that he went out very much depressed by the rebuke. Heard him calling in the dogs, and it struck me that his voice was like MARIO'S in tone. Read a little more of *Ivanhoe*, and came on a beautiful passage. I am glad *Rowena* had blue eyes.

Tuesday, 8-9 A.M.—Dressing.

9-10.—Breakfast. He pretended to take pains not to see whether I had any brooch at all. He can be very funny, and if he took to the stage I am sure he would excel any of the actors.

10-11.—Such a dear little note from EDWARD'S sister, who has been sketching a certain oak-tree, with a seat under it that *just holds two*, and it is for me. She recollects. Ran up-stairs and put back her photograph in the book, and felt rather angry with EDWARD for having made me take it out yesterday. Forgave him, however, but did not tell him so.

11-12.—Bathing. The sea lovely. I swam four strokes without touching the sand. EDWARD came to meet us, and said something very pretty about mermaids. I wish he would write poetry, I am sure what he said was very like something in TENNYSON.

12-1 P.M.—Doing my hair—*the Mermaid's hair*. Why is it called unlucky to give one's hair to anybody one likes? It seems nonsense, but after the hairbrush misfortune I will run no more risks.

1-2.—Lunch. EDWARD is very fond of sardines. He made a capital French joke about his being *Le Roi des Sardes*. It is not everybody that could make a joke in a foreign language.

2-5.—The boys again proposed a sail. EDWARD thought it was not a good day for the sea, and of course he was right, for he has yachted a great deal. So we had a drive to the ruins of Rottenstone Castle, and EDWARD gave a mock lecture on its history, which made us all scream. It ought to be written down, and he *shall*.

5-6.—Dinner. MISS MALCOLM and her brother came. He is from Cambridge, and full of conceit, but EDWARD shut him up awfully, asking him some question in mathematics about the square of a high pot in use. POLLY MALCOLM worked hard with her great black eyes, but EDWARD hates that sort of eye. He is severe, though, in saying that she squints. Her nose is not straight, but I like justice, and told him so.

6-8.—We went on the pier. As EDWARD and I were standing at the end, I asked him whether sea-water was good for brooches. He stared so funnily. Then I took out CAPTAIN SEYMOUR'S, and quietly dropped it into the sea. "Some *Mermaid* might like it," I said, "this Mermaid doesn't care about it." What strange creatures men are. He almost scolded me for "thinking it necessary to make a sacrifice of an ornament." I didn't think it necessary, and I chose to do it.

8-10.—Music, round games, and nonsense. I was old maid three times running. POLLY sang, and she has a great loud voice, which EDWARD praised very fairly, saying that she had no style and no feeling, and that it was not the voice for a home.

11.—To bed. Dreamed that CAPTAIN SEYMOUR was a porpoise, and was swimming round the pier trying to find his brooch, and that EDWARD was trying to harpoon him.

Wednesday, 8-9 A.M.—Dressing. Heard an awful shouting among the children, and presently LOUISA ran in to me to show me a beautiful doll which EDWARD had sent for from London for her. It had blue eyes. He had given presents to all the others, because it was Mamma's birthday. How he remembers things!

9-10.—Breakfast. Asked him for some marmalade, for the sake of whispering that *some* blue-eyed dolls must eat. How quick he is! He answered that "lips, though rosy, must still be fed."

10-12.—Too rough for bathing to-day. EDWARD drew some letters for me to illuminate. They were his motto, "*Sapere Aude*," and the initials are those of my Christian names, SYBIL ADA, which is a very extraordinary coincidence. And he had a surprise for me. Such a lovely ring—pearls and emeralds. He said he did not wish me to be jealous of the other children, and ill-use them. The joke nearly made me cry, for I remembered how cross I had been to the poor little things on Monday night. He took pains to mention twice that he had brought the ring with him from London, and I did not understand at first why he laid stress on this. Now I do, and it is just like his pride. He would not let me think he was making up to me for throwing away that brooch. As if I did not hate it, and the giver, and everything and everybody that could give him a moment's annoyance!

12-1 P.M.—Mamma again going on about practising, so I sent EDWARD to smoke on the rocks, and I rattled away at the horrid pianoforte until we had a little crowd of fishermen leaning over the garden rails. Wasn't I a mermaid, then, MR. EDWARD?

1.—Lunch. We seem to be always eating and drinking by the sea-side. The boys declare that it is awfully jolly, and talk about "grub" as if they never had anything to eat at home—the dreadful little pigs! EDWARD suggested, gravely, that there should be another lunch introduced, about three, in order to enable exhausted nature to hold on till five.

2-5.—A delightful sail. EDWARD pointed out the new fortifications, and explained to us that many of them were quite wrong and useless.

Google

I saw a long article in an old number of the *Times* on the same subject, and though EDWARD did not say that he had written it, I should not be surprised if he had, as the arguments were exactly the same, only EDWARD was clearer in his verbal explanation.

5–6.—Dinner. Afterwards EDWARD proposed dear Mamma's health, and almost brought the tears into our eyes by his feeling language. He speaks beautifully, and *so* like a gentleman. I could have kissed him. Perhaps I did, afterwards.

6–10.—Round games, and nonsense. At cross questions LOUISA asked me, what was the use of a wedding-ring, and CHARLEY STOTHARD answered, "To catch a mermaid." This was very odd indeed, unless EDWARD had been prompting. I told him he had, but he said no, and that we had a flood of good omens setting in strong, which was a very clever sea-side image, I thought.

10–11.—We went off early, but EDWARD and CHARLEY STOTHARD sat on the rocks till nearly twelve o'clock, and I should like to know what they were talking about all that time. Mermaids, perhaps. I *will* know.

[We have inserted our fair Correspondent's contribution, but as it is really the diary of her friend, MR. EDWARD, rather than her own, we shall be obliged (should she favour us with any more) if she will send her own journal instead of his biography.—ED. PUNCH.

SNOBS AND SURGEONS IN THE ARMY.



PRAY don't imagine, *Punch*, that the Surgeon-Famine in the Army is the fault of the Swells. I suppose I am what is called a Swell. My ancestors came in with CANUTE. They have never exercised any branch of industry, and have always lived sumptuously on the labour of others. I myself am in the Army, simply because I think I ought to be something more than a Swell, and am fit for nothing else so much as for a Soldier.

Now, of all the fellows in a Regiment, I assure you, I consider the Surgeon to be, generally, the most of a gentleman. He is at least as much of one as any of them, and he has, if regularly appointed, been made as much more of a gentleman than the rest as a much better education than they have had could make him. The indignity which Army Surgeons are treated with proceeds not from pride of rank and birth on the part of any of their brother officers, but from a consciousness of the want of those advantages on the part of some of them. In this commercial country many a fellow enters the Army who never had a grandfather that he could give any account of, and the best that such a fellow can say of his pedigree usually is that his father was a tailor. More commonly an officer of that class of fellows is the son of a large mercantile rogue, or a swindling railway jobber. Well, he cannot help that; and he is rich, and his own money at least was not ill-gotten; and he might be a gentleman if he chose. But instead of that, he is too often a purse-proud Snob. This is the sort of fellow that thinks it necessary to assert his position by insisting on the abasement of Army Surgeons. It is not the Swells in a regiment, *Punch*, who are insolent to the Surgeon, but only the Snobs. Mushrooms these Snobs are called by men who have less respect for a mushroom than I have, for I consider it an excellent ingredient, not an objectionable one, in a mess. Those who term them mushrooms, will further say that, inasmuch as they peculiarly abound in the Cavalry, the majority of them are Horse Mushrooms; but, comparing these bloated and extremely offensive Snobs to fungi, I would rather name them Toadstools.

I consider the Surgeon quite as much a combatant officer as myself. We don't in these days, charge with lances in rest, and we no longer brandish battle-axes and maces. He is as likely to be struck down at any time by disease, sometimes by shot, as I am. I wish no invidious distinction to be made between him and myself. I would not assign him the uniform of a Beadle. Let him wear that of his relative rank in the Army, or be allowed to dress in plain clothes, so that he might, as perhaps he would like to, be distinguished from a combatant fool.

Unless the reasonable demands of the Army Surgeons are granted, I shall be obliged to throw up my Commission. Suppose I am killed in action, well and good. I am prepared for that. But I may be wounded. For that I am prepared too. I am always ready to lose a limb for my country. But my country must take care that it shall be skilfully amputated. I expect my country to provide that any operation which its service may require me to undergo shall be performed safely, quickly, and pleasantly, as much as it can be. Certainly I value my blood too highly to allow it to be spilt by a bungling operator. I don't at all relish the idea of an Acting-Assistant Surgeon, obtained by advertisement, attempting to extract a bullet deeply lodged in the complicated anatomy of your humble servant,

Rag and Famish, Sept. 1864. ARMIGER.

"HARVEST CART" IN SUFFOLK.

YOW, JACK, bring them 'ere hosses here—
  Get this 'ere waggin out;
I think the weather mean to cleare,
  So jest yow look about!
Come put old Jolly to right quick—
  Now then, hook Di'mond on,
(There, chuck yow down that plaguy stick),
  An' goo an' call old JOHN.

JOHN bo', the "Cart-shod close" we 'll try
  (Get yow upon the stack);
I'm sure the whate's by this time dry—
  Bring them 'ere forks here, JACK.
Blarm that 'ere chap! Where is he *now?*
  Jest look yow here, my man,
If yow don't want to have a row,
  Be steady, if yow can.

Ope that 'ere gate. Wish! Jolly—Wo!
  Cop that 'ere rope up, SAM;
Now I 'll get down an' pitch, bo', so
  Jump yow up where I am.
Load wide enough, mate,—that 's the style—
  Now hold ye!—Di'mond!—Wo-o!—
JACK!—that 'ere boy do me that rile—
  Jest mind yow where yow goo!

There goo a rabbit! Boxer, hi!—
  She 's sure to get to grownd.
Hold ye! Now then, bo', jest yow try
  To turn them nicely round.
Don't knock them shoves down!—Blarm the boy!
  Yow 'll be in that 'ere haw!
That feller do me so annoy;
  But *he* don't care a straw.

* * * * * *

How goo the time? I kind o' think
  Our fourses * should be here.
Chaps, don't *yow* fare to want some drink?—
  There 's SUE with the old beer!
The rain have cleared right slap away;
  An' if it hold out bright,
Let 's work right hard, lads (what d' ye say?)
  An' clear this feld to-night!

* The harvest men leave off at four o'clock for refreshment, which they call their "fourses."

HIPPOPHAGY AGAIN.

ONE of the Secretaries of the French Society for the Protection of Animals, in a lecture given the other day in Paris at the Garden of Acclimatation, revived the proposal to constitute horseflesh an article of food, demonstrating its acceptability with a tureen of horse soup, and another dish of that noble animal dressed *à la daube*, which he offered to his audience, and they, including many ladies, devoured. Well; who shall tax them with eating strange food? If all the prime tongues ready cooked, on sale at our British grocers', could speak, and would tell the truth, we apprehend that not a few of them would neigh.

There is support, doubtless, in saddle of horse, but, for eating, we are disposed to prefer saddle of mutton.

How they do Things in the City.

BY some returns published by the Finance Committee of the Corporation, we notice that the entertainments given by the City upon the entry of the Princess amounted to upwards of £50,000. Sumptuous as the Guildhall banquets are known to be, we suspect that so rich an *entrée* never graced a City entertainment before.



RAILWAY MORALS.

Guard. "NOW, MISS! ARE YOU GOING BY THIS TRAIN?"
Miss Rebecca. "YES! BUT I MUST HAVE A CARRIAGE WHERE THERE ARE NO YOUNG MEN LIKELY TO BE RUDE TO ONE."

SCURVY ROGUES.

MR. PUNCH,

Do you, Sir, consider it altogether a ground for rejoicing, in the interests of humanity, that the frequency of garotte robberies has greatly diminished since the assignment of flogging to those crimes, and the actual infliction of that painful and degrading punishment on criminals convicted of them? I will tell you why I ask that question, Sir.

You see, *Mr. Punch*, that the success with which the cat-o'-nine-tails has been tried as a preventive of one species of crime, is calculated to engender just an idea—a surmise—a suspicion—that its application might prove equally effectual for the prevention of some other crimes. And then "Suppose we try it"—is so natural a suggestion. If the cat should be tried further, and found to answer, to what extent might not its employment be carried? I tremble to think, Sir.

The other day there appeared in the *Times* a letter dated from this place, and signed "W. F.," on the subject of "Spurious Lime-Juice." The writer of this communication adverts to the statement of MR. HARRY LEACH, resident medical officer to the *Dreadnought* hospital-ship, that patients under his care for scurvy had told him "that they would not or could not drink the lime-juice served out during the voyage, because it was so bad." "W. F." proceeds to say that "a large quantity of so-called lemon-juice, which is supplied to ships going long voyages, contains no juice of the lemon; it is manufactured in this country from tartaric and other acids, at a cheap cost, and flavoured with essence of lemon to imitate the genuine article." Having pointed out that this counterfeit of lemon or lime-juice is not anti-scorbutic at all, he declares that "it is notorious that in Liverpool large quantities of the spurious article are manufactured and sold for ships' stores for the use of ships' crews and emigrants." Now, Sir, those who know what scurvy is, will feel that the supply of sailors and ships with good-for-nothing rubbish under the name of a remedy for it, is what may, with an economy of strong language, be called a heartless fraud. The fraud is not merely heartless, it is, with all possible respect for the large manufacturers who are guilty of it, I must acknowledge, positively and extremely cruel.

For ordinary acts of cheating and swindling, you know, Sir, Society is pretty well content with the imprisonment and hard labour at present awarded to rogues. You see, a compassionate public thinks the discipline of the scourge too severe even for a criminal who, by deliberate dishonesty, has reduced several families from affluence to beggary. There is cruelty in this sort of crime, to be sure, but it is a cruelty which the majority of us, Sir, are not imaginative enough to appreciate, so long as it does not affect ourselves. What scurvy is, however, most people can understand, and nearly everybody, therefore, can see how cruel it is, for the mere sake of gain, to practise an imposition which must have the effect of letting multitudes rot and die of that dreadful disease. Now this element, you observe, Sir, of cruelty in the manufacture of sham lime-juice, distinctly seen, and seen also to be aggravated by a peculiar intensity of baseness, may, I am almost afraid, so inflame the public mind, as to create a demand that the perpetrators of that deception, being as cruel as garotters, shall be whipped as well.

I feel for my neighbour, *Mr. Punch*, as a respectable man; my neighbour over the way. Therefore I shudder at the apprehension that manufacturers of sham lemon-juice may soon be made liable to be flogged. A ruffian in corduroy breeches and hobnailed half-boots, yelling under the lash is an object that may, by some minds, be regarded with complacency, but I could not bear to behold the chief proprietor of those extensive works, a sleek, smooth gentleman in a suit of black, having his spectacles taken off, and his decent coat stripped from his back, and being tied up and flogged. Could you, Sir? Could you endure hearing the shrieks of a man who had always occupied a proud mercantile position before he came to be placed in that unpleasant one at the whipping-post? Perhaps you will say that his cries would be drowned by louder noises ringing in your mind's ear—the groans of victims dying of scurvy through his wicked forgery of lime-juice. This is just what I fear the Public will soon begin to say, and then the authorities of yonder correctional establishment may have to witness what I shrink from imagining—the head of that eminent and wealthy firm undergoing corporal chastisement administered with an energy that will make him howl. I cannot tell you how that sight would shock one whose hatred of a rascal is less intense than his veneration for a person whose deportment and exterior are those of

Liverpool, Sept., 1864. A RESPECTABLE MAN.

Digitized by Google



THE RIGHT MEN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

QUIET WATERING-PLACES.

WHERE have I *not* been since quitting Winklebeach! I've been roaming, I've been roaming, and I shall go roaming still; but I'm coming, but I'm coming, to the conclusion that a really Quiet Watering-place is nowhere to be found. This is the statement that I have put before the Company (Limited) in whose interests, coinciding, as they do, with those of my own mental and physical requirements, I have been lately travelling. From Sussex to Wales.

No. II.—GWRYSTHLOGWDD.

First day.—Arrived at Bangor, very early in the morning. Went to bed in the Bishop's Arms. At breakfast asked Boots where was the Quietest Watering-place in the neighbourhood. In his opinion I couldn't do better than go to Gwrysthlogwdd. What name did he say? "Gwrysthlogwdd." Oh, thank you! Would he be good enough to write it down? The Landlord would. Oh! thank you again? It was a place only just started, he informed me. Capital fishing. Beautiful falls. "The Menai Straits, as it might be here," he illustrated this with his napkin, and I said, "Yes,"—"and the sea round as it might be here," napkin again. Was there bathing? "Yes, he should say there was bathing: he knew there was shooting, because SIR JOHN LLANROOSTER, who was as it might be the Squire, lived in the Castle which you'd see as you went by the road, which lay here as it might be" in the direction of the ham on the sideboard. Very well; then I would go in the afternoon.

Would I have a car or a boat? I might go to Beaumaris by steamer, and cross to Gwrysthlogwdd in a small boat. I'd better to do this, as there wasn't a car in.

4 P.M.—Landed at Beaumaris. Where did I want to go to? I showed paper with unpronounceable name written on it. Boatman couldn't read it. Intelligent person on pier deciphered it. Oh, thank you, very much! No boat to be obtained just now, but if I'd wait an hour or so, something would happen to the wind or the tide, or both, and I could be taken across. OWEN OWEN would take me. Where was he? Oh, somewhere. Very good, then I would leave my portmanteau in charge of the intelligent man at the pier, and visit the town.

4·30.—At Beaumaris Castle, viewing the ruins. In the chapel. Ah! here the peaceful old monks used to pass their hours in silent meditation. How soothing! How calmly could I here rest, and fancy the organ pealing forth—Toodle tum tum—tiddle tiddle tum. An organ! by all that's inharmonious! Playing "*The Dark Girl Dressed in Blue*" if I mistake not. I will seek the remains of the grand old refectory. Here at all events—"Just a little more lobster salad, old fellow."—"Don't give him *all* the champagne." Pop, pop, pop! "Oh dear! there's a nasty grasshopper in my tart!"—"I say, we'll make that old organ chap play a dance," ha, ha, ha! "Of course." A dance! in these hallowed precincts. It only wanted that to complete it. Away to the wilds of the watering-place with an unpronounceable name.

5·30.—On the pier. Intelligent man with my portmanteau not to be seen. Has gone to his tea. Oh, thank you! OWEN OWEN had sailed about a quarter-of-an-hour ago with the gentleman's portmanteau. He thought I wanted it taken across. He often does jobs of that sort. Does he? "His mate 'd take me." His mate is sitting on the pier railing, engaged, I take it, from the movement of his cheeks, in the exhilarating occupation of chewing tobacco. He expectorates obliquely, and nods. Evidently a man of few words. After a pause, during which I am looking at OWEN OWEN's mate, expecting him to make an observation, he descends leisurely from his perch, and goes down a ladder at the pier side. Two more mates leaning over the rail commence a conversation in some guttural unknown tongue. Of course they are speaking Welsh. I *should* like to know what they are saying. They occasionally look at me and laugh, from which I gather that I am the subject of their remarks. Pleasant honest dogs, these sons of the ocean.

6.—Down the ladder and into a little cockle-shell of a boat. Very damp. After a good deal of bumping against the pier, and shipping a considerable quantity of water, we are taken by a sudden gust which almost capsizes us, several yards (do they measure at sea by yards? no, it's fathoms or knots, I think—say knots) many knots down stream—or up stream, for I can't make out which way the water is going; it appears to me not to know its own mind. "Rather dangerous sailing here?" I inquire of OWEN OWEN's mate. "Very," says he. Evidently, as I remarked before, a man of few words. "A mate o' mine was drown'd here," he says, in a husky voice. "I never can pass this here point," he adds, "without drinking summut."

While engaged in this touching tribute to his friend's memory, he gave me the sail line (is that the name?) to hold. I do this cheerfully, but nervously, withal.

Ten Minutes afterwards. He is still drinking the pious memory, occasionally stopping to meditate. I gently suggest, that if he would not mind steering a little, we might get on in a more even manner. At this moment, there comes, what OWEN's mate calls a lurch.—I finish this note on landing. Oh, ye gentlemen, who live at home at ease, how little do ye think upon the dangers of crossing from Beaumaris to Gwrysthlogwdd. In a second the large sail was anywhere, nowhere, flapping about in the breeze. He told me to hold the line loosely, and I did. I, myself, was jerked on to the floor (is it floor?) of the boat, where I lay, with the ballast. OWEN's mate used language unbecoming a Christian and a Welshman. Being in his power, I pretended, rather to enjoy his observations than otherwise. We couldn't get up to the shore, on account, he said, of the tide. The land was half a mile distant, and not a soul to be seen anywhere. I was strongly impressed with the quietude of Gwrysthlogwdd.

"Halloo!" cried OWEN's mate. No answer. OWEN's mate used language, and said, that I must help to get the blank boat in, unless I wanted to sit there, till turn of blank tide. When might that be? Oh, three blank hours hence. Evidently a man of few words, and those of an emphatic character which he uses as often as possible. We prepared to jump into the briny deep, and tug the boat to shore. When I say *we* prepared, I mean, *I* did. OWEN's mate going in, boots and all. OWEN's mate did give way to his temper, fearfully. I explained, as politely as possible, that I had not been brought up to this kind of work. It never struck me, until now, that OWEN's mate had been drinking. Gwrysthlogwdd is, at present, too quiet a place, at least, just in this quarter. There's not a creature to be seen, and the inebriated son of the ocean, insists upon leaving his boat, and carrying me on his back to land. I submit, without my shoes and stockings. Through a lot of sandy, slushy mud, we gain the beach. OWEN's mate had kept himself on his legs, and me on his back, in a wonderful manner. What is his fare? Five shillings? He shakes his head. Six? He won't hear of it. Seven? He's impracticable. H'm! I see a fisherman on the beach. Here, my good man, how much shall I give OWEN's mate? Fisherman, a good-humoured looking person, shakes *his* head, and says, down in his throat, some words which sound as if consisting chiefly of "g's" and "r's." Is it possible, he doesn't understand English? Another fisherman comes. "How much shall I."—Good gracious! he is shaking *his* head. They are all shaking their heads. OWEN's mate sleepily.

Two more inhabitants, female, come down on to the shingle. Two little boys make for the boat, returning at a run, with my shoes and stockings. Upon these I seized, and after putting them on, presented OWEN's mate with half a sovereign. Seeing this, the male and female natives, and the two little boys, set upon OWEN's mate.

7.—From this distance, *i.e.*, the door of the Inn of Gwrysthlogwdd, I can still see them fighting for the prize. The mate's boat has disappeared, and this is how you get to this new Welsh Watering-place, by water. I have since ascertained that the way here by land, is only safe to those thoroughly acquainted with the Mountain Geography.

First Note. Made in my diary, on the door-step of the Old Village Inn. This is, *indeed*, a Lovely Quiet Place. I will knock and inquire concerning accommodation, and by the way, my portmanteau.

A FRIENDLY LITTLE ARTICLE.

WE are told by ALPHONSE KARR that "Friendship between two women is always a plot against a third." We deny it, as we always make a point of denying all the spiteful things that are said against the beautiful sex. And what is the friendship between two men, we should like to know? If we had the inclination to be cynical, under the deceitful notion that we were being extremely clever, we might answer: "Friendship between two men is a continual struggle as to which of the two shall do the other." We are afraid we are not the only persons in this world who labour under the melancholy conceit that, to be clever, we have only to be cynical.

What we Learn in Foreign Parts.

WHEN last we were in Paris, we strolled into the *Palais de Justice*, and soon found ourselves wandering in the famous *Salle des Pas Perdus*. On inquiring, we discovered that the *Salle des Pas* was not intended as a companion refuge to the *Champ de Mars*; and we also learnt that the *Pas Perdus* were in no way paternally related to the *Enfants Trouvés*. These facts were no less new than pleasing to us, and so accordingly we have made a note of them.

A RETORT THAT IS A LITTLE TOO SPIRITED.

RETALIATION in commerce, as in other things, sometimes takes a most savage form. Now look at India, how we treat her in our commercial relations! Because India sends us her cotton badly ginned, is that any reason, we ask, why we should send her our sherries so fearfully brandied?

A QUESTION FOR NOTES AND QUERIES.

SUPPOSING you found a greenback, would you, when found, be able by any means "to make a note of it?"

Digitized by Google



LUSUS NATURÆ.

Excursion Tourist. "MOST EXTR'OR'NARY CRE'CHAR!"

Facetious Rustic. "AH! THAT A BE, MEASTER, BRED ON THIS 'ERE WERY FA-ARM HE WOR, TEW!"

AFTER-DINNER PAPERS.

(On Various Subjects.)

MY DEAR MISSER PUNCH,—Circonsters overwhich—no control—prevented my father whom you pointed your Scitific Crospondent from writing you a long count of the weatherof Last Month. He forgotit till last moment afer dinner and being toofatt & tired to write kimself we had a third bottle of twenty-can't gettit nowdays—and he dep-p-puted me to write from his diction I mean dictation. Here it is.

I am Yr Sisterly—no Sincerely, THOMAS BUZZ, JUNIOR.

Review of Weather for July.

During the past month, there was a restless wind that blew down its own smoke, and took off the edge of the meridian with its own plane.

In the morning, attenuated nimbi dwindled into a luminous canopy, whose height was 6000 feet above the sea-level.

Cumuli and cirrhi gave themselves up to the full development of ozone; while Summer Meteoric Phosphorescent Trains met the Radiating Steamers within five minutes of each other.

Thermometer in the Sun at 4·30 P.M. (How it got there, no one knows.—B., JUNR.)

At midnight, on the 17th, the REV. F. C. ROBARTS of Frant, shot with considerable velocity across Ursa Major, and disappeared after traversing an approximated space. (Guv'nor got this out of the *Times*, think.—BUZZ, JUNR.)

On the following morning the wind returned to France, and, in a test slip, fell between a wet and a dry bath, showing some external signs of discoloration.

It will be seen by reference to the table. (At this point I made a reference to the table. My respected parent had disappeared. Yrs., &c., B. JUNR.)

Startling Cruelty.

A WELL-KNOWN Upholsterer, whose name shall not be held up to universal execration, because this course could not be adopted without puffery, undertook the contract for keeping well furnished, repairing and re-decorating the Ophthalmic Hospital. We accidentally caught sight of the bill for the current year. One of the largest items recurring over and over again was "Rods for the Blind." Shall the unfortunate and helpless be flogged for their misfortunes under our very noses, under our very eye-lashes? Shame! Shame!

THE RIGHT STEP.

THE BISHOP OF LIMOGES has been publishing a Pastoral. The publication could not be better timed, for if our ancient knowledge of Quadrilles be correct, *La Pastorale* comes directly after *l'Été*.

THE CONSERVATIVE'S PROGRESS.

A SONG INSTEAD OF A SPEECH.

(For After Dinner.)

MORE years than I will own ago,
With ELDON in his glory,
Of change I was the mortal foe,
An out-and-out old Tory.
We lost, through statesmen heeding facts
Apparent to the senses,
The Test and Corporation Acts;
There went our first defences.

The barriers, thus, of Church and State,
Removed, the foe might enter:
Still he would be, at any rate,
A Protestant Dissenter.
But then we had, unfaithful Chief,
To gulp our indignation
At Roman Catholic Relief:
Oh, that Emancipation!

One more post gone I had to own;
But Act, once passed, is valid:
We, round the Altar and the Throne,
Closed in again, and rallied.
When soon a democratic storm
Did vehemently stir us,
And Parliamentary Reform
Abolished rotten boroughs.

So I, for an accomplished fact,
Accepted revolution;
Yet, aiming still to save intact
Our glorious Constitution,
In hopes I might illname outlive,
Instinct with spirit vital,
New named myself Conservative,
And lost my party title.

To keep all things just as they were
I ceased not my endeavour;
Some things which it had been my care
To keep from being ever.
Municipal Reform to stay
We wasted machinations;
Those landmarks, too, were swept away;
Our ancient Corporations.

Gone goose is gone goose; 'tis absurd
To mind what can't be mended.
As PEEL advised, I registered,
And on the watch attended.
But our inconstant Chief once more
Imposed on our affection;
For all the British Lion's roar,
Free Trade displaced Protection.

Divorce, to rich ones unconfined,
For injured partners married,
I strove against, but grew resigned
To it when it was carried.
Law of the land 'tis now at last,
And I'm the law's defender,
Nailing my colours to the mast,
My motto, "No Surrender!"

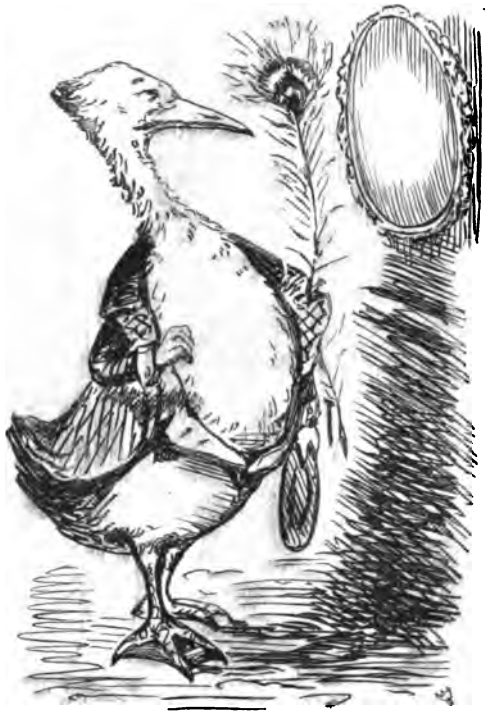
I steadily refused consent
To give up that condition
That kept Jews out of Parliament;
Until they got admission.
The wound that made soon cicatrised,
'Twas not of serious nature,
I stuck to the unchristianised,
Still British, Legislature.

Now Vote by Ballot I'll withstand
Henceforth, until it passes,
And hold as long, with steady hand,
The Suffrage from the Masses,
Conservative of all that's past;
Consistent as a martyr:
Dear me! I hope I mayn't, at last,
Have to conserve the "Charter!"

Digitized by Google

"GET THEE TO A MONKERY!"

Norwich, Eve of S. Hairshirtus.



WHAT a *darling* girl you are, my dearest JULIA, to write me such a nice long letter! But I suppose at the sea-side you have nothing else to do, dear. Ah, how different to *me!* who, thanks to sweet FATHER PIGFACIUS (as Cousin CHARLEY *will* keep calling him) am so *profitably* busy. For you must know, dear, I am one of his chief lady-converts now, and regularly attached to him—I mean, you know, his chapel. And I've such heaps of hymns and chants to practise, you can't think; and then I have to learn to do my genuflexions and my bowings properly. Cousin CHARLEY says I'm getting quite *deformed* by the attitudes I practise, and certainly my knees *do* feel a little stiff at times, and, though I know it's only fancy, my neck seems growing *almost crooked.*

I dare say now you wonder what young ladies can have to do with *monks*, for you know that Father P. has set up quite a monastery, and lives there as a hermit, with I dare say a *hair shirt*, and some other holy brethren. But it seems these Benedictines are allowed to let young ladies come and take part in their services and sing to them in chapel, and walk in their processions, like the girls you see in plays. And do you know, dear JULIA, on the Feast of the Assumption there was *such* a grand procession from the cloister to the Chapel, and in the evening too, which made it the more charming. Fancy monks with big wax-candles and beautiful *blue satin* banners, and the good Father Superior dressed in dazzling cloth of gold, and oh! the dearest little acolyths, bearing incense and *more* banners, and wearing snow-white surplices of the very finest cambric at oh! *ever so much* a yard, dear! with blue tippets and red skull-caps and such splendid scarlet trains. Then a few chosen young ladies joined in the procession, and from the following description, which was in a Norwich newspaper, you may form some notion of how very nice we looked—

"A young lady of about 18, dressed in flowing white robes and long white veil over her head, bearing blue satin banner with the words in cloth-of-silver 'Hail MARY.'

"Young lady with a gorgeous white satin banner of the Virgin rising on clouds of silver to heaven, her feet planted on the serpent's head, which was very lifelike; her dress was of silver, with purple velvet cloak studded with gold stars; emeralds and pearls were let into the border of the dress and gave it a dazzling appearance.

"Young lady with blue satin-and-silver banner, of the Virgin and Child enthroned, the words 'Salve Regina' in gold letters placed round the top of the banner."

I leave you to guess, dear, which of these was me, and you can fancy that at *Vespers* with the priests and monks and acolyths sitting or kneeling before the altar, and the white robed and veiled young ladies all arranged in rows behind, the "effect was quite dramatic," as the newspaper declares, indeed CHARLEY says it must have really been as good as a play. Then we had a lovely sermon from dear FATHER PIGFACIUS (as *that wretch* persists in calling him); and do you know, dear, he can play the organ, and even beat the drum, at least so FANNY FRIBBLE tells me, and I know he *has* a drum in chapel, and most solemnly it sounds. The sermon lasted twenty minutes, which, as the paper says, was "very short for him," and after this—but there, the newspaper shall tell you what came next:—

"By the time the lecture was over it was quite dark, only the moon had just risen over St. Andrew's Hall. The procession re-formed as before, lighted tapers of wax being offered to all who were willing to follow in the procession. Hundreds did so, and the extraordinary appearance of the innumerable lights, the waving banners glittering in the rising moonlight, the soft chanting, the white veils of the girls, the crimson robes of the boys, the rapt attention of the dense crowds, who seemed perfectly amazed, the complete circle of light round the garden and court-yard (for the procession coiled serpent-like round the whole premises), was indeed a strange and fairy-like scene."

Some of us went home then, but the monks (as CHARLEY said) resolved to *make a night* of it; and so—

"Matins were sung at two on Monday morning, followed by lauds at three. The solemn chant and organ peal from the Convent Chapel sounded strangely on the night air of our Protestant city; the night was so still that it was heard far away down the streets and alleys. The lauds' bell rung at 3 A.M. When this was over at 4·15, the dawn was approaching rapidly. The procession, as at vespers, formed, the congregation following with lighted tapers, left the Convent chanting, wound its way up the narrow street opposite the gate, continued across Tombland, down past the west front of the Cathedral, up Princes Street, across St. Andrew's Plain, and then returned down Elm Hill. On arriving at the monastery gate, all sung '*God Save the Queen*,' and entered the sacred precincts singing the Doxology."

That *odious* Cousin CHARLEY *vowed* to me next morning that when the music woke him he thought it was *the cats!* But then he reflected that cats in common life don't sing *God Save the Queen*, and so he changed his mind about them. He says he questions if HER MAJESTY would much like having her name mixed up with such sham popish humbug, as he irreverently calls it. I'm sure I don't know about *that*, but I *do* know I enjoyed it vastly, humbug though he thinks it. You see, dear, we have no *opera* in Norwich, and balls are few and far between, and I'm sure girls should be *thankful* to these dear darling Benedictines for affording them a little *rational* amusement. If it were not for the delightful evenings such as that I have described, I'm sure I don't know *when* I should ever get the chance here of wearing a *white dress*, and going to an evening party. Indeed the being dress in flowing robes of white, with a veil over one's head, really makes one feel almost like going to be *married!* and I'm sure I could have kissed that dear Father Superior, who looked as satisfied as though he were *giving one away!* When you come to Norwich I will show you the dear man, and you will see if you agree with me in thinking him so handsome. I hope you won't be very long before you come, dear, for I *so* want you to see me in my white dress and veil, and to ask you if you don't think that the latter would look better with a *wreath of orange blossom.*

A thousand thousand loves, dear, and believe me ever *ever* yours, (until I'm *some one else's*),

SELINA SIMPLE.

DISPARAGEMENT.

Now don't ye have that other Clown;
My kind friends, hear me run him down!
He cannot make you laugh like me;
I'm so much funnier than he.

He's not facetious, but I am.
His poor attempt at epigram!
How imbecile is his grimace!
But see how I can make a face.

Hot Codlins his attempt to sing,
Is what a melancholy thing!
But mine will set you in a roar;
So then, hiss him, and me encore.

The red-hot poker I pretend,
How well! to take by the wrong end.
How silly, dreary, dull, and tame,
His trick of sitting on the same!

I'm full of humour and of wit,
And he of neither has a bit.
His motley's faded and outworn,
The coxcomb on his head is torn.

That Zany, therefore, pray, forsake,
And this for his successor take.
He's an old Muff; I'm fresh from school,
And ten to one the greater Fool.

Latest from Paris.

MON CHER PUNCH,—This is for you. Make my compliment to Madame. Please to accept, &c., sentiments, &c., distinguished consideration, &c.

LOUIS N.

Quand un gant ressemble-t-il au numéro 25?
Quand il est *neuf et très étroit.* (You see? *Neuf et treize et trois.*)

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

WHO would be the best "coach" for a Frenchman who is anxious to take holy orders? St. Fiacre.

"THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND."—The F—s and B—s in Lodging House Bed-rooms.

Digitized by Google



A FLUNKEY IN TROUBLE.

John Thomas. "HOLLO! COACHMAN! MR. BLINKERS! STOP! HERE'S A COSTERMONGER'S DONKEY GOT HOLD OF MY LEG, AND PULLING THE HAY OUT THAT I'VE PUT IN FOR CALVES!"

AN EVENING IN OLYMPUS.

THE other night we chanced to drop in upon some of the Heathen Deities. Here we go up, up, up; and here we go round and round, might well be the cry of *Ixion, the Man at the Wheel*, of the pretty little New Royalty Theatre. Would'st thou, my friend, study a page of LEMPRIÈRE? Hie thee to this Olympian lodge, and take a good look at the immortal Buttons, MR. JOSEPH ROBINS GANYMEDE, who hands round the nectar to the most glorious MISS JUNO CLIFFORD, and her faithless spouse, MR. JUPITER SHORE, the *premier jeune homme* of the celestials, King of Gods and Men. By the way, let your *Ganymede* say no more than is set down for him—ahem! *verbum sap. Pallas-Athéné*, henceforward to be popularly identified with MR. STEPHENS, plays her part with all the skill and wisdom proper to the character of MADEMOISELLE TRITOGENEIA. Well does she, we mean he, merit her own ancient title of Ἀτρυτώνη, the unwearied, and Λαοσσόος, the people-rouser; while her falsetto proves that the tone of the prudent maiden goddess is as high as ever it was in the days of the Greeks and Trojans. But, oh my heart! Oh, *Venus!* Oh, *Aphrodité!* with your large languishing eyes and beautiful hair! Every one knows what the *Judgment of Paris* was, and, on our word and honour, that of London must coincide with it. Here Boxkeeper take me away, and restore me with an ice! Can that lazy impudent *Cupid* possibly be her son? The words seemed a trouble to this young lady, who ought to be reminded that she is not playing "*Love in Idleness.*" To the tune of the "*Groves of Blarney*" we may sing, for we *must* sing, "that's the humour of it,"—

> "And then to follow, there's bright *Apollo*,
> With a golden circlet all about his hair;
> And bould *Ixion*, who's quite the lion
> Of sweet Olympus in the upper air.
> There's *Hermes* raly, can sing so gaily,
> And bully *Mars*, who, while at heart a cur,
> Does try to bicker, he bows to *Terpsichore*,
> Oh who can be upon a *pas* with her!"

Ὦ πόποι! Cry we with the puzzle-headed Dryopians, *Dî Immortales!* never-say-Di, Immortales, and anything else you like, for among all these Divines of Dean Street we're getting confused and bewildered. He is she, and she is he, the Comet is neither one nor the other, and all is fanciful, light, bright and sparkling, in the Classical Greek neighbourhood of Soho.

THE ENTIRE ANIMAL.

WE read, by *Star*-light, that, at the Congress of Malines, one speaker was for acknowledging no country, but merging all national distinctions in the sole sovereignty of the POPE; and he was loudly cheered for his suggestion. Pope, Pope, Pope, hooray!

Romanus sum civis is not exactly what this enthusiast wished to be able to say. The Roman Citizens want to be freemen of United Italy. If the devotee of PIO NONO, who would fain have the Pope-Monarch to rule over himself and his associates, were to state accurately what he desires to be, he would say *Romanus sum servus.* Perhaps he would think it hard if the law of his own country were to constitute him an alien, and his fellow citizens or subjects were to treat him as such, and turn him out. It is a pity that people who, like this thoroughgoing Papist, wish to transfer their allegiance to the POPE, and there were many of them at Malines, cannot, all of them together, go and occupy some uninhabited island, there to be governed by a Papal Lord—Lieutenant or Legate, or, what would be much better, by the Sovereign Pontiff in person, holding his spiritual rule as heretofore, but exercising his temporal power over a contented people.

His Grandmother.

"POOR thing! very painful!" said Old MRS. BOWLINE, (grandmother of the lamented TOM BOWLINE the darling of his crew), on reading a letter from her nautical relation, wherein he told her that he had seen the Needles right in the eye of the Wind.

ANCIENT LATIN SLANG FOR READY MONEY.—"*As*" *in præsenti.*

Digitized by Google

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 14, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, September 17, 1864.



A BROAD HINT.

WHEN WILL OUR TRAVELLING FELLOW COUNTRYMEN LEARN NOT TO MAKE SUCH GUYS OF THEMSELVES ON THE CONTINENT? IF THIS BRITON WOULD ONLY LOOK AT THOSE THREE YOUNG FRENCH FELLOWS OPPOSITE HIM, AND LEARN A LESSON OF TASTE, WHAT A DIFFERENCE IT WOULD MAKE!

FLYING LADIES.

THE last novelty with which the French Goddess of Fashion has endowed her votaresses, is a bold thing in leggings; long high-heeled boots, "extending up to the calf." Calves! Well. Plush, in the shape of bonnets, decorates heads; what next will it set off, think you, MR. JOHN THOMAS? The new *chaussure* wherein the ladies about the Imperial Court admire themselves and each other, and amaze mankind, appears to be something between the Napoleon, and what we may call the Sykes or house-breaker's anklejack. Adjoined to the becoming articles of feminine apparel above described are walking-sticks, equally becoming, made of ivory, prettily mottled and speckled, wherewith the booted belles, models of the *beau sexe*, strut about delightfully conscious—

"Of the nice conduct of a clouded cane."

Hooped petticoats, high-heels, and walking-sticks! What more can Beauty desire, to attain the perfection of costume, but a steeple-crowned hat? Only one thing. Approximation to MOTHER SHIPTON requires the addition of a broom. That would indeed be pretty; and useful too.

The other day, according to a paragraph in a newspaper, a lady, on a visit to Dover, was blown over the pier, a depth of thirty feet, into two or three feet of water. She was not much hurt. The wind, which caught her dress as she was standing on the top of some steps, let her down lightly. Fortunately it did not carry her out to sea, where, without a rudder to steer her course with, she would have been lost. This case, however, suggests the possibility that ladies might be enabled to fly by the suitable arrangement of a flighty style of dress. With a very slight expansion of the present circumference of hoops, a lady might, at pleasure, by adjusting her Crinoline to the direction of the blast, at least in a high wind, get caught up aloft and transported through the air to considerable distances. She would thus, with the help of a broom, serving the same purpose as that of a bird's tail, precisely accomplish the art of flying as practised by MRS. SHIPTON and her sisterhood. Of course the broom would be an ornamental one, a fancy broom, the broomstick gilt, for instance, and bound with green, blue, or red morocco leather, or otherwise decorated.

Crowded thoroughfares and public places, now subject to that grievous obstruction which is evermore created by Crinoline, would be relieved of it as often as the wearers of that combination of parachute and petticoats rose from the pavement, or promenade, and took a flight of some distance overhead.

The broom would at any rate be a most efficient adjunct to the witchery of that charming style of dress which French ladies have adopted, and English ladies will copy. The Illustrious Lady who rules the world of fiddle-faddle needs only appear with a broom added to her rig-out to set the elegant fashion of wearing brooms. No doubt the example of the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH would be followed by the great majority of the female sex if her Imperial Majesty were to take to wearing rings in her nose.

THE MODERN FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

IT was a Friar of Orders Gray,
Who 'd preach in Munster Square,
At the Church of St. Mary Magdalen,
And crowds, I trow, went there.

Now Friars of Orders Gray, you know,
Must walk about barefooted;
But to some constitutions this
Is not exactly suited.

So after Brother IGNATIUS
Had daily shown his toes,
One morn, says he, "Good gracious?
I've got a cold in my nose."

From his home he sent a letter
To the Shepherd of Munster Square,
To inform the Fold, that a dreadful cold
Would prevent his coming there.

Oh, wrathful was the Shepherd
Of the Flock in Munster Square,
And he bounded like a leopard,
All up the pulpit-stair.

And says: "The Friar of Orders Gray,
Whom ye came here to see,
Has written a letter just to say,
That here he will not be.

"By cold and a sort of hoarseness,
He 's of his voice bereft;"
At this, with a touch of coarseness,
He pointed over his left.

"A monk, forsooth, with a cold! in bed!
His conduct 's niminy-pim'ny!
Why, a cowl 's of no more use to his head,
Than 'tis to my smokeless chimney.

"If we 'd given him forty or fifty pound,
Or one of those sums twice told,
We shouldn't have heard, as you 'd have found,
A word of his dreadful cold.

"Of course you clearly see the cause,
There 's nothing to be earned;
We don't take money at the doors,
Or it would be returned.

"But *I* will preach you a sermon,
If you 'll be content with me,"
And he preached on the Dews of Hermon,
Sweet as Christian charity.

"Oh, beauteous are those feet, they say,
Who press the Hill-top dews;
But a modern Friar of Orders Grey,
Ought to walk about in shoes."

On Dit.

IN the Scotch Athletic Sports which took place in the presence of the PRINCE OF WALES, one DONALD DINNE carried off most of the prizes.

"Who is that?" asked his Royal Highness, pointing to the stalwart peasant.

"The Dee-side Champion, Sir," was the answer.

"Dee-side Champion!" quoth his Royal Highness, pleasantly, "That he is, *Dee-cidedly*."

Digitized by Google

FROM OUR ILL-USED CONTRIBUTOR.

To Mr. Punch.

The Temple.



HINGS are getting intolerable, my dear *Mr. Punch*. I will not stay in Town any longer. One owes a duty, of course, to one's employers, but one owes an older and higher duty to oneself. I dare say that you do not know who wrote the lines, "I see a hand you cannot see that beckons me away." Well, I do know. They were written by THOMAS TICKELL, who died in 1740, and (previously) wrote in the *Spectator*. They came into my head when I was seeing a lady off at the Station of the Great Northern Railway, and when I beheld a painted hand pointing the way to the trains. I feel that I must depart from Town, and I abstain from leaving an address, so that your tyrannous indignation may have time to expend itself on your menials instead of me. "Go, show your slaves how choleric you are." I assure you that I am acting in your interest, if you could only see things in that light. I don't want your money. Limpets from the rock, a biscuit soaked in sea-water (the artist's breakfast in the *House of the Seven Gables*), a few shrimps—such is enough for me at the sea-side. Anything but the silent and solitary system at the club, though all the luxuries in season are on the *carte*, and stewed partridge is not the worst dish in the world.

If there is one delightful and instructive walk in London, it is the south side of the Strand. Emerge from the deep solitudes and awful cells of the Temple, and turn your respectable nose Westward with me, my friend. What can we not see as we slowly wander with our faces to the Sun, who, by the way, makes a mistake in shining in that direction in the afternoon—it is the only drawback to perfect enjoyment. For he glares in your eyes, and you cannot distinguish the countenances of those you meet in time to avoid those whom you do not wish to meet. Posterity will twist the Strand a little, and amend this fault, unless the Sun himself shall correct it by some alteration of the precession of the equinoxes, or some rectification of the altitude of the azimuth, or other astronomical reform. But let us be bold. The slothful man saith, "there is a lion in the path." We shall not see any lions (even at the Nelson Column), and we will hope to meet no bores. Let us commence our course of study, even before we pass under MESSRS. CHILD's book closet. I would modify DR. JOHNSON's sly thought, as we go through the Bar. I would be loth to have my head upon it, for it is the only head I have. But I could be well pleased, were my name "mingled with those" of depositors in yon aged Bank. You, *Mr. Punch*, might—but I say no more. All comes to him who knows how to wait. And I am an excellent waiter—ask the lovely girls on whom I attended so sedulously at that *pic-nic* at Hampton Court, at which to my deep regret, MRS. EPICURUS was prevented from attending.

Look at all these wonderful instruments in this window. Here is a thermometer that tells you how cold it will be on Christmas Eve next. Here is a storm-glass that informs you what kind of weather you will have on your birthday, next year. Here is a telescope, very cheap, that will enable you to hear the doves cooing in the planet Venus. Here is a microscope that shows you that your skin, which you look at so complacently is coarser than the sail-cloth of the yot in which I hope to be when you read this. Proceed we. Whose fairy fountains are these, and why doth that golden ball dance in the water? Read the thanks of your Sovereign for an unequalled filter. Now we come to philtres of another kind—love-charms. Here is a window full of delicate devices in gold and silver. We are past those things, my friend, but a set of handsome studs would be acceptable to me, and your taste is unexceptionable. You will think about it? Bless you. On then, nor pause to note that array of portmanteaux and traveller's bags, or you may tempt me into thoughts that may carry me away before my time. Here is the office of the great Illustrated newspaper, the treasure of all homes from China to Peru, and this week it has a portrait of THOMAS CARLYLE, Talus with the Iron Flail, destroyer of Shams. I grieve that he should waste years in unravelling Prussian scoundrelisms, chiefly of the vulgar sort, but we truly great men sometimes cast ourselves away for a time, as I am doing now. Let us look at these photographs. There is you, my friend, and there is I, but to neither of our fine faces is justice done—let us proceed. This is a fine shop with its plate glass and its ivories and dressing-cases. What ancient philosopher, led through a fair, pleasingly remarked, "What a number of things that I do not want?" Halt—for it were highly convenient not to be run over by the fiery steeds and scarlet carts which bear a name I think I have heard before—the name of SMITH. Each of those carts, my friend, would furnish matter for an essay—it is rude to yawn, my friend, when a gentleman is talking to you.

When will the respected owner of this picture-shop remove that portrait of the fat priest of the Anglican persuasion, whose countenance speaketh of port wine and plurality? I have been looking at it for fifteen years at least. I never looked to see the name. I dare say he was a good man, but I am weary of his nose. Here is a great photographic chemist—observe that noble likeness of the Laureate, and recite to me the best passages from *Enoch Arden*, while I smoke a cigar in this airy situation. You prefer going on. Be it so. Here is an intelligent lady who selleth Parian ornaments, delicate statuettes—remember her when you have caused displeasure at home, and would reinstate yourself in the good graces of Mrs. PUNCH. This is Somerset House. Tell me whence its name, who built it, and what is the use of the Audit Office? I have sometimes met men who could resolve me the first two demands, never could I get an answer to the third. For the Audit is a sham. Boys are sometimes sent by mischievous young gentlemen to run in and ask the Porter for "two pen'orth of audits;" but they come out bewailing and rubbing their ears. Do you see that watch-face high up below a window? I was told, when a child, by an uncle, that an Irish labourer, repairing the glass, fell, and was caught by this watch on a nail, and saved. I believed this. Later in life I learned that the little dial was put there to test the power of certain Government telescopes. I immediately disbelieved everything that my Uncle had ever told me. Observe the moral, if you have any nephews, my friend, and never tell them lies that can be found out.

Pictorial art is in full blaze as we proceed, and it is delightful to think how much of it one can buy for a little money in these days. But if we are to linger at this great book-shop, we must give up the afternoon to it. The mere titles, if carefully read, would make a man fit for intellectual society. When the good time comes, and, pike in hand, I plunder London, I shall make a merciless sweep here, for I have a fine taste for books, so the proprietors know what to expect. This is Waterloo Bridge. You remind me that CANOVA said it was worth coming to England to see it. CANOVA was a great man, but I love not his *Dancing-girls*. Let us discuss the true principles of sculpture. No? My friend, the Strand is lost on you. Anybody can stare into windows, but it is the lessons they suggest which gives value to the walk. Here are telegraph wires—thick as an elephant's leg, thin as a girl's skipping-rope. Recite TENNYSON's *Skipping Rope*, and say why it is not in the later editions. Or come on, for I cannot listen to a preachment over these wires, and the progress of science binding nations together—we get all that in graphic leading articles, *apropos* whereof, here is the office of that excellent journal, the *Globe*, a most readable paper, very shrewd and epigrammatic. Do you know who writes the Paris letter? What is the Latin for *waldrep*?

Why do you want to walk faster—we cannot dine before seven—what could we do with the rest of the evening? You want to consider the dinner before ordering it. O, my friend, this is luxury, yet include John the Gilt when you are meditating on our fishes. "What beauties does Flora disclose" as we pass this magazine of sweet odours once ACKERMANN'S, as in the days of THOMAS MOORE, who bade the *Marchesa* come to the Palace,—

> "With the newest No-Popery sermon that 's going:
> O bid her come, with her bright tresses flowing,
> All gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,
> In the manner of ACKERMANN'S dresses for May."

People could write in those days, *Mr. Punch*, no offence to you, Sir, who can also write. I perceive your glances across the road. No, the pictured *Leah* is not there now, and the real *Leah* reposes on the broad breast of Ocean, but he is bearing her back to us, and she shall be welcome as the flowers in the month above mentioned. Ha! There will be no more sense to be got out of or into you, now that this fountain of sentiment has been unsealed; so come

along, you old idiot, and let us hasten to the Club. Past the new Eleanor Cross, past King George the Third, of whom I present you with a fancy sketch for the commencement of this letter, and so to Pall Mall. I will give you the remainder of the Strand lecture in the winter.

Punch! If the above paragraphs do not convince you that I require change of air, they convince *me*, and the man who is afraid to act up to his convictions is a contemptible person, and not in the least like

Your affectionate and absconding Contributor,

EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

RAILWAY DIFFICULTIES.

ANTICIPATING, at this slack time of year, letters from Travellers by-rail to the *Times*, we beg to draw the attention of the itinerant Public, to the existence of certain difficulties on the Cruxregis Line, which render the journey from the Metropolitan Terminus to Capfield, less agreeable and enjoyable than it might be. These difficulties, attracting to themselves but a very small share of popular notice, have existed for a long time, ever since, in fact, the formation of the Line, and may be termed Railway Cuttings into Conversation.

By way of illustration, let us suppose the interior of a first-class carriage in the up-train, occupied by an elderly gentleman bound for the City, who has clandestinely brought away with him the *Times* from the family breakfast table, in order to enjoy his Earliest Intelligence quietly in the train, and profitably spend the hour of locomotion. Given also in the same carriage, a Junior Partner in a Banking firm, wishing to strengthen a novel theory upon the subject of Discount, by mastering a financial article in the *Economist;* a sporting man, with a paper containing the weights, and the latest state of the odds, with which it is necessary that he should become thoroughly acquainted, if he is to "pull off" anything at the next meeting; and a Stock Exchange man, who, wishing to be on a pleasant footing with the Banker, tries to engage him in a semi-sportsmanlike conversation as to the scarcity of coverts, the shyness of the birds, and price of land.

These gentlemen, each intent upon his own particular pursuit, are to be disturbed by a few jolts on starting, stopping and re-starting, and by several tunnels, cutting, at brief intervals, into their reading or conversation.

Elderly Gentleman (*after nodding and smiling to his travelling acquaintances, unfolding and folding his paper, putting on his spectacles, and casting a glance round the carriage, as if exercising his glasses for the first time that morning, settles himself down into his seat and says*), Well now, let 's see.

[*Catches sight of the heading "Money Market and"—Train makes as if going to start, everybody in the back-to-engine seat is jerked forward on to every one in the facing-engine seat.*

Every One (*on the back seat to every one else*). Beg pardon.

Eld. Gent. (*recovering himself*). That was rather a jerk.

[*All assent by smiling, nodding, wagging their heads or making a guttural noise. The Train doesn't move, and those nearest the window of course look out, and draw in their heads again, not being very much wiser for their inspection.*

Guard (*to some invisible person who knows all about it*). All right behind? (*Throws up his hands wildly, and is about to whistle.*)

[*Train moves back suddenly. All the facing-engine passengers are jerked against the back-to-engine people.*

All the facing-engine (*to the others*). Beg pardon.

Eld. Gent. (*who by this time has got as far in his paper as "Money Market and City Int—"*). Dear me! That *was* a jerk.

[*Every one assents as before, only with less smiling.*

Guard. Now then. All right? (*Whistles—engine shrieks—puff—puff—jerk—jerk—and off.*)

[*Passengers have some difficulty in finding their places in their newspapers, after the interruption. When they have mastered this—*

Eld. Gent. (*reads to himself*), "At the commencement of business this morning, the first bargains in Consols——"

Sporting Man (*to himself*). "Entries for the Godolphin Stakes of 5 sovs each with 100 added, for——"

Junior Partner in Bank (*to himself*). "The theory upon this subject advanced by the greatest financial reformer is——"

Stock Exchange Man (*trying to attract the Junior Partner*). Are the coverts good in your part?

Simultaneously.

[JUNIOR PARTNER *looks up—Steam—Shriek from Engine—Tunnel.* ELDERLY GENTLEMAN *drops his paper and stops his ears.* JUNIOR PARTNER *shuts his eyes, and tries to delude himself with the notion that he is dozing. The* MEMBER OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE *says, sotto voce, "confound the tunnel," and tries to make up his mind upon the subject of closing the window. The* SPORTING MAN *leans back and looks at the lamp vacantly.*

(All, on emerging from the gloom, re-settle themselves and re-commence.)

Eld. Gent. (*as before*). "At the commencement of business," &c.

Junior Partner (*as before*). "The theory upon this," &c.

Sporting Man (*as before*). "Entries for the Godolphin," &c.

Stock Exchange Man. I was saying that there seems to be very little covert in——

[*Steam—Shriek—Tunnel. Every one does the same as before, and the* STOCK EXCHANGE GENTLEMAN *has just mentally decided upon closing the window, when the Train issues from the Tunnel.*

(After the third Tunnel, (there are about seven between Capfield and London,) any study of the morning paper is relinquished by everybody as utterly futile. Conversation is attempted.)

Eld. Gent. Great nuisance these tunnels?

Sporting Man. Yes.

Stock Exchange Member. I hear that there 's a great scarcity of covert this year.

Junior Partner. Well, yes. No turnips.

Eld. Gent. Is there any American news this morning?

Junior Partner. Well, there is a rumour of great importance. It 's not in the papers; but a message was sent down to The Lombards' House, after business hours, last night (*Everybody greatly interested*) by which we were informed that—— [*Steam—Shriek—Tunnel—All collapse.*

Almost immediately after coming out of Tunnel No. 4, the train stops at a small station. Bumps—thumps—jerks backwards and forwards—and inspection of tickets. No further attempts at conversation are made, and after a rattling, shaking, blinding sort of journey, alternating between sunlight and visible darkness, the passengers arrive at the terminus exhilarated, freshened, and ready for their day's work.

NASAL EDUCATION.



VERY now and then some people assert that snuff is a great stimulant to thinking, and that the mind in other ways may be stirred up through the nose appears to be the notion of the makers of a certain perfume, which is advertised as being "prophylactick, refreshing, and invigorating," and as having tempted HUMBOLDT to write this in its praise:—

"I am not surprised to learn that orators, clergymen, lecturers, authors, and poets give it the preference, for it refreshes the memory."

This statement may be questioned, but we think the fact quite possible, and we have certainly no evidence to show that it is not so. We have often heard of persons remembering an incident by remembering a scent with which it is associated. We know that JONES, for instance, never eats roast goose with its interior concomitants, without the smell thereof reminding him of how he snatched a kiss in his early days of courtship, and how his JULIA reproached him for approaching her when he had eaten—sniff! she need not ask him what. Instead then of denying that the nose affects the mind and may invigorate the memory, we would take those facts for granted, and see what may be made of them. If smells refresh the memory, why should not the nose be utilised and trained as a mnemonical assistant, and used in education both at Colleges and Schools? Were a student to read HOMER with some refreshing perfume besprinkled on his handkerchief, that scent in after life might freshen up his knowledge of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and call to mind some classic beauty he might otherwise forget. So a tough problem of EUCLID might perchance be brought to mind by a sniff of Eau de Cologne, while an argument of PALEY might be stamped upon the memory by a whiff of peppermint, ascending through the nose.

If scents can thus be utilised, a competitive examination would be determined in favour of the man who had not merely the most *nous*, but the most nose. This at least would be the case supposing that the power of smell be enjoyed in fair proportion to mere longitude of nose. Whether this be so is more than we can say; and we may leave the point to be decided by those persons who may deem it worth determining.

PERMISSIVE PROHIBITORY LIQUOR LAW.—The support of *Mr. Punch* will be given to any measure for permitting the prohibition of the sale of bad beer.

Digitized by Google



SHOCKING INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

Enter Bachelor Brother (who has come from a long day of business). "THAT CONFOUNDED ORGAN, AGAIN! ALTHOUGH I TOLD HIM TO GO! BUT—PHEW!!—MY DEAR REBECCA, WHAT DREADFUL ODOUR IS THIS IN THE ROOM?"

[*The truth is, Rebecca, who is passionately fond of the Fine Arts, and of everything Italian in particular, has had the Pifferari, and a Grinding Ruffian to sketch from.—N.B. With regard to the Organ-man, we can assure his admirers and supporters, that neither the individual nor his habiliments are half so foul as the* English (!) *language he can use when interfered with.*

LETTER FROM MR. BOSWELL.

To Mr. Punch.

DEAR SIR,

I WRITE without the knowledge, yet I hope not at the risk of the displeasure of my Venerable Friend—it is needless for me to say that I allude to the great and good DR. JOHNSON—to invite your polite and candid attention to a fact which is not only in a high degree interesting in itself, but which is almost invaluable when we regard it as a new proof of the sagacity of that remarkable man. *Semper vigilant in æde lares.*

When the authorities of the City of London were about to construct the bridge which was at the time destined to be adorned by the noble and illustrious title of the EARL OF CHATHAM, but which vulgar persons have been permitted to call by the commonplace and local name of Blackfriars, there was considerable controversy as to the best method of building the viaduct in question. My venerable friend, of course, adopted the cause of good sense and of sound reason, and advocated a plan which was not ultimately adopted. His letters in the *Gazetteer* are among the most favourable specimens of his multifarious wisdom, and it is difficult to understand how, when DR. JOHNSON had favoured the public with his opinions on that or any other subject, they should fail to carry conviction. But *nemo omnibus horis sapit.* The City authorities—gentlemen whose urbanity and hospitality I have not the slightest intention of denying—were unable to see the extraordinary force of DR. JOHNSON'S arguments, and the work was entrusted to a countryman of mine, MR. MYLNE, of whom I have every desire to speak with respect.

Little more than a century has elapsed, Sir, and the bridge has ceased to be a safe or commodious means of transit. Temporary appliances produced temporary security at the cost of unsightliness in the structure and obstruction to the navigation. The bridge is already in course of demolition, and that which should have been for ages a metropolitan thoroughfare is now a scene in which Hibernian labourers contend, with frightful and profane exclamations, for the honour of causing the largest amount of destruction within an allotted period of time. Were I permitted to be jocose, I might playfully say that the Saint, NEPOMUC, to whom the Greek Church superstitiously assigns the guardianship of bridges, because a legend asserts that he was cast from such an edifice into the stream, must smile in derision upon the ruins of Chatham Bridge. But, Sir, when the reputation of a sage—my good and venerable friend, DR. JOHNSON—is at stake, it is no time for levity, and I am reminded by himself that *dulce est desipere in loco.*

My design in this communication is to recal to your recollection the circumstance that DR. JOHNSON was dissatisfied with the plan on which the bridge was constructed, and that little more than a century has vindicated the great philosopher's wisdom. It might not be an unworthy recognition of his character, and of the profound sense which he displayed in connection with the subject, were the new bridge to bear the honoured name of SAMUEL JOHNSON.

MRS. BOSWELL and VERONICA unite in sincere and respectful compliments, in which they are cordially joined by, dear Sir,

Your very obedient humble Servant,

Elysian Fields, Sept. 20th, 1864. JAMES BOSWELL.

Indisposition of a Clerical Performer.

BROTHER IGNATIUS was announced to appear at St. Mary's, Munster Square, last Sunday week, and preach in the character of a Benedictine Monk. He was not forthcoming, but sent to say, for excuse, that he had a bad sore throat. There is reason to believe that this is true, otherwise the next time IGNATIUS made his appearance in the pulpit, he would perhaps be hissed.

Digitized by Google



MRS. NORTH AND HER ATTORNEY.

MRS. NORTH. "YOU SEE, MR. LINCOLN, WE HAVE FAILED UTTERLY IN OUR COURSE OF ACTION; I WANT PEACE, AND SO, IF YOU CANNOT EFFECT AN AMICABLE ARRANGEMENT, I MUST PUT THE CASE INTO OTHER HANDS."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

A VISIT TO MYNHEER VAN DUNK.

DEAR PUNCH,

SCHEVENING is the Ramsgate, Brighton, Hastings and Scarborough of Holland, and is distant only a short league from the Hague. If you have fourpence you may ride there through a tunnel of green trees, under which is a horse TRAIN-way, constructed on the Yankee plan that 'bus drivers abused with so much vocal vehemence when it was tried in London. When suddenly I stumbled on this tramway at the Hague, I said to a reflective fellow tourist at my elbow, "Now here we see good proof that the Dutchman hath a genius for mechanical invention even as hath the go-ahead American or Briton. This railway is no doubt of purely Dutch construction; Dutch both in manufacture and in the men who manage it." While thus I eloquent discoursed, behold, up came a first-class carriage; and, to confirm my words, I overheard this fragment of a dialogue between the Dutch Sub-manager and Dutch driver of the train:—

First Dutchman (*hastily*). Now then, where's them 'orses' cloths, BILL?

Second ditto (*calmly*). Aven't got 'em 'ere.

First ditto (*savagely*). Aven't got 'em 'ere? Then why the—British expletive—ain't yer got 'em ere?

Schevening I should say must be a good place to be idle at, for there are no nice shells to pick up, and no nice cliffs to climb, and no nice boats to hire for fishing. All that you can do there, if you want some occupation, is to scramble up some sandhills until you fill your shoes, and then every five seconds to pull them off and empty them. Or you may take a bath from a wonderful machine, a sort of old yellow post-chaise with an awning where the back should be. As the shore is very flat, you have to wade some distance before you wet your knees; but you will feel relieved to think that you are not in modest England, and therefore not exposed to telescopic observation.

I think the straw hats of the fishwomen are decidedly the things the most worth looking at in Schevening (except perhaps the cottages where live the wearers, which are a lesson to our poor folk in the way of cleanliness). Mighty structures are these straw hats, an inch thick at the least, and turned up in the side-brim to the semblance of a cheese-cutter. Atop of them huge fish-baskets are balanced with much ease, while the broad brims save from soiling the neat white close-frilled caps, and clean-washed faces under them. Except among the visitors, I saw no Crinoline at Schevening; but I was grieved to see that elsewhere its invasion was observable. And it pained me to remark that bonnets were more common than they were ten years ago, and that the splendid old Dutch skull-plates were going out of fashion. These, however, you still see upon some country village swellesses, who it may be have inherited their grandeur from their grandmothers. Here and there too you still see the corkscrew horns or hairpins, which are worn so as to stick out on both sides of the forehead, and are intended, I believe, to frighten male admirers from attempting osculation.

Patriæ quis exul Sea quoque fugit?—you can't well get to Holland without crossing the sea; and haply this to some people may act as a deterrent. For myself, I sailed there in a yacht, and so escaped the many smells a steamboat's atmosphere is air to. (By the by, O brother yachtsman, bear in mind when you cruise there, to take your dingay with you. A pull along the not-unlike-to-Venice streets of Rotterdam is an amusing after-breakfast little bit of exercise, and funnily astonishes the minds of female natives. Besides, there is famous gull and spoon-bill, and teal, and other wildfowl shooting in the river, and bathing with a seal in sight is quite a new thing to a Cockney.) But even, if you go by steam the trip will well repay you. In this fast used-up age it is worth a little seasickness to get a little novelty, and a few days at the Hague will freshen your mind more than a good many at Hastings. In the matter of amusements, if you are fond of music, you may hear MOZART for nothing; and if you want to shake your toes, you may go to a "Groot Bal met buitengewone illuminatie," without any fear of finding it a foreign copy of Cremorne. You may improve your Dutch, moreover, by studying the shop-fronts, and speculating what is meant by "Tapperij en Slitterij," and whether from the common word "cigarrenhandel" it be fair to guess that handles are sold there for cigars. When you travel by a Spoorweg, or a railway as we call it, you will find the fare is posted on a board outside the station, and that it is also printed on your ticket, to save you from the chance of being swindled by the clerk; and as the guard can walk along the train just when he pleases, you will not much fear being murdered if you chance to fall asleep. Then if you love pictures, you may see PAUL POTTER'S *Bull* and the *Anatomy School* of REMBRANDT: and you may feast your eyes upon the kitchen scenes of TENIERS, the minutenesses of MIERIS, the sea-pieces of VANDERVELDT, and the drolleries of JAN STEEN. By way of further novelty, you will not see an English painting in the galleries, and this a little may surprise you, remembering what clever fellows you have left in Easel Street and Maulstick Square at home. But everywhere you go, you will see people who look the pictures of happiness and health, who may remind you of some English living pictures you have love for. Clean, frugal and industrious; honest, civil and obliging; the Dutch are not by any means a bad people to live among; and although JOHN BULL of course stands A 1 in the world, he might learn a few good lessons from his friends across the sea. Men make money in Holland as well as they do here, and to me they seem to make it far more quietly and easily, and without the worry, flurry, and the wearing, tearing, hurry-scurry now so common here.

Holland is, in fact, a pleasant country for a holiday, to those who have no wish to make a labour of their leisure. There are no mountains to climb, and but few lions to visit. The Haarlem organ is the principal, but the afternoon I heard it, it was sadly out of tune, or else it may be, I was. I was repaid though for my visit by seeing a Dutch christening. The mothers sat in a big pew just underneath the pulpit; and at a given signal the babies were brought in, each covered with a napkin, like a tray of things for lunch. Each in turn was then uncovered and thrice sprinkled by the priest, who sternly gave the mothers such a longwinded jobation, that I should think they would be careful not to have another christening to go through, if they anyhow could help it.

Moreover, let me hint that, though the beer is bad, the Schiedam is undeniable; and O Brother, you can buy cigars at four or five a penny, and can actually smoke them without suffering much harm. So take a trip through Dutchland before going up the Rhine; and you will enjoy the mountains more, for the molehills you have left.

Believe me, *Punch*, my boooy, yours with every etcetera of my etcetera etcetera etcetera,

VAGABUNDUS.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

(*On the Present High Price of Meat.*)

"DEAREST in all the world are you;
But oh, how dear, love, Meat is, too!
Our Butcher's bill runs up so high!
Come tell me, FREDERICK, tell me why?"

"Why? Because rogues can only cheat
By weight, or price, in selling meat,
Can't, as in other things they can,
Mix rubbish with the food of man.

"Bread, milk, and groceries, beer, and wine,
'Tis seldom we get genuine;
But mutton must be sheep; a thief
Cannot adulterate his beef."

"Yes, love, indeed there's truth in that:
But then how large a lump of fat
They always skewer to the round,
And charge it all the same a pound!"

"A LANG LEGGIT CALLANT AWANTING THE BREEKS."

MUCH is said about the civilisation of the Highlands, and the rapid adoption by their inhabitants of English habits and manners. We rejoice to believe that the mission of England is successful in the north. But the following advertisement, from a Scottish journal, makes us feel that there are cases in which all the teaching of the English tailor is inadequate to put down ancient superstitions:—

FOUND, a Pair of TROUSERS, on a Stair in Argyll Street, on Saturday Night. Apply to WILLIAM ANDERSON, &c.

He could bear it no longer, that poor DONALD MACTODDYLADLE. He had endured the persecution of the Saxon garb throughout the week, but as the Sabbath approached, and he thought of the heather and the wild deer, his feelings mastered him. He tore away the Sassenach fetters, and bounded away due north. After all, it is *not* so ill takin' the breeks off a Highlandman. We sympathise with the child of nature, and recommend MR. ANDERSON to have a brief interview with a child of Israel.

Where Next?

PUNCH is requested by His Excellency the Master of Ordnance to the SULTAN OF TURKEY to contradict a statement that the Master is removing the time-honoured ruins of Troy. He has nothing to do with it. The Vandals who are guilty are the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company, who require the site of Troy for some of their new premises.

Seraglio Point, Constantinople, Sept. 14th.

OVER-CAUTIOUS.

A SINCERE Protestant writes to us to say, that he never likes to impart a secret to a Devout Romanist, because such an one is sure to go and *tell his Beads*.

Digitized by Google



A FRIEND IN NEED.

Conductor (to Influential Passenger). "NOW, SIR, SAY WHEN."

DADDY'S PRIZE.

"SOCIETIES like these were the greatest possible benefit to the labouring class, and it was a satisfaction to him, whilst walking under a hedge, to overhear a little boy who was running by, halloo out, 'Daddy's got a prize."—COLONEL FANE, *at the Bicester Agricultural Association Dinner.*

BENEATH a hedge of late walked I,
'Mid acres rich and wide;
When a small boy came running by
Along the other side.
His father was a labouring man,
From this I did surmise,
That still that urchin, as he ran,
Cried "Daddy's won a prize!"

"For what, my boy?" I asked. "A wife,
And twelve on us," he said,
"Without relief in all his life,
From parish, Daddy bred."
"Good man," said I, "His earnings, what?
If you can tell me, speak."
He answered, "All as Daddy got,
Twelve shillings was a week."

"Well done! His work no doubt was hard,
And moderate was his hire,
Now tell me, boy, then, what reward
Was given to your sire?
A well-built cottage, I should guess,
To hold for life rent free.
Of course they couldn't give him less,
That's what he got, may be?"

"He! Naw," replied the little lout,
"A fat lot he enjoys!
O sitch a pair of just about
New spick-and-span cord'roys!"
So saying, he pursued his way,
And, with receding cries,
Kept hallooing, "Hip, hip, hip, hooray!
Hoy! Daddy's won a prize!".

WHEREIN do France and Ireland most resemble each other?—In *Absint-heism.*

QUIET WATERING-PLACES.

No. II.—GWRYSTHLOGWDD (CONTINUED).

7 P.M. *A Beautiful Summer's Evening.*—Before knocking at the Inn-door—it struck me that it must indeed be a *very* quiet place, where one had to knock at the door of the hostelrie, in order to attract attention—before knocking I surveyed the exterior. It was everything in a rural way that could be desired. Honeysuckles, wild roses, and tame roses too for aught I know, mingled with the ivy, that, in climbing up to the roof, almost hid the windows from view. I cannot say whether it was the ivy that mingled with the honeysuckles or the honeysuckles with the ivy, not being a horticulturist, but the general effect led me to exclaim, with much feeling, "This is indeed quiet; this is indeed charming: here could I stay for ever: let me enter within the pretty rustic porch, and make inquiries."

I fancy I hear a growl. No doubt about it. Within the rustic porch, right in front of the door, lies an enormous dog, of a shaggy and uncompromising appearance. Let me see: let me try to remember some anecdotes of savage animals, and the way to master them. There's nothing like fixing your eye upon them. I do this, and he fixes his eye on me. I advance one step: the intelligent animal lifts his nostrils up quiveringly, and displays his teeth, still growling. If I retreat, he will follow me; if I advance, it is evident that he will be down upon me—very much down upon me. I say "Poo' fellow, there, poo' old f'low!" and try to appear as if I wasn't afraid of him. He's not to be taken in—evidently a dog not to be trifled with. 'Pon my word, 'tis very wrong to leave him out here. It's very dangerous. Where's OWEN's mate, and the rest of the combatants? All disappeared. My involuntary turning at this moment towards the beach has roused my canine detective. He is on all-fours. I never saw such an uncouth beast. I have been since informed that they are very common in Wales, and run about loose over the mountains.

The inn-door was suddenly opened by a gentleman, who (as I subsequently ascertained) filled the lucrative offices of Boots-and-Stableman; this undaunted person said grrrrrrrrrrr to the dog; and the animal, who was nothing more than a bully after all, making a great show before a stranger, slunk off, growling and gurgling within his hairy self.

"Is my portmanteau come?" I inquire. A buxom, trim-looking, elderly female appears. The Landlady, doubtless. Yes, a portmanteau has arrived. There it was. Mine? Yes. Now, if you please, would you show me to a room? Can't do that! Why not? Because there isn't a room. Oh! "At least not empty. You see, sir," she goes on to explain, "It's Saturday." This did not at first sight make the case much clearer, and strongly reminded me of Winklebeach and the Butcher. "And on Saturday, you see, Sir, there's them Excursionists——" The what? "The Excursionists from Bangor, and Beaumaris, and all such places. Lor' bless you! and we has 'em from Chester too, sometimes, for the fishing and picnicking." I sat down on my portmanteau. "The pleasure parties" (Pleasure parties! confound 'em?) "all stops here." Bright idea! I will go where the pleasure parties do *not* stop. Come, Boots, shoulder my portmanteau to the other Inn. "The other Inn! Lor' bless you! there ain't no other Inn!" But I can't get back to Beaumaris. No, they say, I can't do that. Well, then, what *can* I do? I want dinner and a bed: only for to-night. Landlady looks at Boots, Boots at her. They'll manage it somehow. There are some young College gentlemen, who are on a reading party, as wouldn't mind my joining them. *They've* got the sofas, and a mattrass or two, in the parlour. I can have a shake-down under the table, or on it, if I like. Here's a prospect! Where are all the people now? Oh, they've not come in yet? They're out fishing and amusing themselves: some have gone out to the coast by Llandudno, shooting Puffins. Did I ever see a Puffin? No; hang the Puffin! What'll I have for dinner? As usual, what have they got? Well, there's a nice piece of beef. Good! the very thing. "They had that for luncheon," says a neat waitress, who has been summoned to the conclave. Who's they? The young gentlemen from College. Well, what else besides beef? A nice cold fowl. Good! By all means, fetch the fowl. Waitress is afraid there aren't much left o' that. It turned out that there was *nothing* left of that. "The young gents had taken it out, with some Tongue, thinking as they might be hungry." What young gents? Them from College. Oh! Well, what is there? "They're a cooking dinner, now," says the Landlady; "but

tain't to be ready till half-past eight, and I dare say they won't mind your dining with 'em. They're very nice young gentlemen—full o' life and fun." They must be: I'm sure they must be. But I wish they wouldn't take a whole larder out with them. Will I have some bread and cheese? Yes, just to stay the appetite. I nose the cheese coming along the passage, and confine myself to the bread.

8.—While they are preparing the table for the high-spirited young Collegians, I sit by the open window, in full view of the Menai Straits. There is a peaceful air about this place, that inclines me to commune with myself, in my note-book. The hum of the insects soothes me. I wish that man had not begun mending something or other in the yard. I don't know what it is, but it seems to require a great deal of hammering. The Landlady comes out smilingly. She is saying something to me. I really can't hear a word. She gives me to understand (by dint of shouting, in opposition to the hammer) that they can accommodate me with a bed, but not a room to myself. They've got an old iron bedstead, which OWEN is nailing together. Oh, thank you. That is, in fact, the cause of the hammering. Oh, thank you, again. She said OWEN, I believe? Yes, that is the name of the Boots. It is *her* name, also. It is, in fact, the name of most of the people about here. When they're not OWENS, they're EVANS; EVAN EVANS, OWEN OWEN, or EVAN OWEN or OWEN EVAN, for variety.

8·30.—Whoo-whoop! Who-whoop! I hear shouting: I hate shouting. Perhaps the approach of savage Welsh tribes. More whoowhooping! "Hollo! MRS. OWEN!" "Here we are, again!" More senseless whoowhooping and shouting announces the arrival of the Three Jovial Collegians.

MRS. OWEN explains my peculiarly painful position. They say, "Oh, all right!" and dispense with any further ceremony by at once hoping that I have a good appetite, and asking me whether I should prefer having my dinner at once, or adopting the alternative of waiting until I got it? This was put to me by the shortest of the three, and elicited a roar of laughter. Such laughter! you could have heard it miles off. "We've only," said the tallest, "a very quiet little dinner!" Quiet! Is it possible? It may be; but not another day do I stop here, if I can possibly help it. Dinner.

PUTTING BRITANNIA ON HER METAL.

Letter from the Poet Laureate of the Fleet.



NERRED SIR,—1 day tuther weak i went to a Wedin. it were My kneece's Wedin (m'a JANE SWIZZLE—oos muther wus my deerly b'loved sister and kep the old Wan tromp—licens'd Wittleress) she (m'a JANE i meen) got spliced 2 a Young Engine-here, a wherry hansum Young felr, with karaty wiskers and beer'd 2 match. Wel arter the kustomary Seremonials had been gone thro' and we had dun Din'r (konsistin of Turkey hung in a alderman's chain off eppin sawsages) i may jist hobserve there was 4 and 20 on us sat down to that Re-past xklusive of hinfants inn harms—i Propos'd the bride's Elth &c. &c. hand then inn doo Kourse i was Kawl'd on 4 a Song—i made hall sorts off Xcuses sich as i'd got a Wiolent kold inn My hed—roomytiz inn My shoulder setera setera—but it was hall of no Awale—sing i must hev'ry 1 sed—so tho' i hadn't sung inn publick since i was captn off the mane top on boord H.M.S. the *Water-Mellon* (were itt was jeneraly allówd i playd The fidl ike a Searaff, which is simeler 2 a naughtycal haingel—*Willm* inn *blak e'd Soosen* is my authoritee 4 this similee) i struck up my hold faverit Stave off wich o' kourse yer honer knows the korus—

"Arts of Oke are our Ships."

wen lo! hand bhold the Young Engine-here busts into a larf off 2 hunderd orse pour. it warn't wherry perlite you'll say—but howsum dever i didn't mind—thinks i two myself my young felr you mayn't hav many more hopertunities of larfing (for m'a JANE has got a hawful Temper—*harntray new* as Mounseer wood say—like her own bloved muther wich is my sister MRS. SWIZZLE off the old wan tromp a four sed)—howsever o' kourse that's neether hear nor There—so 2 resume. wen i axed him for a xplanation off his misterius konduct he sed i was bhind the Age—that i wus a regler *rip wan winkl* hand add hevydently bin asleep 4 the last 20 yeer setera setera—that to tawk off ships as "Arts of Oke" was habsurd, hand that if i wornt aware that Ships were like Spoons (seein that Both were hoccashonly plated) i wus litl better than a spoon myself. Wel i took it hall inn good part, butt as soon as i got home i resolvd 2 overhaul my litle Wabbler (price 6 pens hincludin fruntispiece with A swete litl cherub as sits up aloft 2 keep Watch 4 the life off poor JACK) hand on lookin at my litl Wabbler i seed that CHARLEY DIBDIN'S toonful bark (same with his jolly Kompanions ev'ry 1) wanted pitchin hand kawkin—2 speak inn more litterary lingo, 2 make neptune's Pegases quite att home aboard of our ironklads i must take of his wooden shoes, hand putt metal tips 2 his feet. kordinly i sat down hinn my snugery with a C chest 4 a ritein desk, hand hammer'd away hatt the poplar Stave 4 sed, till I got hall the wood out hand the iron plates hinn, wich i kall "Puttin BRITANYER on her metl." i now umbly wentur 2 Beg that i may b hallowd 2 dedikate this nashunal balad hinn its emended form 2 your honer as 1st lord of the Admiralty, if so be its true that you ralely hold sich a position, and if you don't, hall i can say is you ought 2, konsiderin the sarvice you've renderd the country ever since you've been at the head of the Fleet.

Yours 2 kommand inn haste,

TOMAS LITTLE (kommynly kall'd LONG TOM)
Scrooge's Rents (next door 2 the Groggery).
2 *Admiral Punch, head of the Fleet.*

(See balad below, koped by a frend o' mine as is a Skulemaster and a man o' letrs.)

'ARD AS OAK ARE OUR SHIPS.

Come, cheer up my lads, why look glumpy and queer,
'Cause "shiver my timbers" no more you will hear;
The old British Lion with his new iron chain
Is cast in a mould, that's all right in the main.
'Ard as Oak are our Ships (nine at least out of ten),
At which JACK shakes his head—he
Feels all over unsteady,
'Cause he can't cut his name on their Starns, Brother BEN.

A Screw by an old Salt is not much admired,
But quickly our Screws will shell out, when required;
Let laundresses laugh, why need JACK be irate?
At an ironing-board the first Lord sits in state.
'Ard as Oak are our Ships, if the foe thinks it strange,
On our decks let him tread—he
Will find hot plates ready
For his goose, which we'll cook at our long (kitchen) range.

We ne'er see a Warsman at anchor in bay,
But we 'joice 'cause no dry-rot can make her decay,
And our Bilers well made are by MAUDSLAY or PENN,
Won't become half so crusty as some Captains we ken.
Talk of Oak! if there's none in our craft, Brother BEN,
Steady! Boy, steady!
For when all is ready,
'Twill be found, I'll be bound, in the hearts of our men.

EQUALITY BEFORE THE TAX-GATHERER.

A WRITER on "The Inland Revenue," in the *Saturday Review*, expresses a hope that certain "wealthy manufacturers have learned to apply the true test to the comparative taxation of earnings and of realised property," and adds:—

"They are concluded by their own admission that it is not the business of the tax-gatherer to correct the inequalities of fortune."

Just so. That is not the tax-gatherer's business. Therefore an improvement on our present fiscal arrangements, which have been made with some little regard to the inequalities of fortune, would be taxation imposed with none at all.

One uniform poll-tax, levied equally on everybody whose fortune it would not exceed, and on everybody else to the extent of his whole fortune, would constitute the perfection of that indifference to the inequalities of fortune which is not quite reached by Schedule D.



LITTLE CHICKMOUSE RASHLY ACCEPTS THE OFFER OF A DAY'S PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING.

Gamekeeper (to Little C. who has kicked up a Hare). "NOW FOR IT, SIR!"

Chickmouse (who finds he can't get over his horror of Firearms). "WELL—FACT IS—I'D RATHER YOU'D— LOOK 'ERE, YOU 'OLD THE GUN, AND I'LL PULL THE TRIGGER!!"

TWO PEARLS IN ONE SETTING.

SEE this jewel of an advertisement, which appeared the other morning one of our cheap newspapers:—

"WANTED, a CHILD to WET-NURSE. Aged 26. Good health.—Address, &c.

Men of sixty are quite commonly addressed or talked of as "old boys," but this is the first time we ever heard of a "child" being of the age of six-and-twenty. In extreme old age men come to what is called their second childhood, but they are not such babies then that they have need to be wet-nursed. To want a child of six-and-twenty years of age for that purpose certainly to our notion appears a little singular; but the following announcement, which appeared in the same newspaper, seems to show that there are "children" who require to be nursed when they are over twenty:—

"NURSE WANTED, in a Small Family, where there are three children, age not under 20.

Unless these children all be dwarfs, it seems to us absurd to call this "small family." How can a family be small that has three great talking members of an "age not under twenty." We wonder, are these children still attired in bibs and tuckers, or have they yet arrived at the maturity of pinafores? And we wonder even more why a nurse is wanted for them. Is she required to keep them from falling out of window, or from tumbling into the fire? Has she to take care against their eating too much pudding, or swallowing too many lollipops, or taking suckers of their thumbs? Will she have to take these "children, age not under twenty," out in a perambulator, and will she box their ears if they do not sit quite quiet in it, the while she flirts a bit with some fine soldier in the Park? A hundred other questions naturally occur to us, when we find a nurse is wanted for children so advanced in age; but although we put some of our questions here in print, we have no wish to be bothered by receiving any answers to them.

TRAVEL TALK.

The Last Man in Town. Hallo, Captain, how is it you are not out of Town?

The Last Man but One in Town. Because I make it a rule never to go out of Town until after everybody else has returned to Town.

The Last Man. Curious! and might I inquire the reason of that strange whim, pray?

The Last Man but One. Because, Sir, by this means I avoid all the intolerable rubbish that persons,—because they have been for a few miles or for a few days on the Continent,—think they are privileged to bore their friends with the moment they return amongst them. Of all bores I think the travelling bore is the one that goes to the greatest lengths in his powers of boredom. The man who goes to the top of Mont Blanc should be condemned to squat there for the remainder of his life, to prevent his ever touching on the subject in any other form afterwards. [*Exit into the Club in a good rage.*

TRIUMPH OF HOMŒOPATHY.

ITALIAN doctors bled CAVOUR for typhus. If PIUS THE NINTH had been ALEXANDER THE SIXTH, they would be suspected of having been feed by the POPE. CAVOUR died.

GENERAL DE WILLISEN, Prussian Minister at Rome, was seized the other day, with "perniciosa" fever. The doctors did not kill him. His physician was a homœopathist. The only cure for the *perniciosa*; a sort of ague caused by malaria, is quinine in large doses. That remedy in those quantities was not prescribed for GENERAL DE WILLISEN. The General was physicked with globules. He died in a few hours. Perniciosa fever alone killed him. Typhus, apart from treatment, did not kill CAVOUR. So homœopathy triumphs on the whole.

FOR THE TABLE.—The best covert for Partridges is—the Dish-cover.

Digitized by Google

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, September 24, 1864.



THE RANCH STATION.

Miss Tremmles (who is nervous about Railways generally, and especially since the late outrages). "Oh, Porter, put me into a Carriage where there are Ladies, or Respectable People, or——"

Porter. "Oh, you're all Safe this Mornin', Miss; you're th' only Passenger in the whol' Te'ine, except another Old Woman."

THE DIFFERENCE ABOUT DENMARK.

A Duet.

Between Count Bismarck *and* Earl Russell.

Bismarck.

The Danish affair Europe views
Arrived at a nice termination.
We hope that you will not refuse
To acknowledge our great moderation.
We have not dismembered the State
Of Denmark, by right of the stronger;
We only have lightened its weight
Of the Duchies it couldn't keep longer.

We 've dropped the demand to be paid
The cost of resisted invasion.
What clemency we have displayed
On this very provoking occasion!
As we have seized less than we might,
And stopped short of total exaction,
We trust you will do us the right
With our work to express satisfaction.

Russell.

'Twould better have pleased us to hold
Our tongues, than express our opinion;
But since you will have the truth told,
Your invasion of Denmark's dominion
Was as needless as it was unjust,
And Denmark you have, with faith broken,
Dismembered, if that which is must,
And not that which is not, be spoken.

The Duchies, of course we expect
You 'll bless with a free Constitution,
And let them their Sovereign elect,
Seeing that is the only solution
That peace can in Europe maintain,
Observe, you two Powers that broke it
To assert Nationality's reign.
Now, put that in your meerschaums and smoke it.

Motto for the South-Eastern Company's Refreshment Rooms.—"O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South!"

The Travellers' Club.—We never heard of it, unless it 's an Alpenstock.

FROM OUR MUSICAL CRITIC.

I shay *Punch* olefler I've jush been to Brum, no, Birmingham, to hear Singer—mean shay Senior Costa's new Oratorio, and I'm qui intox-hicated with delight. Of course you know its name is *Namen*, no, thatsh not spelt righ is it? And the muse-hic is worth *namin* whenever you've an operatunity. But I shay isn't it a Q, no, mean shay kewrious tribute to influence of Schchumannn (I doe think that's righ either) that Senior Costa shou compose an Orootoriorio about Naaman a Shumannite?

No time to shay more, because it's after dinner, and the postah jush going, so I remain yourshtruly.

Blessh me yes of course qui forgot to sign my name, bur you know war it is don't you? blesht if I can recomember it.

ANOTHER RAILWAY ALARM.

Old Woman (as the train stops). Tell me, my dear, what station is this?

Little Boy (looking out, and seeing the name, whatever it may mean, written in large letters on a conspicuous board). Panklibanon, Ma.

Old Woman (after satisfying herself with the same inspection, begins screaming violently out of the window). Here Guard, Guard, I say? I don't want the Panklibanon Station. I am going on to Red Hill.

[*It is only after considerable difficulty that the* Old Lady *is convinced that* Panklibanon *is not the name of a Station, but of some mysterious article of manufacture, which no one has been able as yet to explain.*]

Russian Absolutism.—"Che Czara, Czara."

SOLUTION OF A DIFFICULTY.

Everybody knows that there are in existence two skulls of Oliver Cromwell, and that the smaller one is satisfactorily explained by the curator in charge thereof to have been good King Oliver's skull when he was a little boy. We have now a somewhat parallel case. At the Archæological Meeting at Warwick, Lord Denbigh exhibited the dagger with which Felton killed the Duke of Buckingham. Mr. Thistlethwaite, of Hampshire, has also the dagger with which the deed was done. Were it necessary to choose between the relics, we hope that we know our place too well not to give the verdict in favour of the dagger belonging to the nobleman. But there is no need for an invidious selection. Felton was a very determined man, and no doubt took a dagger in each hand, and brought the bad duke to account by double entry. It is pleasant when an archæological problem can be so simply solved.

Paved with Gold.

Asked Mr. Disraeli, the other day,

"What would have been the effect upon England if this year there had been Gold Drains?"

We hardly know, but we think that England would have been very much astonished, and would have believed that in laying them down a first step was being taken to realise the provincial idea of London, whose streets are paved with gold. The question illustrates the gorgeous Oriental imagination of the Conservative leader.

Golden Rule for British Travellers.

In most towns of the Continent, you may be sure that a little good English goes a great deal farther than any quantity of bad French.

Digitized by Google

THE SCHOOLMASTER IN SUFFOLK.



ABRUM HODGE present his most respeckfle dooty unto *Mister Punch*, and will yow be so good, Sir, as to look at this here Wartisement which he hev eggs Tractured from the *Ipsidge Jarnal*:—

WANTED, a good Churchman acquainted with School Management to conduct an Adult Evening School from Michaelmas to Lady Day. A knowledge of Music desirable. Work would be found on the land, or a tradesman might find employment during the day.—Apply for further particulars to the Rector of St. James's, near Halesworth.

ABRUM HODGE he want to now* if yow would think me shooted for this here city wation, fur he hev had a site of skulun when I wer Tin year owd, and i kan manadge ship and Pigs as well as work upon the land, which is what I were browt up to. And blame it! arter managum sech okkard animals as pigs its little more nor childs play manajun Adults. As fur Moosic yow should hare me haller Largess at our hairvest Frolic, and yowd sah I hev a stammun good strong Wice, and baint afeard to use it nuther. So fur as I now,* Sir, I'm a torrabul "good churchman," leastways I allys goo to chutch when them air loaves is giv awah, and 'struesyoure born I dun now* as I iver wint to sleep afore the Sarmun. So I humbly ax yor pardun fur a dressun yow this year, but I hope yow'l sah a wud for me respectun that there place, fur times baint over grand with me, and incloodun the bor BILLY as were born a year come Michalmast, we be tin on us' [illegible]ly, and a stammun sight o pudden that there Bor[illegible] my owdest du gollup down his troat sure lis. And thof the fairmers sah as how their wate be cheap as dut [illegible]deer enuff to poor min like myself as arn but nine s[illegible]n a week, and hev a fammily to feed with it. So I remain yor most obajient humble sarvun,

ABRUM HODGE.

P.S. Sir, Will yow plase tell the Rector tew that my bor JIM is ekally a good chutchman as I be myself, an' he kan blow the bellers durum chutchtimse if required, and i wouldn charge nit northun for his sarvice. But the rector he must find him a new shoot o clothes to dew it in, beeause his owd uns be wore up a'most, and as his Sunday jackit be a gittun ruther small for him I'm a'most afeard the sleeves ud come off in the blowun.

* *Anglice*, know.

FASHIONABLE DEPARTURES.

Our Laundress.—To the Wash.
Our Gardener.—To Weedon.
Our Milkman.—To Chalk Farm.
Our Tailor.—To Great Coates.
Our Solicitor.—To Devises.
Our Newly Married friend.—To Edenbridge.
Our Stingy Uncle.—To Flint.
Our Favourite Preacher (DR. C——G).—To St. Buns[illegible] St. Ives.
Our Cook's Military Cousin.—To Battle.
Our Usual Beggar.—To Tatters(h)all, and
Our Dog.—To join the family circle in Skye.

THE fol[illegible]
Offices:—

" Informs[illegible]
the Govern[illegible]
tration, Car[illegible]

QUIET WATERING-PLACES.

No. II.—GWRYSTHLOGWDD (CONTINUED.)

8·45 P.M.—AT this hour we dined. When I say "we," I mean the three Jolly Companions from College, and myself. The name of the first—I call him the first, because he was the tallest, strongest, and loudest of the party—was, as I gathered from the other two, SCISSORS. He had another name, I presume, but I didn't catch it. The second was known, among the friends of his youth, as the GORILLA. I need not dwell upon the peculiar fitness of this title; if DU CHAILLU had seen him, he would have shot him out of hand; and serve him right. The youngest and smallest was invariably addressed by an initial letter, J., and always spoke of himself in the third person, as J. W. H.

I was very hungry; "so were they;" and this announcement on their part, seeing that they outnumbered me by two mouths, was on the whole, rather unsatisfactory.

"There, Stranger," said the SCISSORS—at this appellation, by the way, there was a roar of laughter,—politely giving me the first ladle-full of soup, "Peg away. If you want any more you must holloa." It was a very small ladle and not quite full; I smiled, as cheerfully as possible, by way of answer, thereby wishing to intimate that I should be ready to "holloa" in a very short space of time. I hate holloaing, and should have preferred saying, politely, "MR. SCISSORS, if my honourable friend will permit me to call him so, will you kindly oblige me with some more soup." The others were still hard at work with their spoons, and of course, though I had finished in less than a minute, I did not like to intrude my wants upon their necessities. J. having scarcely swallowed his last spoonful, had no such scruples, and at once reached out his plate to SCISSORS.

"Allow me," said I, handing it for him in my most elegant manner.

"All right, Stranger." All laughed at this. "J. W. H. is the boy for soup," said J., speaking of himself. It is but justice to him to say, that he was the boy, not only for soup, but as it afterwards appeared, for beef, poultry, tart, cheese, and anything that came to table. As I handed J. W. H.'s plate, the GORILLA was in waiting with his. My turn came next, but SCISSORS somehow managed to get another plate-full, while I was ringing the bell at the request of the GORILLA, who was, in point of fact, much nearer the bell-handle than I was.

"Hullo, Stranger!" another roar that went through my head like a cannonade. "What do you want?"

I explained that soup was my object. More laughter. SCISSORS was afraid that there was no more soup. I could have the tureen if I liked. Roars of laughter.

"If you'd only sent word that you'd been coming, you see, J. W. H.," said that young gentleman, "would have killed the fatted veal." More laughter, during which the waitress enters, to know what we want. Strange to say, one after another deny the fact of ringing.

"The Stranger rang," growls the GORILLA.

"Ha! ha! ha!" Shouts of laughter.

I am obliged to own that I *did* touch the bell, and am in the foolish position of being unable to say for what purpose.

"Sherry," suggests SCISSORS.

"A bottle of Sherry," orders the GORILLA, surlily.

"J. W. H. is the boy for sherry," says the least of the Jolly Collegians, winking at me. MRS. OWEN sends in her best sherry (Heaven defend me then from MRS. OWEN's worst!) and the repast proceeds.

Oft as I have regretted my want of a College education, I never felt the want of it so much as at this moment. The cheery young fellows gave me many opportunities of joining in their conversation, of which I was no more able to avail myself, than if I had been dining with the chiefs of a Red Indian tribe conversing in their own native tongue.

J. W. H. would ask, for instance, "Did I know BAXTER of Corpus?" Well, I didn't, and though I tried my hardest to interest myself in an anecdote concerning the aforesaid BAXTER, yet I could not but perceive, that my ignorance was a subject of pity to my companions who, while BAXTER was on the *tapis*, did not even try to make their remarks intelligible.

It was much the same when SCISSORS began. "Do you recollect old SMITH?" Well, both the GORILLA and J. W. H. recollected old SMITH, and for the matter of that, so did I; and what was more, I said so. This astonished them. I was about to observe, jocularly, that SMITH was not such an uncommon name as they might imagine, when the GORILLA inquired "whether I meant SMITH of Keys?"

"Of Keys? No. The gentleman I was alluding to was neither a locksmith, nor"——

Roars of laughter, in which I joined, having evidently made a joke without knowing it.

"J. W. H. drinks your health, Stranger, and that of Keys!"

Digitized by Google

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" Whereupon I nearly choked myself in my endeavour to laugh heartily, and drink to J. W. H. at one and the same moment.

The GORILLA here rose from his chair, and slapped me violently on the back. He said he had heard it was good for that sort of thing. Thank you, much obliged. Should he do it again? No thank you, not again.

"Keys," they informed me was spelt *Caius:* but I wasn't to be taken in like that.

10.—The Dinner is over, and the Least of the party has announced that "J. W. H. is the boy for pipes." And so it appears; having a store by him of short black navvy-looking clays, old meerschaum pipes, and wooden dittos. I am no great smoker, but agree to the proposition that a quiet cigar after dinner—a *quiet* cigar mind you,—will be most acceptable.

We sit at the open window, and are happy. Let us stroll out. A drop, two drops, a pelting shower. Let us step in. By all means. Boots says it will rain all night now, and—here come the excursionists, on donkeys, on mules, on ponies, in cars, on foot, huddle-muddle, sopping, soaking, in they come, a party of damp strangers.

"Will the gentlemen allow a few of the party in their room," asks MRS. OWEN.

"No: J. W. H. knows a trick worth two of that," is the accommodating reply.

Whereupon the moist Tourists, who have been, and still are, counteracting the effects of the water outside by taking restoratives internally, become abusive, and breathe vengeance and brandy. Collegians defy the Tourists, and Tourists defy Collegians. Tourists prepare to storm the sitting-room. "If you please," I say, "I think I should like to go out." Pooh! Would I side with those Snobs of Tourists! No, never! "We (the Collegians) will give them a licking. J. W. H. is the boy for a row." Confound him: he seems to be the boy for everything! I attempt to demonstrate that the Tourists, though undoubtedly Snobs, have the advantage of us in point of numbers.

"What of that?" asks SCISSORS. Well, of course I say, not much; only that perhaps instead of our licking the Tourists, who evidently are, I confess it, Snobs, it may eventuate in the Tourists—

"Get out of the room, Sir." GORILLA has commenced. "Gentlemen. I really— dy. "What the blank—who pitch into him. I hope you'll bang. Bow-wow-wow. Grrrr." and arrival of OWEN OWEN and tion; also EVAN, EVAN EVANS, king in the tap. OWEN's mate will in very strong Welsh. Row in room still going on. Fearing lest I might be led to do something rash, I have escaped by the window, and am viewing the exciting scene from a safe point, in the rain. The boatmen threaten OWEN OWEN. OWEN OWEN retorts. OWEN's mate hits somebody, who has not spoken. Bang, bang; scuffle, scuffle. The row has become general, inside and outside. In the midst of this I hear the rattle of wheels and smacking of a whip. I wish I could be driven away; but I can't see any vehicle, and very soon I can't hear it.

11.—Bang, bang; crack, crack; scuffle, scuffle. MRS. OWEN is frantic. I endeavour to console her. She says if I was a man I would stop it. What was I doing there, sneaking out in the wet? I do believe she wanted me to join in the fray.

I showed her how unreasonable she was. "Nonsense: it was all my fault, what did I come setting people by the ears for? If it hadn't been for me, this wouldn't have happened." "My dear MRS. OWEN——" "What did I say—oh yes, I was laughing at her, (*sob*) when she'd done everything to make me (*sob*) comfortable; but not again would she put herself out for the likes of me, sneaking about in the rain, while people were being murdered, (*louder*) murdered, in-doors. Oh I needn't try to hush her, (*louder*) she knew what she was saying—and—and" (here she became very violent and vague) "and she wasn't going to be put upon by an Outcast!" (By "an outcast" I believe she meant me.) "Oh, I needn't come soft sawdering and carneying her." The row suddenly subsided, and general attention was attracted towards me.

"He ain't been insulting you?" says the Boots. I! insult a female! And what's more, my hostess!

Come, we'd better say no more about it, and get in—"But I ain't to be bandied about and put here and there in this manner—no, not for the Emperor of the Indies, or the whole lot of 'em." Theoretically inappeasable by the blandishments of the potentate, or potentates aforesaid, she yet allowed herself to be mollified by OWEN the Boots.

11·30.—Every one has subsided. Those who are lucky enough to have bed-rooms have gone to them. Our parlour is being fitted up for the night. The Collegians are smoking and laughing in the porch with some Tourists, with whom they have now fraternised. I am writing on the only sound chair in the place. The iron bedstead, which OWEN was hammering at in the afternoon, has just been brought in for me. It appears to be ingeniously constructed of loose pieces of sharp iron, painted blue, and unattached screws. They have no mattrass, but produce a couple of blankets. If they will bring in my portmanteau, I shall be able to—ahem!—the waitress understands me and retires. She returns. "Did the gentleman bring a portmanteau?" *Did* he? Why she saw it. She doesn't recollect. Well the Boots saw it. "He don't recollect nothing of the sort." Well the Landlady saw it. In the passage. Oh, yes, the Boots remembers. Good fellow the Boots. Gave him sixpence. "It was the one with the label for Bangor on it." Yes, yes: sharp chap that Boots. Well, where was it? "Well, Sir, EVAN EVANS' cart were here in the middle of that there row—" Well! well! who's EVAN EVANS? "The old deaf Carrier." Well! "Well, he took it off along o' him about an hour or so ago."

That explains the smacking of the whip and the rattle of wheels. Confound EVAN EVANS! and I've been standing in the rain all the evening.

MUSHROOMS AND PROPERTY.



PRUDENT practical farmers of the fen counties, having become alive to the value of mushrooms, have set up notices warning people against trespassing in search of those fungi. The law relative to mushrooms is in an unsatisfactory state. Let there be no wild mushrooms. Let all mushrooms be declared property. A mushroom contains the essential elements of meat; what more can you say of a sheep? Do away with all wild things whatsoever, let there be nothing wild any more, nothing common even on commons. Why should anybody have more right to take mushrooms from off a common than he has to take geese? Enclose all commons; let there be no common property; no common air even, out of public buildings, except in the public roads.

Let there be no more wild strawberries or blackberries. In some of the Western States of America blackberries are an article of commerce, might be here, are good for pies and jam, might be sold in Covent Garden. Make blackberries property; hips and haws also.

Neither let there be wild plants. Many of them are medicinal; herbalists drive a trade in them. Eyebright will fetch from a penny to twopence a bunch, betony and wood sage perhaps as much. As to dandelion—why, it is worth no end of calomel. Children should no longer be allowed to make monkey-chains out of the flower-stalks of this valuable simple. All herbs and flowers called wild have at least a botanical value; let there be an end of wild flowers; let all flowers belong to the owner of the soil on which they grow. Gathering them ought to be made larceny, and little boys and girls, guilty of picking daisies and buttercups, should be liable to be sent to the House of Correction and whipped.

Butterflies are worth something as entomological specimens; their chase, in which youth at present indulge with impunity, should be constituted an indictable offence on the part of all unauthorised persons, and the right to pursue and capture them should be restricted to the proprietors of the fields and meadows over which they flutter, or to the Lord of the Manor.

It is high time to discard the antiquated notion that there is any such quality as wildness inherent in any natural production so as to make it common property. This is one of the fallacies which we have derived from our illiberal ancestors. The landed property of this great country is to a large extent passing from the hands of an hereditary aristocracy into those of our merchant princes, a more magnanimous class of men, who, having made their fortunes by commerce, know what property is, and what ought to be property that is not, and how to make the most of everything. These are the true exclusives, who only seek to exclude others from the acquisition of anything without paying for it. The doctrine that there are some things uncultivated and at large which nobody can claim, and anybody may take, is a relic of feudal barbarism. The new landed gentry of England are too wise to permit all manner of persons to run about over their estates gathering mushrooms. They have too much respect for a mushroom.

A THIRD-BOTTLE CONUNDRUM.—When are the Funds unsteady? When money is "tight."

Digitized by Google



A LITTLE BIT OF YORKSHIRE.

(HORSE CRITIC AND YORKSHIRE HORSE-BREAKER TO STEWARD OF GREAT MAN MET ON THE ROAD.)

Horse Critic. "WELL, WILLIAM, THAT'S A NICE-LOOKING COLT, WHOSE IS IT?"

Horse Breaker. "WELL, SIR! THAT DEPENDS UPON CIRCUMSTANCES."

Critic. "HOW SO?"

Breaker. "IF IT TURNS OUT WELL, IT BELONGS TO MR. B. (*the Steward*); BUT YOU KNOW, SIR (*with a sly look*), IF IT TURNS OUT BAD, IT BELONGS TO MY LORD!"

THE DUNDEEMONS.

(*Ballad founded on a narrative given by the Scottish papers.*)

AIR—"*To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke.*"

To his fair ALEXANDRA 'twas "BERTIE" that spoke,
"This staring Scotch loyalty's really no joke;
I wanted to take a short cut to the sea,
But they want a procession through bonnie Dundee.

"Now, Baby is young, and you're not very strong,
And knocking you up were exceedingly wrong,
So I've bargained that if this procession must be,
We're kept half an hour only in bonnie Dundee."

The Bailies were blatant, the Provost was proud,
And they summoned Dundee to attend in a crowd,
Addresses were cooked, and 'twas easy to see,
Half a day would be wasted in bonnie Dundee.

"Is it so," said the Prince, "do they think I'll be done?"
And he cast a kind look on his wife and his son.
"If that is their game, from the compact I'm free,
So we'll take Broughty Ferry, not bonnie Dundee."

The crowd was assembled, all jabber and din,
Each Bailie rehearsing an affable grin,
When a bare-headed buffer rushed in, and cries he—
"They're just going from Broughty, not bonnie Dundee."

Eh, Sirs, there was howling, and presently starts
Some Earl they call CAMPERDOWN, great in those parts,
And after him magistrates one, two, and three,
To drag Royalty back to be bored at Dundee.

They rushed to the presence, petitioned, and whined,
And they begged and they prayed that the Prince would be kind,
And a Sheriff declared there'd be riot, they'd see,
If the Prince wadna come and be mobbed at Dundee.

So he yielded, and on to Dundee went the train,
And down like a flood came the national rain;
But no matter for that, let her come on the quay,
Yon Princess, to be stared at by bonnie Dundee.

She stood and was stared at, that lady so pale,
But, wisely and properly, kept down her veil;
A hint to the Snobs who had dragged her, with glee,
To stand and be rained on in bonnie Dundee.

On the pier twenty minutes, and rain in a flood,
Under CAMPERDOWN'S aged umbrella she stood;
Then up came the *Osborne*, O welcome was she!
And bore off the party from bonnie Dundee.

But the Bailies and beadles and all of the lot
Believed they'd done rather the neat thing than not,
And at night had a gorge, and sang songs in this key,
"We *made* the Prince come to our bonnie Dundee!"

The happy young couple were soon far away,
And out of the reach of municipal bray;
But if *they* drank a toast, *Punch* believes you'll agree,
'Twas bad luck to the flunkeys of bonnie Dundee.

Digitized by Google



COLUMBIA'S SEW[illegible]IACHINE.

Mrs. Britannia. "Ah, my dear Columbia, it's all very well; bu[illegible]d you'll find it difficult to join *that* neatly."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE ROYAL BRITISH ASSOCIATION

UNDER HYDROTHERMAL INFLUENCE.

When we listened the other day to Sir Charles Lyell discussing the mysteries of geology and the hydrothermal blessings of Bath, we paused on one pregnant period, and we have paused on it ever since. "The inhabitants of sea and land," said the distinguished President of the Association, "before and after the grand development of ice and snow, were nearly the same." What, said we, meditatively, is the grand development of ice and snow but our friend, Dr. Grusselback's development? Here are the simple terms in which that great savant's discovery is made known to the world, and the world in general, and no doubt several of the stars, will sympathise with us in our disappointment that it was not brought before the Association in a more formal manner.

"It has been stated that Dr. Grusselback, of the University of Upsala, lately restored to activity a snake, which had been frozen to torpidity for ten years. It is also reported that he proposed to the Swedish Government to experiment on criminals. He proposes to reduce the individual to complete torpor by the gradual application of cold, and to resuscitate him after a year or two."

It was no doubt very pleasant for the good people of Bath to hear so learned a Theban descanting on hydrothermal influence in the geological change, seeing that Bath owes to the same influence its celebrity, and the people their prosperity. But where was Dr. Grusselback? The interests of science and the propriety of the case required that he should be brought into the theatre in a box of ice preserved by his own process, and that he should be vivified by the President with hydrothermal applications till he stood up before the meeting, an evidence that he was like "other creatures" before and after this grand development of ice and snow.

But the Doctor came not, and we are left to speculate on the historical, pre-historical, and for that matter, post-historical evidence of the practicability of this new development of ice being as grand as the old, and that as ice was once, according to Sir Charles Lyell, remarkably useful in "the transportation of huge erratics," it may be so still in unnecessary in time to come, and thus ndary punishments.

med of the extraordinary phenomena which Arctic Regions, to which a ship that sailed some three hundred years ago. (*Vide* Sir and Sir Richard Steele in the *Spectator*.) eir rum with a hatchet, and dig their water with a spade, and the words as they spake fell to pieces on the deck. Gradually there was a universal silence; they tried to sing but could not; they tried to shout, but it was dumb show; they made their mouths to whistle, but their lips blew out no sound; a musician among them attempted to play his flute, but the flute was voiceless:—

"'Twas so cold they could not keep the log.
They scarcely knew they had toes on,
And the very skipper's voice was frozen
For all his grog."

But all of a sudden there came a thaw, and the air was straightway filled with voices. Every man heard himself talking at a distance, the skipper's voice was heard shouting out orders away to leeward; the boatswain was awoke by hearing himself swearing his customary oaths, while in his hammock below. Several songs were heard sung at once by unseen singers, and the cook's flute on the galley shelf (after several stray notes by way of overture) played a tune or two of its own accord. It was not till after some reflection that the crew saw through this mystery, and concluded as a matter of course that the sounds which now fell from the rigging, and rose from the sea and the cabin companion way, and the ship's hold, were the frozen-up shouts, songs, oaths, tunes, and attempts at conversation let loose by the thaw.

This was one example of the "grand development of the ice and snow." Another which we have read of was the discovery of the bodies of a number of people who had been frozen up in an Alpine Pass for a period of some eighteen years. Some of them were subjected to Sir Charles Lyell's "hydrothermal influence," and were likely to be brought to life when the director of the experiment discovered the body of an uncle whose estate he had inherited, and consequently gave up the experiment as a bad job. Indeed the hydrothermal system, which has had so much to do in the internal affairs of the earth, and which has, according to Sir Charles, transformed bits of Roman bricks into opals in the ancient aqueduct at Piombières, is a most important domestic as well as geological agent. It melts rocks and it moulds husbands. We all know what it is to be kept in hot water, if not from our own experience, at least from that of others; we can accordingly appreciate what it has done, and is doing, and will do; we can trust to it as the great agent for counteracting, in due time, the antiphlogistic treatment proposed by Dr. Grusselback. A great opportunity for proving the effects of both was lost, when in 1843 Middendorf, digging for odds and ends among Siberian ice, came upon the [complete carcase] of a mammoth, which had been preserved in a frozen mass for perhaps ten thousand years. Here was nature anticipating the Upsala Professor. Had that savant been present with his experimental snake in his pocket, he would have resuscitated the ten-thousand-year-old mammoth by hydrothermal influence.

No wonder then we missed this gentleman at the Bath meetings; we looked through all the sections, but found him not. He has reanimated a snake after keeping it in a frozen state for eleven years; but as for the resuscitation of the ten-thousand-year-old mammoth, he wishes to be allowed to carry out his experiment *in corpore vili* on the persons of public malefactors. A most laudable design, who shall deny it? The proposal is novel, economical and humane: it is especially worth the consideration of the British Government in these days when secondary punishments are our great difficulty, and there is a great objection to hanging. What are we to do with our criminals? says everybody. Australia won't take them, the gaols are full, and tickets-of-leave are so many garotte licences. Freeze them up, of course! It will save gaols and gaolers, meat, light, clothing, and heaven knows what, amounting to a million sterling per annum. It will save the Home Office an immensity of trouble, and perhaps alter the last office of the law. What say you, Sir George? Shall we box them up in an ice-house like Scotch salmon? and after the expiring of the sentence, say of ten years' freezing, they might be subjected to the "hydrothermal" treatment of a hot bath, and brought to their senses.

But scientific truths admit no limitation of their principles; once get hold of one, and there is no saying where it may carry you. So let us see how far "the grand ice and snow development" may be carried. There are great men who are before their age. Why not freeze them up too, and keep them like King Arthur, in the Isle of Avillon, till another generation comes abreast of them? Then subject them gently to the "hydrothermal influence." It is not to be supposed that time would count against them in their allotted years with the whole clock-work of the animal economy at a dead stop. Why should we not take Mr. Gladstone, and freeze him up till another generation be fit for democratic reform and philosophical finance? Shall we lay Mr. Disraeli out in icy state in some natural Valhalla, to sleep in frost and snow till the Asian Mystery approach a solution? It would relieve the Opposition of a difficulty, and the Ministry of the too frequent use of the Member for Bucks' "hydrothermal" fomentations. Mr. Bright might be stored away till the beginning of the century, and rise with great *éclat* with his Reform Bill in his hand, in time for the first Birmingham election in the year of Grace two thousand.

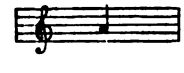
The hydrothermal Mr. Roebuck, what should we do with him? Freeze him up ten months out of any twelve, and keep him from all Cutlers' Feasts hereafter, to keep him from cutting himself. There is the French Emperor: just now he has got everything quiet, might he not dedicate himself to the future of France, and allow himself to be frozen up till a time of emergency and danger? His loving subjects would no doubt keep his Majesty with great care in an imperial ice-box till his counsel was wanted, like the mystic books of the wizard, Michael Scott, in his tomb in the Abbey of our Lady of Lannercost. As vanity is to its owner the mother of imaginary greatness, King William, of Prussia, might be persuaded to submit to the postponement of his residuary years under the freezing system; no doubt it would be *sine die:* he might be accordingly ticketed to be "left till called for," and if ever he were again, it would probably be to brush the boots of a French master. As for his generals, Von Wrangel and Prince Charles Frederick, as they are useless in peace, and in war could only achieve tinfoil laurels under Austrian protection, let them be frozen up like Dr. Grusselback's viper against the day of dirty work, when a small foe and an ignoble cause demand such heroes.

THE MUSICAL FARMER.

In his Speech at Aylesbury, Mr. Disraeli said,

"The Farmer may, in one respect, be compared to a Public Singer."

Well, yes, there is no denying that the Farmer does "sing out" whenever he can get a chance. But there is another reason why the Farmer is like a Public Singer. He should do his best with his



while the sun shines.

Narrow-Minded Old Thing!

"And what 's to be the end of this wicked wasteful American war?" asked Mrs. Grundy. "The Union, grandma," said Isaac. "*That* I believe, my dear," said his grandmother; "but when I was young, they called it the Workhouse. But it 's the same thing, my dear, the same thing." Mrs. Grundy is an unenlightened old woman, and ought to be ashamed of herself.

"The Duke's (Sutherland) Motto."—"Ignis Via." *Fire away!!!*

Digitized by Google



THE SAFEST WAY OF TAKING A LADY DOWN TO DINNER.

MAIN DRAINAGE IN VAIN.

COWPER, our Edile, declare to what end it is
London with catacombs we undermine,
Why many millions of money to spend it is
Needful for sending our dregs to the Brine,
If Kingston-on-Thames shall deliver
Her sediment into the river?

If it be lawful for Hampton, the flourishing
Towns above, Twick'nham and Richmond below,
Brentford, Kew, Mortlake, to bid streams of nourishing
Pulp, that should feed the crops, wastefully flow,
Destroying the fish, from their sewers
Down into the vats of our brewers?

What! Can such places afford the Thames prettier
Tributaries of unspeakable mud
Than those which now by the turtle-fed City are
Rendered, alloying its once silver flood
With bronze, but that current is any
Thing rather than clean as a penny?

Let Father Thames, jolly old River Deity,
Pour, from no pail, but an elegant urn,
Water of crystalline diaphaneity,
Free from all taint that the nose can discern,
His feeders from sources all rural
Derived, and from none intramural.

From Denmark.

(From Somebody else's Special Correspondent.)

THE Danish Clergy, as is generally known, are entrusted with secular offices. You are not perhaps acquainted with the fact that a clergyman may possess the highest military dignity. That such, however, [illegible] by a member of the Court, who [illegible] tinguished personages who [illegible] the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF [illegible] Palace, there was a GENERA[illegible]

FROM B.

"ALL the world is at [illegible] spondent to M. BISMARCK. [illegible] can hardly be," said the Minister, "seeing that I've sent the *demi-mondes* away."

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR PUNCH,

EVERYBODY knows that there is nobody now in London, excepting some two millions of scribblers, shopkeepers and such folk, who, of course, *are* nobody. So the man who is obliged to pass a night in Town on his journey from the moors to the turnip-fields and stubbles, may find it difficult to know where and how to spend the evening. After a solitary dinner *à la Crusoë* at his Club, where he will hardly see a living thing except blackbeetles, he will in despair be forced to look into the newspaper, to see what there is to see that he has not seen at the theatres.

Beginning alphabetically, A stands for the Adelphi, so call a hansom cab and go to the Adelphi, and see TOOLE in *Stephen Digges*. Many people fancy that when an actor takes to playing in broad farce, he quite unfits himself for any other kind of piece. But MR. TOOLE can act well without trying to be funny, and has something in him beyond the mere capacity to raise a vacant laugh.

But supposing that our friend has been to the Adelphi, and has thus exhausted A in his dramatic alphabet, he may wish to know how doth the busy B improve an after-dinner hour for the benefit of playgoers. The Britannia is the only playhouse that begins with B, and this stands so remote in the far East that to travel there from Clubland were a journey not unlike that of the author of *Eöthen*. However, Swells occasionally do the strangest things when there is nobody to see them, and so a tour to the Britannia may be suggested as a way of killing time for a few hours, in the interval occurring between grouse and partridge slaughter. The plays most popular at this house are chiefly of the blood-and-brimstone, mystery-and-murder sort, with very commonly a ghost in them, or, as the bills prefer to call it, in big type, an *AWFUL APPARITION!!!* To the traveller from Clubland the audience will, however, afford as strange a sight as any on the stage. It is really worth the journey to see that mass of faces all intent upon the play, and staring their sixpennyworth with all their main and might. There are some three thousand people nightly crammed in that great "minor" theatre, and, excepting when the comic man inclines their throats to laughter, or when a baby wakes and squalls and is clamoured into silence, scarce a foot is heard to shuffle or a tongue to speak. How many babies there are nightly to be seen at the Britannia I am afraid to guess, and how many drops of poison—that is, gin or other "soothing syrup"—are given to keep them quiet, I dread still more to conceive. But the babies survive somehow, at least many of them do; though if a law were made to prohibit the admission of babies to a theatre, or music hall, or concert-room, or any other stifling place where grown-up people closely congregate, I think the Registrar would soon report the death-rate had decreased.

To quote, not quite correctly, an old song I remember:—

> "C stands for Covent Garden, of the drama now bereft,
> D for Drury Lane, where our SHAKSPEARE still is left."

At the first of these two theatres the solitary Swell who is on his way to Stubbleshire may go to one of MR. ALFRED MELLON'S cheap but charming Concerts, where, besides some pleasant dance-tunes which, if he be young enough, will set his toes a-tingling, he will hear some real music by BEETHOVEN or MENDELSSOHN, performed to a good audience by a famously good band. Moreover, he will hear CARLOTTA PATTI, who sings so high at times that you expect her, like a skylark, to sing clean out of sight; and he will hear the wondrous Turkophone played by ALI BEN SOUALLE so early in the evening that by ten o'clock or so he may criticise its merits in company with a cigar and with his old friend PADDY GREEN. N.B. Friends at a distance had better accept the intimation that MR. MELLON'S Concerts will only last a few more nights, for the English Opera Company (Limited) will soon take possession of the theatre, and MR. MELLON will descend from the throne which he now occupies to his old Conductor's chair.

With respect to Drury Lane (and if its promises be well performed, I shall have a great respect for it) SHAKSPEARE migrated last Season to its stage from Sadler's Wells, and his stay proved so successful that it

will be continued. Mr. Phelps next Saturday will re-appear as plump *Jack Falstaff*, and that day week his plumpness will dwindle into lean and slippered *Justice Shallow*. On the Saturday that follows, Mr. Phelps will black his face, and for a week perform *Othello;* and then, after one week's rest (wherein the shade of Shakspeare, if he revisit this dull earth, may see his charming *Imogen* once more upon the stage) the Swells who are in Town may improve their minds by going some fine evening to *Macbeth*, which is to be revived "on a scale of great completeness," with real broomsticks for the witches, and real "eye of newt and toe of frog," and other savoury ingredients for the hell-broth that they brew. Mr. Creswick the careful, is associated with him, so you see here is a feast of Shakspeare in prospect, and I hope it will pay better than the Shakspeare feast at Stratford which was held last Spring.

I have only reached the letter D in my dramatic alphabet, yet you see here are four theatres where any solitary Swell who is in Town at this dull season may go if he so please. How many other nights' amusement the other two-and-twenty letters may afford him, I will, with your permission, demonstrate in my next.

One who Pays.

AN AWFUL SNOB AT LIVERPOOL.



Splendid specimen of the British Snob (*Sn. atrox*) exhibited himself the other day at Liverpool on the arrival of the prisoner Müller at that City. This Snob may be characterised as one of the egotistic class, impertinent order, and vulgar hero-hunting obtrusive species. To the eyes of the reporter, who describes him, he appeared "a tall and gentlemanly-dressed man." He contrived to get admission into the room where Müller was detained, by walking in the rear of two of the detective officers. Going up to Müller, he shook hands with him, saying, "And you are Franz Müller. Well, I am glad to see you and shake hands with you. Do you think you will be able to prove your innocence?" In answer to the Snob, Müller replied, "I do." The Snob then, speaking "in a loud tone of voice," said, "You know, Müller, this is a very serious charge." To this asinine observation, Müller made no reply, but Detective Patrick, who of course had heard it, immediately rebuked the Snob, telling him that "his own good sense ought to have prevented him addressing the prisoner at all," and thereupon desired him to leave the room, which the Snob would not do till the request had been repeated.

Detective Patrick may be apt at apprehending fugitives, but he had no apprehension of the nature of the Snob to whom he was talking. Such a Snob has no good sense, nor any sense or feeling at all beyond a sense of self-importance, and a feeling of desire to participate in the notoriety, no matter what, of anybody notorious.

It is the nature and property of this sort of Snob to obtrude himself on any man whose name for good or evil is before the public, if he can anyhow get at him, and to endeavour to obtain some sort of notice from him, contemptuous rather than none. It signifies little to the Snob who or what the public man is, so long as the man is public; he regards a public man as he does a public building; and takes a liberty with the former as he cuts out his name on the latter. If Garibaldi had been at Liverpool he would have forced himself into Garibaldi's presence, and tried to shake hands with him; but doubtless he is somewhat gladder to have shaken Müller's hand than he would be to have grasped that of Garibaldi. If Müller had kicked him instead of shaking hands with him, he would have been better pleased than he would if he had not been touched by Müller at all. He would have wished Müller, rather than not paying any attention to him, to say, "Take that man away." There is no physical substance more offensive to the olfactory nerves than this sort of Snob is to the interior nostrils. His moral odour is such that he is quite unbearable, and it is dreadful to be in the same room with him.

For the Calendar.—*Moveable Feast*, not usually set down on any table. A Pic-nic.

CLERGYMEN IN BORROWED ROBES.

The blessed Father or Brother Ignatius, and his troop of mimic monks, running about the country with shaven heads, and wearing frocks, cowls, and sandals, are mistaken by many people for real members of a monastic order. The law, however, forbids genuine friars to sport their conventual habits in public. It protects the Roman Catholic clergy, both regular and secular, from Protestant little boys, who in some districts would be their followers and not their disciples. It does not, however, prohibit the procession of Guy Fawkes, nor forbid a buffoon or a mountebank to masquerade in Popish vestments. Did it ever contemplate the possibility that the friends of an Anglican clergyman would suffer him to go about in the trim affected by Ignatius and his companions?

Ignatius and one of his company, according to the *Leeds Mercury*, appeared, last Saturday, at York, attired in character. They went to the New Roman Catholic Church of St. Wilfrid. There they knelt before the altar, as though really saying their prayers; then they pressed their lips to the floor. It was as much like the real thing as an artificial fly appears to a trout. As such it was taken; for:—

"A number of Catholics were in the church, and mistaking them for high functionaries of their own faith, bent their knees before them for their blessing. This the 'Father' and his brother bestowed in Latin. Afterwards it was discovered who they were, and then their proceedings assumed the character of a good joke."

Father Ignatius and his associate might, in some districts, have found that they had carried a joke too far. Their joke, or what would have been taken for a joke, would have been resented as profane tomfoolery. The ecclesiastical jackdaws would have been stripped of their feathers, and have suffered worse than anything that excommunication inflicted on the famous jackdaw of Rheims. The forbearance of the York Roman Catholics is laudable. Some others, not content with stripping these pretenders to monasticism, might have proceeded to teach them what it really is, by subjecting their hides to the discipline of the rope's end. That discipline would once have been prescribed as salutary for any unfortunate person imagining himself to be somebody else. If the reverend gentleman who has taken the name of Ignatius is not merely making a fool of himself, and really believes that he is a monk, is he much other than what he would be if he thought himself the Pope?

ALL IN A BROTHERLY WAY.

The following extract is borrowed from the *Newcastle Chronicle*, and may be looked upon as a characteristic incident of a very stormy meeting (need we say it was a religious one?) that took place in the Lecture Hall of that town:—

"A voice from an individual in the front of the platform: How can you explain to me that it would be a blessing for me to become a Monk? (*Great laughter.*)

"Brother Ignatius (*with considerable warmth, and looking fiercely at the fellow*). It could not be a blessing, Sir."

We advise our bare-footed Monk to change his name instantly from Brother Ignatius to Brother Indignatius.

The Ethnology of Capitular Barbarism.

It is a question for ethnologists on what tribe of barbarians to affiliate those dignitaries of whose ill-doings in chipping off the surfaces of our Cathedrals we have lately heard so much. Those who flayed St. Bartholomew alive are supposed to have been Armenians, and the *Saturday* declares it an unjust reviling of Generic to father these modern flayers upon the Vandals. Sir Charles Lyell might connect them with his pre-historic skinners of flints, but it is our own conviction that they belong to the *Chip-away* tribe.

To a Sporting Correspondent.

We are aware that fictitious names are used by sporting men, but we have no reason to believe, with you, that the announcement of a pugilistic encounter between "Coburn," and "Mace" means that the Lord Chief Justice is going to have a turn up with the Lord Chancellor. Their characters forbid the supposition.

A Case for the next Donkey Show.

The *Times*, the other day, contained the following announcement, which we think we have seen before:—

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of the first half of a note for £5 for Income-Tax from X. Y. Z."

Everybody who has seen *X. Y. Z.* will at once perceive that the money therefrom must have been sent by *Neddy Bray*.

The German Fleet.—It does not progress very fast. They have only got as yet a "Kiel" towards it.

Digitized by Google



Newspaper Boy (*Confidentially to little Captain Podgers on his Wedding Tour*). "BANTING ON CORPULENCE, SIR!"

A CLUMSY CLOWN.

IT would be a public wrong were this advertisement restricted to the *Ipswich Journal* in which *Mr. Punch* finds it:—

MATRIMONY.

A Steady, respectable, invalided Young Gentleman, between 24 and 32 years of age, whose physician advises him to marry, he having a little income, but not sufficient to keep himself and a wife too in the style he is now living, is desirous of meeting with a Lady with a little further income, who he may make his wife. She must be of a kind and cheerful disposition. Age and beauty no object. Apply, stating age and particulars, L.S.D., Post Office, Ipswich.

Many questions arise to the mind of a cynical and cold-hearted reader of the above, but it offers such attractions to young ladies who wish to be married (which means, we hope, all young ladies who are single) that answers must have poured in by scores, and criticism is useless. Yet why does the interesting invalid describe himself "as between 24 and 32." This is very precise, and yet there is no precision. Doesn't he know how old he is? Why does he say that the age of the lady is no object, and in the next sentence desire her to state it? Did his doctor desire him to write the atrocious English about "the style he is now living," and is the medical man guilty of the passage "who he may make his wife?" And was it the doctor's impudence or the patient's that prompted an invitation to a "kind and cheerful" girl to link herself for life to a selfish ignorant fellow who wants an unpaid nurse with money. *Mr. Punch* laughs at many oddities of advertisement, but there be some which excite his wrath. This would be one, but that he feels that justice will be done on a patient in the hands of the sort of doctor who could "advise" this attempt against woman.

Ecclesiastical.

DR. MANNING, Roman Catholic Provost of Westminster, lately preached, we hear, a most touching sermon. Most of his male auditors were in tears. It was remarked at the time, that "this was not like DR. MANNING'S usual style; that it was, in fact, Un-manning."

PASSAGE FROM THE DIARY OF A *LATE* PHYSICIAN.—"The fellow got well before I came."

A PLACE FOR A PERFECT CURE.

MOST of the London Hospitals are named after Saints. There are St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, St. George's—not to mention St. Luke's. To these may be added All Saints', which, though situated at Eastbourne, is connected with Margaret Street.

Hospitals are institutions peculiarly Christian. To be sure, they were invented before the Reformation. But Hospitals are not among the errors of Popery. Neither is All Saints' an error of Popery without the POPE. There is no mistake, Popish or Protestant, about Hospitals.

The speciality of this All Saints' Hospital is, that it is a Convalescent Hospital. For such an institution many a London Hospital Surgeon has cried and wrung his hands. It is, in many of the most "interesting cases," the one thing needful to effect—banish the idea of any allusion to an odious idiotic comic song—a Perfect Cure.

There can be no doubt that money contributed to Hospitals will be found a good investment after railway debentures, and the Three per cent Consols, and even freehold property with a registered title, will have ceased to be securities. Anybody, therefore, who has money to spare, should, instead of fooling it away in the funds, or on land, bestow it on Hospitals, and such like charitable institutions, and would do well to send a good lot of it to All Saints' Hospital.

New Idea in Ethnology.

ACCORDING to a distinguished explorer of Africa, the Makololos justify cattle-stealing by the argument that those who cannot keep their cattle have no right to have them. This is exactly ROB ROY'S logic, and suggests an affinity between the Makololos and M'Gregors. What is the orthography of the former clan's name? Should it not be spelt M'Cullolo? That would be very like M'Culloch. Radically they must be the same names. The supposition of an original connection between the Land of Cakes and the Land of Negroes is corroborated by the fact that Scotland, as well as Africa, abounds in BLACKIES.

NOTICE.—The Gentleman who, the other day, ran away from home, without stopping to take his breath, is requested to fetch it as quickly as possible.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London. Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, October 1, 1864.



"Many an Englishman seems to think he carries with him not only the Privileges and Immunities of his Country, but the very Customs, Ways of Thought, and all the Circumstances of his English life."—*Times.*

[*However, our esteemed Correspondent found that he did not do so when he attempted to cross the Course at the Boulogne Races.*

ANOTHER ORGAN-FIEND.

There is news from Bohemia (not the "literary" Bohemia, but Shakspeare's) touching an atrocity, into the details of which we have no intention to enter. Enough to say, that a gallows awaits a ruffian. But in his confession he stated that he had considered two alternatives—the crime for which he is in prison, or the gaining his living in future *by means of a Barrel-Organ.* It may be edifying to the idiots who encourage the organ-scoundrels to know out of what material the gang is recruited. This interesting musician-of-the-future destroyed an old woman, under most aggravated circumstances. Let old women think of this when they are going to fee some grinning, grinding wretch, who may not have emulated the Bohemian vagrant in question, but who, if grown-up, has probably committed some crime that has exiled him.

Advance in Astronomy.

Among the Papers read at the British Association there was one on "The Invisible Part of the Moon's Surface." For all that appears to the contrary, that side of our Satellite, at least, may be made of green cheese.

Sporting Intelligence.—A Ball-cock in a cistern does not come under the head of water-fowl.

ANTONELLI'S LATEST.

"Let's make the encyclical letter as pleasant as possible," quoth Cardinal Antonelli.

"Facts are stubborn things," observed his Holiness.

"'The Archbishop of Warsaw has been torn from his see——'"

"There 's a joke there," said his Eminence, "if you 'd only allow——"

"*Vade retro,*—no, I mean *perge, perge.*—Dear me! how I am forgetting my Latin," said his Holiness, *sotto voce.*

"That comes of hearing so much French spoken about the place," grumbled the Cardinal.

The Pope refreshed himself with a pinch of snuff. His Eminence proffered his own box.

"Allow me, your Holiness, to assist you——"

"At a pinch?" enquired the amiable Pontiff, jocosely. "Let us continue. What was the last word?"

"'From his see,'" read Antonelli.

"Ah! 'The Archbishop has been torn from his see, and the administration of his diocess has been placed in the hands of one Paul Kzevonski.'"

Antonelli chuckled. Pius the Ninth inquired what it was that so tickled his fancy?

"I see how we might put that, and get some fun out of it."

"Fun!" exclaimed his Holiness.

"Yes. The Church has been despoiled——"

"*C'est vrai*—I mean *Id verum est,*" said the Pope, correcting himself.

"And this Russian Paul is in receipt of the Archbishop's revenues. Is it not so?"

"It is."

"Very good: then we 'd better pleasantly tell the Czar that this is merely Robbing *Peter* to pay *Paul.*"

Pius the Ninth touched a silver hand-bell.

"Cardinal Antonelli's carriage stops the way," announced the tallest of the Swiss in attendance.

After the usual ceremony his Eminence withdrew.

Then, left to himself, his Eminence penned the encyclical letter.

Michaelmas Grammar.—*To Correspondent.*—The Singular Number of The Portuguese is a Portugoose.

THE BANTING RESTAURANT JOINT STOCK COMPANY (LIMITED).

An Association under the foregoing title has been formed for the purpose of enabling persons endowed with a hearty appetite, to gratify it without incurring the penalty of corpulence, too generally consequent on its indulgence.

The undertaking contemplated by this Society is that of establishing Dining Halls and Refreshment Rooms, at which the bill of fare shall be framed on the dietetic principles recommended by Mr. Banting.

The Banting Restaurant Company will devote its earnest attention to the preparation of viands which, whilst excluding, as much as possible, saccharine, farinaceous, and oleaginous matters, shall nevertheless administer, in the highest degree compatible with the absence of those savoury substances, to the pleasures of the palate.

Leading Professors of Chemistry and Gastronomy have been engaged to unite their efforts in the invention of Dishes which shall answer the purpose which the Company has in view. By the aid of these scientific gentlemen, the Directors of the Banting Restaurant Company confidently trust to enable the gourmand to combine enjoyment with gracility, and whilst, as the popular phrase is, playing a good stick, to preserve a good figure.

They have not the slightest doubt that the profits of the Company will exceed cent. per cent.

The Capital of the Banting Restaurant Company consists of £10,000,000, in Shares of One Shilling each, of which half the amount has been paid up, and the remainder may be sent to 85, Fleet Street.

Natural Question.

Mr. G. H. Whalley, M.P., in fact, "Whalley the Wise," is to take charge of the vessel to be presented to Garibaldi! Is it a donkey-frigate?

A THOUGHT FROM OUR TUB.

Respect everybody's feelings. If you wish to have your laundress's address, avoid asking her where she "hangs out."

City Intelligence.—We read, in a great aldermanic authority, that "a dinner is on the *tapis.*" The *tapis* alluded to is, of course, Gob'lin?

Digitized by Google

THE SOLDIERS' SCHOOL FOR SERVANTS.



OME, attention! Ladies, if you please. GENERAL PUNCH has a few words to say to you. So, Eyes Front to the General. Now, Madam, call the girls from croquet, if you please. Yes, Captain, you may come with them. Of course you take an interest in what interests the ladies.

It has been reported to GENERAL PUNCH that you have been complaining, ladies, of the scarcity of good Servants. The complaint is getting chronic, GENERAL PUNCH is sore afraid, and it is not easy to discover what will stop it. Girls object to being servants now-a-days, you say, and they who should be dairymaids like rather to be dressmakers. So when your housemaid MARY left you this last Michaelmas (and why the silly thing should want so to marry that bald baker's man you really can't imagine), you found it a hard matter to find a fit successor. What with hunting up advertisements, and calling upon Agents, and seeing candidates who called on you in crinoline and cabs, and writing for their characters, and paying their expenses, you know you never were so worried and tormented in your life; and, but that you persuaded CHARLES to take you down to Brighton, there really is no telling how your health might have been broken. Well then, ladies, would you not be thankful to know where a good Servant was always to be had, or, if not, a good girl whom, being previously well trained, you could soon make a good Servant? Give your thanks to GENERAL PUNCH, then, and order round your carriage, and tell ROBERT to drive you up to Hampstead to the "SOLDIERS' DAUGHTERS' HOME." By the rules of this good charity, whose chief patron is the QUEEN (a proof sufficient of its goodness), you will learn, ladies, with other facts relating to the Institution—

"That its design be to nurse, board and educate the destitute female children, whether orphans or not, of Soldiers in Her Majesty's Army, born during the service, or subsequent to the honourable discharge, of the father. And that one of the principal objects of the Home be to instruct the girls so received in industrial habits, and to fit them for domestic service."

Rewards for length of service, ladies, are given by the Home; so that the girls have some inducement not to leave their situations every other week or so, as you say seems now the fashion. If you ask the Matron prettily, she will show you through the Home, and you may see how clean and neat the girls are, and nimble in their work. Their education is as plain and simple as their dress; and the use of the needle, the house-broom, and the rolling-pin is taught more than the use of the piano or the globes. What they learn there they learn well; and though you cannot expect a servant to be perfect in her training at sixteen years of age, you will find the Soldiers' Daughters taught to mind what they are told, and to obey the word of command as soldiers' daughters should. So, ladies, when you want a Servant pay a visit to the Home; and if you feel inclined to extend its useful influence, just persuade your friends and husbands to let you have their autographs at the bottom of a cheque, and send them, with your compliments, to the Office, 7, Whitehall. The more such institutions as the Soldiers' Daughters' Home are patronised and framed, the more good Servants yearly will be ready to be hired, and the less trouble will ladies have in hunting up a new SARAH or 'GUSTA, when SUSAN elopes with the policeman, or the butler and GUSTA take a public-house.

QUIET WATERING-PLACES.

No. II.—GWRYSTHLOGWDD (CONTINUED).

[*Parenthetical Note.*—Since the publication of my first paper on Gwrysthlogwdd, I have received some fifty or sixty communications, by letter, by telegram, by prospectuses, by local newspapers, in which strongly-marked lines were described about certain paragraphs intended for my special notice, and through the various other media afforded us by the enterprising activity of this progressive age, informing me concerning the existence of small retired watering-places of that very character, which it is the highest aim and object of the Limited Company, whose representative I am, to preserve. Should, however, these places become generally known, our great and good object will be defeated. Suppose Gwrysthlogwdd to be the spot required (which, as I have already demonstrated, it certainly is not), then if MR. and MRS. MUNDUS (under this name you observe I playfully, yet with somewhat of a classic dignity, express the World and his Wife), then, I say, if MR. and MRS. MUNDUS come down "to be quiet" at Gwrysthlogwdd, how long will the quiet of Gwrysthlogwdd remain? No; let me receive private information, by all means, about such places, but none of your flaming advertisements, sent hither and thither through the length and breadth of the land. Our Company will quietly buy up any promising village or small town of the required description. We shall establish a quiet hotel, where the servants, chambermaids included, shall be dressed in quiet colours; the bar shall be provided with quiet cigars; quiet pipes shall induce postprandial snoozes. The hired horses shall be "quiet to ride or drive." The only approach to anything like a manufactory in the place shall be a Still; and if the village possess but an unpronounceable name, so that to answer the question, "Where are you going to stay?" or, "Where have you been stopping?" or, "To what place does such and such a road lead?" will be a verbal impossibility, then we shall have arrived at something not very many degrees removed from perfection. I have offered the above remarks in the most charitable and friendly spirit, for it is a grief and a pain to me to see such a chance thrown away by publicity, as occurs in the following advertisement, kindly forwarded to me by a most estimable lady, whose name I have thoughtfully erased:—

PLAS MAWR, Penmaenmawr, North Wales.—A first-class MARINE RESIDENCE, to be LET, for the month of October, containing four entertaining rooms, and fourteen bedrooms, with a private bridge over the railway to the beach. Apply to ——, Plas Mawr, Penmaenmawr, Conway.

With four entertaining rooms, one person alone need never be at a loss for society. I should like to see a sketch of the marine residence in water-colours. Then the name! Any attempt at pronouncing it would throw the bold divulger of our secret into strong convulsions. There are, I believe, masonic words which may not be breathed save in the most hushed whisper. But this—Oh no! we never mention it, its name is *never* heard! The local government should issue a law against penning or in any way engraving the title. There should be no chance of the place being "written up," because no penny-a-lining scribbler should be allowed to write it down. Alas! it is another's, it never can be mine!

I beg pardon, ladies and gentlemen, for the lengthiness of my parenthetical remarks; but, as you see, the grave necessity of the case must be my excuse for this introduction. I have done, and resume.]

12, *Midnight.*—The Collegians have retired to what they call rest. I cannot get a wink of sleep. After a few turns I begin to know where the sharp nails and screws are in the iron bedstead. By lying on my left side angularly, I find that these inconveniences may be avoided. When I say angularly, I mean as if I was sitting; so that an imaginary line drawn from my chin to my knees would form one of the sides of a triangle containing a right angle. Occasionally oblivious of consequences, I produce one side of the triangle, and come in contact with something unpleasantly sharp. Being no Stoic, I cry "Oh!"

"Don't make that infernal row!" growls GORILLA from a dark corner, where he has a comfortable sofa.

"Throw something at him," suggests J.

SCISSORS, who has been accommodated with a regular portable bed, turns himself sulkily about, and asks why the blank I don't go to sleep?

I begin to explain the reason. "The fact is," I say——

"Oh! *do* hold your row," growl the three in chorus.

I cannot get to sleep. Clocks, that I had never heard before, are now ticking supernaturally loud. It seems as if I was in a watchmaker's shop. Somehow or another the Collegians don't mind it, and drop into the arms of Morpheus without any difficulty. For the first time this evening they are quiet. Quiet! did I say? SCISSORS has commenced snoring. Such a snore! I really thought at first he was choking, and in my agitation to render prompt assistance, sat upon the sharpest nail—I should certainly say *the* sharpest—with which I had as yet met. Confound OWEN, the Boots!

Some one grumbles out something sulkily from the corner: it sounds like a horrid threat. I must be still as a mouse. Absurd simile! I could swear I hear a couple of these little brutes scrambling about under the fireplace. Possibly imagination! Let me hope so.

It strikes One, solemnly. The church tower takes the lead, and is followed, at intervals of two or three minutes, by four diffident house clocks. A miserable piece of mechanism on the mantel-piece of our room, makes a great fuss with a disjointed nondescript bird, and then finishes by striking two. SCISSORS gives a single snore by way of correcting the eccentric little timepiece, and all is again quiet. I rat

begins scratching inside the wainscot. There *are* mice; and *in* the room. I detest rats and mice.

The moon is shining in through the chinks of the shutter. Another of the party has begun to snore, in a different style too, and alternating with Scissors. Is there anything more annoying, more irritating, than snoring? Snuffing and smoking may be selfish habits; but oh, the selfishness of snoring! The rat in the wainscot has been joined by other rats, and the walls are alive. I shut my eyes, and try to, as it were, play at being asleep. The effort makes me more wakeful than ever.

I even try, by way of furthering the illusion, a sort of amateur snore, but give up the attempt as entailing physical suffering, and a probability of waking my companions. Was that a blackbeetle on the floor? I have heard dreadful stories about blackbeetles. There is no crime I believe that a blackbeetle will not commit. Supposing that one should get into my boots! I am somewhat nervous about stretching out my hand to lay hold of my boots, lest a blackbeetle should crawl on to my fingers. I will leave it to chance.

The church clock strikes something or other, I am unable to say what, perhaps a quarter to some time, or half past. I make a reference to my own watch, which having stopped at eleven on the previous night, is of not much use to its owner. The boards begin to crack, at intervals. So do the chairs and the other articles of furniture. The rats are enjoying themselves. I wish it was daylight. I try to count ten backwards and forwards. As a mental exercise it has its advantages: considered as a method of inducing sleep, it is a failure.

Dear me, how strange, J. is getting up. I inquire after his health. He takes no notice. He walks to the window with his watch in his hand. "My dear sir," I say. He opens the shutters. This strange white figure standing bolt upright in the pale moonlight makes me feel very uncomfortable. He's walking in his sleep!!! I'm in a cold shiver. At this moment recurs to me a horrible story about some traveller who was stopping at a monastery and forgot to lock the door of the cell in which he was placed for the night. I recollect that a sleeping monk walked into this cell with a knife, and——— ugh! What is that he has in his hand? Oh! only a watch-key: he can't do much harm with *that*. He is winding up his watch. He sighs heavily. He must be very cold about the legs. I wonder the others have not been awakened by the moonlight. Yes! they *have* been disturbed, and are now moving. Scissors is the first. I try to attract his attention to the condition of his friend. He understands me: at least he gets out of bed and walks across the room. Heavens! He *doesn't* understand me. He approaches the window. Good gracious! is it possible? He too is walking in his sleep. What are nails in a bed to this? I have seen the nuns in *Roberto* at the opera, and the statue in *Don Giovanni*. I remind myself that I am no believer in ghosts. It won't do. I think of Amina, and try to whistle an air from the *Somnambula*. My lips are parched, and I feel as if I was going to be very ill. I whisper across, fearfully, to the Gorilla. Perhaps he knows how to deal with his friends in this state, and will kindly awaken them. The Gorilla rises. I beg him, over the edge of my blankets, to be cautious. He heeds me not. Ha! ha! The horrid truth breaks in upon me, stronger than the pale moonlight! *They are all walking in their sleep!* What on earth shall I do now?

"COLD CURATE."

Extracts from elegant Epistle of young Lady in the Country, to her friend in Town:—

* * * *The Parsonage, Shepherd's Vale.*

Papa is so much in want of a little Cold Curate you can't think, dear. Till last winter we always had a cheap and abundant supply, but now, for some reason or other, we can only get it by paying a very high price—at all events, more than Papa thinks we ought to pay * * * Papa is a *little* near in trifles, not that he denies me anything, in proof of which, he has just bought me such a sweet pair of bay ponies with silver bells, which tinkle as I drive. * * but he don't like spending much on his cloth. * * * The Curate is a shy bird, and the scarcity is by some supposed to be owing to the hardness of the ground, and to game-keepers of Manors keeping such sharp watch over their Lordship's preserves, so that little birds have no chance of picking up much there * * * Our neighbours, the Misses Lovelawn, are exceedingly fond of Curate, but prefer it warm * * it is so nice at tea * * and is such a relish to the muffins * * * the tongue is in general very tender, and is considered a great delicacy * * * Curates are not like turtle cutlets, and you seldom hear people complain of their being too rich * * * with respect to its habits, it naturally endeavours to secure a nice roosting-place in the church, to which it is much attached, but rarely succeeds in feathering its nest * * * You can hardly wonder therefore at its looking with hungry eye at the black bird's comfortable couch over its head, and envying the downy one. * * * Though I don't care much for Curate myself (it 's too dry for my taste), I think something should be done to improve its condition, and make it more plump and partridge-like * * Lord Palmerston, I have heard Horace say, is a keen sportsman, couldn't he direct his people to throw a few bread-crumbs now and then to the poor little expectants, as it is quite distressing to see them moping on one of the branches of a great tree, and looking as they would like to, but dare not hop the twig. * * * The old rooks, of course, would show caws against it, but P. would be commended by all who have any feeling for fledglings. * * * The Curate, we all know, has a soft bill, and a long one sometimes to provide for. When you look at his innocent little beak wide open, you may fancy him saying, "Pray don't make game of me—I cannot dig, and unless a smart shower brings out the grubs, I shall find it very hard to get a living" * * * Remember me kindly to Horace, and believe me yours affectionately,

Charity Lambswool.

P.S. Have you got, dear, as you promised, Blank Blank's work on Croquet? If not, please obtain and forward it by book-post immediately.

ORIENT PEARLS AT RANDOM STRUNG.



Is hardly necessary for *Mr. Punch* to state that he is incessantly besieged with applications for employment. Such applications are for the most part foolish, inasmuch as the great creature himself walks about the world in a coat of darkness and with a gold pen of swiftness, and when he beholds anybody who is worth summoning and setting to service, that person is promptly apprised of his good fortune. Still, people will pester *Mr. Punch*. When they turn out muffs, as they usually do, and are dismissed from the presence, they go away and sulk in public-houses and elsewhere, and write paragraphs in country newspapers, declaring *Mr. Punch* to be a monster. He smiles, and continues to instruct and delight mankind. He usually preserves and files such petitions, for reference and amusement in the after-days, and in some slack time he may entertain society with some sketches of its would-be teachers. Meantime, having received an application of a higher order than usual, and one which comes from a further region than even Bohemia, in fact from India, he is inclined to publish the document, for the sake of its originality and of its poetry. He suppresses the name of the writer, but assures him of *Mr. Punch's* distinguished consideration. How better to serve his correspondent than by printing his letter, *Mr. Punch* knows not, but would add that the eminent Indian must be satisfied with this glory, and need not forward any of the "disertashins" mentioned in the private portion of his letter.

To the Honourable Lord, Mr. Punch, *of London.*

Honored Sir,

Having heard the fame and skillfulness of your honor, and being vacant of two or three employments in which, if some are filled by unworthy persons, by this reason they are equal of emptiness, I therefore pray and beg importunately humbly and respectfully to your goodness for raining pure water of perfect kindness with the thunder of charity in the field of my lot, which is enclosed with the walls of ruls and regulations, and fertilised by various glances of handsome and delicious fruits of profitable and skillful knowledges which are just now explained and affirmed by proverbial phrases among wise men, and will addulce the heart in a fixed time. As gold without heating, man without society, field without ploughing, and so on, are not able to take out easily a experimental hopes.

These intellectual hints are quite enough for intellective and wise men.

If your honor cherish this poor-pious one with bread, then I hope The Source of innumerable Shows will be pleased enough to grant a good recompense to your highness especially generosity against worthy men which is plainly inspired in indubitable and holy words.

As you mete same measurement is ready for you.

I shall be very glad to pray your honor's long life and good prosperity. I have few certificates which manifest my external character and ability. Yours true and faithful

Lal Bal Alla Baloo.



"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE," &c.

Mr. Spriggles. "HALF A CROWN? HOW DO YOU MAKE THAT OUT? WHY IT'S UNDER FOUR MILES; YOU DON'T RECKON ANYTHING FOR THIS BABY, I SHOULD HOPE!"

Cabby (*Father of a Family himself*). AH! I DESSAY YOU AND YOUR GOOD LADY DON'T RECKON NOTHINK OF 'IM NE'THER, BLESS 'IS LITTLE 'EART, EH, MUM?" (*in a Beaming manner to Mrs. S.*). [*Claim allowed.*

MOTHER GOOSE ON MODERN SCIENCE.

THAT British Ass—what?—for the good of Science—that Association,
Ass-tronomy, geehology, and all that nonsense, botheration!
That met at Bath—ay, go to Bath! or Jericho, or wheresoever;—
A nasty good-for-nothin' lot, I never couldn't bear 'em, never!

Don't talk to me of the earth's age bein' so old as they makes out it.
I say I can't, I shan't, I won't, I don't believe a word about it!
And has to all them mouldy bones and things they finds in them there strater,
I don't consider, no not I, sitch rubbidge wuth a rotten tater.

Taters in diggin' there's some use; but what's the pleasure or the profit
To dig up skellingtons, all bone, with every mite of meat clean off it?
Earth's crust, indeed! a pretty pie with them ingrejuents inside it.
No, thank you, none of that for me; don't take the trouble to divide it!

Antipathy of Man besides, and then all that there row and rumpus
About Dewelopment and things as we was never meant to compass!
They jingles and they jangles just like empty old tin pots and kettles,
And comes to nothink in the end, but one another's minds unsettles.

Ah! well there, now, 'tis my belief, which I defy it to be shaken,
That one of these days they'll find out that they've been all on 'em mistaken,
And clever as they thinks theirselves, appear to be complete tomnoddies,
Forced to go back to what folks thought of old about the 'evinly bodies.

The world flat, like a pancake, or about the shape of this round table,
Beneath the crystial firmament, stock still, its movin' all a fable.
The Sun a runnin' of his course, just as he looks to do it, raly
From East to West, which likewise I desire to do my duty daily.

Suppose we turns out arter all right in relyin' on our senses.
I should so laugh at all that there philosophy and wain pretences,
If our ideers of them there things was found correct, and theirn delugion.
Ah! we old women yet may put the wise and larned to confugion.

THE LAST HAUL OF THE FISHERMAN.

(*From our Own Correspondent.*)

Rome. Feast of St. Michael.

THE other day CARDINAL DE BONNECHOSE presented his Holiness the POPE with the 150,000 fr. in Peter's pence, which had been collected in France. Receiving the money, the Holy Father immediately sang out, *Tu es optimus sodalis quem vidi hodie.* Whereupon the ecclesiastics in attendance on the Sovereign Pontiff immediately with one accord struck up the response, *Ille est optimus sodalis quem Sanctitas sua vidit hodie.* The POPE again, raising his tuneful voice, sang, *Et in præsenti.* They responded, *O quam bonum est!* His Holiness then chanted, *Dedit nobis centum et quinquaginta millia librarum Gallicarum collatis obolis Petri.* The priestly choir harmoniously replied, *Jubilate!* Once more raising his voice, the Sovereign Pontiff intoned, *Nimirum ille bonus est sodalis.* His sacerdotal train replied in unison, *Et sic dicimus omnes nos.* They did not go home till an early hour.

Panscotism.

DEAR M'PUNCH, In a column of fashionable intelligence the other day I met with an announcement that COUNT PIPER, Ambassador from Sweden at the Court of Spain, had left Cataldi's Hotel. I need hardly say that the name of the distinguished COUNT PIPER proves him to be of Scottish strain. Let us be proud of a diplomatist whose forebears were evidently clansmen.

I am, your loving Countryman,

The Donkey and Thistle, Oct., 1864. CATHACH.

Digitized by Google



RELIEVING GUARD AT THE VATICAN.

France to Italy. "YOU MUSTN'T LET NOBODY OUTSIDE ANNOY THE PARTY INSIDE; AND YOU MUSTN'T LET THE PARTY INSIDE ANNOY NOBODY OUTSIDE."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

FROM OUR ILL-USED CONTRIBUTOR.

My dear Mr. Punch, *St. Hilda's, by the Sea.*

The above is not the name of the place where I am, at least not the name given in the maps of the present day, although I dare say that in the chart carried by the vessel which took the nuns, in *Marmion*, on that delightful voyage (when the young ladies told competition stories about their Saints), this spot was called S. Hilda, Virgo. The reasons why I abstain from giving the modern name are two-fold: first, I do not wish you to know where I am, as you would bother me for manuscript; and, secondly, I like the place so much that I do not want to bring it into publicity, and cram it with Cockneys. I assure the latter that it will not suit them. There are no ridiculous amusements, and nobody makes three toilettes a day, and struts about to flirt, and show fine clothes. And, moreover, the bathing is perfectly decorous.

I am about 250 miles from the Temple, in lat. 54. 29. 24, and 36. 39. W. L. I ascertained this myself with the aid of a sexton and a quadreon, at high water, when the sun's attitude was couchant, and the globe was highly rectified with spirits, which were also highly rectified, for I verified the calculation by drinking them, without sugar, as recommended by Mr. Mechi.

We do not do anything here, except eat and drink, and drive up and down the most awful hills into the most delightful scenery. Eating and drinking are very good, and I am shocked to discover what awful cheats the London fishmongers and poulterers are. I get for sixpence fishes for which my metropolitan fish-seller would charge me two shillings; and as for grouse and partridges, the price I pay here makes me shudder to think of the wickedness of Town. I cannot get good cigars here at any price; but the same remark applies to the Metropolis; for though I admit that there are one or two places in London where you can, by favour, obtain a tolerable weed for tenpence, I consider that a price which no married man ought to pay in the present condition of Venezuela Bonds and Great Wheal Virgins. Beer excellent, and scarcely any foot to the honest bottles. Furthermore, my experience of the landladies is exactly opposed to my reminiscences of divers insolent, greedy, cheating harpies under whose clutches I have come during various sea-side sojourns. The houses are clean, the lodging-letters smiling and civil, your dishes and liquors are left intact, and you are charged for nothing but what you have had, and for that in strict moderation. Therefore I am exceedingly desirous to keep off the Cockneys, who are unworthy of such treatment, and whose objectionable ways would soon spoil our Eden.

We have some drawbacks, however. There is a harbour, which is picturesque at high water, and it is a pleasing sight to sit at the end of the pier and see an armada of fishing boats go forth to fetch me my whitings. But at low water, this harbour, into which St. Hilda's is, I suppose, drained, is about ten times more abominable in the eyes of my nose than was our own beloved Thamesis during that awful summer when we Templars had to sit with closed windows, and the glass at 90°, and when, you may recollect, you were taking drams all day long, at intervals of seven minutes or less. I declare that it is worse than Marseilles. On the rock whose haughty brow frowns o'er old ocean's foaming flood, and where the aristocratic part of St. Hilda's is situate, you do not perceive this atrocious aroma; but descend into St. Hilda's commercial, or linger on the quay to study your amphibious fellow-creatures, and you will temporarily agree with some old philosopher that the sense of smell was given us as a punishment. This heresy you will repudiate on climbing the heights again, and scenting the glorious ocean, which rolls in straight from the North Pole; to which latter fact I attribute a wooden kind of flavour which I sometimes detect in the air.

Another drawback is to be found in the Noises. Now I am not one of your fastidious people who cannot bear to hear a child cry—on the contrary, I rather like it, because the row probably shows that somebody is educating the child, after the fashion recommended by the wisest and most moral of men, Solomon I. If the child howls because it has fallen down, I am also glad, because it cannot be seriously hurt if it can bellow, and slight pain will teach it carefulness, and save it from future damage. But the howling of the brats at St. Hilda's is something preposterous. They bellow on no need or provocation whatever. It seems suddenly to occur to them in the street that it would be a neat thing to begin to yell, and they carry out the idea with splendid energy. If you see three together, two are sure to be crying aloud, and the chances are that some sturdy mother (moother they call her here) comes up and gives the third excellent reason for joining in the vocal trio. I believe that the habit is the relic of some old Pagan superstition, or some old device for frightening away the Danes, who were very troublesome to St. Hilda, and burned her out of house and home ever so many times. But worse than the children are the canine population, as a penny-a-liner would say. The juveniles go to sleep at night, but the dogs never do. And everybody keeps a dog, and there are scores of dogs who keep themselves, and when they are not fighting they are baying the moon, and when there is no moon they bay the gas. I have not slept once for eleven days and nights, I believe, in consequence of this hideous nuisance, and I must have a remarkably fine constitution to be able to endure so long a Virgil, vigil,—what do you call it? However, we are bound to be missionaries wherever we go, and I have hinted to the authorities here that there is such a thing as a Dog-tax, and that Mr. Gladstone would be very much pleased with them, and would probably come and stay here for a season, if they would take up all stray dogs, and examine any claimants as to the existence of a certain document called a Dog-tax receipt. There are excellent tan-yards here, also, and dog-skin makes very good gloves. I trust that there will be a reform in this particular before I come again, as I fully intend to do.

In other respects I heartily approve of St. Hilda's. There is a church (horribly churchwardened with galleries) on the highest of hills, and you can ascend it by one of those awful roads which frighten you in nightmares. Or you may climb up exactly as many stairs as there are feet in the Monument, London. Or you may go by a wide, but easy circumbendibus. You will be amply rewarded, not only inside the church (which is served excellently), but by the sight of some glorious old ruins, and by the perusal of the following epitaph. I alter all the names, but give the inscription as sculptured:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
TOBIAS SAINTSREST,
WHO WAS KILLED ON BOARD H.M.S. "SPY,"
BY A SHOT FROM A SPANISH GUNBOAT,
OFF CAPE TRAFALGAR, NOV. 2, 1862,
AGED 30 YEARS.
ALSO,
JOHN BROWNJONES,
WHO DIED AUG. 3, 1827, AGED 86 YEARS.
THIS STONE WAS ERECTED OUT OF REMEMBRANCE BY
REBECCA,
Their Surviving Widow.

There, Sir, I think that is original. I do not know that I ever before saw a couple of husbands bracketed off together by the widow of both. The arrangement seems to me compact and economical.

We have our circulating libraries, of course, and our newspapers, which arrive from London exactly in time to mingle with our dessert, and fearfully stupid your London newspapers are. I never saw such dulness. Is there no fun to be got out of the police-cases, or the proceedings of country justices, that we are asked to read essays on Education and Friendly Societies? There ought to be a Sensation Editor, to give out work for the recess. As for our readers, I fear that there is the same love of what is amusing, the same dislike for what is instructive, that we have observed among our feminine population in London, and to which I attribute the comparatively slight success of my own admirable Anglo-Saxon novel, and my beautiful *Tales of Ancient Madagascar*. "Ah," I exclaimed one day, after listening to the demands made by a score of pretty girls at the library,—"Ah," I said, in a melancholy voice, "do not compose works, dear Eve Bede—write books. Tell us of some lovely blue-eyed fairy girl, who fell in love (as she sat in the train) with a splendid giant colonel, with a red beard, and melancholy eyes, on seeing him knock, with one blow, the very life out of a railway porter who accidentally ran against him. Tell us how they met at a castle near the crags, and how she learned that he never would marry during the life of a beloved grandmother, on whom he doted, and who was always with him. How the blue-eyed fairy, hearing that the aged lady loved mushrooms, schemed to feed her with toadstools, but a wedding-ring that fell from the old finger into the dish, changed colour, and betrayed the trick. How, failing by poison, the blue-eyed angel went out for a walk with the old woman, and pushed her over a cliff. But her spectacles were saved by a pensive fisherman. Blue-eyes marries the splendid giant, but he wearies of her, and her love turns to hate. The fisherman has her secret—he draws much money from her. He shall have one secret more. Let him rid her of her hateful giant, and name his reward. The splendid giant loves fishing from a boat—let him have it for the last time. That death-struggle in the boat was awful; and but for the ghastly wound received unawares, and but for the dying lobster that clutched the hand of the gigantic husband, the fisherman had been rent in pieces. But he vanquishes, and what reward does he claim? The hand of the blue-eyed fairy! She consents, with that fatal smile of sweetness, and they are wed. But, on the bridal eve, what finds she on her pillow? The Old Lady's Spectacles! Ha! The dose she had prepared for the ambitious fisher descends her own alabaster throat, and the grandmother is avenged. The giant has been picked up—he is not dead—and he forgives the misled fisherman, who turns out to be his own foster-brother, and they enter a monastery, and live a pious and penitential life as Brother Goliath and Brother Piscator. Write that, dear Eve Bede, and young ladies, who turn from *Romola*, justly remarking that it requires one to know Florence from Naples, and that one reads for pleasure, not geography, will fight at the library, like little tigers, for your third volume."

A crowd had collected as I delivered the above eloquent sarcasm, *ore rotundo*, and the honest folk listened with patience, thinking that I was

some kind of religious teacher—there are several of the class here, who break out at the shortest notice. But I observed symptoms of an intention to annotate the sermon with the remains of certain deceased herrings, so I darted up an inclined plane, at 45° (here called a street) and vanished. I do not know whence I shall next date, but if you wait you will know.

Yours defiantly,

Epicurus Rotundus.



FAST YOUNG LADY,

IN PRIVATE CONVERSATION WITH HER LOOKING-GLASS.

"If I *should* meet as good looking a fella as yourself, I 'll turn Benedict."

LARGE AND SMALL GERMANS.

Some question has been raised whether the German Society was quite right in coming forward to provide Müller with legal assistance. Of course it was. The German Society represents the great German nation. Every merely accused person is presumed to be innocent. The fallaciousness of circumstantial evidence has often been proved. How is the German Society to know that Müller is not as guiltless as the unborn babe? But even suppose they believed him to have killed, not to say murdered, Mr. Briggs. What then? Mr. Briggs was only an Englishman. How much is an Englishman better than a Dane? What is one Englishman to thousands of Danes? Is there any essential difference between Mr. Briggs's watch and chain and the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein? Is there any difference at all between deliberately and wilfully causing the massacres of Dybböl and Sönderborg to obtain possession of those duchies, and deliberately and wilfully slaying Mr. Briggs for the sake of his watch and chain, except the difference between thousands of Danes and that one Englishman? It is as yet doubtful who slew poor Mr. Briggs, but nobody doubts who slew the poor Danes. Loyalty demands that the Germans should defend the King of Prussia from the same accusation as that alleged against Müller. Their loyalty would be justly regarded as flunkeyism, if they had refused to perform the same service for their poor countryman, Müller, as that which they render their precious King.

VOLUNTEERS.

Press Reporters are to form a new corps: they are to be placed on the same footing as Regulars, and will be known as the Penny-a-line Regiment.

A REAL AMERICAN POEM.

It has been remarked by people who have nothing to do but to make remarks (a kind of people we hate), that the American War has produced no poet. Usually, when a nation is stirred to its heart, the feelings of that heart find vent in song. But with nothing save the most blatant doggerel have the American writers as yet celebrated any of the brave deeds which both sides have performed in the Three Years, that is, Ninety Days, War.

We have, happily, an exception to make to the general rule. A Poet has arisen in the North. He is worthy to sing its praises. His latest outburst has just reached us, and with the purest desire to do justice to a great and gushing being, we reproduce his work for a world's admiration. It matters nothing to *Punch* that the Poem is an attack upon England. We can venerate genius, no matter whether it sings our eulogy or our condemnation. We call on the world to read and admire the Poem we are going to reprint. The name of the author—we admit that the name is not euphonious, but is Tupper exactly music, or is Close harmony?—the name is Bungay—George Wharmingpann Bungay, of New York. He is, we believe, one of the editors of the *Tribune* (Mr. Horace Greeley's paper), and is a person without what is vulgarly called education, as appears from an autograph before us in which he spells August "Agust," and "certainly" as he would pronounce it, "ceartainly." He is also, we understand, the editor of a New York "religious paper," called the *Independent*. It is to the honour of our American brethren that they set little value on a man's position or worldly learning, and respectfully submit to his teaching, provided the stuff is in him. And that the stuff is in Bungay, let this noble war-song testify. It is in honour of the *Kearsarge*, a Federal frigate, which it may, even at this distance of time, be remembered, sank the *Alabama*, a Confederate vessel.

"HAIL TO THE *KEARSARGE*.

"Hail to the *Kearsarge*, castle of oak,
And pride of the heaving sea!
Hail to her guns, whose thunder awoke
The waves, and startled with lightning stroke
The nations that should be free!
Hail to her captain and crew!
Hail to her banner blue!
Hail to her deathless fame!
Hail to her granite name!

"Haughty Britannia no longer can boast
That she rules the ocean waves;
Her fame is dead, and its sheeted ghost
Stalks discrowned on her chalky coast,
Mocked by Columbia's braves.
Hail to the queen of the sea!
Hail to the hopes of the free!
Hail to the navy that spoke!
Hail to our hearts of oak!

"The British lion may cease his roar:
For his darling privateer,
At sea a pirate, a thief on shore,
Now lies a wreck on the ocean floor,
No longer a buccaneer.
Hail to our Yankee tars!
Hail to the stripes and stars!
Hail Winslow, chief of the sea!
Hail to his victory!

"Cheers!—'Two Ninety,' the robber, is dead!
And Semmes, the pirate-in-chief,
A swordless coward, defeated, has fled,
Bearing the curse of the sea on his head,
To England, the home of the thief.
Hail to our holy cause!
Hail to our equal laws!
Hail to our peace to be!
Hail to all nations free!

"George W. Bungay."

We have only to thank Mr. George Wharmingpann Bungay for the first true poem of the war, and to congratulate the Federals on having in their ranks a bard so trumpet-tongued and fearless. We rejoice to see the fame of the *Marseillaise Hymn*, of Körner's *Death-Song*, and of Campbell's *Nelson and the North* so nobly emulated in the Western world.

THE CONDITION OF THE ARMY MEDICAL OFFICER.

That learned body, the College of Physicians, has appointed, so we learn, a committee to "inquire into the condition of the army medical officers." We are delighted to hear it, and wish the committee a happy deliverance in due time: but it occurs to us that the inquiry is somewhat extensive, and not particularly well defined. It is, however, clear that the investigation has one limit; it cannot be into the conditions of the army medical service (the which we regret, for it needs looking into), since the Fellows would have said so had they meant it. We infer that as the College is medical, the committee medical, and the conditions which they understand medical, this must be a Medical Board inquiry into the conditions of the bodies of their brethren, which are at times exposed to danger, and into the conditions of their minds under the wrongs which they suffer; and we hope it will aid in improving the conditions of their purses.

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

The Pope is said to be thinking of making Monsignore Manning a present of a new hat, a red one. The selection of the Doctor for this gift is understood to hinge on his possessing all the Cardinal virtues. Who would not wish to be in his shoes, or rather stockings?

New Name for the Members of the United Kingdom Alliance.—Water Babies.

Digitized by Google

PERILS OF HIPPOPHAGY.



'Certain Correspondence has been sent us in a mysterious way for publication, and from which we select the following. Omitting some personal compliments to our dog *Toby*, for which he returns his best bow-wow, we present these curious emanations of feline genius to such epicures as have a taste for the subject to which they refer, and capacity to digest it:—

From Mr. Grimalkin *to* Miss Tabitha.

My dear Tabby,

I suppose you read the French papers? They are somewhat deficient perhaps in freedom of tone, but the *feuilletons* so much admired by your sex are exceedingly well done, Government, I believe, giving every encouragement to that branch of journalism.

Well then, it appears by those amusing ephemera that a Society has been started, whose avowed object is to infringe upon our vested rights. How, say you? Why, by taking that noble animal the Horse from the purveyor's barrow, and attaching it to the gourmand's *carte*. Not satisfied with the heterogeneous diet (including frog *à la mode*) to which he has been accustomed for ages, Monsieur *de cuisine* now is sharpening his pliant knife over steed steaks, and making sauce piquante for colt chops or fillet of filly.

The fashion of course will travel with steam speed to this country, and we may anticipate that the *pièce de resistance* will be haunch of hunter, at the next gorgeous banquet of the Mayor.

Nor will it be long ere Parliament is required to repeal its antiquated Bills of Fare. The Speaker's dinner will soon be tainted with Hippophagy. Then who can tell what effect upon a liberal party may be produced by three coursers and a dessert? I fear that B— O— will be stimulated to horse play; R— will bolt with the bit between his teeth; and C— attempt astonishing leaps, before eventually subsiding into a ditch.

But this is not all. Conservatives perhaps will, like Chameleons, take their colour from that on which they feed. Picture the jibbing of D—y when people want him to trot briskly up Constitution Hill. What a crib-biter D—i may become if a foreign Secretary is placed in his manger. N— of course will rear and lash out wildly if a juvenile Guy Faux crosses the road; and as for Bishops, they will certainly shy if they catch sight of any men at work in doing necessary repairs to a Church. I tremble to think of the Irish Member—he will certainly turn out a roarer, and prove a greater annoyance than the wildest goose of the Commons.

Depend on it, my dear Tabby, this new-fangled Hippophagy will complete what factious oratory has sometimes nearly accomplished, and bring legislation to a dead-lock; official reticence will be greater than ever. A Minister will take advantage of its demoralising influence, and when bored by a volley of questions, will answer with an official curtness, that no one can cavil at, though singularly suggestive of a neigh.

Here I pause, for methinks I smell a rat,

Yours, &c.,

Three Colts Lane. Grimalkin.

From Miss Tabitha *to* Mr. Grimalkin.

My dear Grim,

You look at Hippophagy chiefly from a political point of view. It is alarming enough certainly under that aspect, but much more so if you go below stairs and see what costly dishes the noble animal you refer to will drag after it, when taken from the barrow and attached to the *carte*. You know, dear Grim, by personal observation, how fastidious our modern menials are—how scornfully they repudiate any connection with the cold shoulder, and turn up their eloquent noses when they have made a hash of it. What delicious *morceaux* will they deem themselves entitled to under the new dietary! Mary and Jane will stipulate for those expensive luxuries—Pony pudding and Galloway dumplings. Mr. Coachman will not be satisfied with anything less than saddle of Charger, and collared Cob. Jeames perhaps will languidly confess that he prefers his Jennet a little high, and Mrs. Housekeeper Stilton will of course reserve to herself the Thoroughbreds as included in the culinary sweets of office.

Then what is to become of us? Are we to be put upon veal cutlets and such like insipidities, until we haven't courage enough left to look a mouse in the face? No, my dear Grim, I'll never submit to such indignity; and if Master persists in exchanging his dishes for mine, I shall emigrate without notice to the Isle of Dogs, where I hope to meet with more generous and gentlemanly behaviour.

Surely, Grim, our superiors, *par excellence*, being omnivorous, might be content with what they've got, and leave us in tranquil possession of our Arabians. If their jaded appetites pine for a change of aliment, let them, instead of coveting our dainties, ruminate over the Mule's poor relation, of which they have recently made such an Asinine show.

Philosophers may say what they please; but I contend that Hippophagy is most revolting, and if we had an Ossian amongst us, its advocates would tremble at the indignation of the mews.

Yours, &c., Tabitha.

Cateaton Street.

P.S. A great deal has been lately written about deterioration in racers, &c. Take my word for it, Grim, and I am a pretty good judge, it is all pooh, pooh, nonsense. I feel certain that my table is supplied with much better meat than any which, forty or fifty years ago, my great-great-grandmother enjoyed. There is a tradition in our family, that when *Eclipse* came to us, the poor beast, what with age and work, was as tough as a drum-stick. Look at the cattle that are now brought to our market—they are, if not quite as tender, almost as young as a lamb.

HAT FOR HAT.

By Correspondence from Paris we are informed that Cardinal de Bonnechose has delivered to Pius the Ninth a sum of 150,000 fr. arising from Peter's pence. One good turn deserves another. The Pope has given De Bonnechose a hat, and De Bonnechose has repaid the gift in kind. He has presented his Holiness the hat which had been sent round on his Holiness's behalf, with a hatful of money in it. The Holy Father has truly made a good thing of Bonnechose.

NO POPERY.

An old lady of our acquaintance is so terrified at Brother Ignatius and his practices that she has given up bead-work and playing at Pope, had the cowl taken off her chimney, and will not go to the Crystal Palace, because the Company have a Rosary. She sent for her lawyer and made a new will, on hearing from a favourite nephew, who was on a tour in Cornwall, that he had just been "doing Penance." The unfortunate man was left out through omitting the letter *s*.

Musical.

A Celebrated Composer wrote to a friend, Requesting the pleasure of his company "to luncheon; *key of G.*" His friend, a thorough musician, interpreted the invitation rightly, and came to the Composer's house for luncheon at *One, sharp.*

New Appointment.

To the Office of Astronomer Royal, the Earl of Orrery. The Star-Chamber is to be re-opened and fitted up for his use.

A Fact for the "Morning Post."

It is wrong to suppose that the Ladies' Walking-stick originated at Biarritz. On the contrary, we are assured by a Frenchman that "*l'Impératrice l'a tiré directement de* Cannes."

For the use of Schools.

In the Heathen times of the Ancient Principality, the Welsh God worshipped on the top of Snowdon, was Ap-ollo.

Ornithology.

The Bird that possesses the most brilliant plumage of all the feathered tribe is, we believe, the Duck o' di'monds.

Digitized by Google

A Walking Paradox.—Mr. Banting has achieved greatness by growing less.



HOW VERY THOUGHTFUL.

Old Lady. "ARE YOU NOT AFRAID OF GETTING DROWN'D WHEN YOU HAVE THE BOAT SO FULL!"
Boatman. "OH, DEAR, NO, MUM. I ALWAYS WEARS A LIFE-BELT, SO I'M SAFE ENOUGH."

FLUNKIETTES AT SCHWALBACH.

(To Mr. Punch.)

SIR,

THE opinion, which you lately felt yourself called upon to express, that the example of the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH would be followed by the great majority of the female sex, if her Imperial Majesty were to take to wearing rings in her nose, may be considered, by some unthinking persons, to have been based on an exaggerated estimate of the proclivity of women in general to imitate that illustrious lady. Your estimates, Sir, are always framed with a scrupulous regard to accuracy, and are invariably verified. Full justification, at least of that one which I refer to, has already appeared in a letter from Schwalbach in the *Patrie*, describing the habits, peculiarities, proceedings, and attire,—giving, in short, the natural history of Her Majesty, as observed at that medicinal watering-place. The writer of this interesting memoir says:—

"The water of the Weissbrunnen, among its other qualities, is said to be injurious to the teeth. Therefore, before the arrival of Her Majesty, the ladies made use of glass tubes, by means of which they could drink the water without having to fear that while recovering their health, they would lose their teeth. Since the EMPRESS swallows each glass of water as a draught, those tubes have been thrown aside."

For aught that it was possible for the ladies at Schwalbach to know, Sir, the EMPRESS drank the Weissbrunnen water out of a tumbler, without the precaution of using a tube, just because she did not know that it was injurious to the teeth, or even from a possible want of solicitude for their preservation. I suppose that Nature has blessed Her Majesty with teeth of pearly whiteness, adamantine durability, and chemical composition proof against all corrosive agencies. But those ladies cannot be sure that this, which may be, is so. They must know that Imperial dignity is not superior to human nature, and that there is an idiosyncrasy that simply ignores the tooth-brush. Those, Sir, who would risk the ruin of their teeth rather than not imitate a personal eccentricity on the part of their idol, would little hesitate, by the same rule, to disfigure their noses.

Allow me, Sir, to add to the foregoing remarks, the observation, that if your wives and daughters would be half as regardful of reason as they are obsequious to fashion, they would render you, as husbands and fathers, objects of a sentiment more approaching to envy than that with which you are at present contemplated by

The Hermitage, Oct., 1864. SMELFUNGUS.

THE DISEASE OF STEALING.

AT one of the late meetings of the Social Science Congress a Paper was read on penal discipline, with reference to which:—

"LORD TEIGNMOUTH suggested oakum-picking, and supported his view by the opinion of BISHOP BERKELEY, that tar-water was a cure for all diseases."

In the opinion of LORD TEIGNMOUTH, then, theft is merely the manifestation of a disease. Very well; but if oakum-picking is a cure for that disease affecting pickpockets, members of the swell mob, and common thieves of both sexes in general known to the Police, would it not be likely to be equally efficacious in the case of a fashionable lady affected with the same disease under the name of kleptomania?

Dreadful to Contemplate!

(From an Old Lady Correspondent.)

THE HOME SECRETARY is going to demand from the different Governors of the gaols in England *a return of all the prisoners* placed under their care within the last two years. Gracious! London will be deluged with criminals! We shall all be garotted!!

OUR FIRST AND SAXON GREETING TO THE LORD MAYOR ELECT.—"Drink, Hael."

COURSE OF READING BY THE SEASIDE.—The Study of WINCKELMANN.

Digitized by Google

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, October 8, 1864.

AN AWFUL OPERATION.

(Being an Account of a Wonderful Crop.)



BELOVED, CALM, EVER-PLACID PUNCH,—Even in these days of Sensation I was not prepared for the horrible tortures practised by—shall I say men? Yes, by men upon their fellow-men in the cause of civilisation, in the obtrusive advancement of science, and under the pretence of conferring benefits—inestimable benefits—on mankind. "Oh, Thingummy" (I forget the letter of the quotation, but the spirit is the point),

"What crimes do they not commit in thy name!"

Notes of admiration are wanting to me; all the available ones, of the only size really adapted to my meaning, are used on the largest Posters about Town. Those of a lesser note fail me. But I will multiply them—I will raise them to the *n*th!

Sir, I have undergone an Awful Operation!! I tremble while thinking of the past!!! Have I been racked? Worse than that!!! Drawn? Worse than that; aye, worse than if I had been caricatured by photography into the bargain. Quartered? Worser—a deal worser!!!! Tight Boots? No. Thumbscrew? No! You will never guess. Oh, *Mr. Punch*, tell it not in Gath, if you ever go there, but I, your beautiful, your own, your own correspondent, have had my Hair cut!!!!! Cut by—I am not going to use strong language—but am going to say, cut by Machinery!!!! Never, never again, *Mr. P.*, not even if my locks grow long, matted, and ragged, as did those of Peter the Wild Boy, or Peter the Hermit, or some Peter or other. However, I'll no more be a re-peater of this name, but come to the point at once. Point! that word recalls the scene from first to last. "Did I want the points"—he, the hairdresser, called them *pints*—"off? or would I 'ave a deal off?" I chose the latter. No sooner was I vested in a garment—something between a gentleman's summer dressing-gown and a lady's bathing-dress—of that grotesque pattern with which, of late, the pictures of a facetious singer styling himself "The Cure," have made us sufficiently acquainted,—no sooner, I say was I bound in this extraordinary wrapper—like a volume of STRYPE—and had taken my seat in front of a large looking-glass, than the operator began arranging certain apparatus that filled me with apprehension, and made my hair stand right up on end, all ready for cutting, like quills upon the fretful what-you-may-call-him. He first pulled ropes from the ceiling, after the manner of one about to imitate M. LEOTARD on the *trapèze*. These ropes were fitted with a peculiar pair of scissors, made, as I take it, on the model of those used in the opening of a Pantomime, when His Majesty KING HUMGUFFIN sends for the Court Barber to trim him; on which occasion the usual result is that the Court Barber is trimmed by His Gracious Majesty. I assure you that to have seen my hairdresser's talented assistants dance into the room, footing it to some lively measure, with huge cans labelled "Hot Water," "Soap," "Bear's Grease," would not have been to me a matter for much surprise. However, they didn't. Such a proceeding would have savoured of a joke; and that this, my friend, was *no* joke, I do most solemnly declare! Two more ropes held a circular comb: a young man took his place behind my chair; then there were, to use another stage phrase, "Wheels heard without," and, with a whirr-whirr-whirr, like the deafening sound in a small manufactory, or in the Polytechnic during the hours of exhibition, the ropes began to move rapidly up, up, up, down, down, down, backwards and forwards, and round and round, the scissors commenced snipping the air, and the comb, as it appeared to me, began circling round my head, like the fearful stuffed nondescript bird at Astley's, which is worked by a string over the prostrate body of the agonised dummy MAZEPPA. Suddenly, the young man controlled the gambols of these wild creatures, and directed them at my head. At my head, literally, not my hair. Bah! they disdained *that*, tearing through it like buffaloes through a prairie, and seizing upon my scalp with the ferocity of a Red Indian warrior.

"Here! Hi! Take 'em off!" I cried.

"You find 'em a little 'ard at first, Sir?" inquired the young man blandly.

"Hard! I should rather say I——" whirr, whirr, whirr,—off again. "Hold! Stop!"

The young man takes this opportunity to explain:—

"You see, Sir, our Proprietor only patented 'em last week, and we ain't got quite into the way of working 'em: it's a little hawkward like at first."

Awkward! Ha! ha! Good, that. My hair was lying about the floor in little twisted knots: what remained on my head resembled—hang me, if I know *what* it resembled, except the tufts on MR. PECKSNIFF's head, or the comic wigs in which the Brothers WEBB appeared as the Twin *Dromios*. And oh! my poor skin!

"Should he take hany more off?" inquired the young man—the *youngest* man, I subsequently found, who had not long been out of his apprenticeship.

"Trim it evenly," said I; "and, for Heaven's sake, in the old-fashioned way."

He smiled.

"I should prefer doin' of it in that way myself, Sir," he whispered in my ear, "but Master says we *must* use this 'ere happaratus, so as *in this slack time of year we may get our 'ands in for the Seasing.*"

This comes of stopping in Town unfashionably! Oh, cursed fate, that didn't give me to the moor!

"There," said I, "just brush it smooth, and have done."

"'Ave it washed, Sir? Gents mostly 'as it washed."

"Yes, by all means."

"Hand will you 'ave some Medicated Balsamic Regenerator, or our Emollient Capellarion?"

"Some of the Capellarion," I answered, in the off-hand manner of one accustomed to the regular use of that expensive pomade.

It is always as well to give your hairdresser this idea, or, if you show the least indecision or ignorance on this subject, he will be down upon you, all in the way of business, with tender inquiries as to whether "you wouldn't like a bottle of the Balsam?" or, more persuasively, as if it cost nothing, "Shall I horder you a pot of the Capellarion?" If you show any signs of weakness or wavering, he will put it in a more forcible manner—"You *should* 'ave a bottle of our Tittivator," or, decisively, "You 'll take a bottle of The Regenerator, then, with you, Sir, to-day," and this, mind you, settles the question. If you don't buy his master's wares, on which the young man doubtless gets a per-centage, and justly too, you cannot but feel that you have fallen in the opinion of the hairdresser; not that this is of importance when you are once *out of his hands*, but while in the power of a man who holds the scissors over you, it is politic to make him think as much of you as possible. Boldly, therefore, profess a thorough knowledge of all the unguents in the shop. "The Medicated Balsam is your constant companion: without the Tittivator," say you, "no person's toilette-table can be complete. The Capellarion is the delight of your mornings—the Medicated Balsam the solace of your declining day."

Now for the wash. The ceiling opens above my head; a pipe appears; a brazen tube like the neck of a watering-pot pointing downwards, taking my hair for the flower-bed. I am about to ask "what this is," when—ssssh—squish—down it comes and I am deluged with the fragrant Capellarion. This is not so bad. Before I can recover my breath, whirr, whirr, whirr go the wheels again, and two fierce iron or brazen arms appear from somewhere, armed with the stiffest of rough towels. I try to avoid the blow from the one on my right, and am caught with wonderful precision on my left ear by the other. Both arms begin to pummel me; whirr, whirr, go the wheels; everything seems in motion, the looking-glass, I fancy, dances, the cries of other struggling victims rise from various corners of the room, the little comb laughed to see such sport, the brush runs away with the scissors, the young men execute a war-dance—whizzle, whizzle, whizzle—I don't know whether I stand on my head or my heels, until I find myself in the front shop before the counter, paying money to a cheerful-looking lady in black.

Lovers of sensation should be made acquainted with this fact, viz., that, for all the above mentioned excitement, performed exactly as described, you are only charged One Shilling; ay—and, what is more, in that small sum is also included *Shaving by Machinery*, if you feel inclined to stop for it. I didn't; and, therefore, am still able to sign myself

PROFESSOR HAIRBY.

A Capital Job for the Conjurors.

WE are happy to announce that several of our best conjurors are engaged in the discovery of the means whereby the Spiritualists accomplish what they grandly term their "manifestations," but which sceptics have been heard to speak of by a shorter name. The Wizards of the North, South, East, and West will work together in this task, and the result of their labours will be published in a pamphlet, to be called, out of compliment to the Brothers DAVENPORT, (with of course the leave of MR. LEVER) *Davenport Dong*.



TOUCHING APPEAL

TO THE CHIVALROUS FEELINGS OF DE VAVASCŒUR.

"KETCH HOLD O' THE DISH FOR A MINUTE, SIR, WILL YOU? IT'S A BURNING MY FINGERS!"

DON'T SAY NON POSSUMUS!

(VICTOR-EMMANUEL *to the* POPE.)

Oh, May it please your Holiness
Behold me at your knee!
Vouchsafe unto my lowliness
United Italy!
Oh, speak the word this happy day
That concord shall restore!
Oh, come to terms, say "Yes," and say,
"*Non possumus*" no more!
Oh, if your gracious Holiness would only list to me,
And cease to say "*Non possumus*," how happy I should be!

St. Peter's patrimony fair
Shall still be all your own;
And I'll engage to keep you there,
And guard you on your throne.
Your States, that gave themselves to us,
Ourselves their debt shall pay:
So don't reply "*Non possumus*,"
But gently answer, "Yea!"
Oh, if your gracious Holiness would only list to me,
And cease to say "*Non possumus*," how happy I should be!

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE THERE'S FIRE.

A TERRIBLE gunpowder explosion (not to be spoken of lightly) has occurred near Erith. Passing from painful details, let us notice certain consequences. Divers Assurance Offices refuse to compensate those whose property has been injured. We consider this the height of Assurance. If damage sustained by an explosion is not damage by Fire, we should like to know what is. Men of business, as every day's City Article shows, are the most unbusinesslike people going, but surely they will not be done out of their assured rights. And many jurors have made one believe that they had been empanelled from Earlswood, but we should like to see a Twelve idiotic enough to declare that gunpowder can explode without a fire. Anyhow, we advise a trial where the offices are worth Powder—and shot.

WHEN is a Candle likely to be angry?
When it 's put out, to be sure.

SPORT AND SPORT.

THERE is a sweet bird, much of which was eaten on the 29th of last month, a bird which is usually accompanied at table by apple-sauce, in addition to sage and onions. A maxim of ancient wisdom and proverbial philosophy declares that the condiment which is proper for the female bird of this description is also proper for the male. The moral rule which corresponds to this canon of cookery is not always so religiously observed as it might be by those administrators of the law who are for the most part deservedly called Justices, but who, in some instances, can be so termed only with ironical justice.

At the Marylebone Police Court, the other day, a boy named HENRY RADFORD was cited by one RUTHERFORD, an Officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, before MR. MANSFIELD, charged with cruelty to a cat.

The boy, at play with a lot of other boys, had tossed the cat some fifteen feet into the air, whence it fell and broke its back.

RUTHERFORD said, "that it was not usual for the Society to take up cases against children under fourteen years of age, but they considered this to be a case so peculiar that they felt bound to prosecute." The peculiarity of the case, according to the evidence adduced to prove it, appears to be comprised in the foregoing statement. Sentencing the puerile prisoner:—

"MR. MANSFIELD remarked that it was a pity boys could be found who were so cruel. He would commit the prisoner to the House of Correction for one month, with hard labour."

It may be presumed that the cat was not thrown into the air by MASTER HENRY RADFORD simply to test the truth of the popular saying, that a cat will always fall on her legs. The Magistrate was surely satisfied that the child meant to hurt the cat.

Of course it is necessary that boys under fourteen should be taught that it is wrong to break a cat's back. But any respectable, if ragged, school is fitter to instruct them in humanity than that of the House of Correction and hard labour.

No doubt there is a difference between shooting stags, or hares and rabbits, so as to break their bones, and wantonly killing cats. But there is also a similarity. The difference is that, whereas venison, hare, and rabbit are good for food, cat is not, whatever foreigners may say to the contrary. The similarity is that the stags, hares, and rabbits on the one hand, and the cats on the other, are killed for sport. The gentry of England have certainly an excuse for shooting game, which street-boys have not for killing cats. When a nobleman kills several hundred hares in a battue, to be sure he shatters the spine of many a poor puss which is just as sensitive as one of the feline species. But then poor puss, the rodent, is edible, whereas the carnivorous poor puss is carrion. We know that my Lord bears that steadily in mind while he is out shooting, and considers, with just complacency, that he is not practising wanton cruelty on animals. Still he kills them for amusement; so to speak, for fun. Therein lies the resemblance between the noble sportsman and the street-boy. If the resemblance is close, is the difference so wide as to make a grandee worthy of having his amateur-butcher-work recorded in the journals to his glory and renown; but an urchin, for amusing himself in the same but a very much smaller way, deserve the treadmill?

At it Again!

SAYS the Roman Correspondent of the *Star*, "The remains of the Baths of DIOCLETIAN, and the best ruins left in Rome, are to be cleared away." Now, really this is too bad. The Baths of DIOCLETIAN can *not* be in the way from London to Chatham or Dover, and the Company must be exceeding its powers. We shall ask for an injunction.

NOVEL EFFECTS.

IN consequence of the popularity attained by the Sensation Stories, many romantic young ladies have gone off with their grooms. We are, however, happy to learn, that, in every case, the happy objects of their choice have been highly respectable Bride-Grooms.



CLEVER DOG.

Young Finsbury (after a Morning's Rabbit Shooting with some Country Cousins). "HULLO, WICHARD, DOES THIS LITTLE QUADWUPED BELONG TO YOU? BECAUSE——"

Richard. "YES—SHE'S A CLEVER LITTLE THING; SO I GENERALLY TAKE HER——"

Young Finsbury. "BECAUSE, 'STWIKES ME, I'VE BEEN SHOOTING AT IT ALL THE MORNING!"

MARRIAGE IN LAW LIFE.

WE have much pleasure in announcing that the honourable Law Craft is about shortly to be united to Equity, sole surviving Daughter and Heiress of the late Honest Man, formerly of Paradise Place, and whose loss many years ago was so deeply felt, and so universally lamented.

We extract from Debrett the following interesting particulars:—

The Craft family is one of great antiquity. In 100, Norman Craft having come into possession *per fas et nefas* of the estates of Crass Saxon, formed an alliance with Lady Verbosity, by whom he had issue, 1st, Common Law Craft, and 2ndly Statute Law Craft. From these stocks are descended the great Delays, which figure so conspicuously in forensic circles. Between the Crafts and the Equities, a feud existed for many generations, similar to that between the Guelphs and Ghibelines, but with far more disastrous consequences, if we may credit the Reports in legal circulation. It must however be admitted that although no branch of the Equity family was ever perhaps passionately enamoured of the Crafts, an alliance would long since have been formed between some of their members, had not the banns been forbidden, by certain parties who had expectations from the Crafts.

On what moral ground they opposed the union of Law Craft and Equity, it is difficult to understand, unless that, looking at the Table of Consanguinity, they thought them to be too nearly related. We may observe *en passant*, that some of these interested parties were in the cabinet line, and had actually worked at the Bench.

At length, however, a reconciliation has been effected, owing in some measure, we believe, to the kind offices of SIR J. P. WILDE, of Divorce Court, Westminster, whose frequent interference between man and wife has not met with its customary acknowledgment, his judicial countenance having no scratch at present on either side of it. SIR J. P. W., we understand, will give away the Bride; and WESTBURY, of Old Square, Lottery Office Keeper, and celebrated as a seller of chances, patronised by HER MAJESTY, will furnish the *trousseau*, which includes an elegant selection of cases surmounted by the Royal Arms. The nuptials, it is anticipated, will be honoured by the presence of the eminent Physician DR. BROUGHAM, to whom the Law Crafts are considerably indebted, the Doctor having frequently been called in to prescribe for his old friend's lameness, and by whose judicious regimen the Patient's system has been braced. We sincerely hope that conjugal harmony will give a new tone to his constitution.

WHO WOULD NOT BE A GOVERNESS?

AFTER the warm weather we have had it is quite refreshing to meet with something cool, and really we have seldom met with anything so cool as this:—

GOVERNESS WANTED, in a Young Ladies' School near London. She will be required to teach English, French, music, and to have £50 at her command, which will be returned by instalments.—Address, &c.

Not a word is said about the salary this governess will have, and we incline therefore to think that she will not be paid a shilling for her services. On the contrary, indeed, it seems that she will have to pay the sum of fifty pounds for the privilege of teaching English, French, and music: for although the money, it is said, "will be returned by instalments," no guarantee is given her that such will be the case.

Maxima Debetur Reverentia.

WE had heard that America was languishing for an aristocracy. A proof of the statement comes by the last mails. "Ladies are about to be employed, at Philadelphia, as Reporters." This will make it necessary for all the speakers to be gentlemen.

QUIET WATERING-PLACES.

No. II.—GWRYSTHLOGWDD (CONTINUED).

I FULLY expected that in the morning I should find my hair turned white, as did those celebrated prison locks in a single night. My mental relief, when the three somnambulists safely returned, each one to his own couch, may be, if you will allow me the use of a novel phrase, "easier imagined than described." Unable to close my eyes or my ears, I endeavoured to amuse myself with my note-book. With the results, the Limited Company have been already made acquainted.

3·30 A.M.—Day breaking: evidently too early, as this morning's light is getting confusedly mixed up with last night's mess, the effect being to make the paper of my note-book a pale blueish colour, and I am writing this very line in a large round-hand scrawl, not unlike what I have been informed are Spirit characters, which will be perhaps illegible by broad daylight. Spirits, indeed! Pooh! I can just see to write POOH in capitals. And yet in this strange hasily-lighted hour, the no man's land between Yesterday and To-morrow, my imagination can picture Unsettled Existences on the confines of space, Beings neither altogether unearthly nor entirely ethereal, Incomprehensible Agencies capable of visiting us mortals even in our own rooms! . . . . What's that? Oh, nothing. Isn't it, though? Can Nothing open that door which I could have sworn had been locked by SAMSON? Yet the door *is* being opened without any visible cause. Perhaps it's the wind; perhaps it isn't. I will get out, and boldly examine the phenomenon. On second thoughts, I think I'll do nothing of the sort. I can hear my own heart beating loudly under the blankets. I am now altogether under the blankets. The notion occurs to me of burglars. I have heard some bold persons say that they'd rather meet flesh and blood at night than Spirits. Supposing that Burglars are flesh and blood, I think I'd rather meet Spirits. Shall I rouse the Collegians? Let me see. It would take a minute at least to wake them; another minute for them to gain a clear idea of their frightful position; and in the meantime what would the burglar, or burglars, be doing? Is any man at any time, in any way, under any circumstances, justified in imperilling a life, called, merely by courtesy, his own? Under favour of the blankets, beneath whose folds this colloquy between caution and temerity was carried on, I decide in the negative. As a chivalrous hero, I picture myself leaping forth to the combat; as an unmuscular Christian citizen, I breathe as quietly as possible, and allow one eye to peep out, over the blanket, as a cautious reconnoitring party.

Something is moving about somewhere—crawling, as far as I can make out; puffing occasionally, blowing slightly; proceeding for a very short distance at a great pace, then stopping altogether for the space of a minute, then setting off again in another direction. Is it the savage dog? No; nor does it sound like a cat. I know I shall be very ill to-morrow morning. Will these fellows never wake? The creature, whatever it may be, is on the floor at the foot of my bedstead. I feel a tug at my blankets. More blowing and sputtering, and uncouth sounds, like partially-formed words. Oh! if I do but live over this, farewell to Gwrysthlogwdd, the Haunted Watering-Place! A bump on the floor, and another pull, ever so much more violent than before, at my blankets. I am in a cold perspiration. Ha! Something terrible has happened in the passage outside! There are footsteps, and female voices. The Landlady, quite dressed, followed by a maid, enters the room with a light. "Sorry to disturb me," she says. Sorry! Bless her! I am delighted to see her. "Oh, MRS. OWEN, there have been such terrible——"

"Here he is, mum!" cried the maid, jumping forward towards the end of my bed.

"Oh, SARAH, how could you leave him?" said MRS. OWEN, reproachfully.

SARAH! Leave him! *Him!* Whom! Was I dreaming? Were they talking of *me*, in my presence? Had the events of the night turned my brain? or was I in a trance? SARAH was on her knees, as far as I could make out, struggling with some resisting power on the floor by the foot of my bed. "What a monkey it is!" said MRS. OWEN.

A Monkey! What an escape I had had! perhaps from a juvenile Gorilla, presented to the place by some seafaring man, amenable only to the voice of its recognised keeper, SARAH! I remember EDGAR ALLAN POE's horrible story, founded on fact, of an Ourang-Outang, who committed atrocious acts with a razor, and I shuddered, gratefully.

Where was the imitative caricature of Man? Still on the floor. I would not attract his attention, lest he might break from his SARAH, and fly upon me. Those animals are so uncertain.

"Do get the blanket out of his mouth, SARAH, and take him away," said MRS. OWEN.

Take him away, by all means! What! swallowing a blanket! Does the creature unite to the mischievous tastes of a Monkey the digestive capacity of a Boa Constrictor? Is it a monster only known in Wales—one-third Monkey, one-third Boa, and the remaining third Constrictor! Horrible!

"A naughty icky sing that wants to feel its tootsy-pootsies and go a walking it does," said SARAH.

"Hey, what? Fondling a brute like that! Why surely, MRS. OWEN——"

"It's just your time that you wanted to be called: the clocks is wrong, Sir, church one and all," said MRS. OWEN, throwing back the shutters and letting in broad daylight. "But I'm sorry as the little 'un should have worried you, Sir."

This was said to me: the others were gradually turning and waking.

"The little 'un? the monkey? the boa constrictor?"

"Lor' no, Sir: you ain't arf awake: it's BABY here," she answered.

Yes: in SARAH's arms, wriggling to regain the floor, was a large-headed no-haired infant.

"He's just a beginning to walk, the young monkey, and when his muss's back's turned (you mustn't leave him again, SARAH) he'll just crawl in and out anywhere."

Did the Landlady and the nurse tell the story to the Collegians and the Tourists, who, within an hour, were all bustling about the place preparatory to starting upon their several expeditions! I do not know; but as I drove away from the inn, in a springless vehicle much patronised by the natives, the crowd waved their hats (which considerably frightened the horse and myself), and a detestable excursionist brass band of amateurs struck up an air to which J. W. H. sang loudly an absurd song commencing "I would I were a Baby!" which caused such shouts of laughter among the giddy Tourists, as rang in my ears biliously for half an hour afterwards, and only ceased altogether when we were half way on our road to Bangor. At Bangor I found my portmanteau.

Note.—I hear that Gwrysthlogwdd is always, during the summer, in this state of excursionist commotion, and therefor, cannot be recommended to the Limited Company as *The* Quiet Watering-Place of which I am in search.

A PUZZLE IN THE PORK TRADE.

BREVITY is said to be the soul of wit, and in point of saving penmanship perhaps it may be said to be likewise the soul of business. But to a non-commercial mind there is something vastly puzzling in the curtness of this notice:—

TO CHEESEMONGERS.—WANTED, by a Young Man, as SECOND WINDOW, used to the Pork and Rabbits. Willing to make himself useful.—Apply to A. H., &c.

We have read this over twice without guessing what it is that is wanted by the advertiser. At the first reading we fancied he desired a situation, but, on our next perusal, we perceived that what he wants is to be "as second window," and we cannot understand in what manner a man can make a window of himself, although we certainly know some men who are easy to be seen through. Then pray who or what on earth is it that is "used to the pork and rabbits?" and which and where are "the" pork and rabbits he or it is used to? Perhaps some of our readers who are idling out of Town, and have nothing else to think about, may answer these queer queries: but for ourselves we must confess that we have neither time nor wish to speculate about them.

THE NEW VICEROY.

THE amiable LORD CARLISLE is succeeded, in Ireland, by LORD WODEHOUSE. We have been carefully studying DOD, and also WALFORD, to discover, if possible, that some injury or insult has been inflicted on Ireland by the appointment of the new VICEROY. We can find nothing to the purpose in the books, but inasmuch as LORD WODEHOUSE is far too able and useful a man to be wasted on a moribund Sham, we have no doubt that Irish patriots will see in the selection a proof of some deep and subtle plot against Oireland.

[Ha! what is the brutal *Punch* talking about? No insult! We read the damning records of British feudalism. We see that this Saxon aristocrat had the impudence to be born in the foul year 1826, the year for ever memorable in the annals of oppression, when the Irish currency was regulated to the English standard! Spirit of Liberty, must we bear these things? And how long?—*The Nation.*]

Real Charity.

GENERAL SHERMAN has respectfully informed the inhabitants of Atlanta that out they must go. But he adds, that as soon as peace is declared, he will divide with them "his last cracker." MR. STANTON, not to be behindhand in kindness, telegraphs that he has been manufacturing crackers all through the war, and that any he may have on hand, when the rebellion shall be put down, shall be at anybody's service. This is noble, though it reminds one a little of the orders of the Scotchman, in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, after the dinner: "If anything is totally uneatable, let it just be given to the poor."

Digitized by Google



THE WEINBRUN

And a Liberty taken w

Digitized by Google



EN-SCHWALBACH,

1 Several Crowned Heads.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

A SIBYLLINE LEAF.



UMBUG or Spiritualism, which has been a little flat since MR. HOME ceased to fly, may be said (in the language of the Trade Circular) to be "*looking up*," now that the Brothers DAVENPORT are making "a sensation" out of their cupboard—by the way, why don't they get into "a Davenport" when they *are* about it?—and have even found their way into a place that is likely to be still more profitable to them than their cupboard, namely, the columns of the *Times*. PROFESSOR ANDERSON may outdo all the marvels of all the Mediums by what he is content to call by its right name of jugglery, legerdemain, or sleight-of-hand. So described, his ingenuity and dexterity are legitimately employed in tricking our senses, and no one has a right to call him rogue, or to begrudge the shillings he extracts from the pockets of the crowds who fill St. James's Hall. But when "media" are substituted for mechanism, "spirits" for sleight-of-hand, and the mystical jargon of uneducated impostors for the clever jugglery of the Wizard of the North, *Mr. Punch's bâton* must be out and rapping rogues on the head, and gulls and dupes on the knuckles. There lies before us a circular—the last and about the biggest dose of "flapdoodle" that has been shovelled into British spoons by Transatlantic tricksters of the Spiritualist sort. It is headed—

"THE GREATEST DISCOVERY EVER MADE,

Is the MEDIATION WRITING direct to, and from, the Spirit World, in One Minute! without any Mechanism, except Pen, Ink, and Paper."

Admire on the threshold the punctuation and phraseology of the Spiritually-inspired compiler. The Seers, in these respects, seem on a par with "the Sperrits." We have long been aware that the latter, as a rule, are hazy about their spelling and grammar. It is clear that ÆACUS, MINOS, and RHADAMANTHUS have not as yet established any Board like the Civil Service Commissioners, or not one in a hundred "Sperrits" (as the Mediums reveal them to us) could ever have passed into their shadowy realm. Or it may be, perhaps, (and this seems most reconcileable with the observed facts) that the only Spirits allowed to communicate with the Mediums are those incapable ghosts who, being unable to pass their examinations for spiritual situations, on the ground of gross deficiency in "the three R.'s," are left in limbo, out of employment, and reduced to eke out a discreditable livelihood by rapping, hand-showing, accordion-playing out of tune, mis-spelling, and the other degrading performances with which they are now so humiliatingly associated.

This communication to the large world of geese and gulls, which we reproduce, *verbatim et literatim*, in every point except the Sybil's name, goes on—

"MRS. BOUNCE BUBBLER, SIBYLS MEDIUM,

Has the extraordinary gift of holding communions and conversation, for any length of time, and anywhere, with the departed in the Spirit World, who are not dead, but living, to give the most delightful intelligence of the Spirit world they have passed into, since they have left the earth; who hail with joy, being able to write to their loved ones on the earth, to identify themselves to their bereaved friends."

Alas, poor ghosts! If this is to be the style of spiritual correspondence, surviving relatives, we would suppose, must blush, rather than "hail with joy," when the departed take "*to identify themselves to their bereaved friends.*" The universal prayer for the dead ought to be "*requiescat in pace*" more than ever, and, above all, "may our friends' ghosts be strictly forbidden the use of pens, ink, and paper."

Now for MRS. BUBBLER'S theory of this "extraordinary gift:"—

"Now *if this be true*, surely it is the greatest phenomenon ever heard of, and opens the widest field for inquiry and consolation ever known; For what can be more charming than to write to our beloved ones just gone from us, and in a few minutes to receive an answer, telling us they are actually more alive now than when on the earth, because they have left the dead material body, and as St. Paul declares, are a 'spiritual body,' and are elevated to that sphere they have earned on the earth.

"What can be more reasonable to the scientific mind than to believe the higher spheres, or planets, are inhabited, as well as our planet the Earth? And as we know man has got the power of sending his message from one city to another, is it not reasonable to believe, that God has given his progressive Spirits, who are in His keeping, in the Spirit world, the power to communicate from one sphere to another sphere, as easy as man can from city to city? If this be denied, it gives more power to man than God! Man's power is mechanical electricity—God's power is Spiritual Electricity—which as far surpasses the electric telegraph, as heaven surpasses the earth! and is a law of nature not yet understood, but is revealed to me, through this marvellous writing, which swallows up death in victory! through which many prophecies are written to me!"

We commend the caution of the qualification "*If* this be true"—"Great virtue in an if!" But what is far stranger than "the gift" itself, is that it should be given to such hands as the FORSTERS and HOMES and BUBBLERS.

But the "Sibyle Medium" is not sordid, nor selfish. She does not desire to keep the gift to herself. She has the will and the power to dispose of it to others—for a consideration. At least she can teach all to "*write to* their loved ones;" though, it is to be noted, that she does not undertake they will receive answers—which one would have supposed the important point. She promises to teach us "to call spirits from the vasty deep;" while she leaves us to ask, with *Hotspur*, "But will they *come?*"

"I here declare I have no desire to keep so great a privilege to myself, because I have the power given me to teach others—either believers or sceptics!—to enable them to write to their loved ones, quite independent of me, after I have taught them; who can investigate the truth of this statement for themselves—for what we can do ourselves, we know to be true—teaching others will be the best means of making this great gift known."

And now for the list of MRS. BUBBLER'S spiritual acquaintance. It is large, and decidedly mixed. Death, like misery, evidently makes men "acquainted with strange bedfellows;" and not the most heterogeneous "crush" at a scientific London *conversasione*—not even a Saturday night at Cambridge House itself—ever exhibited a more queerly compounded "lot" than that which enjoys the privilege of exchanging raps or notes with MRS. BUBBLER. The only assemblage to compare with it is the famous one in the Groves of Blarney—

"The Haythin Gods and Goddesses so fair,
Bould Plutarch, Niptune, and Nicodamus,
All standin' stark naked in the open air."

"I can commune with the Spirit nearly as soon as it has left the body! Time is no barrier: for no Spirit can resist my call! I have the communions of Adam, God's first man, who has given an account of the universal law, which God gave him; also Father Abraham, Noah, Moses, Aaron, Solomon, Lorenza, St. Paul, St. Peter, John the Baptist, John the Evangelist, Josephus the Jewish historian; Pilate, Herod, Amphion, King of Thebes; Daniel and the other Prophets, Stephen, Timothy; the Sibyls of the Delphi Temple, and others; Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, Pope, Milton, Lord Bacon, Lord Hastings, the great Sir Isaac Newton, who gives a philosophical explanation of this mediation writing; Swedenborg, who contradicts much he has written; John Bunyan, Titian, the great painter, communicates a full account of his method of painting; and Van Eyck, the inventor of oil painting, gives me his secret of oil painting, so the secret of oil painting by the old masters need never be lost again. Shakspeare, Byron, Burns, and Thackeray, write poetry to me. Shakspeare has written his own life from the Spirit world, because I have written him all that has taken place at Stratford relative to himself. Napoleon Bonaparte, Howard, Hall, Sir Matthew Hale, Sir Robert Peel, Sir Francis Burdett, Bloomfield, the Duke of Buckingham, the Duke of Bedford, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Dr. Whately, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Clyde, Robert Owen, Miss Catharine Sinclair, the Duke of Wellington, Sir John Franklin, Lord Auckland, Hon. Miss Eden, Lady Craven, George the Fourth, King of England, and many others; three communications from the Duchess of Kent, to write to her daughter the Queen Victoria; a great number from our lamented Prince Consort, who has come spontaneously ever since he left the earth, requesting me to write to his beloved Queen, which I did on the 16th November, 1862. And it is by his request I now make it public for the consolation of the world."

One fact here communicated is painful—to say the least of it. SHAKSPEARE has had the whole history of his own Tercentenary humiliation inflicted upon him by MRS. BUBBLER. He knows of the squabbles that beset that luckless undertaking; is cognisant of the names of his principal Tercentenary worshippers; and must be aware (we fear) of the statues promised and the *deficit* actually realised. He has sent back his "Life" in return. MRS. BUBBLER is bound to publish it.

The quintessence of all the wit and wisdom of this highly distinguished list of MRS. BUBBLER'S own correspondents can be had cheap;

and the fees for communication with the other world, are, on the whole, decidedly moderate.

"A Book will be published with the communications of all the illustrious characters, as soon as the subscription list is filled up. Subscription, 7*s.* or 10*s.*, according to the binding. The title is given from the Spirit world—'THE SPIRIT WORLD: OR THE SPIRIT OF THE SPIRIT WORLD.' Which will be the most wonderful book ever published—all written by inspiration!

Communions and Seances held in London, Croydon, and Family Residences.

FEE.

Teaching to write	5 0 0
(No Fee accepted until taught.)	
Private Communion for one only	1 1 0
Communion for three	1 10 0
Evening Seance, not to exceed seven	1 1 0
Communions sent by post, by sending right name, or names, and where died, to secure identity (postage stamps enclosed)	0 0 0

Engagements from home, with carriage expenses, in addition to the above fee. Three days' notice will be required to meet engagements.

"All letters for reply to be addressed to MRS. BOUNCE BUBBLER, Greenhorn Road, Croydon, Surrey.

"To learn to write independent of me, requires from one to three days only, an hour a day."

"*N.B.—Take care of this Circular for a friend, as no other will be issued.—This Circular is printed on the two inside pages, that it may be framed if desired.*"

There, MRS. BUBBLER, *Mr. Punch has* framed your circular, as it deserves, in its own brass!



VERY LIKELY.

Salt (high and dry for five hours). "HUNGRY, ARE YOU, SIR? WILL YOU DO AS I DO? TRY A BIT OF BACCA, AND YOU WON'T FEEL HUNGRY, LONG."

HONOUR TO SCOTLAND.

MR. P. B. SMOLLETT, Member for Dunbarton, addressing a Meeting of his Constituents at Helensburgh on public affairs, made an incidental remark on MR. MACKINNON, Member for Rye, whom he described as "a gentleman who always sits behind the Ministers with his knees on their backs." He said:—

"MR. MACKINNON, I dare say, is a very good gentleman: he calls himself, I believe, the head of the clan Mackinnon, therefore I suppose he is a Scotchman; but it would puzzle a conjuror to know the reason why he should be raised to the peerage, except that he had been instrumental in destroying LORD RUSSELL'S bill."

This sentence is capable of bearing two constructions.

MR. SMOLLETT may have meant to say that, inasmuch as he believes MR. MACKINNON to be the head of the clan Mackinnon, and therefore supposes him to be a Scotchman, he dares say that MR. MACKINNON is a very good gentleman, but thinks that the merit of being merely a good gentleman does not entitle him to be made a peer.

Or he may have meant simply to say that, although for the reasons above stated he supposes MR. MACKINNON to be a Scotchman, nevertheless, Scotchman as MR. MACKINNON is, he still does not deem him worthy of being raised to the peerage.

By the former construction of the words above quoted, MR. SMOLLETT would be understood to imply that a Scotchman, as such, may be presumed to be a very good gentleman.

By the latter construction of those words, MR. SMOLLETT would be taken to intimate that although the advantage of being a Scotchman is certainly not of itself alone sufficiently meritorious to give a man any claim to a seat in the House of Lords, it is, nevertheless, of itself considerably meritorious.

Whatever MR. MACKINNON may be, there can be no doubt that MR. SMOLLETT is a thorough Scotchman.

TO THE UNPUNCTUAL.—THE Royal Humane Society offer a reward to any gentleman belonging to the abovementioned class, who shall succeed in *saving a train*.

PROFESSIONAL LOVE-SONG.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

THERE never was a prim(m)er,
There cannot be a slimmer,
She boasts that MRS. TRIMMER
Was a relative of hers:
What her antecedents were,
Too supine, I do not care,
But her name is L-MPR-RE,
Which a pedagogue prefers.

At a Social Science meeting,
Of Education treating,
By her side I got a seat in
The balcony above:
Dressed in slate, her profile caught me,
And potential glances taught me,
(Though she neither wooed nor sought me)
The sweet rudiments of love.

Soon my heart to me dictated,
And the verb I conjugated
Which since woman was created,
Has been whispered in her ear;
With a blush and interjection,—
In her voice a soft inflection—
She offered no objection
To its taking place this year.

An Aldus—of the rarest—
And a treatise on the Aorist,
Were my presents to the fairest,
With, I knew her tastes, some dates;
Gifts like these she scanned with pleasure,
And delighted above measure,
Gave me back an uncut treasure,
"Roman Cookery," with plates.

Perfect bliss my present state is;
By my side my future mate is,
Telling me, deep in the "Atys,"
She 's a pupil in her eye:
When this ring—I 'm on the rack till
We are one—is on her dactyl,
We shall start and not be back till
December passeth by.

Not a particle of crinoline,
Not a fraction of a hoop is seen
On the classic form of JOSEPHINE,
Steeled against the use of cane:
When her thoughts are not on tenses,
Her theme is our expenses
When scholastic work commences
At Concord House again.

Somewhat passive in demeanour,
I acknowledge that I've seen her
(With every wish to screen her)
In another sort of mood:
'Tis imperative to school her,
And be a little cooler,
Or else she 'll be the ruler,
After Christmas time at St—oud.

SPRING AND AUTUMN.—As a proof of the severity of the season, is was remarked that, during the late cold winds, several crocuses peeped up in the flower beds, mistaking October for March.



INCORRIGIBLE.

Clerical Examiner. "What is your Name?"
Incorrigible. "Biler, Sir."
Clerical Examiner. "Who gave you that Name?"
Incorrigible. "The *Boys in our Court*, Sir."

PROSPECTS OF ENGLISH MUSIC.

At length we have an English Opera Company, and it opens in a becoming manner, with true English music. We rejoice to learn that the reproach that we are not a musical nation (observing what musical nations *are*, some folks may, however, think the reproach a compliment) will now be done away. The Season begins with a masterpiece of the celebrated English or rather Irish composer, Denis Auber. He Frenchified his name, in accordance with fashion, but he was an Irishman, and his real names were Dennis O'Bare. His opera of *Masaniello*, with which the Season begins, was originally called *Robert Emmet*, and was based on a story of the Irish rebellion, but the scene was transferred to Italy, in order to avoid political agitation. We almost regret that now that Ireland has no grievance (except the English names of the streets in Dublin) the opera has not been restored to its original form. The next English revival is *Martha*, the genuinely British work of Mr. Floater, who, like O'Bare, varied his name to Flotow. The fact that the only remarkable thing in this work is the "*Last Rose of Summer*," shows its Anglican origin. Of the third English work, a novelty called *Helvellyn*, we know nothing, except that it is written by a first-rate British musician, Mr. Macfarren, and ought to be as successful as either of the operas that are to precede it. Let us add—and with loud plaudit—that the new management announces that "there is to be no charge for booking places, nor are the *employés* or boxkeepers to be permitted to take any fees on any pretence whatever." Did we say that Covent Garden is the place, and Alfred Mellon the Conductor? Come, those are English features, anyhow. Roo-i-too-i-too-ey!

How to Observe.

It is pleasing to compare the habits of different nations. In Java an empty flower-pot at the window means that inside the house is a young lady who wants a husband. In England a full flower-pot at the window means that inside the house is a young lady who has got a husband,—and sells his old trousers.

AYES AND NOES.

Brighton will, *Mr. Punch* earnestly hopes, be soon represented by an able and accomplished gentleman who has no need of eyes to instruct him in statesmanship. But if Brighton return a candidate with no eyes, its neighbour Hastings ought, by all accounts, to return one with no nose.

CLOSE OF THE EXHIBITION.

In Reviewing the Exhibition, which as we learn from our Vienna Correspondent, is by Court direction now drawing to a close, we are struck by the boldness of outline which distinguishes the great Works of our modern female Artists. While complaining with pretty petulance that they are excluded from many fields of professional competition, these lovely and powerful Draughtswomen have confronted Man upon his own ground, and made him deeply sensible of his comparative insignificance. It is not speaking hyperbolically to say that their works in steel have swept everything before them—including dust in several volumes.

Resolved to carry out her magnificent designs to their fullest extent, woman has triumphed over obstacles which some of our boldest engineers might have shuddered to approach. When Stephenson was required to throw a tubular bridge over an arm of the sea, he had no misgivings of his success; but had he attempted with feminine temerity to carry single-handed a hollow cylinder over Ludgate Hill, for example, he would have found himself in fearful straits indeed. Yet this undertaking is performed every day by Miss Smith with smiling impunity.

The Roman invasion left us some mighty monuments, which the more recent conquest of Britain by woman has completely cast into the shade. He whose egotism dictated the celebrated note of exclamations, "*Veni—vidi—vici*," darkened this fair Isle by his overpowering presence; but historians will agree that, looked upon simply as an extinguisher, Cæsar must bow to Crinoline.

No candid observer will deny that Man is a patient and much suffering creature. Arrested in the public streets, impeded in his daily walks, crushed, worried and prostrated at Opera, Ball, and Conversazione, hitherto scarcely a murmur has escaped from behind his long-enduring vest. But now that the hour of his deliverance draws near, it is possible that a spirit of retaliation may spring up within him. After having been so long kept at a chilling distance from Beatrice and bliss, who could marvel if, with vindictive cunning, he should tear a leaf from the book of Beauty when it has been haughtily thrown aside? Suppose for a moment that, animated by a Mephistophelian impulse, he were to envelope his majestic form in a mantle curiously embroidered with fishing-hooks, long enough and strong enough to hold a barbel? Dare she, whose huge example made him err, fling even a feather at her humble copyist? Nemesis answers, No. Vain then will be her tears, her penitence, her agony; for as surely as fashion leads to folly, so with painful certainty will Blanche be—caught at last.

In conclusion, let it be remembered that he is deserving of honour who makes two blades of grass to flourish where but one grew before. What compliments then may *Punch* not anticipate, when by repealing a preposterous inclosure Act, a bevy of Beauties is enabled to rotate upon ground where before it was utterly impossible to plant together a Brunette and a Blonde?

The Knot Untied.

The Davenport Brothers, whose extraordinary "manifestations" have been so well shown up by the Rev. A. S. Dobbs, are attended by three of their countrymen, who act as their expositors. These gentlemen are taken for Yankees, but it seems more likely that they are Confederates.

Digitized by Google

JAMES MACE AND PAUL CULLEN.

To Mr. Punch.



SIR,—Has yours is not a sporting print shall cut it short on that head, only that I meant fiting. But in regard to a letter which have been sent to papers by a party sineing himself PAUL CULLEN, objecting to the fight which nobody asked him to see, beg to say that cheek is cheap, and fine words butter no parsons. Twice in that letter he have called me a "foreigner," and beg to say am proud to be considered as such *by him*, but if aloud a chance would shew the foreigner could get Home pretty quick on the conk of said CULLEN, if he wold put in an Apearance, as the wits say in my Parlour. Has for "Gladiator" which is another of his slang, that is neither here nor there, but am given to understand they was disreputable Romans like himself. If he means his mark at the hend, like this X, to insinnuate a Cross as my intention, he is (*language slightly unconventional*), but if he is only an Ignoramass, which have his letter wrote for him by another Party and him make his mark, he is only an object of pitty by inserting wich will oblige

Yours respectfully
JAMES MACE (*Pugilist*).

LICENCE FOR EXETER HALL.

LAST week the Public Houses were licensed by the Magistrates. In the report of the proceedings we find this statement:—

"MR. POLAND applied for a renewal of a music licence to HENRY POWNALL, ESQ.' J. CORDUROY, ESQ, SAMUEL HAYDON, ESQ., PAUL AUGUSTINE KINGDON, ESQ., JOHN FISH POWNALL, ESQ., and BASIL WOODD, ESQ., for Exeter Hall.
"The licence was granted."

This is true, but the report is a very inadequate representation of what took place before the worthy Magistrates, and *Mr. Punch* feels it his duty to supply the omissions.

On the licence being asked for,

MR. PUNCH, Q.C., rose, and begged leave to say a few words. He appeared on behalf of the British Public, for whom he held a general retainer. He was not about to oppose the application, unless unsatisfactory replies should be made to certain inquiries which he should make. He entirely approved, indeed, of Exeter Hall being used for musical purposes, being himself very fond of music of the higher class.

THE CHAIRMAN said that any information as to the learned gentleman's private tastes could not be otherwise than interesting; but as there was a good deal of business before them——

MR. PUNCH was the last person to interfere with the progress of public business.

THE CHAIRMAN. But you are interfering with it.

MR. PUNCH was in the habit of addressing much higher tribunals than that before which he had then the honour of appearing, and must say that unless counsel were allowed a certain discretion——

THE CHAIRMAN. Counsel is now displaying indiscretion.

MR. PUNCH must respectfully observe that though the learned Chairman was no doubt all that was estimable in his private capacity, it would be difficult for him, *Mr. Punch*, to convey in forensic language the depressed estimate he had formed of that learned person's judicial intelligence.

THE CHAIRMAN said that they did not sit there to wrangle with counsel.

MR. PUNCH concurred in that remark, and was glad the learned Chairman comprehended that he sat there to be instructed by counsel, and to be preserved from absurdities into which persons fell who did not enjoy that advantage.

After this little ordinary scene, business was resumed, and *Mr. Punch*, remarked with his usual good humour, that if he had said anything offensive to the worthy Magistrates, he heartily forgave them, and dismissed the matter from his recollection. He had always regarded the Middlesex Magistrates as the palladium of British liberty and the cynosure of neighbouring eyes. He would now proceed to say, or rather, in conformity with his friend DEAN TRENCH'S suggestion, would go on to say, that no possible exception could be taken to the performance in Exeter Hall of the masterpieces of HANDEL, HAYDN, MOZART, MENDELSSOHN, and others. But he wished to ask MR. POWNALL a few questions. And first he would ask that gentleman, against whose character he had nothing whatever to say, whether Exeter Hall was not always crowded on oratorio nights?

MR. POWNALL. I believe so.

MR. PUNCH. Inconveniently crowded, from the number of tickets issued being in excess of that of the seats provided?

MR. POWNALL. We have nothing to do with that. It is between the managers of the performances and the public. Besides, English people like a crush, and I am told, though of course I never go near such places, that nothing fills worldly and wicked theatres like a statement that nobody can get in.

MR. PUNCH. Very well, Sir, very well. The answer savours slightly of the worldliness you are so desirous to disclaim (especially as your rent is paid by the aid of the shillings of persons who are unable to obtain what they believed they purchased) but business is business. But now, MR. POWNALL, answer this. What facilities for egress are provided for these great crowds?

MR. POWNALL. That is between the architect and the public.

MR. PUNCH. I must have a better answer than that.

MR. POWNALL. Well, Sir, if people walk down-stairs becomingly and quietly, as they ought to do after hearing sacred music, they will get out as they came in; that is to say, in perfect safety.

MR. PUNCH. Do you believe that the performance of sacred music miraculously preserves a building from fire?

MR. POWNALL. I am not prepared to say that I do.

MR. PUNCH. There have been, I believe, fires, or alarms of fire, in churches and chapels, where religious and decorous feelings must be stronger than even after a concert, and yet people have rushed out frantically, and have been trampled on or crushed.

MR. POWNALL. I have read of such afflictions. I have heard of similar judgments on people in theatres.

MR. PUNCH. What reason have you for believing that no such event can occur in Exeter Hall?

MR. POWNALL. I never said that it could not occur.

MR. PUNCH. Very well, Sir. If it should, is it not notorious that the vomitories of Exeter Hall are insufficient for the release of a terrified multitude?

MR. POWNALL. A multitude should sit still until the nature of the casualty can be ascertained, and explained, and in all probability it will turn out to be a trifle. But if it be necessary to leave the Hall, it is the multitude's own fault if it rushes, and crushes, and tumbles.

MR. PUNCH. A very just observation, Sir. Are you aware that the architect of the theatre near the Hall, the Adelphi, has provided so many exits that, as was lately shown, an audience can be turned into the streets in five minutes?

MR. POWNALL. I have read such a statement. Do you expect the Trustees of Exeter Hall to copy the devices of a theatre?

MR. PUNCH. You have no right to question counsel, Sir, but I reply that those holy and virtuous men copy those devices to the extent of taking money obtained by offering every attraction to the public. Your rent is made out of singers and players from the Opera, led by the great Opera Conductor of the day, and one of your greatest nights occurs when your lyric theatre gives the works of the author of *Don Juan*. Are you not theatrical managers?

MR. POWNALL. Sir, I heartily thank you. I am not narrow-minded, and you have convinced me. That we, the Trustees, do not ourselves sell tickets is nothing. We share the gains, and *qui facit per alium facit per se*. I have to say, on the part of myself and colleagues, that we feel how frightful would be the responsibility in case of accident, and our architect shall be requested to visit the theatre—MR. WEBSTER'S, I believe—and examine his improvements with a view to their adoption at the Hall. *Philadelpheion* shall learn from the *Adelphi*.

MR. PUNCH. I said, Mr. Chairman, that I had no intention of opposing this licence, I now beg to add, *valeant quantum*, my most earnest assurances that I hope it may be granted.

The CHAIRMAN. Recommendation from *Mr. Punch* is——

MR. PUNCH. O, I am sure you are——

Licence granted, and the case of the Pig and Scissors, Ratcliffe Highway, called on.

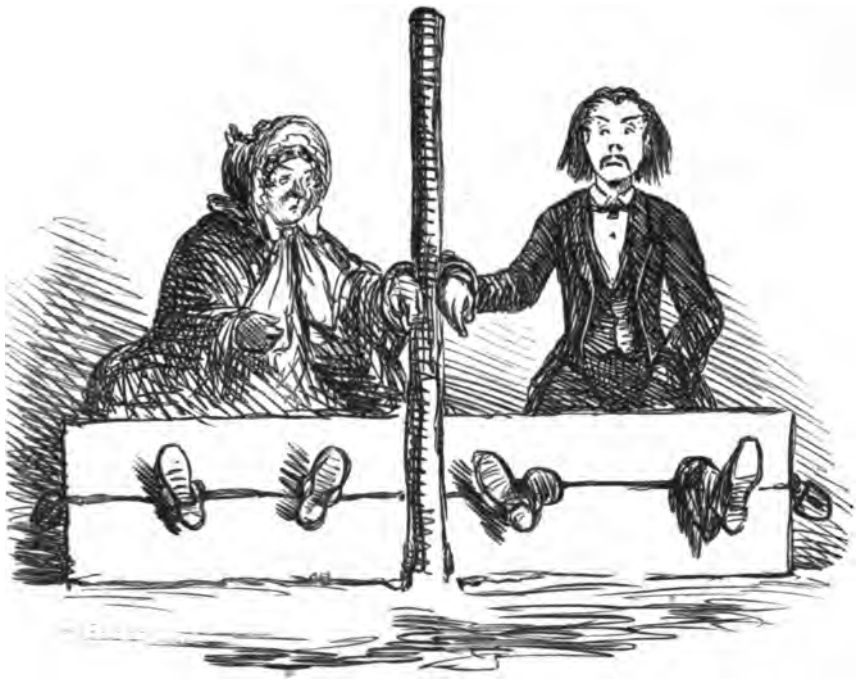
"Wer't his Neck-verse at Hairibee."

IN the balance sheet just extorted from the notorious COLONEL WAUGH, is the item, "By Church account, £7,256 8*s.* 5*d.*" What it means we know not, but sundry whom he has ruined would probably not be sorry to see him in the position in which culprits used to demand Benefit of Clergy.

PAPAL PERFORABILITY.

LETTERS from Rome state that "the POPE was impenetrable with regard to the Franco-Italian convention." By other accounts we understand that his Holiness is much bored with it.

Digitized by Google



AN EXPERIMENT SUGGESTED FOR THE MEDIUM HUMBUGS.

PLACE THEM IN AN APPARATUS LIKE THE ABOVE, AND KEEP THEM THERE UNTIL THE SPIRITS RELEASE THEM.

Old Female Medium (a favourite of the Spiritual Magazine). "Oh, dear, Mr. Gammon, don't yer wish there was some Sperrits present?"

THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE QUEEN.

(*From the Gazette des Tribunaux.*)

"Queen Christina, after an exile of many years, has arrived at Madrid." She will, of course, be under police surveillance, and will, it is hoped, do nothing to forfeit her ticket-of-leave. It will be interesting to observe how far the theory of the regeneration of offenders is vindicated in the case of this personage, but we regret that the experiment should be tried at the expense of the Spaniards, who have recently been making advances in morals, and who must feel like the Australians upon the subject of "exiles." It is stated, however, that she will soon be removed to the Asturias, though Annabon, on the west coast of Africa, is a Spanish possession that might seem a more desirable reformatory. The Queen is said to lend a willing ear to the counsels of her priests, but we are unable to attach a gratifying significance to this representation.

WELL HIT.

The bitterest bit of satire which we have lately read, concludes a notice, in the *Home News*, of a piece recently produced:—

"The language and allusions are very coarse, the incidents are riotous, and the acting is extravagant. Nearly every character is allowed to appear in several disguises, and the plot is slight and absurdly improbable. *The piece was successful.*"

Those last four words, taken in connection with what precedes them, make as good a dig into the intelligent and fastidious British public as we desire to see. It is comforting to find, now and then, a critic who has no reasons of his own for puffing a theatre. We should have a better drama if all who write theatrical notices were as plain spoken as our contemporary.

SOMETHING LIKE ENGLISH.

The possession of the power of speaking and writing the British language with accuracy is the distinguishing mark of a gentleman. This is certain. But it is by no means so certain that this power can be acquired at any of the recognised British schools of learning. We do not suppose that there is an Eton or Westminster boy who can write a grammatical note of three pages, and the Archbishop of York has lately told us that the University men are for the most part awful dunces. Being constantly applied to for advice as to the placing of youth, *Mr. Punch* has been somewhat bothered. But a card which has just been sent to him from Bonn, induces him to think that the true well of English undefiled is to be found in that city. If mere shoemakers can write in the beautiful manner exemplified in the following document, what wonders of composition must the professors of the University perform. Until further notice, therefore, *Mr. Punch* thinks that anyone who wishes his son to write really good English (many persons get on very well without the accomplishment) had better send the youth to Bonn:—

PETER NOSVOTNICK
shoemaker-master
IN
BONN
Bonn-street No. 323.

performs all the kinds of footclothings in a good and durable work of hand and those are also ready to view and to pleasing reception in his shop of goods; therefore he begs the respectable public for a favourable calling at him.

Punch's Telegrams.

Rome, Oct. 18.

Official confirmation has been given to the statement that the Pope will refuse to reorganise his army.

His Holiness has announced that, for the preservation of the Temporal Power, he intends to rely wholly on Providence.

The Holy Father has declared his confident expectation that the French garrison will be replaced by angelic legions.

The Poet of Croquet.—Mallet.

RUSSELL'S RULE OF TWO.

"The Vienna journals publish advices from Athens, stating that Earl Russell had addressed a note to the Greek Cabinet, declaring that England recognised no factions in Greece, and condemned anarchical demonstrations. Earl Russell further stated that in case of necessity England would, in conjunction with France and Russia, take measures for the maintenance of order and the strengthening of the reigning dynasty."

The reasons are patent for non-intervention
When Tartar on Pole sets his hoof;
Or, when Pruss to rob Dane shows the barefaced intention,
Our policy still 's "stand aloof."
But if Hellas turn restive, with France we will crush a
First effort to break the King's peace;
What 's sauce for such large geese as Russia and Prussia,
Isn't sauce for small ganders like Greece.

OUR EQUESTRIAN ORDER.

You foreigners who talk so much nonsense about the haughty aristocracy of England, read the following extract from a daily record of their movements:—

"The Earl and Countess of Warwick and family, arrived on Saturday at their house in the Stable-yard, St. James's, from Bingham Villa, Richmond."

There 's humility for you! Which of your Saints ever showed a brighter example of the virtue so named than that of leaving a lordly Villa to go and live in a Stable-yard? Eh? Ah, but then, you will say that this change of residence was dictated not at all by lowliness, but proceeded from predilection for the horse; from the sympathy with that noble animal which characterises the British nobility; so that the preference of the Stable-yard to the Villa was merely an indication of the Stable Mind.

Alexander ab Alexandro.

"It is stated that a Scotchman, at Greenock, is to have the honour of contributing a considerable portion of the machinery for the Suez canal works."

A Scotchman, of course. Who should understand the desert but Sandy?

A Question for the Church Congress.—Ought not the surplice of a Rural Dean to be a smock frock?

Digitized by Google

DOGS WORTH HAVING.



LESSINGS on the ingenious! Our friends the French, who are always inventing something which their friends the English have invented, worn out, and discarded for years, have just discovered a new institution called the Turnspit Dog. It is paraded with their usual graceful insistation to all the world to behold the triumph of intellect. Some Englishmen have read GAY, and may remember:—

"He said, and following at her heel,
With cheerful heart he mounts the wheel,"

and therefore, they may be able to restrain their admiration at the new discovery. But let them not be supercilious—'tis a Briton's fault—and let them read this, cut from *Le Sport*:—

"Rien ne saurait remplacer la régularité, la douceur, l'intelligence du mouvement que le chien imprime au tournebroche. Il y a de ces animaux *qui finissent par ralentir ou précipiter la marche du cylindre selon le degré de la cuisson, et qui s'arrêtent lorsque le roti est à point.*"

There, now! We never heard of such accomplishments on the part of British Turnspits, and what is more, these four-footed French cooks do what we have been for years endeavouring, in vain, to persuade English bipeds to do. We shall send over for some puppies, and make a fortune by hiring them out to the Clubs.

SPOILING THE GAME.

BROTHER IGNATIUS wears a monk's gown—
(A strait-waistcoat were suitabler wear):
Brother IGNATIUS shaveth his crown—
'Twould be well were his whole head shaved bare).

Brother IGNATIUS scorneth a tub—
(A *douche* his delirium might cool):
Brother IGNATIUS his own back doth drub—
(Pity rod was spared on him at school).

Brother IGNATIUS maketh a speech—
(Does *he* only dish "tongue" without "brains"?):
The Bristol Church Congress their duty to teach—
('Mong Church hobbies, why not give *his* reins?).

Brother IGNATIUS would monk'ry revive—
(Is *his* monkery sole in the Church?):
Hopes our faith by *St. Benedict's* rule to make thrive—
(Is *St. Barnabas* left in the lurch?).

Brother IGNATIUS is hissed and howled down—
(When did two of a trade e'er agree?):
Brother IGNATIUS incurs PUSEY'S frown—
(*In re* "monk," why go farther than he?).

Brother IGNATIUS would lead us to Rome—
(Surely Oxford might suit his monk's bent):
Brother IGNATIUS would drive the wedge home—
(With the thin end why not be content?).

Brother IGNATIUS from reason would turn—
(Pray with *us* what will reason's chance be?):
Brother IGNATIUS COLENSO would burn—
(And the faggots who'd pile high as we?)

Brother IGNATIUS would have Church infallible—
(So would we, but the Church must be ours):
But Brother IGNATIUS is stiff and unmalleable—
(We 've the root, and he sighs for the flowers).

So lest Brother IGNATIUS frighten our game,
(When we 've just got the salt on their tails),
Howl him down, hit him hard, and cry horror and shame,
And kick him beyond our Church pales.

"ODD'S SNAILS."—*Antiquated Oath.*

PHYSIOLOGISTS, your ears. *Galignani* has this for you:—

"Snails are now eaten at Parisian taverns and public-houses, not in hundreds of thousands, but in myriads, and *gourmets* assert that they possess a delicacy of flavour which exceeds that of the oyster."

It is a pity that the Social Scientifics have separated, as we should have liked to present a paper on the subject of this paragraph. It is now understood that human beings acquire a certain portion of the nature of that on which they feed. Persons who eat many oysters hate to be shaved. Persons fond of pork always keep their rooms in a litter of slovenliness. Persons who delight in goose get to believe in DR. CUMMING. Suppose that the Parisian nature should assimilate itself to that of the Snail. Suppose—it is a very wild idea, doubtless—that Parisian women should learn to stay, like snails, in their own houses. And suppose their imitators on this side of *La Manche* should imitate them in that. How husbands would save in the articles of cabs and white cravats! The notion has so inspired us that we have ordered a new brooch, with an enamelled snail on it, as a present to the wife of our cheque-book.

NURSERY RHYME.

AIR—"*What are the Little Girls made of?*"

WHAT is an Englishman made of?
Roast beef and jam tart,
And a pint of good Clar't.
And that's what an Englishman's made of.

What is a Frenchman, pray, made of?
Horse steak, and frog fritter,
And absinthe so bitter,
And that's what a Frenchman is made of.

[*Therefore, my dears, you must be kind to a Frenchman, and give him some of your nice dinner, whenever you can, and teach him better. Wipe your mouths, you little pigs, do.*

CONSOLATION STAKES.—Those you get at a City tavern the day after you have tried to eat the article at home.

ASTROLOGY AT FAULT.

(*To* ZADKIEL *Two Tze.*)

ZADKIEL, your next year's Almanac's just out,
And so are you, who ne'er divined the drought.
The weather by the stars could you foretell,
Then you might prophesy events as well,
With some degree of rational pretence,
At least without transparent impudence;
And he who looks for that to come to pass
Which you announce, were not an utter ass.
But if you can't, with planet-reading eye,
See if the Seasons will be wet or dry,
Then, whosoe'er believes your Almanac,
He is a Simpleton; and you're a Quack.

Question for the Peace Society.

SAY the accounts, "The Federal cavalry force has exactly doubled this campaign." If the man deserves honour who makes two blades of grass wave where there was but one, what shall be said unto the man who does the same by two blades of steel?

AN ECCLESIASTICAL LINE.

THERE is no truth in the report that the REV. MR. LYNE or Brother IGNATIUS is to have at any time the entire spiritual charge of Newcastle, which would thenceforth have been known as the only Newcastle-under-Lyne.

Question for the Church Congress.

Extension of the Episcopate.—If the BISHOP OF ELY wants a Suffragan why does he not employ that eminent Ecclesiastic, so well known to all on the Eastern Counties' Line, we mean, of course, Bishop Stortford?

TALIA FATUR.—We hear of a new farce on the subject of the BANTING *régime*. The name is to be taken from that of MR. ANDERSON'S tremendous Surrey spectacle, and is to be *A Fight with Fat.*

PORTRAIT ALBUMS OF PHYSIOGNOMY.



CERTAINLY among the prettiest of the many pretty playthings for grown-up people in these latter days, are Portrait Albums. Filled with sun-painted visiting-cards of our friends and relations, they constitute mines of sentimental wealth, attachment and affectionate remembrance. With those of the great, the good, the learned, and the pious, mines of reverence and admiration. Of other remarkable characters, mines of curiosity. Besides your mine whose ores are SMITH and JONES, and kinsfolk, you may have your mines of statesmen, divines, lawyers, soldiers, bards, philosophers, and men of science, popular writers, preachers, actors, and artists, expert fiddlers, wonderful acrobats, and eccentric oddities. You may have your mines of uncommon fools, become common in the print-shop windows. In your Portrait Album you may have a National Portrait Gallery of your own, a Gallery of Physiognomy. If you please, your Gallery of Physiognomy may be just such a one as the Chamber of that name at TUSSAUD'S—formerly the Chamber of Horrors.

Headed "MÜLLER," advertisements have many times appeared in respectable papers offering to send portraits of that celebrity on the receipt of certain postage-stamps. In the window of a picture-shop in Cheapside, his likenesses are arranged round a central figure in the form of rays. They are only one shilling a-piece. Here may be a foundation for your Portrait Album of Physiognomy. But perhaps you will defer your purchase till MÜLLER has been tried, for, should he be acquitted of the murder of MR. BRIGGS, he will cease to be an object of thrilling interest, and subside at once into a small German tailor.

Were you convinced of MÜLLER's guilt, however, you would do well to get his photograph before any possible increase of its price. MÜLLERS, hereafter, may, as the working-man says, be riz. You might buy the prisoner's portrait on speculation. In the mean time, to assist you in the formation of your Gallery, enterprising photographers might supply you with accurate views of the existing casts of the heads of PALMER, RUSH, the MANNINGS, GREENACRE, COURVOISIER, and other heroes and heroines whose relics repose in gaol, and whose claim to the renown which is as yet questionable in MÜLLER's case, has been confirmed. By proper arrangements between photographic artists and the police, authentic likenesses of all distinguished murderers might be secured. Whether MÜLLER shall ultimately be placed in your Album or not, let not MÜLLER's crowned countryman be omitted there; the pious Sovereign who solemnly thanked Heaven for having been suffered to slaughter the Danes. Add VON FALKENSTEIN, the plunderer of Jutland. To the chief assassins of the age add also all the other eminent felons, and rogues, and thieves, that you can obtain. Then, in your Portrait Album of Physiognomy you will have a mine of ruffianry and rascalry among whose treasures your little boys and girls may dig to the great development of their higher feelings.

The Great Bottle-Stopper.

SOMEBODY Else's Correspondent informed us that great preparations were in progress for the inauguration in Cork, on Monday last, of the statue to the apostle of Temperance, Father MATHEW. The statue of Father MATHEW not only ought to have been inaugurated, but should also have been carved in Cork, for a reason which we will not insult our readers by explaining.

AN EARLY DANCING MOVEMENT WANTED.

MY DEAR MRS. FITZ-BROWN,

OF course, like every other loyal British subject, you have been reading with deep interest the accounts of H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES' recent trip to Sweden with his charming wife. How delightful it must be when one takes a little tour to have reporters at one's heels wherever one may go, and to know that all one does will be jotted down in note-books and published in big print!

In our Prince's dancing, my dear Madam, you and all your charming sex must take the deepest interest, if only for the sake of feeling everlasting envy of those whom he has honoured for five minutes with his hand. You must be also vastly charmed by the descriptions of the dresses worn at these Royal dances, and must feel immense delight in being told that at the Ball which was given to the Prince by the QUEEN DOWAGER OF SWEDEN—

"The PRINCESS OF WALES was dressed in rose-coloured tulle,' interspersed with white Honiton lace, and her head-dress was formed of white and red flowers and berries, mingled with diamonds."

But what charmed your humble servant even more than this was to learn that—

"The way was soon led to the Ball-room; and it should be mentioned that, in accordance with Swedish custom, the entertainment began and ended early. There had previously been a dinner, to which, beside the Royal personages now in Stockholm, and their suites, the members of the Legation, CAPTAIN SIR LEOPOLD M'CLINTOCK, CAPTAIN BOWER, and CAPTAIN SUTTIE, were bidden; and the hour appointed for this dinner had been half-past four. The Ball, therefore, was actually opened very shortly after eight o'clock, and it was completely over by midnight."

Woman is, they say, an imitative creature, especially where Queens and Princesses are concerned; and I wish with all my heart that you and other English ladies would imitate this Swedish fashion of giving early parties, and of suffering your guests, as at the Ball of the QUEEN DOWAGER, to come and go away at reasonable hours. I regret to tell you my own dancing days are over; but, as the father of a family, I often have to dance attendance at a party, while my wife is waiting to take our daughters home; and it would be a great boon to me and other heavy fathers, whose toes, although in shape "fantastic," are not so "light" alas! and lively as they used to be, if the Swedish hours for dancing were thought fashionable in England, and we could leave a ball ere midnight, and by one be snug in bed. I hardly know a greater torture than for parents like myself to be deprived of their night's rest in the manner we have been, since people took it in their heads that it was not proper to go to "evening" parties until twelve o'clock at night. The Waits at Christmas-time are a great nuisance, no doubt; but they are nothing to the nuisance of the waits that we poor parents have to undergo at parties, while dearest JENNIE has her sixteen after-supper dances, and darling JULIANA cannot think of going home without having that last waltz.

Pray, then, my dear Madam, do follow the Swedish fashion when next you give a dance, and use your strongest influence to make the custom general. Think how many wretched parents will bless you for increasing their chance of a night's rest, and how many happy daughters will be all the healthier for keeping earlier hours. To quote the poet—somewhat altered:—

"Early to dance, and early to bed,
Makes a girl healthy, and keeps her cheeks red."

Depend upon it, Madam, sleep deferred maketh the young sick, and there is nothing like late hours for sallowing the complexion. Turning night into day is a practice against nature, and it is no great wonder that nature makes us suffer for it. As a rule, I think that men prefer red cheeks to yellow ones. So let the early dancing movement be followed here in England as it is in Sweden, and your daughters will more readily obtain partners for life, while your poor old husbands, ladies, will not be tired to death when they are dragged out to a dance.

Believe me, my dear Madam, yours with the assurance of my highest admiration, if you help in this good work, PATERFAMILIAS PUNCH.

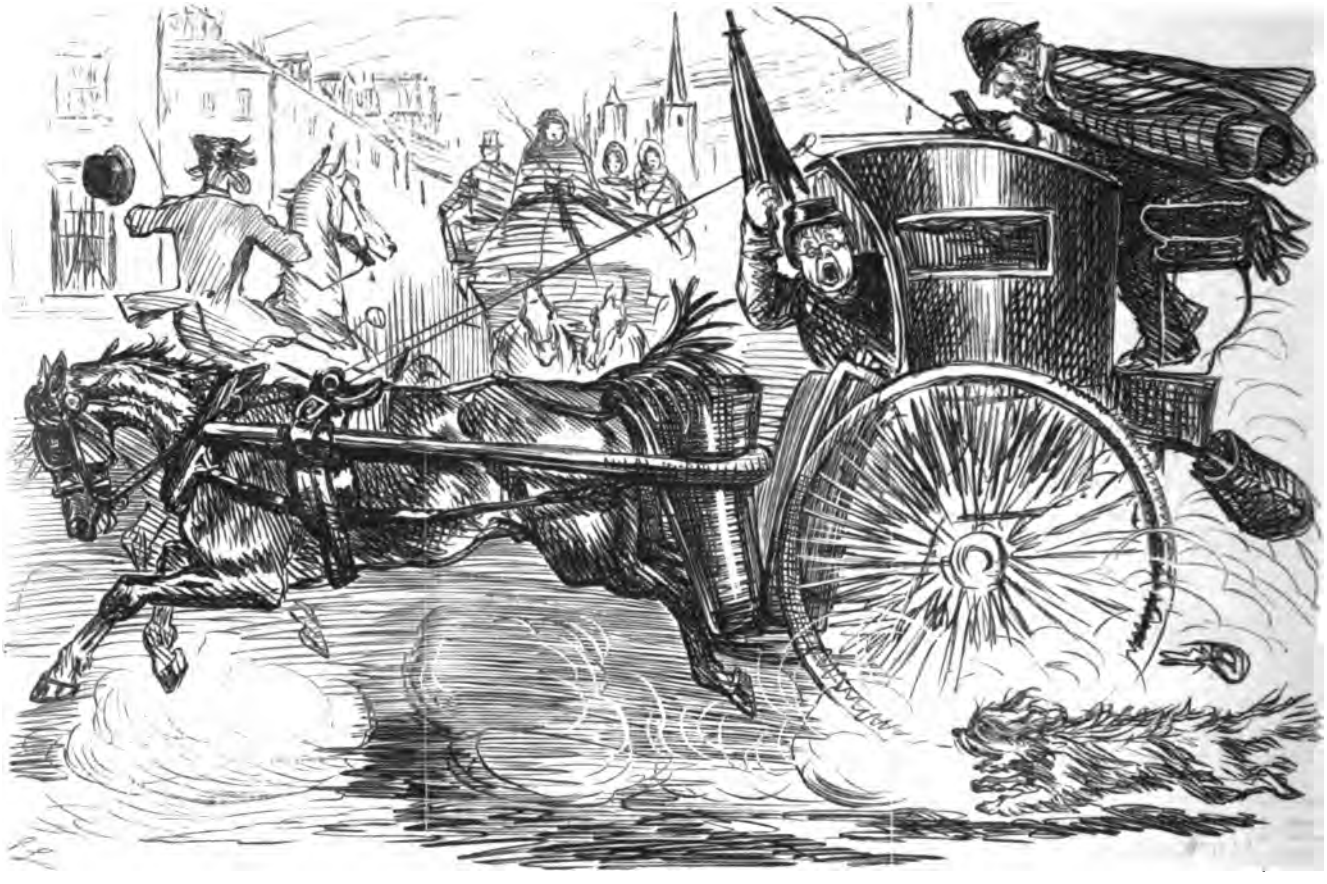
P.S. Officers are vastly popular in ball-rooms, perhaps because they generally are the last to leave them. But were I to mention one whom, if he acts up to his name, I should most welcome to my house, it would be GENERAL EARLY.

Lines to Brother Ignatius.

HENCE, IGNATIUS! Go to Mass.
Fly to Popedom, friar, fly.
Thou dost bear an *alias;*
Better thou wert *alibi.*

FINE ART INTELLIGENCE.

WE are given to understand that there will shortly be produced a beautiful coloured portrait of *The Cormorant's Uncle*, being a companion picture to that which lately has appeared of *The Kingfisher's Haunt.*



FORCE OF HABIT.

Old Party (in Hansom). "HERE! HOLLO! HI! WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING LIKE THAT, FOR? STOP! LET ME OUT!"
Cabby. "ALL RIGHT, SIR! I'LL STOP 'IM DIRECTLY, SIR—I *DRUV* A FIRE ENGINE FOR TWO YEAR!!"

ROYAL NOTIFICATION.

WE had not intended to allude to a certain matter, which is in a sense private, although in another sense public, by reason that an Act of Parliament is a motive agent, or rather a hindering one, in the business. But as the affair is now the theme of newspaper paragraphs, we reluctantly touch upon it, for a purpose :—

"We are informed," says the *Queen* (newspaper) "that the Royal Marriage Act has become most oppressive to a certain member of the Royal Family—a lady who has endeared herself to the hearts of the British nation as much by the frankness of her nature and the kindliness of her heart as by her remarkable and peculiarly Saxon personal charms. This lady (so it is stated) is now sought in wedlock by a gallant young soldier of noble birth, and she is not reported to have frowned upon his suit. The consent of her Majesty is alone required to make the couple supremely happy; but that consent is for the moment withheld."

As our gracious Sovereign never does anything but for the kindest reason, we are compelled to conclude that the consent required to what seems to be a most proper marriage is withheld only until assurance has been given that such a union will not disappoint any young Prince of the House of PUNCH. We therefore hasten to state that while we are second to none in affectionate admiration of the Lady whose happiness is said to be in question, we have other views for the marriageable scions of the illustrious family of which we are the head, and that nothing would give us, and our people, more pleasure than to see the contemplated arrangement carried out with the sanction of the Sovereign. All happiness to the gallant VISCOUNT CUCULLUS.

The Cure of Souls at Homburg.

ACCOUNTS from Homburg state that a cabal has been raised against the clergyman of the English Church thereat. The LANDGRAVE OF HOMBURG probably knew what he was about when he permitted the erection of that Church; but he has a pecuniary interest in another place there, which it is the business of the Church to prevent people from going to.

PERFIDIOUS ALBION'S LAST PERFIDY.

THE satirical Paris papers publish the following telegram as received from Suez :—

"Intelligence from New Zealand to the 6th August, announces that the Maories, had made their submission, and given up their land as a token of sincerity. Heavy fines had been imposed upon them."

Here will be another count in JACQUES BONHOMME'S Act of Accusation against JOHN BULL. The Maories make their submission to JOHN, and, as a token of sincerity, resign their land to him. What return would French JACQUES have made them in JOHN BULL'S place? *Grâce*, welcome, and the value of the land. How does JOHN requite their concession? By taking the land which they have submitted to sell, and not only not paying them for it, but imposing heavy fines on them into the bargain—indeed, a hard one for the Maories. JACQUES would certainly have reason to call JOHN a rascal if he were really responsible for such conduct as this. Why, it is almost as bad as that of the KING OF PRUSSIA'S army in Jutland.

A VEGETABLE HAIR-DYE.

THE Paris Correspondent of the *Post* informs us that numerous pretty young ladies are at present driving themselves about that Capital in basket carriages, many of them having what "we must politely call 'golden hair.'" If *Macbeth* should be performed there just now, with LOCKE'S music, it might be deemed expedient to omit that passage of very plain English, delivered by one of the witches, in contributing to the cauldron a certain quantity of a young lady of that description. However, the plurality of golden-haired young ladies in Paris is, according to the authority above-quoted, factitious. The hair of most of them is golden only in the sense of gilt. It owes that peculiar colour to the *coiffeur*. Golden hair is fashionable in the French metropolis. May we venture to say that carrots are in season there? In London this autumn they have not yet come up.

Digitized by Google



QUESTIONABLE POLICY.

Sufferer by Gunpowder Explosion. "YOU STATE, GENTLEMEN, THAT AN EXPLOSION OF GUNPOWDER IS NOT FIRE; PERMIT ME TO PROVE TO YOU, BY DEMONSTRATION, THAT——" (*Insurance Directors Collapse suddenly.*)

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

QUIET WATERING-PLACES.

No. III.—FRESHCHURCH.

How it ever occurred to me to choose the Isle of Wight, I don't know, except, perhaps, it was at the recommendation of an old gentleman who got into the train at Chester. To him I detailed my miseries.

"Why," he asked, unhesitatingly, "Why don't you go to the Isle of Wight?"

Well, I couldn't answer him. Why didn't I go to the Isle of Wight? Why hadn't I gone there long ago? He really appeared so personally hurt by my neglect, that I felt inclined to beg his pardon; but didn't.

From my Diary.—I recollect having been taken to Freshchurch, in the Isle of Wight, at the early age of ten. The subject of our present memoir—I mean myself—was accompanied by his respected parents, who, I know, loved quiet no less than does their unhappy child. Well do I remember Freshchurch! (I make this note in the railway carriage, which is joggling about from side to side, most unpleasantly.) We lived in a pretty little cottage facing the sea, and backed by the loveliest scenery in the island. There *was* a village—a quiet, miniature village—whose chief feature, in my recollection, was the shop of a General Dealer, who, in one emporium, united the trades of butcher, baker, candlestick-maker, haberdasher, tailor, grocer, and, on my word, I know not what beside. The goods seemed to have sympathised and intermingled their separate flavours with one another. The shop had a brown holland smocky-frocky-printed-calico-treacley smell, and a peculiar closeness of its own, which, mellowed by the presence of ground coffee, tallow candles, and large cheeses, produced a compound scent, pleasant enough, perhaps, in the nostrils of its proprietor, but slightly overpowering to a chance customer. Here my nurse used to buy me a spade and sand-boots: the former lasted me for a fortnight, the latter for two days. As far as I remember, we were the only visitors there. Delightfully quiet. Yes! I would get out at Southampton, and steam over to Freshchurch, Isle of Wight, *vid* Ryde.

Ryde.—I find that I could have gone on in the boat to Freshchurch. No matter—I can drive over. Pretty country, if I recollect aright. During a walk up and down the inclined planes of Ryde streets, I come to the conclusion that I am the only member of the male sex on shore. Within my recollection I have never seen so many ladies in a town. And so pretty! Had some cherry-brandy at a pastrycook's. Such a pastrycook's! The Queen of Hearts! She made some tarts, and I had the pleasure of eating them! Heigho! Here is my fly, with my portmanteau. Away! for Freshchurch, and tranquillity! Ho! During my drive I congratulate myself on my admirable forethought. In years gone by, the Dolphin was *the* Inn, the small, old-fashioned hostelrie of Freshchurch, wherein my father used to occupy a pleasant apartment, "number forty." So I had sent on a letter, only yesterday, to the landlord of the Dolphin, ordering "number forty" to be reserved for me.

Freshchurch.—Is it, indeed? Very much altered. "Werry much so," says the flyman. "'Ere's the Dolphin." Then the Dolphin has grown pretty considerably—that's all I can say. And here is the Landlord, who has grown very considerably; has, in fact, been changed altogether. Yes, I am the gent for number forty. "Take Forty's luggage up." A great ringing of bells. Hate bells. I wish they wouldn't do that on my account. Neat chambermaids flash before me: a muscular Boots shoulders my portmanteau, and disappears. The Dolphin, impersonated, and myself are at the door. What is that I see from here? A pier? A pier! Dear me. And people landing, too, from a steamboat, and other people looking at the people landing. "Yes," says the Dolphin, with pride, "Freshchurch is quite a gay place now." Gay! You don't say so! He *does* say so, however, and, what's worse, evidently speaks the truth. There are three steamers at the pier-head now. A bell rings. Rush of people. Another bell. More people running to the boat. Horrid excitement. Bell again. And may I ask does that—ahem!—bell *often* ring? "Oh, yes; pretty well." What does he mean by "pretty well?" "Well," the Dolphin explains, "it gives notice ten minutes afore a boat's a going to start: then it rings again to let passengers know as there's only five minutes more afore they go: then it rings—a good long 'un—to fetch up the stragglers at the last moment: that's all." Oh, that's all, is it? "Well, the look-out-man's obliged to ring when any boat's a-coming in." And are there often boats a-coming in? "Oh, mostly every quarter hour or so." Oh, this is charming. Gracious! there's another bell! What's that for? "That's for the navvies to leave off work: it rings to bring 'em to it in the morning, and then for their meals during the day. "Yes, Sir," says the Dolphin. "What with the churches in the town, and the boats, and the workpeople, we're pretty well off for bells." Yes, I should think they were!

And this is Freshchurch! The romance of my boyish years has vanished! Now I look about me, I see there's a Marine Parade, and a Cliff, and a Sea-view Terrace, and a Belvedere Mansion, and all is green, white, glazed, bilious, vulgar, and bustling. There are Coastguard-men on shore, and men belonging to the Customs on the pier, and there's a toll-keeper with a creaking wicket-gate. I suppose he has a bell too, somewhere, just to ring when he's nothing better to do. "Will I have a goat-chaise?" Pooh! go along, little boy! The goat has bells on its abominable harness. I wonder my landlord hasn't bells in his cap. P'raps he has: on Sundays. There are donkeys and Bath chairs; "and," my Landlord informs me, "we've got an excellent ——" I stop him—I know what you're going to say—no watering-place is without it—a Band! "Yes, that's it," he says. I thought so: and they play at four o'clock, don't they? "Of course." Ha! ha! I knew it. On the pier? "Yes." Naturally. This is the style of thing. And perhaps there's an opposition band? Eh? Don't tell me there isn't. I am becoming ironical. He does *not* tell me there isn't; because in fact there *is*. It plays in front of the Dolphin? "It does!" Charming!! Glorious!!! Oh, Freshchurch, how art thou fallen!

I continue my pleasantry. Are there fireworks in the evening? Oh dear, yes, he should think there were, rather. Oh, the Dolphin would think there were, rather. Eh? Very good. Rockets, and squibs, and wheels? "Oh yes," says the waiter, "and a couple of cannon, and a Storming of Sebastopol, with a hexplosion!" A hexplosion, indeed. About what time? I ask, calmly. "Oh, atween eleven and 'alf-past." Ah! just when I like to be getting off to sleep! Delightful! And of course there's a ball now and then? "A ball! There's one every other night at the Assembly Rooms" (Oh dear! there're Assembly Rooms, too!), "and there's a dance in the Dolphin's Blue Room, when there ain't any other ball a-going on." Charming! And public pic-nic parties, and yachting parties, and archery meetings, of course? "Oh, of course, lots of them." I could have sworn it. And Volunteer Reviews? Eh? "Ay, and Naval Volunteer Reviews and Artillery practising, too? And then there's the Tivoli Gardens, with a theatre, and swings, and games, and such like. Lor', Sir," says the Dolphin, "you can't be dull here." Oh, no, you can't be dull: you can't even sleep, I should say! "Then, once a month, there's the Mammoth Circus——" Eh? What? No, don't say FLICKSTER'S? "Yes, FLICKSTER'S." What, with little BOOLU, BLUE BEARD, and the Elephants? "That's it. Do I know it?" *Do* I? Was I not driven away from Winklebeach by it? "Well, they'll be here to-morrow morning." Will they? Then my resolution is taken. "They come always, it appears, about race time." Race time? Yes, the Dolphin informs me that in *his* opinion I am rather in luck's way, as I've just arrived when the horse races and yachting matches are beginning. "The Jockeys and Sporting gents arrived this afternoon. They always patronises the Dolphin. Rather lucky as you ordered your room in time, Sir," observes the waiter, "as number forty was sure to be taken. Dinner, Sir? Yes, Sir; there's honly a hordinary at six." I abominate public dining. "Well, I could have it after the gents was done! But we always does a hordinary—a *tarbul dot't* as they calls it—during race week." The waiter wouldn't recommend, he says, my dining *after* the gents was done, as there, perhaps, wouldn't be much left, and that not very hot. Cheery prospect! I'll think over the matter. "It's quarter-past five now, Sir." Very well, I'll dine at the "hordinary." Now to my room. I'll sleep here to-night, if the bells and the fireworks 'll let me, and by the first boat to-morrow morning I'm off, or I'll know the reason why.

"Number forty, Sir? Yes, Sir. Chambermaid, show Forty to his room." "This way, Sir." Rather small this room, eh? "It's the old part of the house, Sir." And, dear me, a smell of stables, I fancy, "Well; it *may* be," she says. Why so? "Because—in fact, the stables are just underneath." Oh, indeed! "Yes, Sir, the racers have got 'em, now and the jockeys." Well, I'll have another room. "Can't change now, Sir, as we're quite full. All the rooms is taken during the race week." Hang the race week! Number forty ain't used as a bed-room generally, it seems; being appropriated to harness. "We only gives this usually to the Trainers, or such like gents, as likes to 'ave an eye on the 'orses." Yes, but I'm not a trainer, nor a gent as likes to 'ave —— "No, Sir, but you sent word on as we was to keep number forty specially for you." Ah! so I did. Pleasant.

6 P.M.—Alarm bell rings. Goodness! Fire? "No, Sir, it's the hordinary." I am ready.

"Distinguo."—*Pascal.*

LUNCHING with CARDINAL WISEMAN, the other day, *Mr. Punch* observed,

"We are restoring all the old Cathedrals, you see, Eminence."

"Are you?" says his Eminence. "*We haven't received any.*"

We applauded his wit, and then read him a hundred pages of the *Book of the Church*, to prove to the brilliant Catholic that though he thought he had us, he hadn't.

DANGEROUS.

Caution.—The other day, a lady, while stooping over her Sewing-machine, suddenly got a most painful stitch in her side.

Digitized by Google



"ONCE BIT, TWICE SHY."

Art Critic (at it again). "HAW! I WRITE THE ART CRITI——"

Artist (forewarned). "THANKY, NOT THIS MORNING, CAPTAIN; NO NOTICES THIS MORNING, THANKY!" [*Cadger retires in dudgeon.*

INTERESTING INTERVIEW.

WE had the pleasure of reading in the French journals that—

"The EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH returned to St. Cloud in time to give an interview to PRINCE HUMBERT, who subsequently left Paris for Italy."

What passed at this interesting interview was as follows:—

The Empress (to the Prince on his entering). Good evening, Prince, I hope that you are quite well?

The Prince (bowing). Perfectly well, I thank your Majesty.

The Empress. The evenings close in early now.

The Prince. They do, at this time of the year, your Majesty.

The Empress. And I think it is growing colder.

The Prince. I seem conscious of a certain coldness, your Majesty.

The Empress. I must not detain you, Prince, from the attractions of Paris, as your time is so limited, and as I am a little fatigued with a journey which (*avec intention*) I was obliged to hurry—

The Prince. I have the honour to wish your Majesty a good evening and repose. [*Bows, and exit—then, outside, to his equerry.*

Now for some fun, you sober old sinner.

The Empress (to the Emperor). I have received the interesting Piedmontese, Sire.

Louis Napoleon. Humph!

The Shequestrian.

BY MR. E. T. SMITH'S lucid advertisement we are informed that "*the price of the upper boxes has been reduced to* 1*s.* 6*d., to wear bonnets and undress.*" This last arrangement is doubtless out of compliment to the unadorned beauty on the stage. The above notice must be taken as a warning, on the part of the thoughtful lessee, to all Ladies, who might have, otherwise, been misled into giving their blushing countenances to this remarkable exhibition.

WHAT fragrant herb would suggest an eccentric Comedian? So(u)thern-wood!

HOW LUCKS DIFFER.

Reflections on a Chancellor of the Exchequer by an Ex-Ditto.

WHAT is't in party-life's toss-up,
Against me turns luck's scales,
That ever when the toss comes "heads,"
My cry should have been "tails?"
With such rare arts and gifts to shine
Upon the winning side,
What ill-star on the losing one
Decreed me to abide?

Why, when through public life I've been
A thing for fate to cuff at,
Has fortune GLADSTONE loved to pet
As me she loves to buffet?
The cream of office still to skim,
Who, partial powers, is he?
Why fall your half-pence all to him,
And all your kicks to me?

I am as glib of tongue as he,
As loose in party's tie,
As ready Principles to dodge,
Consistency defy:
From Oxford's School to Manchester's
If he have changed his ground,
From Radical to Tory camp
I've boxed the compass round.

If in his Greek, as I allow,
He goes ahead of me;
All mine, *per contra*, is the great
Caucasian Mysterie!
If in his *Church and State* he traced
A line, from which to stray,
I've *kept* the pathway I chalked out,
A youth, in *Vivian Grey*.

To darken counsel we can both
Multiply words at will,
But then to prove that black is white,
I claim superior skill.
In tossing off a budget-speech
We both may claim to shine,
But then *he* works with surpluses,
While deficits are *mine*.

And then among "the people," he
Is free to take his swing;
My clients are bucolicals—
A very different thing!
"Popular rights and Progress"—
There is a text for spouting!
Only compare his Bolton tour
With my late Berkshire outing!

His scene's a chafing, cheering Hall
Of quick-eyed craftsmen full,
Mine a poor board with farmers lined,
Beef-brained, beef-bellied, dull.
His matter's at his finger-ends,
Docketted, dated, filed,
While I must talk on what I know
No more of than a child.

It's easy to make points on trade,
Manners and Legislation,
But how be witty on Manures,
Drills, Root-crops, and Rotation?
GLADSTONE has straw to make his bricks;
Poor Hebrew, I have none;
And if I try a shot at sheep,
It's a miss, ten to one!

On cropping, roots, and cereals,
I might be at a loss,
But if there is one thing I know,
It ought to be a *cross*.
The BENTINCK lot when they are riled—
E'en *their* tongues wrath makes keen—
Say, sometimes, all my public life
But one long *cross* has been.

Digitized by Google

On crosses, then, I thought I might
My farmer audience school;
Telling how Downs with Cotswolds joined
Would give a longer wool.
Just as the novelist in me
With politician crossed,
Has raised a power to talk and scheme,
That else the world had lost.

I thought to win a breeder's fame,
But, ah, my fate was hard!
An unidea'd Trumper came,
And trumped my one trump card!
And Walter 'gainst me took his text,
"Longer wool, coarser mutton;"
And my advice bucolic minds
Declared not worth a button!

Is it for this the brown top-boots
And the broad brim I don,
And for the British Farmer's part,
Dress myself to "go on?"

While Gladstone need not change his coat,
Gag, nor make up at all,
Has but to show his real self,
To get a stunning "call!"

I vow it is enough to try
One's patience and one's pluck!
Two men so very nearly matched,
Yet such uneven luck!
Large houses, large returns he draws,
As simple Gladstone still,
While I perform a round of parts,
And the nett profit 's *nil!*

If I had still my life to live,
My fortune yet to make,
"Honesty is best policy,"
For motto I might take.
But as I've not, why *Vivian Grey*
Must end as he began;
Cross black and white, and the result
Is *my* Caucasian man!

THE "PUGS" ON PAT.



Travellers, with their "impressions" and "recollections," are the most abominable of social nuisances. It is a miserable thing to sit at dinner near anybody who has been anywhere, and has not the good manners to suppose that you are as well-informed as himself. The secret revenge which you can always take, by inventing scenery, and asking him whether he does not recollect it, and of enjoying his lying assent, is something, but even this amusement becomes a bore. But when a new type of traveller gets for the first time into new scenes, his notes thereof have a freshness and value. The London pugilists went to Ireland the other day to attend a fight, which was prevented, either by the police, or because a Mr. Coburn was afraid of being outrageously licked by a Mr. Mace. The gentlemen of the Ring took their literary gents with them, and one of them has this to say about Dublin:—

"The gentlemen whom we met were quick, apprehensive, and cultivated, and the ladies pretty, soft-eyed, and graced by a degree of refinement and modesty, as a rule, not to be seen even in England—that garden of girls. The car-drivers, the porters, and the waiters are witty, dirty, lazy-looking, and familiar to a disgusting degree; and the first-named drives his jaunting-car, smoking a filthy pipe *vis-à-vis* with gentlemen—and ladies. A few Irish car-drivers, bringing their manners and their appearance to the streets of London or Paris, would be thrashed twice a-day for their filth and perfect indifference to modern civilities. The priests saunter abroad, fat, sly, and hypocritical; and, in fact, Dublin, viewed at an off-glance from the streets, has the most unpleasant appearance."

These impressions of a newly discovered metropolis are instructive, and we specially delight in the muscular Christian's declaration, that as matter of course his friends would thrash car-drivers if they did not mend their manners. As regards the priests, we are not sure that the healthy eye of a literary fighting gent may not have judged these gentry accurately, but there may be a spice of ill-feeling in the sketch, as Paul Cullen, one of the Irish priests, wrote a letter against the fight, and was rather severely reprimanded in our columns last week by the gladiator who meant fighting. However, we conserve the description, as it is written in a better style than most of the twaddling, sentimental, "graphic" sketches by modern travellers.

THE THIEVES' CONGRESS.

(*From our own Reporter.*)

Prigsborough, Tuesday Afternoon.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

The Inaugural Discourse of the Associated Thieves' first great Annual Meeting was delivered by the President, Mr. Patter. He dwelt at some length on the analogies subsisting between theft and industry as practised in business and the learned professions, and on the mutual relations between the Barrister and the Prisoner at the bar. Having observed that the practice of holding annual conferences was becoming adopted by all great communities with interests of their own to defend, Mr. Patter showed the expediency of adopting the same custom on the part of the predatory profession. He pointed out the necessity of combination and organisation to meet the growing antagonism of Society, and concluded by recommending his hearers to hang together.

THE TREADMILL.

Mr. Fakeaway then read a paper on the Treadmill, which he denounced in strong language. Relating his own experience of unproductive labour, he said he felt like a blessed squirrel in a cage. The pillory had been done away with, and why not this here inwention, which was ekally a disgrace to the hage? They should try to get up a petition agin it to Parliament among the benevolists and philanthropic beggars.

THE CRANK.

The abovenamed engine afforded a handle to Mr. Twitch, who complained that it was stiff work. He objected to the definition given by the scientific gentlemen commissioned to report on prison discipline of hard labour, as an amount of exertion sufficient to "quicken the respiration and open the pores." He didn't like sitch hirony. Why did they not write plain English, blow 'em!

OAKUM-PICKING.

A short but indignant protest against oakum-picking was delivered by Mr. Picksey. He said that it ruined the fingers.

THE REDUCED DIETARY.

Mr. Robbins gave a minute account of the alterations for the worse which had lately been made in the diet-scale of her Majesty's gaols, which he had deplored, representing the present prison-allowance of nutriment as "werry Bantin-isin'."

MECHANICAL APPARATUS.

Mr. Looty exhibited a recently-invented jemmy and centre-bit, and some skeleton-keys; also a new and ingenious contrivance for picking pockets.

THE PUNISHMENT OF WHIPPING.

This sore subject was pathetically enlarged upon by Mr. Slink, in a discourse which created painful interest. He feelingly expressed the deep disgust with which he was compelled to acknowledge that the lash had nearly put a stop to garotting. The success which had thus attended whipping would, he sadly feared, lead to its extension to other offences, to larceny perhaps, or even swindling. Very likely indeed an Act of Parliament next Session would award that 'orrid punishment to a poor cove who honly tried to frighten a rich old Swell out of a little blunt by threatening to accuse him of so-and-so. The statement of this apprehension was received with sensation and cries of "Shame!" "Oh, oh!" and "No Punishment!"



CONSIDERATE—VERY!

Master George (alluding to the New Governess, who happened to be within hearing). "CROSS, DISAGREEABLE OLD THING, I CALL HER!"
Miss Caroline. "OH, GEORGY! BUT WE OUGHT TO GIVE WAY TO HER; RECOLLECT, DEAR, SHE'S A VERY AWKWARD AGE!"

HIGH BREEDING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Moo-oo! MR. BULL! This Scotland of ours is a braw contree, I'm thinking, an' between oursel' it 's na for England to compare with it. Thae Southrons in their ain e'e are a bonnie race, na doubt, but there 's mair strength in the Hielands, baith in mon and beast. Moo-oo! Ye maun ken that I'se a Hieland coo mysel', and I'm just proud o' my birthplace. I cam' of a braw familee, as may be ye 'll perceeve frae the beauty of my wreetin', and I hae ta'en a mony preezes for guid breeding at the Shows, whilk baith my mither an' my gran'mither I'se tauld hae done afore me. And hereaboot the siller isna gied for gettin' fat, as at thae Soothern shows it maistly is. Na, na, see noo what the *Illoostrated Lunnun News* hae said of us:—

"We hear from Skye that MR. STEWART, of Duntulin, has again carried off a large number of Prizes at Portree. There is no nonsense at these Shows, as the Highland cows and their calves walk twenty miles to them and back again, and think nothing of it."

That we walk forty miles an' mair is true eneugh, my sarty! but how the callant could hae kenned that we "think nothing of it" is mair than I can guess. A mouse may e'en luik at a king, but she canna reetly ken what he is thinking of, ye see, an' although a mon may speer at a coo while she is ruminating, it wad puzzle him to say preceesely what her thoughts may be. But our walking to the Shows an' bock again sae weel is proof that we are na sae fat as show cattle in England, an' that our preezes, d'ye ken, arena gied for muckle flesh but for somethin' boney fidey. Thae Southron coos, I'se tauld, are pit upon a railway an' carried to the shows, for they hae eat sae muckle that they canna even waddle. Hegh, hegh, Sirs! I'd like to see your famous prize coo *Butterfly* walkin' mair than twenty miles afore being exheebited. Moo-oo! She 'd mak' a pritty exhibeetion of hersel'!

Aweel, though I 'm gay gleg at mealtime, still I never was a glutton. Sae my legs are hale an' strang, an' arena worn awa' by muckle weight o' body. I 'se na sae young as I was once, an' na sae bonnie a pedeestrian. But I 'll challenge ony prize coo at the Smithfield Show ta year, to walk frae Lunnon to the Land's Eend wi' a calf apiece beside us. Moo-oo-oo! thae *Butterflies* wad sune be out o' breath, I'm thinking, unless they first had the precaution to gae through a course o' Banting!

Sae na mair at the present frae your humble servant JEANNIE.

P.S. Moo-oo! I'se thinking that as Scotch coos are sae nimble on their legs, the Coo that jumpit ower the Moon, my sarty! maun hae been a Hieland one.

WHO WILL TEACH THE TEACHERS?

IN the *Times* the other day, among other odd advertisements, we came upon the following:—

HOME EDUCATION.—The wife of a London physician, having a country home 18 miles from town, wishes to RECEIVE a YOUNG LADY, to educate along with her own daughters. Terms £100 per annum. References given and required.

To educate "along with" her own daughters! What a charming phrase! Are we to understand that the lady who advertises will herself be the teacher of the young lady she receives? If so, and if the English language be taught under her auspices, would it not be wise for her, before her school commences, to go back to school herself?

An "Infallible" Remedy.

THE POPE "recognising the gravity of the present crisis, has ordered public processions." His Holiness could hardly take a surer step to dispel gravity than by getting up a ludicrous ceremonial. Shall we lend him the Lord Mayor's Show?

SOMETHING SPICEY ABOUT MACE.

JEM MACE and his friends, we hear, lately wished to charter a West Indian steamer for their pugilistic purposes. The Steam Company, however, objected, on the ground that the boat was only used for carrying the Pacific Males.

Digitized by Google

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, October 22, 1864.



TOO CLEVER BY HALF!

Little Girl. "Oh, Aunty, Baby's mouth is so funny—It's just like Yours before you get out of Bed——No, not One Tooth!"

NATIONAL THEATRE, DENMARK.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MESSRS. FATHERLAND AND FUDGE.

The New German Play of "THE ROBBERS."

This barbarous Play, which surpasses *Titus Andronicus* in incidental horrors, has recently been brought out at the National Theatre, Denmark, by Messrs. Fatherland and Fudge, in open violation of their licence. It is not our present intention to scrutinise the performance, which was simply execrable. Let it suffice that it received what it merited, an indignant storm of hisses from an audience embracing the most distinguished—and we may add without flattery—the coolest critics in Europe.

The policy of Fatherland and Fudge, in offering this insult to public feeling, is quite indefensible. Speaking not too figuratively, these unprincipled speculators have drawn a check to serve pressing exigencies, and which may eventually result in a run upon the banks of the Rhine. When this catastrophe does occur, Fatherland will find himself obliged to shut up, and be glad once more to draw small beer at the sign of the Spread Eagle.

If evidence were required to prove the demoralising influence of the Continental Drama, the German Play of *The Robbers* might be called into court, and a conviction obtained without further trouble. The London apprentice, we are often solemnly assured, has been tempted to try his hand at petty larceny from studiously surveying some stage culprit's success in that peculiar branch of economy. Sanguine youths emulating their pattern hero in a fringed cocked-hat and jack-boots, have, we learn, broken open their master's safe, eloped with his daughter, plundered the King's Mail, and evaporating from limbo, to which they have been transiently consigned, have reduced demented turnkeys to despair and want. If this be so, are not heads notoriously weak about their crowns being turned the wrong way by such a triumph as that of which Fatherland and Fudge so insolently boast?

Some time ago Fatherland got up a heavy burlesque upon John Bull's celebrated "Constitution," which, during its short run, certainly provoked considerable laughter. Here Fatherland might have paused in serene contemplation of his green bays; but, no! he panted for a tremendous "hit" upon a deeper stage, and with additional properties. In partnership with Fudge (an Austrian Dragoon, and one whose antecedents will not bear investigation), the German play of *The Robbers* has accordingly been produced on an extensive scale, and supported by a company who despise *Hamlet's* well-known injunction, and perpetrate every possible outrage upon humanity. One word as to these wretched strollers. When inspired by Bacchus they may be heard shouting in praise of that old rheumatic creature their Father; and shedding tears of filial devotion over their sauer-kraut. It is with actors of this stamp that Fatherland and Fudge have produced a sanguinary sort of Coburg drama, which is justly pronounced a disgrace to the European stage, while aspiring to rank with that for which these men are such sensitive sticklers—the Legitimate Drama!

It is consolatory to reflect that no applause has greeted *The Robbers* but that which professional *claqueurs* have been regularly paid for. Conscious of their high calling, their minions have from the gallery lavished their cheers with impartial fidelity on both their patrons; for it has been found, and is worthy of note, that the impassioned advocates of Fatherland are invariably the ardent admirers of Fudge.

One Who Wrote before his Time.

It is very curious that the two masterpieces of Aristophanes should have slyly alluded to two great reigning powers of the present day. We refer to the *Clouds* and the *Frogs*. The *Clouds* were intended, of course, for the Germans, whose habitual dwelling-places they are; whilst the *Frogs* could clearly have been meant for no other nation than our good neighbours, the French; for even with us, at this remote period of time, the name of a Frenchman and a Frog, curiously enough, always jump together. You rarely meet with a writer gifted with so much foresight.

A Forensic Swordsman.—Mr. Serjeant Parry is retained on behalf of Müller. Certainly Parry is a promising name for a defence.

Digitized by Google

HOW TO TALK TO THE FARMERS.



I thought that MR. DISRAELI had done about the boldest thing he ever attempted in the course of his life, when he presumed to address a meeting of British Farmers in a cheerful strain, and to assure them that they were not utterly ruined. In fact, we considered that the right honourable gentleman had pretty well done for himself by launching such an insult at his friends, and that he must be intending to abdicate in favour of some Oppositionist who has a finer sense of what is due to the trampled and oppressed B. F. A nice hornet's nest he has got himself into by his indiscretion. But in case the author of *Coningsby* should once more venture himself in the presence of a bucolic audience, we recommend him to study the following Model Speech, composed with a view to the tastes of the melancholy agriculturists:—

GENTLEMEN,

Yes, let me repeat, Gentlemen, for when we have lost everything else, gentility remains to console us. It is with great melancholy pleasure that I rise to propose the next toast, if indeed it be not a mockery to wreathe the flowing bowl when the cup of sorrow is so full. I will not add to your afflictions by describing them at any length. The British Farmer is indeed, in the poet's language,—

"The child of misery, baptised in tears,"

and COBDEN and BRIGHT are his scowling godfathers, while Free Trade is his cruel godmother. There is no comfort for him, for, much as I desire to show you some little bit of blue in the dark sky, I dare not predict that the Corn Laws will be re-imposed in the coming Session. Still, you must remember that you are Englishmen. I know, alas! too well, your sorrows and privations. I have heard of farmers who have felt it their duty to deny themselves port wine at more than eighty shillings, and I have within the last few days been told a harrowing story—no, I am in no mood for jest, and I do not allude to the harrow that tears your clods—a story of an agriculturist who has been compelled to buy an upright pianoforte instead of a grand, for the faithful and sorrowing wife of his bosom. Other grievous tales of distress have reached me, but I hesitate to narrate them. I know of my own knowledge that men who have been accustomed to hunt five days in the week now often hunt but three; and that others have been reduced to shoot but four times where they used to shoot six. In my own parish a farmer whose daughters have been accustomed to be instructed in singing by a fashionable Professor who came down from London, has intimated to the poor girls that in future they must be content with the ministrations of a circumambulant musician of the Hebrew persuasion, and, though you will hardly believe it, the saddened father was obliged to deny himself the happiness of taking them up to town for the first night of *Masaniello*. But I will not accumulate such instances. I know that they will arise to the individual recollections of each and all of you. But again I say, remember that you are Englishmen, and bear your grief in manly silence. I do not say that better times will come, but worse cannot. It is something to be at the bottom of the abyss of our sufferings. If I hint to you that there is a shadowy possibility of happiness, do not think that I seek to mock affliction. But, in spite of the dastardly and spiritless conduct of our rulers, in spite of their resolution to humiliate the once great name and honour of England, in order that shopkeepers may revel in their usurious and wicked gains, events may be too strong for the cowards, and War may break out. I do not say that I see it looming in the distance, but we never know what good thing is coming to us from the hand of Providence. A collision between two fiery sea-officers may bring on a quarrel at any moment; a reckless and insolent despatch from a petulant Foreign Minister may rupture the hypocritical ties that unite us with an ancient enemy. Then once more famine prices may gladden your hearths, and again the British Farmer, the true lord and ornament of the soil, may be rewarded for his now unrecognised labours. But we must not be sanguine, for unhappily the national mind has been debauched, and the people have been taught to connect the ideas of "peace and happiness"—the compilers of our otherwise meritorious Liturgy are partly responsible for this error, and I could wish that the Episcopal Bench would purge our Prayer-book of those incessant petitions for peace. Gentlemen, I will not longer dwell on the story of your wrongs, or on the faint chance of their being redressed, but it is with a voice which trembles with suppressed emotion that I call on you to drink the toast, and it is with eyes dimmed with unbidden tears that I looks to-wards you as you drink it—I give you "the Memory of Protection."

RAYTHER TOO COOL.

OUR GLADSTONE is an orator
To talk a dog's hind leg off,
Or from a mastiff's hungry jaw
A pound of butter beg off—
But not e'en GLADSTONE's skill can make,
A credit of a scandal;
Or out of facts that raise a blush,
For self-praise twist a handle.

He 's free to sing the spread of trade,
Blazon commercial glories,
And set down to Whig credit all
Whereof he mulcts the Tories;
To laud King Cotton, through each tense,
In future, past, and present—
E'en if some facts he 's fain to blink,
Because they 're aught but pleasant.

But when he tells us how JOHN BULL
Has won a proud position,
Maintaining he has in the world
A mere commercial mission;
How out of Continental pies
We 've but to keep our digits,
To win the foreigner's respect,
And save our trade from fidgets,

We feel an itching to demur
At thoughts of Denmark, Poland,
Of JOHN BULL viewed askance by all,
With warm allies in no land.
Profit and loss account may stand
Better for such abstention;
But sure *respect* is scarce the gain
We owe non-intervention.

Or if this *be* respect that 's felt
In Austria or Prussia,
France, Denmark, Poland, Italy,
The Duchies, Greece or Russia,
Where England now all laugh to scorn,
Who once at England trembled,
Sure never yet was seen *respect*
That so contempt resembled!

"Take care of number one" may be
Pole-star for course commercial,
But there are lights beyond the ken
Of trading ROSAS or HERSCHEL.
Henceforth if shopmen's rules must guide
The Council of the nation,
The principle should be avowed
Of *counter*-irritation.

The fruits of such a principle
We seem to see about us,
In nations that vituperate,
Distrust, despise, and flout us.
NAP called us "*Nation boutiquière*,"
We thrashed him, in requital;
But now it seems we should have bowed,
And pocketed the title.

Negative Portrait of a Finance-Minister.

IN pursuance of a project suggested by MR. M'LACHLAN, photographer, of Manchester, for the formation of a photographic gallery or museum in which negatives should be preserved of the portraits of great men, some negative portraits of MR. GLADSTONE were taken the other day by MR. M'LACHLAN, at that city. The best place, however, for taking a negative portrait of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would be the right honourable gentleman's official residence in Downing Street, the time being that of his reply to a deputation inviting him to reduce taxation.

CONSERVATIVE MAGAZINES.



ORSOOTH we have received a long dreary letter from a correspondent who, with some sense of his own obsoleteness, signs himself DODO; an old gentleman apparently, who "babbles o' green fields;" complains that they are in the course of being rapidly built over; is vexed to see bright cheerful stuccoed villas replacing melancholy buttercups daisies and dandelions, and useful factory chimneys towering to the sky instead of poplars and other trees, mostly good for nothing. A taste of this old fogy's communication, though it is not at all "the cheese," will suffice to show what an unsocial, ungenial, ridiculous old curmudgeon he is.

After a prolix enumeration of the commons lately enclosed which are now covered with human dwellings instead of being overrun by geese, and after an equally lengthy statement of the vacuities which he calls prospects, that have been shut out, as he complains, by bricks and mortar in the shape of manufacturing works and new hotels, this old DODO makes the following brutal suggestion:—"To the end of preserving somewhat, on account of the lovers of Nature, and for the sustenance of the poetic faculty and the spiritual mind amongst us, I propose that a compromise should be struck with the utilitarian proclivity of the age, by transferring, to the most beautiful portions of British scenery still remaining, the various powder-mills and magazines. They could be so planted as not to obstruct the eye of the beholder; and after recent experience it may be hoped that they would create a solitude all around them of a radius sufficiently long to cover and protect a considerable extent of beautiful country. The objection that this arrangement would tend to discourage gipsying parties and pic-nics would not perhaps be entitled to much weight, even if it could be sustained, which it cannot, since people who have the courage to travel by excursion-trains would never be deterred from going where they might eat, and drink, and dance, by the remote chance of an explosion."

Our DODO is one of those slow old coaches who can't keep pace with these railroad times. He refuses to go with the stream, complaining, by the way, that the rivers are discoloured and the fish destroyed by the sewage of towns and the refuse of the chemical works which contribute so largely to our luxury. He won't accept the situation which the inexorable logic of material utilitarianism imposes on him, and he refuses to acknowledge that the old English fancies about the "merry greenwood" and that sort of thing are all bosh.

THE FUTURE OF THE UNITED STATES.

(*From Our Own Correspondent.*)

LIKE the bald eagle soaring in majesty above the clouds, when our free and enlightened Republic, once more united, has riz into a gigantic Empire, don't you suppose we 're a-goin to take up with the cast-off liveries of Europe. No; we mean to have a flunkeydom of our own; we do. We will have our cocked hats worn fore and hind, and our shoulder-knots between the shoulders. Our plush shall be all striped and spangled with stars. Our coats shall be braided with platinum and aluminium lace, our hair-powder shall be made of maize; and our footmen's calves shall be as big again as any of yourn.

Our Emperor shall have a Lord High Valet instead of Chamberlain. He shall also have a Lord High Boots. In place of a Mistress of the Robes we will give our Empress a Mistress of the Crinoline. The Court of Washington shall be attended with Ostlers in Waiting, not Grooms. For your Master of the Horse we will have a Manager of the Circus, Gals of Glory for Maids of Honour, and Hossbreakers for Equerries. And if we don't altogether eclipse, extinguish, and utterly stump out your old outworn effete Royalty with our go-ahead rampant, roaring, Imperial splendor, it 's a pity.

DEMONS OF THE FUTURE.

WE have extracted the following advertisements from the London daily papers of ten years hence:—

LOST, on Wednesday evening, somewhere between the St. James's Hall and Hanover Square Rooms, by a lady, a little little airy Spirit. Answers, by a pinch, to the name of "Foggy Cloud." Address, "Wait for Me," Poste Restante, Oxford Street, W.

NOTICE.—If the Gentleman who was seen to entice away a small Familiar, by offering it a piece of sulphur, in Hyde Park, on Sunday, does not at once restore it to its disconsolate Mistress, she will put the matter into the hands of the Electrobiological Police.

THE SPECTRAL-HANDS CLUB will meet again for the Season at MR. H. WALKER'S Rooms, Piccadilly, at midnight on Thursday next.

APOLOGY.—The Spirit who inadvertently knocked out a gentleman's eye by shying a speaking trumpet at him at the *séance* in Pall Mall, last week, begs to offer its best apologies. Its only excuse is, that somebody trod upon its tail, which it has now had cut off, so that a similar accident cannot occur again.

WE WANT BUT YOU!—The Walworth Witches want an elderly Lady, of not particularly good character, and fond of cats, to complete a party. Address, Broomstick, opposite MR. SPURGEON'S Tabernacle.

SPIRITUAL APPARATUS.—The best wires, stuffed hands, flying Jew's-harps, automaton guitars, ceiling music-tops, ghost-crackers, enchanted snakes, transparent paper, phosphorus pencils, and other requisites are to be had cheapest and best at Doo's Ghastly Repository, and Mart of Magic, Barbican.—N.B. A female Medium instructs ladies.

LORD TOMNODDY begs to intimate to his aristocratic friends that there will be no more manifestations in Grosvenor Square until the return of Lady Tomnoddy from the lunatic asylum to which it has been necessary to remove her Ladyship.

HENRY! Why would you not appear at the Medium's affectionate call, on Monday night? It was very unkind. I want to ask you such a number of questions, and particularly what you did with the seventy pounds mentioned in your will, but which we cannot find anywhere. We discovered the pink notes. Oh, you bad ghost! But all shall be forgiven if you will appear and say where the money is. Your inconsolable widow, LOTTY. Remember, nine raps, and "*Sweet Spirit, hear my Prayer*" on the accordion.

THE MAGIC GIBUS, without which no gentleman can now appear in a drawing-room, can be had only at BRAYER DAM'S establishment, Regent street. It flies across the room, squeaking, and returns to its owner. All the other hatters are mad about it, illustrating the saying, "mad as a hatter."

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, of Stratford-upon-Avon, Dramatist, has promised to appear in the spirit, at MRS. GRUBBY'S *Séance* on Saturday, and will dictate a new scene for his tragedy of *Hamlet*. Gin and other refreshments in the back parlour. Wipe your shoes.

A CARD.—JIM MAWLEY, who will be faced by the NOBBY BELLOWSER, reminds his friends of the harmonic meeting on Sunday evening next, at the Cock Phantom tavern. Some spirits of departed "Pugs," including MENDOZA and CHICKEN, are expected to attend and pitch into the meeting. Pipes, baccy, and "Spirits of another sort," SHAKSPEARE—hem!

PICKPOCKETS.—Numerous robberies constantly taking place at Spirit *Séances*, when the lights are extinguished, the police advise persons attending such performances to pick their own pockets in their dressing-rooms before going. Scotland Yard.

WARNING.—The lady who seized and detained the Hand which was placing a wreath on her head at HERR VON CAGLIOSTRO'S, on Wednesday night, is known, and if she does not restore it, without saying anything to anybody, and with the machinery uninjured, revelations which the Spirits have made about her early life will be conveyed to those who are interested in knowing something about her. Tremble and obey!

THE GHOST OF MOZART will be called up at the Musical Phantom Association Meeting, on the 1st instant, and will play some variations on the supernatural music in *Don Giovanni*.

IT IS REQUESTED that the two gentlemen who conveyed a lady in strong hysterics from the Apparition Hall, last Saturday, will say nothing of what she stated during her excitement. There was some mistake—her brother was not drowned, as alleged by the Spirits, but has returned with a wife and many nuggets. CLARA.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—The partnership heretofore existing between ENDOR TRICK and GRIMM DIDDLER, Spiritualists, has been dissolved by consent of MR. JUSTICE STERNE, who has sentenced the former to seven years and a flogging, and the latter to the Siberian Penal Settlement for life. Central Criminal Court, October, 1874.

Two Corrections.

MR. PUNCH proposes to kill two birds with one stone. A paragraph of dramatic criticism which he cited, with plaudit, last week, originally appeared in one of the able theatrical articles in the *London Review*, and were that excellent journal as fortunate in its selection of miscellaneous information as it is in its dramatic critic, it would not have given currency to a ridiculous story of offence alleged to have been taken by Us at a diverting statement by our admired friend, RICHARD BURTON, to whom we now drink in a nip of *his* namesake, in testimony that we were heartily amused with ours.



BROUGHAM DRIVES UP—TWO LADIES IN TOXOPHILITE COSTUME ON THE BOX, ONE DRIVING—PAIR OF TOP-BOOTED LEGS STICKING OUT OF WINDOW.

Driving Lady (*loq.*) "OH, FRANK, DEAR, ONLY FANCY, GEORGE HAS GOT SO TIPSY AT THE ARCHERY MEETING, THAT WE'VE BEEN OBLIGED TO PUT HIM INSIDE, AND DRIVE HOME OURSELVES—AND POOR CLARA HAS PINCHED HER FINGERS DREADFULLY PUTTING ON THE DRAG, COMING DOWN BLUNSDEN HILL!"

PITY THE SORROWS OF A POOR OLD—BISHOP.

I'M an elderly prelate, well up on the Bench—
Not a mere *novus homo* like THOMSON or TRENCH—
I belong to the good easy-going old times,
When Inquiry was heresy, Doubt worst of crimes.
When to drift with the tide and take things as they came,
And stand on old ways, was th' episcopal game.
When a man of good blood, and sound views, in priest's orders,
Found a liberal profession and liberal rewarders;
When a Bishop was never seen out of his wig;
When his lawn-sleeves were ample, his revenues big;
When a seat on the Bench if one's way one could win to,
There was no mean Commission one's rents to pry into—
Heaven knows what might now be our abject position,
If the Bench were not pretty strong on the Commission!!

Then the Bench was a place of Right-Reverend repose,
Whereon round, smooth, and stout, we church-pillars arose;
We might not be strenuous, but we were solid—
Nay, some of us, p'raps, may have verged upon stolid—
But their function, I take it, the mitre that don,
Is to stand, not to stir, to maintain, not move on.
You may whip Peers through school, edit Greek plays at College,
But you're bound to scout Progress and snub useful knowledge.
These Conservative duties we nobly discharged,
And no one can say we the Church-pale enlarged:
HOOKER, PEARSON, and BULL, summed our stock of Theology,
We pooh-poohed the Germans, and smiled at Geology,
None then heard that vile dogma, which holds all sins' seeds,
"Honest doubt has more faith in't than half of the creeds!"

But now-a-days storm-tossed is every see,
Say, "Good bye, peace of mind!" you that Bishops would be:
As for quiet and ease, they are dreams of the past,
Now even Church-pillars are asked to move fast.
What with all sorts of heretics, printing and gabbling,
Theologists, Rationalists, Socialists squabbling—
And, as if such outsiders had not enough vexèd us,
Here's a Bishop (Colonial, 'tis true) loose on Exodus!
Then one's friends who'd defend from the foes who've attacked one,
Display an activity fit to distract one—
Show all sorts of new lights, raise all sorts of vexed questions—
Convocations and Congresses, schemes and suggestions,
Till, a real Church militant, all seem at strife,
And a Bishop is doomed to "hard labour for life."

We are poked up to cut out Neology's cancer:
To condemn's not enough, they expect us to *answer!*
When heretics argue 'tis *we* must oppose 'em,
And, besides opening questions, we're called on to close 'em.
And all for a stipend that barely affords
A subsistence for one who takes rank with the Lords.
While one can't give a living to son or relation,
But the Press bawls out "nepotism" all through the nation.
SIDNEY SMITH made a joke how Fejee soon would vary
Its diet of bread-fruit with cold Missionary—
And the practice that loose canon thus shrined his wit in
Has spread, in an awfuller form, to Great Britain—
Till for popular carving no meat you can dish up
So sure to be relished all round, as roast Bishop!

Quite Accounts for it.

AMONG the names included in the Proclamation of Outlawry, made by that well-known officer, who bears the ominous name of "HEMP," on Wednesday last, we find that of "Easterly Rains." This fully accounts for the late dry weather.



COLONISTS AND CONVICTS.

AUSTRALIAN COLONIST. "NOW, MR. BULL! DON'T SHOOT ANY MORE OF YOUR *RUBBISH* HERE, OR YOU AND I SHALL QUARREL."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

ON AND OFF THE STAGE.

SCENE—*Interior of the Royal Antipantheon Theatre during the performance of the latest Sensational Drama, entitled "The Metropolitan Alleys," adapted from the French, with the real fire of Genius (patented), by the adapter.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Principal Female Character, call her Jane. Principal Male ditto, say, Gustavus. The Respected Manager appearing as several people. Old Confidential Clerk in a Banking House. Discriminating Public, in Pit. The same, in Stalls.

ACT I.—SCENE 1. *Banking House. Real gas burning. Real Clerks sitting at real desks before real ledgers, casting up real accounts.*

Enter real OLD CONFIDENTIAL CLERK, *speaking to the* BANKER *in a really confidential manner.*

Banker. Show him in.

[OLD CONFIDENTIAL CLERK *shows him in, whoever it is, and remains in the room watching.*

Banker. Leave the room.

[CONFIDENTIAL CLERK *leaves the room, and is seen watching at the window.*

Respected Manager (*in his first dress, aside darkly*). I have the receipt!

[OLD CONFIDENTIAL CLERK *appears listening and watching at window as Curtain descends.*

Entr'acte.

Member of Discriminating Audience in Stalls. I see the story; that old Clerk overhears, you know, and then turns up again as the only witness of the crime.

Another Member. Oh, of course; any one can tell that. What I want to see is the moving cabs and the fire.

Discriminating Audience in Pit. Did you see the old fellow looking in through the winder? Well, it's him as finds it out, and comes up at the end knowing all about it.

Friend. Yes o' course. I wish they'd make haste with the fire, though.

ACT II.—SCENE 1. *Comprehensive View of the Metropolis. Miniature broughams, cabs, omnibuses passing to and fro in the distance. Enter the Two principal male and female characters, and proceed with the Dialogue of the piece, during which——*

Delighted Audience (*unanimously*). Wonderful Scene! Exactly like.

First Intelligent Person (*in Stalls*). Yes. Where is it?

Second Intelligent Ditto. Why, Piccadilly.

First Intelligent Person. What part?

Second Intelligent Ditto (*being confused*). Well, between St. James's Street and—no—I mean—what's the name of the street that—let me see—no it isn't—it's—

Somebody Else (*to his Wife*). No, my dear (*peevishly*); can't you see, it isn't Oxford Street. It's Trafalgar Square.

Wife of Somebody. Well, but where are we supposed to be looking from?

Somebody (*posed*). Oh,—from—well—from—St. Martin's Church?—no—no (*corrects himself*)—no—(*appeals to Friend*). It isn't from St. Martin's Church, is it?

Friend (*decisively*). Oh, dear, no (*doubtfully*), and yet I don't know.

Party in Pit. Where's the National Gallery?

Another Party. Why, 'tain't there at all. That's Portland Place, atop o' Regent Street.

Another. Pooh! that's the Strand—and there's—

Portion of Audience (*wishing to hear dialogue on the Stage*). Hussssssh. (*Remainder of dialogue on the Stage.*)

Principal Male Character (*embracing Female ditto*). No! never!

Principal Female Ditto (*embracing Male Principal*). Never! never!

[*Exeunt together.*

ACT III.—SCENE 1. *Room in a Suburban Villa.*

Enter OLD CONFIDENTIAL CLERK, *older and more confidential than before. He looks mysteriously about; walks across the Stage, stops, looks back as if he'd changed his mind, takes another step forward as if he hadn't, and Exit unexpectedly.*

Discerning Person (*pleased with himself*). I said he'd appear again.

Re-enter CONFIDENTIAL CLERK, *ushering in some one, who has an interview with his Master. During the Scene,* CONFIDENTIAL CLERK *re-appears, and Exit.*

Audience (*unanimously, having closely followed the plot*). You may depend upon it, he's been listening.

SCENE II.—*A Drawing-room. Very exciting scene.* RESPECTED MANAGER, *in another dress, says that he's got the Receipt.*

(The general opinion of Audience is, that the *Confidential Clerk* will turn up at this crisis and come out rather strongly. But he doesn't, and two policemen having collared *Respected Manager*, the Act-drop descends.)

ACT IV.—SCENE I. *A House Front.*

Enter from House an old Gentleman.

Interested Person in Pit. Why that's the Confidential—(*finds out his mistake*) No, it isn't. I wonder why he didn't——

[*House begins to blaze—bang, crack. Enter real fire-plugs, real water-plugs, real fire-irons, real fire-escapes, real blankets, real water-cans, real engines, real members of real Fire Insurance Companies, real policies, real policemen, real firemen in real helmets, with real hose, in real boots, really doing nothing; real fire, really registered; real supers, real water, really not used; while at the wing appear real carpenters rolling up a real transparent cloth, real Prompter, taking real beer out of a real can, and everything ends in real smoke.*

Entr'acte.

Audience (*recovering itself*). Very wonderful!!

Person in Stalls. What I like about it is, that there's no smell or smoke.

Second well-informed Party. WHATSHISNAME, the adapter you know, patented it on that account; it's a great thing not to have any smell or——

Curtain rises on

SCENE *last.—Supposed to be a Drawing-room, probably in some mansion adjoining the street where the fire was, or where the chimneys have not been swept lately, as it is so full of smoke that the people on the stage are partially hidden from view.*

Person in Stalls (*coughing*). I say this—ahem—ahem—there is a smell—ahem.

Well-informed Party (*rather taken aback*). Yes—there is—ahem. ahem! ahem!

Audience (*Coughing*). Ahem! ahem! ahem! &c.

Principal Male Character (*somewhere on stage*). Dear JANE—ahem—let the past be—ahem—ahem— (*Coughs.*)

Jane. GUSTAVUS—I—ahem! ahem! (*Coughs.*)

Audience (*under the impression that the Confidential Clerk is setting matters straight behind the smoke*). Who's that speaking? Ahem. ahem!

Respected Manager (*appearing faintly above the footlights*). And if our—ahem—friends in front—(*chokes—recovers—applause*)—will but only smile on our endeavours—ahem—(*half chokes—applause*)—there will not sit down to supper—ahem—a happier couple, than, the Alleys of the Metropolis. [*Chokes.*

Audience cough and applaud.

Discriminating Persons to one another going out. Yes; but what became of the CONFIDENTIAL CLERK?

[*It is suggested that he was accidentally burnt in the fire. Perhaps so; but it doesn't matter.*

TESTS OF "MEDIUMSHIP."

MR. PUNCH,

In all the letters which have been published, detailing the performances of the Brothers DAVENPORT, the following statement has been unaccountably omitted:—

"CALCRAFT was then introduced, and the MESSRS. DAVENPORT underwent the process of being pinioned, at the hands of that experienced operator."

Of course the DAVENPORTS are prepared to stand the test of trying to undo bonds fastened for them by the eminent artist above-named. They will willingly submit to be put to that test, and, if they cannot undo those bonds, will confess themselves undone.

There is a further knot which MR. CALCRAFT could tie for the DAVENPORTS; and to convince you that they really do untie ropes by preternatural agency, they will have not the least objection to let him tie it for them, and tie them up altogether in the Old Bailey, which would either enable them to prove their pretensions, or, they admit, would serve them right.

In the meantime, I may confidently state, that if certain professed Mediums, having been committed to prison under the Vagrant Act, together with myself, were placed in the cellular van handcuffed, and there shut up, our handcuffs would be found unfastened when we had reached the end of our journey at the House of Correction.

I am, &c.,

FERGUSON.

P.S. As an experienced Spiritualist, I can vouch for the fact that it is quite possible for a Medium to make the treadmill go without stepping on it.

Digitized by Google



DISCRIMINATION.

Pudgeby. "MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE, MISS LIGHTFOOT, FOR THIS WALTZ?"

Miss L. (*promptly*). "OH! VERY SORRY—I'M ENGAGED EVERY WALTZ."

Pudgeby. "THE NEXT QUADRILLE, THEN, MAY I——?"

Miss L. "WELL, YOU LOOK A LITTLE MORE LIKE A QUADRILLE—MUST SAY. WITH PLEASURE!"

INDIFFERENCE AND INDIGNATION.

A Butt.

"You never should rebuke the strong,
Unless you mean to fight them,
Nor speak for them that suffer wrong,
If you can't strike to right them.
Either your action should be rough,
Or else your language gentle;
For all your moral force is stuff,
Your blame is sentimental."

"Then what directs material force,
But sentiment behind it?
Could censure do no harm, of course
Your tyrants wouldn't mind it.
'Tis sentiment that moves the fist,
And puts the toe in action.
In execrating brutes persist,
It is some satisfaction."

FASHIONABLE ARRIVALS.

OUR Money Lender.—From Borrowdale.
Our Standing Counsel.—From the Giant's Causeway.
Our Butcher.—From the Chops of the Channel.
Our Dentist.—From the Mouth of the Thames.
Our Doctor.—From Lancing.
Our Confectioner.—From Bakewell.
Our Beekeeper.—From Honeybourne.
Our Flirting Friend.—From Florence, Constance, Nancy, Nora, and Sophia.
Our Pewopener.—From Hassock's Gate.
Our Undergraduate.—From Reading.
Our Tailor.—From the New Cut.
OurOwnCorrespondent.—From Penmaenmawr
And our Darlings.—From Archangel and the Coast of Bonny.

P.S. MACE and COBURN are *not* going to Spa. MR. BRIGHT is in the Pacific. SIR AUGUSTUS CLIFFORD is still at Blackrod.

TWA GOWKS AT GLASGIE.

MR. RICHARD WEAVER, formerly a pugilist, having been converted to some species of Dissent, has turned preacher, now thumps the pulpit instead of punching antagonists' heads, and, having ceased to pound the human face divine, expounds divinity. According to a Scotch paper, a *soirée* was given the other evening to MR. WEAVER, at Glasgow, where he "has just completed a 'revival engagement.'" No sparring, controversial or fistic, appears to have taken place on this occasion; but a certain REV. MR. HOWIE, of the Wynd Free Church, in the course of some remarks which may or may not have been altogether foolish and impertinent, referring to a speech which LORD ARDMILLAN had made on proposing the memory of BURNS at the Ayrshire Society's banquet, declared that "he should like to know what good the productions of that poet could possibly effect amongst those living in the wynds and alleys of Glasgow." It would be difficult to match this observation exactly in respect of wisdom; but MR. WEAVER did it. He followed MR. HOWIE in an address, wherein he said that "he did not wish to be told of a SHAKSPEARE or a 'BOBBY BURNS,' but he did like to be spoken to concerning a KNOX or a LUTHER." As for LUTHER, it is not easy to imagine what peculiar interest MR. WEAVER can take in him. One can hardly suppose that the great German Reformer had much to do with MR. WEAVER'S reformation. But as an ex-bruiser, and an illiterate person, who does not wish to be told of BURNS or SHAKSPEARE, and whose ideas of orthography are likely to be hazy, it is conceivable that MR. DICK WEAVER may venerate the name of KNOX.

HOWIE and WEAVER being so closely alike as the nonsense above quoted from their respective mouths proves them to be, let some competent Scottish sculptor sacrifice them to the insulted manes of Scotland's poet by representing one of them as *Tam o'Shanter* and the other as *Souter Johnnie*. MR. HOWIE could scarcely be represented as a Shakspearian fool; but his friend DICK might be portrayed as *Bottom* the WEAVER.

Ecclesiastical News.

THREE youths have been fined at Clerkenwell, for bringing fireworks into a church. Brother IGNATIUS has nobly offered to pay the fine if the articles were Roman Candles.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

AMERICA is always lamenting that she has no ruins. In an Empire so young, a building that has numbered its sixty or seventy years, is looked upon with quite an antiquarian interest. In fact, they have no Tintern Abbey, no Roslyn Castle, no Stonehenge, no Westminster Abbey, not an ancient cathedral, scarcely a venerable old mansion. Everything is new, as though the bricklayer had left it only yesterday. However, let not America despair! The want she deplores may soon be supplied. Let the North and South but persevere in fighting in the same fratricidal manner, and we will warrant that before many years have flown over the head of the Liberty that so flauntingly stands on the top of the Capitol at Washington, America will be able to show the largest ruin in the world—we mean, no less a ruin than that of her model Constitution. There will be nothing to be seen like it since the days of Ancient Rome. Were VOLNEY alive, he would write a series of philosophical chapters upon so stupendous a theme for the next edition of his celebrated "*Ruines, ou Méditations sur les Révolutions des Empires.*"

Happy Land!

IN Japan, political functionaries have a penetrating sense of responsibility. A Member convicted of corruption, loses no time in ousting himself to avoid cutting sarcasms from the law officers of the TYCOON. Ministers escape a deadly blow from the Opposition, by directing one at their body corporate, and a Foreign Secretary atones for his diplomatic miscarriages by a "Happy Despatch."

FASHIONABLE NOTE AND QUERY.

(*Interesting to Waiters.*)

WHY are white chokers, of an evening, *de rigueur?*
In order that a gentleman may be *en garçon.*

Fair Booty.

BY accounts from Paris:—

"It is reported that the PRINCE FREDERICK, of Schleswig-Holstein (that is to be) will marry a rich American young lady."

That is the best sort of conquest for a small German Prince.

Digitized by Google

A NATIONAL GRIEVANCE.



LTER the law? We should think so. If we knew where to find any of the Ministers, we would have Parliament summoned at once. Don't talk to us. The Act for shutting the Haymarket dens and other houses of rascality at one in the morning was all right enough, but who dreamed that it would affect PADDY GREEN'S? The idea is monstrous. Why, not only is nothing wrong ever said or done there, not only might Marchionesses sit in the gallery (we believe they do) and hear all that goes on, but that Hall is a school, a place of instruction. With his own royal ears has *Mr. Punch* heard HORACE'S *"Integer vitæ"* delightfully sung there as a quartette, and heartily applauded. Is that the sort of work to be stopped by a law intended to put down profligacy? Bother, bosh! People may say that theoretically one in the morning is time for one to be going home, and so it is, theoretically; but, while composers make Operas that play till 12·45, how are you to get to supper in Covent Garden, and get it over and have your weed, by one? Again we say bother and bosh. It is a duty to go very often to MR. GREEN'S: first, because it is a pleasant haunt; and secondly, because he is like ABDIEL, faithful alone among the faithless found; that is to say, he alone excludes objectionable songs and objectionable society. But the duty cannot be completely discharged while the one o'clock rule is enforced. An exception must be made in favour of EVANS' late joys. We dare say that when the HOME SECRETARY sees this, he will write to PADDY GREEN, and desire him to violate the law whenever convenient, and that he, the HOME SECRETARY, will send him a cheque for any penalties that may be inflicted. But that is an irregular way of doing business, and the first task for the next Session must be the EVANS' Emancipation Act.

QUIET WATERING-PLACES.

No. III.—FRESHCHURCH (CONTINUED).

After the Ordinary.—With an extra-ordinary attack of dyspepsia. Have I ever dined with Bears? I never had that pleasure; probably if the chance were afforded me, the Bears would dine, and I shouldn't. I here merely record the fact that such a set of Bears, as sat down to the "hordinary" at the Dolphin, Freshchurch, I never met. "Nevar, Nev-ar, *Nay*-var!" as MR. J. B. BUCKSTONE would emphatically declare, with a distension of cheek and a shaking of head, irresistible. How they *did* eat! and in what a fashion! I really felt inclined to warn one closely-cropped gentleman against so rash a mode of using the knife, as that in which he was indulging. Judging, from one or two of his remarks, which were somewhat of the unnecessarily-strongest, that he was not the sort of person to take a stranger's interference in good part, I restrained myself, and trembled for his safety. An accidental twist of the knife, one slice either to the right or the left, and there is no knowing what amount of food, this already capacious mouth might have, at one and the same time, accommodated. I could not choose but watch him; and, watching, saw the knife sliding about the very edge of this elastic crater, and in the midst of beans and bacon paused in horror. These gentlemen generally seemed to be rather partial to an approach to the raw material in their victuals. The cook knew their palates, evidently. He, or she, had left undone everything that ought to have been done; and he, or she, was a sinner above all others, in consequence: hence my dyspepsia; hence this note, writ immediately after the bear-fight. There were only two waiters to twenty-five or thirty guests, and this pair attended, specially, to three or four very horsey-looking gents, tight in the trousers, stiff in the neck, red in the hands, with a ring, a pin, or a watch-chain of such an unobtrusive character, as to attract your attention some seconds before you had connected these phenomena with their exhibitor. They scrambled for greens, they dashed with knives, spoons and forks, at potatoes; they shoved the salt about anyhow, and pulled the mustard-pot away from one another, without a word of apology. While yet their mouths were full, they would have asked for more, but utterance being impossible, they ingeniously knocked the backs of their knives against the tumblers, to imitate a bell, and thereby summon the attendant. The waiter, having evidently his master's interest at heart, came when he chose, and didn't come when he didn't choose, which latter case happened once in every three calls.

8 *o'clock*.—More bells than ever on the pier. I am told it is the last boat coming in. I think I shall walk on to the pier, and rejoice over the last boat. Crowds on the promenade. I will avoid the promenade and affect the pier, which I see is less frequented, just now, than 'twas a few minutes since. It is twopence to go on to the pier. Well, twopence is not dear for peace and quietude. The toll-taker stares at me. Why not? perhaps he can't help it. Yes, here I can walk alone, and view the broad expanse of waters. Nothing save the Blue, the Fresh, the Ever Free beyond the pier-head, except—"Yeo heo! Yeo heo!" Hullo! what's that? Nautical sounds. Sailors landing at the pier-head. Smugglers, p'raps. No! Yachtsmen. They are lugging something up. Can't they do it without all that noise? What *are* these people doing? Will I "bear a hand" with a pole? No. Then I'd better "get out." I get out accordingly, and ask the toll-taker what is going to happen. The Mayor and the pier-authorities, it appears, have granted permission for an *al fresco* dance on the pier, to be given by the yachtsmen. "It 'll be a pretty sight." Will it? But it *may* rain? Yes: that 's one comfort, it *may* rain, and that 'll stop the noise. "Ah! then, they'll have it in the Dolphin." Heaven forbid!

10.—It has begun; on the pier; and, as far as I can see and hear, it has begun everywhere else. In the hotel, out of the hotel, on the promenade, on the pier. I am getting accustomed to the sound, and shall go to bed. The bells are at it again. Talking of bells, I will ring and ask at what time the first boat starts in the morning. Dear me, where *is* the bell? There is not such a thing. I should say that this is the only room in Freshchurch without one. No matter, I 'll call.

10·30.—I have been calling for about a quarter of an hour. Oh, here 's some one. "Did I want anything?" Did I? yes I do. The boat starts it seems at seven in the morning. "There 's sure to be some one up at that time." Very good. To bed.

11.—Not asleep. The noise won't let me. Music everywhere. When I say music, I judge that it *is* music when you are close to it, and take each band separately. But, from my position, a conglomeration of sounds reaches me, peculiarly unmelodious.

11·30.—Fireworks. They cheer each rocket, and shout unmeaningly at everything else.

12.—Dancing in-doors. I light a candle and try to read. I blew out my candle, and give it up as a bad job.

1 A.M.—Noises, banging of doors, people going to bed; more noises and scuffling. Why can't they go to bed, without scuffling? However, that they *do* go to bed at all, is a thing for which one must be thankful.

2.—Now I shall sleep. Hullo! Somebody comes into my room. A gentleman, in evening dress, carrying a candle. I start up and say, "Hullo!" He will apologise and retire. Nothing of the sort. He walks up to me, holds the candle unsteadily before me, smiles and shakes his head. He is drunk; and, with a candle, dangerous. He wants to show me how the fireworks are done. I object, and request him to leave the room. Where 's my bell? Oh, I forgot, there isn't one. He tells me, in an idiotic fashion, that I am a jolly good fellow, and then makes a miserable attempt to give the same sentiment musically. I ask him politely why he doesn't go to his room? He says, "this is his room." I point to the fact of *my* being here, as negativing his assertion. He says, indistinctly, that "he 's very glad to see me;" and "allasshallbeverglad to see me." He means that he shall always be very glad to see me. For my part, I don't care if I never set eyes on him again. He takes a seat, and shakes his head at his boots, in a reproachful manner. What on earth am I to do? Hi! Somebody else at the door. Another gentleman in evening dress. Also intoxicated? No. He apologises for the intoxicated person, who, he says, is his friend, and then, with some difficulty—owing to the inebriated person's still existing desire to show me, practically, how the fireworks are done—removes him.

3.—I will now sleep; and at seven good bye to Freshchurch.

Digitized by Google



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

Paterfamilias (who has come up on a Visit to his eldest "Hope" at St. Bottlenose). "H'M, NOT A BAD GLASS OF WINE THIS, FOR OXBRIDGE, FRED. WHAT DID YOU GIVE FOR IT?"

Fred (airily). "OH, SIXTY ——"

Paterfamilias. "AND—MONSTROUS EXTRAVAGANT, TOO! WHY, SIR, DO YOU KNOW THAT I NEVER LAY DOWN A DOZEN OF PORT THAT COSTS ME MORE THAN SIX-AND-THIRTY?"

Fred. "AH, NO MORE SHOULD I, FATHER, IF I'D NINE CHILDREN TO PROVIDE FOR, AS YOU HAVE!"

FOOD FOR CONFEDERATE POWDER.

COME along, ye sons of Erin, boys that scorns the name of slaves,
Let us fly to the land of Liberty, across the Atlantic waves;
There I'll earn ten dollars a-day, bedad, if I don't get drunk before,
And awake and come to meself again at drill in a Federal corps!

Thin I'll march away to Richmond, or to Shenandoah Vale;
For the Union sure I'll fight it is, and me cry shall be Repale!
There I'll go for death or victory, and I'll win renown and fame,
For the hated Saxon is me foe, or me foe is all the same.

Under GRANT's star-spangled banner, or with SHERMAN I'll be found,
Or in gallant BUTLER's army dalin' fire and whacks around,
And the wrongs of poor ould Ireland, that she suffered long ago,
Shall impart correctness to me aim, and vigour to me blow.

Until I've spent me blood's last dhrop, and fetched me latest breath,
In the North's pay, whilst I get it, I will battle to grim death;
After that, we'll all come back again, with a hundred thousand more,
Having mended the big Republic that rebellious faction tore;

With our empty sleeves pinned nately to the bosom's of our coats,
And our wooden legs, and our pockets all cram-full of greenback notes,
And we'll kick the base invader where he came from o'er the sea,
Then hurroo for the United States, and Ireland to be free!

UNPUBLISHED ANECDOTE.—GRINLING GIBBONS offered to bet that he would carve a woodcock in twenty minutes. SIR CHARLES WAGER cried, "Done!" and was; for GRINLING accomplished his task within the time the next day—at dinner.

A DOUBTFUL RECOMMENDATION.

WHEN they preach a sermon, parsons very often say too much: but here even in an advertisement is a specimen of clerical redundancy of language:—

TO the RESIDENTS OF MAYFAIR.—A young clergyman, who mixes in society, is desirous of being received into a house, where two or three rooms could be placed at his disposal. He seeks an introduction to some lady or gentleman, in this neighbourhood, whose house may be larger than required. Address, &c.

We do not quite see the advantage for a man who wants some lodgings to recommend himself by saying that he "mixes in Society," for the phrase provokes a question as to what sort of society it is in which he mixes, and what sort of drink it is that he is accustomed there to mix. A man who mixed, say, gin-and-water in the society of Shoreditch, would hardly be allowed to mix a sherry-cobler in that about Mayfair. So if this young parson fails to find his advertisement assist him to the lodgings he requires, we think he may assign his failure somewhat to the doubtful language he employs.

Climbing Fish.

THE other day a deputation from the Thames Angling Society attended by appointment before the Conservators of the River Thames to apply for the erection of fish ladders at the weirs of Teddington and Moulsey Locks. On hearing what MR. FRANK BUCKLAND had to say for this request, the Board gave their engineer instructions to fit two ladders to each of those weirs. No reasonable doubt is entertained that the fish will scale the ladders—except the eels.

MOTTO FOR THE DAVENPORTS.—Shut up.

Digitized by Google

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 14, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London. Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, October 29, 1864.



A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

Foreigner. "ARE DESE DE VAULTS OF DE CHURCH?"
Wine Porter. "YES, SIR."
Foreigner. "AND IS DER ANY BODY IN DAT?"
Wine Porter. "YES, SIR; AND TO MAKE A OLD JOKE, A VERY GOOD BODY, TOO."

[*Foreigner makes a Note of the peculiar method of Burial in England.*

AFTER-DINNER REPORTING.

IN their accounts of the late racing meeting at Newmarket, the sporting reporters have been careful to relate the fluctuations in the betting with much care and minuteness, stating, for our benefit, how the odds stood at the Corner all throughout the day before, and up to the moment of the start of each great race. The betting in the morning, directly after breakfast, has been chronicled, as well as that done later in the day. "LATEST BETTING BEFORE DINNER" on the eve of the Cambridgeshire was announced in capital letters to the readers of the *Times;* and one over-zealous gentleman, whom we privately commissioned to keep us "posted up" as to the odds against the animals expected at the post, was so good as to continue writing his despatches even after he had dined. As far as his handwriting has been hitherto deciphered, the following is his account of the doings at the Corner on the evening before the Cambridgeshire was run:—

"ARFER DIN-HINER BETTY BETTINGG.

"As I prophesighed no thasnotrigh meanshay as I predic-hic-ted business is more Anna mated doe think thasrigh either is it ¿ ~ ? hang it can't make note terrogation. In the hour before feedi—meanshay before dinner there was nothing tall done—exshep glasshortwo bitters. Specky—no scrashthatout—speckerlation is however much more active now, and odds are offered with more wine—thas not the word—mean spirit. Birchbroom before dinner was swep cleanoutof Betty Bettingg for nobody would handle him (MB joke is strickly copyrigh) But now he is 52 no 25 to something, while Brick (thas me of course and so heresh your goo heal ole boy) Brick I shay is 7 to nothing, no to something else. Ackworth has receded meantoshay advanced from 11 to 19 no 19 to 11, and as much as 3 to 12 in pennies I meansay in ponies quadrupeds you know has been laid against nother horse I forget hishname jushnow but I'll try and think of it next week. Somehow doe know why I've a singing in my head and fellows talk soqueer I don't hear very kclearly, but I bliave from wha I hear tha Stockinger ze favorite at 10000 to 1, but if he isnt I dont care an itsh not my faul I shure you. Before dinner letsh shee yes we'd shoup and two shortsfish and a glash or two of sherrhy and a glash or sho madeira and a barrel or two of sham and a glash of fine ole Stilton ale with the cheese—mean with zhe custards, before dinner I shay I shaid the berring men seemed getting sweet on Saccky Sacco hang the name I wrote it allrigh then I know qui forget it now burr its something about sugar and you can rhyme it with Barometer. Doe know who they're sweet on now—unleshit be the barmaid. But there's Muzzyun I mean Muezzin at 1 to 99 and its 99 to 1 but a few of them are Muzzy uns. Who will win I cant at present undertake to ind-hic-ate, but in looking at the favorite as well as I can see I have two horses in my eye, and they both mush prove zhe winner. You shall hear wha its name is when I can recomember it, but I shant write any more because thish pen wont spell and I cant remollect exactly what I want to shay. Beaideah I've no time now to think, for its jush ten oclock and the posh goes out at 9 sho I shall scarcely shave it.

"PS Waiter says Posh gone. Sho if you dont get this in time it ishnt my faul is it ¿"

Settlement of the Moral Drainage Question.

SINCE Australia refuses to allow our convicts to come near her, would ABRAHAM LINCOLN take them? As recruits they would constitute food for Confederate powder quite as good as the voluntary refuse employed; and one sure advantage of sending them to fight the battles of the Yankees would be that we should never see them again.

HORRIBLE AFFAIR.—At a dinner-party in the country the other day a great sensation was caused by a gentleman dividing two ladies.

Digitized by Google

QUACKS AND CONTEMPORARIES.



CAPTAIN BLANK is an officer in the British Army who, although he would advance intrepid under any cannonade, has had his liver out of order, become bilious and nervous, and alarmed about his health. He takes up a newspaper, and, at the bottom of one of its advertising columns, sees an advertisement of a popular medical work by DR. ASTERISKS and Co., of Hookey Street, Walker Square, relative to the symptoms which he has felt or fancied. He sends postage stamps to ASTERISKS and obtains the book, which is mainly a record of fictitious cases wherein symptoms similar to his own are attributed to unphysiological mistakes, which he is conscious of having made at some time of his life; mistakes that, when discovered, are mercilessly derided by the majority of persons, who have never committed them. He finds his perhaps imaginary disease described as tending to the most frightful results, inevitable except by consultation of the infallible DR. ASTERISKS, who guarantees a speedy and effectual cure. A correspondence ensues, consisting of reports of no progress on the part of the victim, and packages of nostrum on that of the quack, ending on the part of the latter, after having done the former out of between £80 and £90, with a demand of some £150 more, accompanied by a threat of publishing the patient's medical history if he dares refuse to pay the money.

Such, except names, is the summary of a case which came before one of the police-magistrates last week, and remains to be decided elsewhere. The quacks, let us hope, are in a fair way to penal servitude—would it were possible to add the pillory and the whipping post! The names of the parties concerned in this transaction are of no consequence; those which the quacks go by are aliases, and besides would soil this page. Moreover, ASTERISKS and Co. serve to stand for the whole tribe of scoundrels whose names figure down there in the rogues' corner of some newspapers that claim respectability. Many of the country papers, indeed, have whole sides sullied with the abominable puffs of these rascals, whose very names, if they appeared in *Punch's* pages, would blast the character of *Punch*.

Yet all these papers lie about on drawing-room tables, where they are open to the inspection of not only young gentlemen, but also young ladies.

Now, then, contemporaries, metropolitan and provincial, but especially provincial, that publish the advertisements of obscene quacks, did it never occur to you that, in so doing, you constitute yourselves the accomplices of the foulest of swindling extortioners? Are you so very hard up that you cannot do without the money of these dirty fellows? Is your circulation in such an alarming state that you really cannot afford to exclude their disgusting and fraudulent announcements? These noisome quacks are abolished, their occupation is gone, if you will only refuse their advertisements insertion.

Recollect that no author of any medical work, except a quack, ever advertises his address. To find out anybody that you suspect of being a quack, look his name out in the official Register of legally-qualified practitioners, where you will not find it. *Churchill's Medical Directory* will do. But the quacks' advertisements speak, or rather smell, for themselves. Reject those advertisements. If you do not, it will be for your readers to determine, for the future, whether the papers which they take in, and put in the way of their children, shall or shall not be clean.

The Lyceum.

The King's Butterfly is, in a double sense, beautifully mounted; *i.e.* as regards the scenery and the horse. *Fanfan* (MR. FECHTER) "gets himself up" admirably, on horseback: and we should say that the noble animal alone would be strong enough to draw, even though 'tis *but a fly* to which she is attached. The mare *Minerva* is none of your cream-coloured, pink-eyed circus steeds, and, though perfectly trained, appears as little broken, as is, by this time, MR. FECHTER'S English.

WHY SEW-CALLED?—The inventors of the several different sorts of Sewing Machines are thinking of calling them Reaping Machines, on account of the excellent Pecuniary Harvest gathered in by them.

A BISHOP'S TRIBUTE TO TENNYSON.

IT is with the greatest pleasure that we record a graceful tribute on the part of the Lord BISHOP OF OXFORD to the genius of ALFRED TENNYSON. At a meeting, in Ipswich, of friends of the principal Church Missionary Society, the Bishop, in seconding a resolution to acknowledge the Society's labours, observed, with reference to the prelates who preside over the Church in the Colonies:—

"There was an objection often taken to the Colonial Bishops that they were so frequently at home. People in this matter were like the man who saw half-a-dozen flies, on a hot summer's day whirling round and round, and said, 'Oh, the room is full of flies.' The fact was that when the Colonial Bishops came home they did not hide themselves out of the way at some watering-place, but the two or three who, after a continuous residence in their dioceses of from two to fourteen years, came to England, at the same time worked hard when they were here."

So hard, in preaching and advancing Missionary claims, that they make noise enough for many times their number, so much noise that people who hear it cry, as it were, "Oh, the room is full of flies." Evidently the BISHOP OF OXFORD spoke fresh from reading the Laureate's *Northern Farmer*, and bearing in mind the following reference in that poem by the departing agriculturist to "Parson:"—

"An' I hallus cessed to 's chooreh afoor moy SALLY wur deäd,
An' 'eärd us a bummin' awaäy loike a buzzard clock ower my yeäd."

MR. TENNYSON makes the Lincolnshire Farmer compare the effect produced upon his ears by the sermon of a single clergyman to the hum of a cockchafer blundering about aloft against surrounding objects. The Bishop does the Bard the honour of accepting his comparison, and, by a slight variation, adapting it to the discourses of a few bishops, of whose eloquence he conveys a neat idea by suggesting its resemblance to the buzzing of numerous flies. Everybody had before heard of "Bishop's Blue," but the BISHOP OF OXFORD will have taught us to associate that colour with the big buzzing fly commonly called a "blue-bottle."

There is a celebrated Chorus in HANDEL'S great Oratorio, *Israel in Egypt*, in which the buzz of a swarm of flies is imitated in the accompaniment so naturally that those who hear it are always prompted to exclaim, "Oh, the room is full of flies," and in so saying they will in future think of the BISHOP OF OXFORD and his brother bluebottles.

MOTHER MEDIUM.

Is there any sperrits present? If so be there 's any, p'r'aps,
They will sinnify their presence in the usal way by raps.
Yes, there is, well now then, Mister, take the halfabet, you 'll find
They will rap at the right letter, name a party in your mind.

If you axes of a question, two raps means in answer no,
Three is yes, which on inquiry likewise you will find it so.
Ary gent or lady wish a word from ary sperrit dear?
Ary sperrit ary message got for ary party here?

Now I looks from one to t'other round the circle, if you please,
Sperrit, you will be so kind as rap the party when I sees,
Did yer feel the sperrit-touch, Mum? No, not yet, you will in turn,
They 're a fumblin' at my ancles, and they soon will be at yourn.

No, there ain't no himposition; sperrit 'ands is what you feels,
Pattin' of you on the hinstep, catchin' of you by the eels;
No, look onderneath the table, there ain't nothink to be seen.
No, I ain't got no tame monkey what runs up my Crinoline.

DICKEY-SAM LATIN.

SEE how men—and MAGGIES—may grow wiser every day! Here is the *Liverpool Daily Mercury's* answer to a fair inquirer:—

"MAGGIE.—The letters S.P.Q.R. on the doors of St George's Hall stand for *salus populi qui Romanum*—the welfare of the people of Rome."

We once heard of a stage-manager, who, having a love of order, was scandalised at the non-natural arrangement of the above letters on a banner, and so the star *Coriolanus* was a good deal more astonished than delighted to see himself confronted by P. Q. R. S. But we doubt whether even this official would have solved the Latin mystery as our friend of the *Liverpool Daily Mercury* has done. We hear that DR. WILLIAM SMITH has written to him to engage his services as sub-editor of the next edition of the Classical Dictionary, wisely considering that so profound a scholar should not be lost among the Dickey-Sams.

SWEET NAME FOR YOUNG LADIES PLAYING CROQUET.—Hammer-dryads.

THE CONSEQUENCE OF DINING WITH LA SOCIÉTÉ HIPPOPHAGIENE.—Nightmare.

Digitized by Google

THEATRICAL REFLECTIONS.

IF "*Veluti in speculum*"—
The theatre's old motto—
Be still owned to hold water,
A pretty pass we've got to!
Judging society and taste
By its stage presentation,
'Tis really something that deserves
The title of "Sensation!"

Here's half the town—if bills be true—
To Astley's nightly thronging,
To see "the MENKEN" throw aside
All to her sex belonging.
Stripping off woman's modesty
With woman's outward trappings—
A bare-backed jade on bare-backed steed,
In CARTLICH's old strappings!

"Who live to please"—no need on us
That stale excuse for thrusting:—
There *is* a way to please one-tenth,
The nine-tenths by disgusting.
Your shame why let these bills, wherewith
You plaster London's wen, ken?
"Bring forth the horse!"—Yes, MR. SMITH,
But don't bring forth "the MENKEN."

If four-legged actors on the stage
Attract with such a force, he
Who'd pay his way must brutes engage,
To please our asses horsey,
No wonder the great FECHTER's self,
Through *Hamlet* tired of sawing,
Finding *mere* scenery won't do,
Trusts to a horse for drawing.

From SHAKSPEARE to French melodrame
Seemed a sufficient tumble,
But underneath *that* mezzanine,
There is a floor more humble.
As *Hamlet* is to *Lagardère*—
'Tis a sum in proportion—
So 's *Lagardère* to *La Tulipe*—
Last Anglo-French abortion.

From the Lyceum if we turn—
La Tulipe's knots still undone—
To the Princess's, 'tis a step
To—from—*The Streets of London.*
Here you may see Trafalgar Square—
A great realisation!
And from "a house on fire" may bear
A full dose of Sensation.

A *realistic* age! it acts;
Nor taste to approve importunes;
The painters realise their facts,
The managers their fortunes.
But times may turn, and taste retrieve
The credit of the nation,
And from a stage so sunken leave
Disgust the sole "Sensation."

Spirits Below Proof.

DR. NEWMAN somewhere says that the devil has often been put to ridiculous flight by the sign of the Cross. No doubt he has, as often as he has appeared. It is a remarkable fact that the "sperrits" which actuate Mediums, can never stand any conclusive test, and ever also avoid the *experimentum crucis*.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS.

A WORK at which MR. BASS, M.P., does not wish any student to "grind" is the *Novum Organon*.

WHERE would be the place to plant a *Cannon?*
In the Forest of *Dean.*

MOTTO TO BE ENGRAVED ON A HABERDASHER'S CARD.—"Ties pay the Dealer."

EPITAPH ON A LETTER CARRIER.—*Post obit.*

SIMPLICITY IS CHARMING.

THE *Salut Public* of Lyons, in a notice relative to the EMPEROR and EMPRESS OF RUSSIA on their way through that city, makes a statement which may be commended to the attention of the mothers and daughters of England:—

"As to the EMPRESS, without giving any special details as to her attire, we may affirm that she was dressed with a simplicity that a *bourgeoise* would have disdained."

Who would not like to see his betrothed, or his wife and daughters, but especially his wife and daughters, dress with the simplicity which an Empress would choose but a *bourgeoise* would disdain? What man is there who would not rather see the woman whom he loves, and still rather the women whom he has to maintain, attired in the simple dress which the taste of an Empress approves of, but the ostentatiousness of a Snobbess despises? To be sure an Empress may have the taste of a Snobbess, and set all manner of flaunting, ridiculous, and expensive fashions; but that is not the case of the EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, whose simplicity of apparel cannot be too strongly recommended as an example to all ladies, but particularly those who are married or who wish to get married. For the present expense of female dress is one of the greatest of the many troubles that PATERFAMILIAS, whose means are not unlimited, has to contend with; and this also it is which keeps every young man, unless he either has a large fortune, or is a great fool, single. There's the respect that makes celibacy of such long life: and then we hear a cry of "employment for women," and have girls emigrating to the rough settlements, or trying to be compositors, or entering the medical profession, or jumping off bridges, or even going for governesses!

On the simplicity of the EMPRESS OF RUSSIA's dress, the *Salut Public* remarks that:—

"When a lady is Empress of All the Russias, she may wear the most simple articles with impunity."

Let our fair readers be assured that the ability to wear the most simple articles with impunity is not a privilege confined to the EMPRESS OF ALL THE RUSSIAS. Any English lady may dress with the most simple elegance possible, except here and there one, bound in matrimony to an extraordinary man, who likes to see his wife rigged out in the extreme of finery, and who, unless she bedizens herself showily enough to please him, will neglect her and absent himself from home, and live at his Club. The disdain with which a "*bourgeoise*" may please to regard the simplicity of a lady's dress, is, in so far as it signifies anything at all, a compliment, and not a punishment to any lady.

MONASTICISM AT NORWICH.

(*Evidence of a Churchwarden, omitted in the Newspaper Reports of the recent proceedings of the Norwich Poor Law Board.*)

"ALL the chimneys of BROTHER IGNATIUS's Anglican Monastery have been fitted with cowls. Knew that monks wore cowls. Wouldn't let *his* chimney wear a cowl if he know'd it. Yes, I did once hear some one or other, a friend of IGNATIUS's, say "well! I'm blessed!" Considered the expression decidedly Popish. Had seen MR. HILLYARD cross a road. (*Sensation.*) Knew that crossing was Papistical. Had never seen any of the monks cross a horse. Had heard as the POPE used to bless animals. Didn't know what a Rude Brick was. (*Laughter.*) Oh, a Ru-bri-k? It was what the Church was made of; at least bricks. He was a Brick himself, convivially speaking. (*Applause.*) Knew the song beginning 'Many have told of the Monks of Old.' Would sing it with pleasure." (*Witness was here repressed by the Chairman, and removed.*)

Skye High!

"TRAVELLING in Skye" has been the heading to numerous letters in the *Times*. If there's anything wrong in this sort of journeying, surely MESSRS. COXWELL and GLAISHER could furnish us with the best information on this aërial subject.

ELECTION INFORMATION.

AT the Coming Election, gentlemen desirous of becoming M.P.'s, have only to support the Mediums, to insure, at the critical moment, an overpowering show of Hands.

QUESTION FOR THE NEXT SOCIAL SCIENCE MEETING.

WHAT is BRITANNIA's aquatic flower?
"A-rose, a-rose, from out the azure main."

THE ORIGINAL "TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM."—The Chariot of Phaëton.

Digitized by Google



A STREET FIGHT.

Wife of his Bussum (to Vanquished Hero). "TERENCE, YE GREAT UMMADAWN, WHAT DO YER GIT INTO THIS THRUBBLE FOR?"

Vanquished Hero (to Wife of his Bussum). "D'YE CALL IT THRUBBLE, NOW? WHY, IT'S ENGYEMENT!"

HOMERIC NEWS.

LORD DERBY has translated the *Iliad*. MR. MURRAY is the publisher. Two volumes. Blank verse. We are always delighted when any of our own Contributors does a good thing, and we doubt not that the DERBY *Iliad* will prove a scholarly performance. We believe that LORD DERBY is not a man who troubles other people for much assistance, or he might have asked some of his political friends and acquaintances to aid him in the work. POPE, as we all know, had much help in translating HOMER. It would have been interesting to read an advertisement, after the ancient fashion, setting forth the "Eminent Hands," and the "Parts undertook by them." We should like to see SIR JOHN PAKINGTON'S version of the Catalogue of the Ships: we should much like to see LORD PALMERSTON'S rendering of the description of the Useless Fortifications; and we should particularly like to see LORD RUSSELL'S treatment of the Unsuccessful Embassy. The splendid Non-Intervention passage (in Book VIII.) might employ the fiery pen of LORD ELLENBOROUGH; and though MR. WALPOLE is, happily, not likely to set the Thames on fire, we should willingly entrust him with that feat in the case of the Scamander. The BISHOP OF OXFORD, with the friendly aid of LORD WESTBURY, could surely do ample justice to the anger of the enraged priest, Chryses. But LORD DERBY has chosen to say "Alone I did it," and we need hardly add that a favourite Contributor to *Punch* would be, single-handed, equal to HOMER, even were he multiplied by the number of cities in which he applied for out-door relief.

COURT NURSERY CIRCULAR.

THE Mothers of England have been much afflicted at reading a statement that little PRINCE VICTOR, on his home voyage, suffered from the *mal de mer*. *Punch* has authority to contradict the assertion, and to say that the Royal Baby was never sick at all until, on arriving at Hull, a display of abject flunkeyism was made by the authorities. No intelligent baby could stand that. But he is now quite well again, and crows with pleasure at this nursery rhyme, which was composed for him by his head-nurse:—

"Chickaboo, chuckaboo, ALDERMAN ABBEY,
Bought the nice cow that gave milk for the babby;
Bought the nice cow that gave milk for the baby,
Didn't we laugh at the Alderman gaby?"

CAN Cock-crowing be called (h)en-chanting?

THE NAGGLETONS ON SPIRITUALISM.

We still find our friends in their fashionable residence. Time, eleven at night. MRS. NAGGLETON, *sola, in the drawing-room, reading "The Gentle Life."—Enter* MR. NAGGLETON. *He glances at the elegant clock.*

Mr. Naggleton (taking a seat). Do you see anything remarkable about me, MARIA?

Mrs. Naggleton (scarcely looking at him). You look very slovenly, and you have come up-stairs with muddy boots, but there is nothing remarkable in either.

Mr. N. In either of my boots?

Mrs. N. In either proof of your disregard of the decencies of life. I witness it too often.

Mr. N. (exalted). Ah, don't scold now, but listen to something interesting.

Mrs. N. I prefer to go to bed. It is very late.

Mr. N. Yes, it was not much later last night when you informed me that you were ready to go out.

Mrs. N. O, if you wish to quarrel, I submit. I have no spirits to resist.

Mr. N. Resist, nonsense. Spirits is the word, however. I have been with the spirits.

Mrs. N. What nonsense are you talking?

Mr. N. None. I tell you I have been at a Manifestation, and I have seen some very extraordinary things.

Mrs. N. You cannot mean that you have been at a *séance*.

Mr. N. Why can't I?

Mrs. N. But you don't?

Mr. N. But I do.

Mrs. N. That you have been to one of those meetings, where they sit in the dark, and supernatural things are pretended to be done.

Mr. N. Are done.

Mrs. N. HENRY, I did hope that I should never have to despise my husband.

Mr. N. Well, I rather hoped so too, at least not this husband.

Mrs. N. I trust that you are joking with me.

Mr. N. You don't encourage me in *that* practice, my dear. I am telling you a simple truth. I have been to a spirit-manifestation, and I thought that though you are not usually much interested in anything I say, you might like to hear about this.

Mrs. N. I have heard enough.

Mr. N. O, very well, just as you please. I am sorry now that I did not go over and have a cigar with BROWNER and POLDOODIE, instead of making the best of my way home.

Mrs. N. MR. BROWNER I know enough of to wish to know no more. The other person with the ridiculous name I never heard of, but you have a talent for picking up low acquaintance. That is a trifle, however.

Mr. N. It is not a trifle that you should tell a spiteful untruth. And POLDOODIE is not a low acquaintance, at least you did not think so when he took you down to dinner at the PANKEYS'.

Mrs. N. What a falsehood. That was MR. HOISTER.

Mr. N. All the same. In our facetious way we call him POLDOODIE, which is some kind of Scotch for oyster.

Mrs. N. I thought him too much of a gentleman to allow vulgar liberties to be taken with his name.

Mr. N. Then you thought wrong, you see, as you often do. A true gentleman is not a starched stiffback Snotchleyfied prig, but a man who can distinguish between good fellowship and impertinence.

Mrs. N. If he associates with your set, he has plenty of opportunities of appreciating the latter. (*Rises.*) I suppose you will go to bed when you are ready.

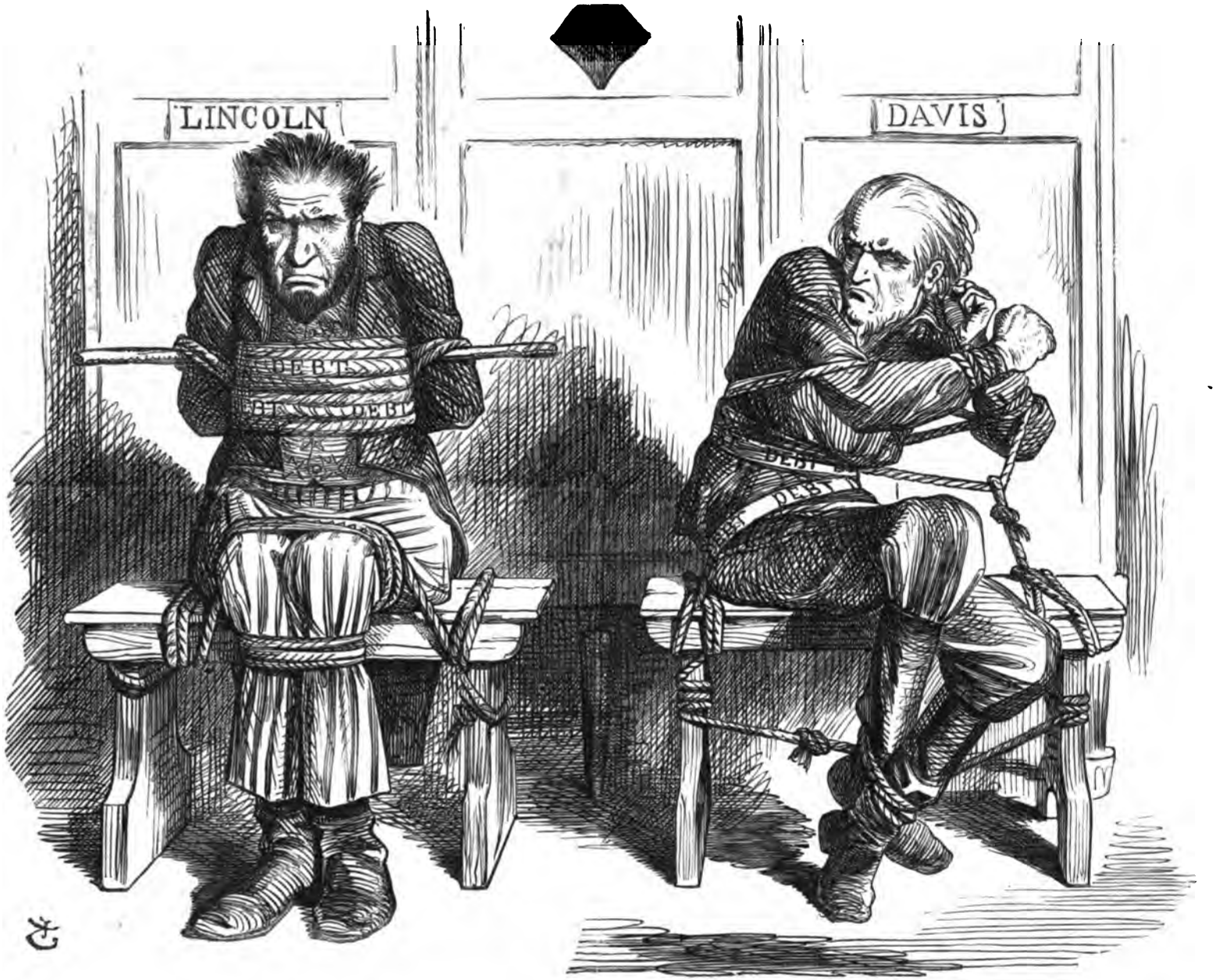
Mr. N. I suppose I shall. Good night, if you are going.

Mrs. N. Put out the gas, unless you are afraid.

Mr. N. What should I be afraid of?

Mrs. N. Your conscience.

Digitized by Google



THE AMERICAN BROTHERS; OR, "HOW WILL THEY GET OUT OF IT?"

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Mr. N. What 's my conscience got to do with the gas? What has the Gas Company's own conscience to do with it either, if you come to that, for it 's very bad and precious dear?

Mrs. N. I see that you wish not to be left alone, and I do not wonder. (*Returns to her seat.*) If you play these tricks with your nerves, you will soon be a pitiable creature.

Mr. N. I am that, but not account of nerves. My nerves were never better in my life. What do you mean?

Mrs. N. Try to carry it off so, but I know you better. You have been dreadfully frightened, and it serves you quite right.

Mr. N. Frightened at what, in the name of all that is ridiculous?

Mrs. N. How should I know what wicked folly you have been witnessing? I only see that it has had its effect on you, being a weak man, and that you are all in a flurry. You had better go to bed. I will light you to your door, and you can keep the gas burning all night—that extravagance is better than your being terrified into illness. Will you take anything sedative?

Mr. N. Yes, some brandy-and-water, and a cigar, which I 'll have in the study. Don't be nonsensical. I am about as much frightened as you are. Will you hear what I have seen?

Mrs. N. I had rather not, but if talking relieves you, go on.

Mr. N. (*aside*). I knew she wanted to hear all about it. Well, POLDOODIE called——

Mrs. N. Oblige me by keeping that vulgarity for your friends, and by giving persons their right names.

Mr. N. HOISTER, then, but I think the other name is more aristocratic—hoister reminds one of a crane at a warehouse.

Mrs. N. As I do not frequent warehouses, I am not reminded of anything of the kind.

Mr. N. (*swallowing his repartee*). *He* called and asked me to go to the *séance*, which was at a private house in Pall Mall, so I had a chop with him at the Reform Club.

Mrs. N. In those boots? But I believe that the radical and republican faction tramples upon all external decencies—the floor is sanded, I suppose.

Mr. N. How can you talk such idiotcy? I wish you could see the Reform kitchen.

Mrs. N. You don't mean that you condescended to dine in a kitchen?

Mr. N. No, I don't, though I've dined in worse places. We had one bottle of champagne, and one of claret, between three, BROWNER being the other, and some liqueur.

Mrs. N. Your wife had one glass of pale ale.

Mr. N. More goose my wife, who has the cellar-key.

Mrs. N. Which she will never use again after the insult and abuse which followed her last use of it.

Mr. N. There was neither, MARIA. I only said that you might have given a pack of schoolboys something cheaper than my best port. But confound your memory for old grievances—you never remember pleasant things.

Mrs. N. I have so few to remember.

Mr. N. You are as lucky a woman as I know. Well, we went over at eight, and found about twenty people assembled. The Medium was brought in, and the operator made a little speech, and then the lights were put out, and we sat in a circle, with our hands joined.

Mrs. N. Fancy a pack of men being such fools.

Mr. N. There were some women, too, for I held hands with two.

Mrs. N. Nice sort of persons to come to such a place.

Mr. N. You 'd go to-morrow, if I would take you.

Mrs. N. (*knows that quite well*). I hope, HENRY, that even if you commanded me to go, I should know my duty too well to obey.

Mr. N. I won't try you, my dear, especially as I disapprove of women's sanctioning such things. After a time we heard some scratchings and knockings, and then music began to play in different parts of the room, the instruments moving about.

Mrs. N. Confederates, of course.

Mr. N. I don't know whether they were Federals or Confederates. Then some luminous hands appeared, and waved about.

Mrs. N. Old gloves stuffed with bran and rubbed with phosphorus, and stuck on the end of wires, or lazytongs.

Mr. N. I cannot say. Then a strong and mysterious wind passed by, and they said it was the spirits' wings.

Mrs. N. Pair of bellows, most likely, blown by some of the party.

Mr. N. And then there was a very faint light, and some said that they saw a human figure moving through the air.

Mrs. N. Your own child could do that trick better, in the daylight, with the kite he blows out into the shape of a boy. Upon my word, I can hardly listen with patience to such trash.

Mr. N. And then something hit me on the head.

Mrs. N. I am very glad of it.

Mr. N. And then some said that hands were touching them.

Mrs. N. No doubt they were. Pickpockets. The business seems invented for genteel pickpockets.

Mr. N. And at last a hand came to me and touched mine.

Mrs. N. If you had had any spirit you would have caught it.

Mr. N. I did, and held it tight.

Mrs. N. And of course let go, just as you do everything.

Mr. N. Not exactly, for there it is.

[*Flings the Spirit-hand on the table.* MRS. NAGGLETON *snatches it up.*

Mrs. N. As I said. No, where are my scissors. (*Cuts it.*) No, wool, not bran, and springs, and see where it was broken off from whatever was holding it. Why, you can smell the phosphorus quite plainly.

Mr. N. Well, but don't rub it on my nose.

Mrs. N. But didn't anybody know you had caught the hand? Of course you couldn't keep the secret to yourself.

Mr. N. I held my tongue. The business came to a sudden end, and we were told that the spirits were unhappy, and that a compact of honour had been broken. But as nobody confessed, there was an end.

Mrs. N. HENRY, I was displeased with you for going, for you are not strong, and you are easily imposed upon. But I am glad that you had sense enough not to be deceived by the jugglers. You ought to have denounced, out loud, the whole imposition, and shown that head. MR. SNOTCHLEY would have done so, I am sure. But you have behaved better than I expected, and so THERE (*only on his cheek, though*), and now I will mix you some brandy-and-water, if you 'll come down-stairs. Wicked humbugs, they ought to be flogged.

Mr. N. Strong language, my dear.

Mrs. N. I mean it to be strong.

Mr. N. Mean the same about my grog, my dear.

[*Exeunt, to celebrate the Event.*

A PROMISING PERFORMANCE.



LIGHT chamber music is by some folks held in high esteem; but there are some kinds of chamber music not much to our liking, as, for instance, the music of the mice behind the wainscot in the chamber where we sleep, and the music of tom-cats upon the tiles above our bed-chamber. It is frequently our fate to hear an *Opera di Camera* of this distracting sort, and we own that we would gladly give our ears to get away from it. But we like such chamber operas as MR. GERMAN REED has introduced to public notice at the Gallery of Illustration; and, as we hate being thought singular, we are very glad to see that very many other people appear to share our liking. The Gallery was so full the night when we "attended hearing" (we use a legal phrase to show we are a judge of music) that it was all that we could do to get our ears and eyes inside it; and, as all the floor is occupied with seats, we hope, when next we go, to find a row or two of chairs suspended in mid-air for the comfort of late comers. Perhaps the spirits will be kind enough to act upon our hint, and help a few people to float, like MR. HOME, close to the ceiling; only, in asking this small favour, we fear we ask too much, for the spirits hitherto have done nothing half so useful.

Nice music, nicely sung, is nightly heard within the gallery; and if they want to give their ears a treat that won't cost much, both soldiers and civilians should hear *The Soldier's Legacy*. Fresh, pretty, and harmonious, this little work, mayhap, will give them greater pleasure than many a grand opera; and if they don't admire the sweet-throated MISS HENDERSON and the pleasant-tongued MISS POOLE, we can only pity their miss-appreciation. They must like MR. WHIFFIN, too, if they have any ear for music: and even if they have not, they must at least admire a tenor who gives himself no airs while he is occupied in singing them. As for poor dear funny snubbed and snub-nosed MR. SHAW, he gets laughed at every night so much that he is now quite used to it; and so they need not be afraid that he will think them rude for grinning at him. If because he acts so well you fancy he can't sing well, we can only say, O pshaw! you unbeliever, go and hear him. As the blacksmith in *Too Many Cooks*, he is as harmonious as the Blacksmith of old HANDEL; and we have a strong *soupçon* that the relish of his soup song will tempt many of his hearers to come of'en back to OFFENBACH. Indeed, in songs as well as singers, the *Opera di Camera* is throughout so bright and sparkling that no one can mistake it for a camera-obscura.



A REBUKE.

Host. "FISH IS VERY EXPENSIVE, JUST NOW, I CAN TELL YOU. THIS SALMON COST ME TWO AND SIXPENCE A POUND!"

Guest (no Business of his). "AH, IT'S VERY GOOD, I THINK I'LL TAKE ANOTHER EIGHTEEN PENN'ORTH!"

A WIT AND A WEDDING.

WE take this from the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*. He seems to make very free indeed:—

"We hear that the charming and talented sister of an Irish Earl has at last yielded to the matrimonial solicitations of a well-known wit, whose devotion for her has been of long standing."

We are married, therefore we are not the well-known wit who has been soliciting the charming young lady to marry him. But—if it is the custom in Ireland to expatiate in the papers upon the mental and physical attractions of brides, and the intellectual and amatory merits of bridegrooms—why not tell us who the parties are, or at least who the gentleman is? If he be really a wit, and would like to add a thousand or two a-year to his income, he had better write to us, while on his honey-moon, and he will find an agreeable letter awaiting him when he brings home his bride.

N.B. If the above paragraph turn out to be an extract from the *Court Journal* and a blunder—we beg pardon for tautology—we retract.

The Donkey and the Davenports.

OH my guinea, my guinea!
Myself, with two or three others,
Paid all that, like a ninny,
To see the DAVENPORT Brothers.
Say one farthing would fee them,
To save it would prove you no miser.
A fool for going to see them,
I didn't come back any wiser.

SPORTING PROPHECY.

THAT a dark horse named *Burglar* will, one of these days, win two Darbies.

A CAP THAT WILL FIT.

THE subjoined case, lately reported in the *Birmingham Post*, is recommended to the attention of LORD PALMERSTON:—

"IMPRISONED FOR NOT ATTENDING CHURCH.—At the Candover monthly Petty Sessions, on Wednesday, before the REV. H. BURTON and H. DE WARTER, ESQ., two agricultural labourers, in the employ of MR. GEORGE MASON, Farmer, Ryton, named JOHN PINCHES and RICHARD DAVIES, were brought up at the instance of their master, charged with having, on the 4th of September, refused to obey his lawful commands. From the evidence it appeared that the 'lawful commands' deposed to in the summons were resolved into the fact that on the day named, it being Sunday, MR. MASON ordered the men to go to church, which they point blank refused to do. The case having been fully proved, the defendants were sentenced to seven days' imprisonment in the House of Correction."

We do not wish to underrate the services rendered the Church by the many profound divines, erudite scholars, and conclusive reasoners who have utterly confuted BISHOP COLENSO and the authors of *Essays and Reviews*. But logical argument, although it may in some degree tend to abate the scepticism of the educated classes, is not the method by which the warfare against irreligion is best to be conducted amongst the poor. Seven days' imprisonment in the House of Correction for refusing to attend church, will do more to convince a couple of agricultural labourers of the great truths which are proclaimed from the pulpit, than all the verbal demonstration and exhortation in the world. What H. DE WARTER, ESQ., may deserve for his share in the just and wise sentence passed on JOHN PINCHES and RICHARD DAVIES, for not going to church, the HOME SECRETARY will perhaps best judge; but the noble PREMIER, who has made so many bishops, should, on the very next vacancy that occurs on the Episcopal Bench, add one more to their number by putting a mitre on the head of the REV. H. BURTON.

A Misapprehension.

A LADY, not very young and excessively nervous about travelling in company with the opposite sex, hearing of the "limited mail," availed herself of it for a journey to the North, expecting to find the horrid creatures few and far between. Her consternation, on discovering her mistake, may be imagined.

DEFINITION OF "ATTIC SALT."—A Greek Sailor.

IRISH THEATRICALS.

AN old Farce is about to be revived at the Theatre Vice-regal, Dublin. Subjoined is the correct cast:—

THE IRISH AMBASSADOR.

The Irish Ambassador (*with several dances, to be given during the season*), LORD WODEHOUSE.

Private Secretary and Assistant Private Secretary (*who will sing in character the popular duet "We've got no work to do,"* by Two distinguished Amateurs.

State Steward (*by kind permission of* MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER), MR. PAUL BEDFORD.

Controller of the Vice-regal Household, MRS. PUBLIC OPINION (*of the Theatre Royal Great Britain and Ireland*).

Chamberlain, MR. W. H. PAYNE (*of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden*).

Master of the Horse (*with the song of "I'd be a Butterfly"*), MR. FECHTER (*in his new Equestrian character*).

Gentleman at Large, MR. BANTING.

Aides-de-Camp, By MESSRS. SHOULDER, ARMS, LEFT, WHEEL, EYES, RIGHT, QUICK, MARCH, FORWARD, &c. &c.

The Piece will be got up regardless of expense, and nothing will be wanting on the part of the Management to ensure a success. Revivals are seldom worth the trouble and care bestowed upon them, and, in this particular instance, we cannot predict a long run for the resuscitated Farce.

SAM OXON'S LAST.

REALLY the BISHOP OF OXFORD does say very good things. Last week, on Tuesday night, at the dinner given by the LORD MAYOR to the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, the BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH, and himself, with a number of the London Clergy, in responding to the toast of "The Bishops and the Clergy," he observed that:—

"It was no mere empty formality which gathered the Clergy around his Lordship at these banquets."

No, indeed. The Clergy who enjoyed the LORD MAYOR'S hospitality at the Mansion House may have included some formalists, but we may be sure enough that not one of them was empty. It may be safely concluded, that the most formal of all the Anglo-Catholic ritualists, who may have sat down to turtle soup at the banquet of the Civic Monarch, did not fast on that occasion.

Digitized by Google

THE UMBRELLA; ITS USE AND ABUSE.



OUR use of an umbrella, in London, is not merely as a protection against rain. No; for who that cares one sixpence, out of twenty-one and sixpence, for his umbrella, would ever expose it to the shower-bath of the Pluvian Jupiter? Not I. In fact, the umbrella is useless; as when it rains, one takes a cab.

In what situation is a man more utterly helpless than when, on a pouring wet day, he is coming from a railway station, in a Hansom, with the window down, and a portmanteau, which the cabman has placed over the trap in the roof?

He can holloa and shout it is true; but will the sound penetrate? will it rise above the din of the streets?

How am I to communicate with the driver? How am I to inform him that he has taken a wrong turning? I don't know, no more do you. Who can tell me? If I break his window, he has a remedy against me for damage. If I manage with great physical exertion to push the trap up, the portmanteau is violently knocked over, and dislodges the driver from his perch; away goes the horse, and where am I then? I just draw your attention to these facts.

Of what use, then, is the umbrella?

It is used to prevent people from treading on your heels. Swung quickly round and round, it will clear your path of tumbling boys, "a penny a wheel," and professional beggars.

It is specially useful as a cab-signal. Without shouting out "Hi!" "Here, Hansom!" "Hi, here cabbee!"—a proceeding that only strains the voice and tries the temper, if attention is not promptly given to your call—the umbrella should be gently and gracefully lifted with one motion of the wrist, at the same time that you make a slight inclination of the head, and the intelligent driver, thus decorously and politely summoned, will at once cheerfully pull up at the kerb where you are standing.

The umbrella will, then, in a Hansom, be used for directing the cabman's course, much in the fashion of a penny-steamboat captain's hand-steering, only without the shrill-voiced boy's assistance. Time the movements of your umbrella so as to render the cabman's obedience easy: point out, with it, the exact door whereat you wish to stop. If the horse is slow, and you are sure the driver can't see you (and he can't if you only know the right plan) you can touch up the animal judiciously, not cruelly, with the ferule. Don't accompany the action with "tchk!" or "come up!" or the cabman may hear, and suspect. Of four-wheelers, and of the further use and abuse of umbrellas, more another time.

By the way, let me ask, are the hatters of London in league with the Hansom-cab manufacturers? Who can get into one of these vehicles without knocking his hat against the window, that never will allow itself to be pulled up to the top? Ride regularly in Hansoms, and your gossamer won't last a week.

By what natural law is it, that, in a Hansom, one invariably shuts the wrong door first?

Can two gentlemen sit comfortably in a Hansom? If so, how?

A Piano for Sale.

HERE we are again! Talk of CLASPER and carsmen, what could they do in comparison with this lady:—

A PIANO FOR SALE BY A LADY ABOUT TO CROSS THE CHANNEL in an Oak-case with carved legs.

Apparently no one can put a stop to her. Hardly proper is it, especially the mention of the calved—ahem!

Done Brown.

CAN the Spiritualists show the same chairs, tables, Davenports, &c., in two places at the same time? We can. The furniture at this present moment standing in a drawing-room, in a house in London, not far from Grosvenor Square, is all in "Holland." Cards to view this wonderful phenomenon may be had at the office.

TELEGRAMS.

WE have received several complaints concerning the present incomplete state of Telegraphic Communication. Not a message sent by Telegraph, but must also go by several Posts!

THE real winner of the Cesarewitch.—PRINCESS DAGMAR.
The exact worth of Spiritualism.—Not a rap.
Two powder lighters.—EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA and KING OF PRUSSIA.

A RAP FOR THE SPIRITS.

I MUST rank as an old fogey—
Now decades five have sped,
Since the days when from Old Boguey
I cowered in childish dread;
The nursery's vile instruction,
In spectre, ghost and ghoul,
Was my infant introduction
To the Spiritual school.

Now, Old Boguey is promoted
From nursery to first floor,
And old fools to ghosts devoted
More than young ones were of yore.
Not for wholesome *night-caps* mixing,
Such as good folks once enjoyed,
But for *fools'-caps* wholesale fixing,
Now "The Spirits" are employed.

When rogues go up like rockets,
There are fools the raps who'll stand:
We've a HOME, into our pockets
To dip a "sperrit"-hand.
We've a FORSTER to discover,
Thoughts though close sealed-up from view—
Sure such gulls as round him hover,
Should be easy to see through!

We've the DAVENPORTS, *par nobile*,
With their ropes to draw fools in—
Their Medium—*primum mobile*
Of Yankee sperrits—tin!
"Pay your sovereigns, sceptic carpers;
See us slip from knot and noose!"
Thank you—*you're* not the first sharpers
We've seen playing fast and loose.

As for wriggling oneself loose,
From knots, ties, and bonds,—the thing
Has long had acknowledged use,
And the art is in full swing.
We have many a politician,
Who's long been a perfect dab in it;
And defies your competition,
Out of, or in the Cabinet.

Shall I pay my simple pound in,
To hear your trumpet blow?
Be it of your own sounding,
Or the blast of BOUCICAULT?
No end of quacks, too-tooing
Gratis the public hears—
'Tis what DION has been doing,
Any day these last four years.

Still humbug follows science,
As shadow waits on light:
'Gainst rogues' and fools' alliance,
Truth at sore odds must fight;
Learn humbleness from history,
Take your spirits and be jolly—
Drink "the great asinine mystery"—
That oldest "od-force"—folly!

Ecclesiastical—Change of Name.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD, with that æsthetic and fine feline sense, which lifts him above other Prelates, has recommended that all Churches hereafter built in his style shall be called "Pretty Pussey Churches;" but as an intelligent little girl remarked to her maternal Parent, of course this will not interfere with any dogma which Puseyites consistently embrace.

CONCLUSIVE.

"How can you prove the existence of these 'Sperrits?'" asked a sceptic of MR. S. C. HALL. "Prove them?" replied S. C., impressively—"The Sperrits are above proof!"

RETREAT FOR DECAYED SPIRITUALISTS.—The *Home* for Idiots.

Digitized by Google



EMBARRAS DE RICHESSE.

JACK GRUBSELL WAS SKETCHING IN GALWAY THIS SUMMER, AND ONE MORNING BOUGHT A FEW ARTICLES OF RUSTIC COSTUME FOR HIS STUDIO—THE NEWS SPREAD—THE WHOLE COUNTRY WAS UP—AND DOWN UPON HIM, AS HE WAS AT DINNER—AND HE WAS BOISTEROUSLY OFFERED THE PICK OF THE GARMENTS OF FOUR LARGE PARISHES THE SAME EVENING!

LETTER FROM A GHOST.

THE Ghost of the late JOHN WILSON CROKER, ESQUIRE, presents his compliments to the Editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and begs leave to call his attention to the following passage in the New (232nd) Number of that periodical—(Art. IV. p. 413, lines 21, 22, right hand page.) The article purports to be a review of a *Dictionary of the Bible*, by DR. WILLIAM SMITH:—

"We believe that it will be an invaluable gift to the *clergy*, whether Churchmen or Dissenters."

Can the Ghost trust his eyes? Is this the *Quarterly Review*, once (in Mr. CROKER's time) the bulwark and organ of the Church of England? Is the present Editor aware of the *frightful*, HOWLING WICKEDNESS of what he has inserted? Since when has it been permitted to give the title of Clergy to SCHISMATICS? The Ghost is not a *laudator temporis acti*, but he fearlessly states that in his days the pages of the *Quarterly* should have been defaced by no such BASE concession to the *insolence* of Dissent. The book reviewed seems to be valuable, though it is marked by a lamentable absence of denunciation of those who refuse to see theological matters in the *one* and ONLY light, but if it be a good book, those who know the Dissenters—*affectedly* called Nonconformists—must be aware that it is casting pearls before swine to offer it to those bigoted schismatics and revolutionary infidels. Yet to compliment SUCH FOLKS, the great Church and Conservative Review ranks their preachers with *real* CLERGYMEN! The Ghost of JOHN WILSON CROKER, ESQUIRE, is too disgusted to add more.

A Considerable Sum of Sorrow.

THE national debt incurred by the Federal States up to the present time is calculated to amount to about £600,000,000. Almost all that money has been spent in making widows and orphans. How many wives and children would half of it have made happy?

STARVATION SCHOOLING.

SOMEHOW or another our poor injured friends the farmers have not talked about their ruin lately quite so much as they once used to do. Yet that there are agriculturists still in a distressed state seems pretty clear, we think, from the following advertisement:—

A GOVERNESS WANTED, in a farmhouse. Would be treated as one of the family. To teach four children, the eldest a boy, eight years of age. Must be capable of imparting a sound English education, good music and singing, drawing, and the rudiments of French, if desired; also to assist in the sewing. Salary £12 a-year, with laundress. Address, &c.

Twelve pounds a-year for the schooling of four children! A farmer must be surely much distressed for money who thus sues *in forma pauperis*, as we may phrase it, for a governess. And a governess, moreover, who is "also to assist in the sewing," and to fill up her spare time by slaving as a sempstress. A man must have a poor income if he can afford no better pay than this; and, as for being "treated as one of the family," that can hardly be regarded in the light of an advantage. The very poorest living must be looked for in a family, where so poor a salary is offered for a governess, and it would be only fair if the schooling and the sewing which possibly may be procured through this advertisement, should prove to be as bad as the wages which are offered for them.

To Spiritualists.

£20,000 CHALLENGE.—NIGGER SAMBO, the celebrated Singer of "*Who's dat a looking at yar, Dinah!*" and connected with the far-famed troupe of Ebony Jinglers, hereby challenges MESSRS. HOME, FORSTER, or the Brothers DAVENPORT, *to go through the air above on a Banjo*, as well as himself.

MOTTO FOR ANY MAKER OF CIDER-CUP, WHO PLACES MUCH OF THE HERB BORAGE THEREIN, TO THE NO SMALL INCONVENIENCE OF THE PERSON ABOUT TO DRINK.—"There's many a *Slip* 'twixt the Cup and the Lip."

Digitized by Google

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, November 5, 1864.

John Leech.

OBIIT OCTOBER XXIX., MDCCCLXIV.

ÆTAT. 46.

THE simplest words are best where all words are vain. Ten days ago, a great artist, in the noon of life, and with his glorious mental faculties in full power, but with the shade of physical infirmity darkening upon him, took his accustomed place among friends who have this day held his pall. Some of them had been fellow-workers with him for a quarter of a century, others for fewer years; but to know him well was to love him dearly, and all in whose name these lines are written mourn as for a brother. His monument is in the volumes of which this is one sad leaf, and in a hundred works which, at this hour, few will not remember more easily than those who have just left his grave. While Society, whose every phase he has illustrated with a truth, a grace, and a tenderness heretofore unknown to satiric art, gladly and proudly takes charge of his fame, they, whose pride in the genius of a great associate was equalled by their affection for an attached friend, would leave on record that they have known no kindlier, more refined, or more generous nature than that of him who has been thus early called to his rest.

November the Fourth.

Digitized by Google



"BLACK YOUR SHOES, SIR?"

TEETOTALLERS AND TRAITORS.

THERE is a secret which we have to tell our readers; they will keep it to themselves of course—but then who will not know it? First, let them read the following testimonial to beer:—

"Beer and wine met at Waterloo. Wine, red with fury, boiling over with enthusiasm, mad with audacity, rose thrice against that hill on which stood a mass of immovable men—the sons of Beer. You have read history. Beer gained the day."

There!—that is from the pen of ESQUIROS. Now then you see the influence which inspires MR. LAWSON, and the United Kingdom Alliance in their endeavours to procure the enactment of local Maine Laws, and to unseat MR. BASS. The hidden strings of these puppets are pulled by France, in the person of the MARQUIS DE BOISSY.

THE POETRY OF POSTERS.

BY A PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHER.

WHEN I behold the hoardings all,
And every surface of dead wall,
O'erspread with pictured posters gay,
That puff the humbugs of the day.

I think how folks complain of gloom,
Pervading my one sitting-room,
With sides and ceiling smoke embrowned,
Hung, as with clouds for arras, round.

And then occurs the further thought,
If I, as they declare I ought,
My walls with paper would renew,
Those bills would for that purpose do.

Liberty and Fermented Liquor.

MR. LAWSON, and the United Kingdom Alliance, agitating for a Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Law, wish to restrain sots from drunkenness by Maine force. This, of itself, would be all very well; but the worst of it is, they want to apply that force to the sober.

ADVICE TO AN APPARITION.

IGNATIUS,

YOUR appearance in the Church Congress at Bristol created such a sensation that it has earned for you the name of "The Apparition." Perhaps the Apparition of Brother IGNATIUS will be remembered when that of GILES SCROGGINS is forgotten.

Stick to it. Appear whenever and wherever you can, with effect. The place of all others for you to appear in is that where Protestants most do congregate. So just you go one night on the occasion of some great Evangelical or Anti-Maynooth meeting, and appear at Exeter Hall.

How are you to manage it? Envelop IGNATIUS in an upper Benjamin. Wear a black cloak with a cape and a velvet collar over your frock. Thrust your toes into a pair of old shoes, and put on gaiters to hide your sandals. Sport a white choker, and conceal your tonsure with a curly wig. Get upon the platform, go to the front, watch your opportunity, and ask to be allowed to speak. Then throw aside your disguise, kick off your crabshells, and stand confessed, as a monk should.

There will, of course, be a jolly row. But slap your breast, proclaim yourself an Englishman, and invoke Englishmen to give you fair play. Very likely they will then hear what you have to say; perhaps with cheers. At the worst you can only be removed by the Police, for you are allowed to go about, and as yet nobody is authorised to take care of you, and lodge you in an institution where your tonsure would perhaps be extended to the whole of your scalp.

Of course you will not stick at putting on appearances meant to be mistaken for those of a British clergyman, because, although false, they will be assumed for a pious purpose; for you are as much a Jesuit as you are a Benedictine, and therefore know that the end justifies the means.

I hope you got on well last Saturday. I believe your effigy was chaired a good deal on that day. Did you venture abroad yourself? If you did, I admire your courage, because there was every reason to fear that the profane vulgar would have got hold of you on that Fifth of November, and have made you do duty for the hero of the anniversary by carrying you about bodily as a Guy.

With many thanks for the very much amusement which you have so often afforded me, and hoping for further favours of the same nature from your diverting eccentricities, believe me, ever your friendly monitor,

TONY LUMPKIN.

ENGLISH AND IRISH.

THE Corporation of Dublin are to address LORD WODEHOUSE on his arrival at the Vice-regal Lodge, and with a Milesian disregard to the unities, the Address has already been made public.

Among the paragraphs in which this Address shows up in glowing colour the wrongs of Ireland, occurs the following:—

"In the course of your visit to the provinces your Excellency will see at Galway a port which Nature has created, and placed at the nearest and safest point for communication between these islands and the Continent of America. But although a Packet Company in connection with the port was for a short time subsidised, *the narrow spirit and the jealousy with which it had to contend necessarily eventuated in its failure.*"

The Corporation will be told, no doubt, by a malignant British Press, that the packet company in question in no one instance kept the time that entitled it to receipt of the Government subsidy—that its ships were weak and ill found, its engines constantly breaking down, its capital insufficient, and all its arrangements so unbusiness-like, that it was rapidly wound up, in a state of hopeless insolvency.

That is the base, bloody, and brutal Saxon way of putting the matter. The warm-hearted Milesian penetrates through such unimportant accidents, and sees at the root of the Galway Packet Company's failure the narrow spirit of English opposition and the jealousy of Ireland, which governs all our relations with that ill-used country.

The Black Art, Indeed.

"Put out the light, and then——"—*Othello.*

THE Brothers DAVENPORT claim to be assisted in their performances by some mysterious power, though of what kind they profess themselves unable to explain. Is it not clear enough, from their practice of turning down the gas, that this friendly power is the Power of Darkness?

PUNCH'S SPIRIT MEETINGS.

INTRODUCTION.

Mr. Punch has become a Convert to Spiritualism.



DOUBT not that when, and where his Conversion was finally effected will be revealed hereafter, when the public mind shall be sufficiently attuned to celestial harmonies to receive that revelation with solemnity and sweetness. For the present, suffice it to say, that having entirely and dispassionately considered the subject, having examined the evidences, having witnessed thousands of experiments, having read all the spiritual books, having meditated upon the vast advantages which mankind have gained from the ministering of the Spirits, having duly regarded the scholarly, pure, and disinterested character of the well-born and refined persons who practise Spiritualism, and the superior intellectuality of the gentlemen and ladies who believe in it, *Mr. Punch* has convinced himself that the Spirits are genuine.

He is not a Spirit to do anything by halves.'

The very moment that he felt himself a Spiritualist, he sent for the most accomplished professors of the system, and under their advice, aided by his own genius, *Mr. Punch's* architect and upholsterer proceeded to fit up the most handsome of the saloons, at 85, Fleet Street, as a Temple of Spiritualism. The machinist of one of the leading theatres has rendered his invaluable assistance, and *Mr. Punch's* Spiritual Saloon and Demonical Drawing-Room is now daily and nightly devoted to *Séances* of the most remarkable character.

As it is the duty of those who believe that they have discovered a truth to impart it to others in all its fulness, or even a little more, *Mr. Punch* proposes to publish, at such times and seasons as the Spirits may ordain, records of the proceedings at his *Séances*. He at once proceeds to state what took place at the very first of these extraordinary meetings.

Tuesday, November 8, 1864.

Mr. Punch and about ten of his young men assembled at nine o'clock. The Sibyle Medium, MOTHER SAUNDERS, arrived shortly afterwards. She took her seat, and the *Séance* commenced. The gaslights were put out, but the Medium stated that the Spirits did not object to cigars, tobacco being an invention of the Objectionable Power.

After some knocking and scratching, the Medium announced that there were Spirits in the room.

Mr. Punch was invited to interrogate them on the part of the meeting, and he immediately, and with his usual politeness, asked them whether they would take anything to drink.

Gurgling sounds were heard, and it was evident that drinking was going on, but no person chose to say who had been at it.

Mr. Punch then required the name of some Spirit present.

The first answer was "JUNIUS'S LETTERS."

"Do I understand that the respected party is JUNIUS himself, or only Dead Letters?" asked *Mr. Punch*.

The first question was answered in the affirmative.

"What other name did you bear on earth?" asked *Mr. Punch*, and the assembly listened, breathlessly, for the solution of the great mystery.

The answer was "DEAN SWIFT."

"Dear me," said *Mr. Punch*, "There must be—I mean—do I quite understand—of course I am the last person to doubt a Spirit's word, but what made you die in 1745, when you did not write your first letter till 1769?"

Here there was much scratching, and the Medium explained that the Spirits were very irritable, and did not like being cross-questioned. Something fiery was then seen to fly across the room, and plunge into the grate. Later, when the lights were restored, a splash of white ashes was seen on the blackened hearth, and a visible shudder went round the company at this palpable proof of supernatural agency.

A second Spirit was then invited to name itself.

"MAGNA CHARTA."

"I—and MONTESQUIEU—have heard of the Spirit of Laws," said *Mr. Punch*, "but I never expected to meet any of his family. What has our friend from Runnymede to say?"

"I air the proudest birthright of the British," said the Spirit, with a slight nasality, "and I calculate that yew'd better *con*-serve me like the apple of your eye, bein' as I air, the brightest gem wrung from the haughty crown of your tyrannical HENRY THE EIGHTH, and sealed with the patri-otic gore of CRANMER, SIDNEY, and LADY JANE GREY."

"This is indeed worth knowing," said *Mr. Punch*, mindful of the hint not to offend the Spirits.

A third Spirit, according to the Medium, evinced restlessness to speak.

It was announced as "COPERNICUS."

"We are indeed honoured," said *Mr. Punch*. "May I humbly ask the illustrious astronomical Spirit to inform us what the Moon is made of?"

"Ivory," said the Spirit.

"Bless me, to think that we never thought of that. But ivory is—at least we have supposed it—an animal substance—should I be trespassing on spiritual patience if I asked whence so large a quantity was obtained?"

"From the tusks of mammoths, mastodons, and megatheria, existing for fourteen billions of years before the world was created, and it was fused together by the action of volcanoes, and polished by attrition with the Equator or Equinoxious line. The dark parts, which you fancy holes, are stains, and were caused by the bursting of the Milky Way in a severe frost."

"Is the Moon inhabited?"

"What 's that to you?" answered the Spirit. The Medium announced that there would be no more revelations from that quarter. There was a pause, during which something was felt to be rubbing against the legs of several of the party. One, bolder than the rest, put his hand to seize the object, when a fierce kind of noise was heard, and the Spirit departed from the group. The venturous person complained of severe pain, and when the lights were turned on, the back of his hand was seen distinctly scored with three long, angry scratches. The Medium begged that such tricks might not be played, as the vengeance of the Spirits was very terrible.

"I am anxious," said *Mr. Punch*, "to consult a Spirit who will answer me a question of personal interest to myself. I have mislaid a new pair of black trousers. Could I obtain information of their whereabouts?"

The Medium called on the Spirits generally, and there was a pause. Presently a Spirit said,—

"There is a better crop of frogs in the South of France this year than last, but soy will be dear, owing to the mortality among blackbeetles."

"Valuable as general information," said *Mr. Punch*, "but where are my trousers?"

"Earthly garments wear out," said a Spirit after a pause, "but spiritual garments are not liable to do so."

"But mine are earthly trousers, and I want them," persisted *Mr. Punch*. "Could you induce your Spirits to be in the slightest degree practical, M'm?"

"I am only their slave," said the Medium, "but I will ask again. Can any one tell anything about this gentleman's trousers?"

Three loud knocks followed.

"That is the answer," said the Medium. "I dare not ask again."

"Three knocks! Hm," mused *Mr. Punch*. "Is it a reproach to me for having three pair, while many persons have none? Three, three—they can't mean—MRS. SAUNDERS, M'm, ask whether they've got among them the ghost of my Uncle."

Noise as of applause was heard, and the Medium stated that she heard the word Balls.

"Three Balls! Of course. Somebody 's been and pawned my new black trousers," cried *Mr. Punch*. "But who, who? I ask any Spirit who may know."

"From information which I received," said a Spirit——

"Yes, yes, you are a very choice Spirit," said *Mr. Punch*, eagerly. "Well, who is it?"

"I have reason to believe," said the Spirit, "that great numbers of cats were eaten as hares in the restaurants of Nice this year, and that during the winter forty-nine per cent. of babies will cry very much while they are being christened."

Mr. Punch is full of virtues, and anger is one of them. He exploded so fearfully at this last answer that the Medium, snatching up her money, bolted, and was seen no more. And so ended the first of *Mr. Punch's Séances*.

(All True)

PUNCH.

THE END OF TABLE-TURNING.—An inmate of a lunatic asylum, driven mad by Spiritualism, wishes to try to turn the multiplication table.

Digitized by Google



PUTTING THE CASE FAIRLY.

Diner Out (*furious*). "DO YOU KNOW HOW LONG YOU'VE BEEN COMING, SIR? THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR, AND UNDER TWO MILES; SUCH A WRETCH OF A HORSE, ONLY FIT FOR THE——"

Cabby. "PUBLIC CAN'T EXPECT US TO PURWIDE *DERBY WINNERS* AT SIXPENCE A MILE; CAN THEY, SIR?"

MR. PUNCH TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

DEAR ARCHBISHOP,

YOU have been warning the Church Institute at Huddersfield against "sensation" literature, with its theory of a skeleton in every cupboard, its overmastering passions, its strong situations, hideous mysteries, appalling catastrophes, break-neck escapes—in short, the whole stock-in-trade of the "to be continued in our next" school. There is much truth in what you say; and no one can be more convinced than I am that this high-spiced literary food is unwholesome, and would be fatal, in the long run, to the mental digestion if excess in it did not, in most cases, breed a disgust—like that of the pastrycook's boy for raspberry tarts—and in time induce a demand for more sustaining and less stimulating viands. I should like to see "sensation" less rampant in our periodicals; but will you forgive me for suggesting its introduction, in moderation, to our pulpits?

People will draw disagreeable comparisons, and impute narrow "shoppy" motives, and I have heard your denunciations of the penny-paper and the penny-periodical ascribed to a jealousy of the large and ready hearing these find among the classes upon whom the pulpits—of the Established Church at least—exercise no attraction. Yet what splendid materials of effect your pulpit-orators command, compared with the poor sensation-monger of the penny serial! Depend upon it, if your preachers were a little more stirring and moving, more in the habit of appealing to the minds, as well as feelings, of their congregations, less somnolent and self-satisfied, less in the habit of complacent assumption, readier to sympathise with real difficulties and honest doubts, keener to note the tendencies of modern thought, to look objections in the face, and examine questions all round, you would find in a more lively pulpit the best counterbalance to a too sensational press.

But seeing how the Bench have treated COLENSO, and how the Oxford Board is now treating JOWETT—reading the letters of PUSEY and the denunciations of DENISON—knowing from sad and sleepy experience what the Anglican pulpit is, and feeling how infinitesimal is the hold of the English clergyman—the most orthodox and self-satisfied specimens of him, at least—upon the masses of our cities—I cannot, I confess, with the best wishes for your success in this crusade against sensation, anticipate much from any aid a highly-paid establishment is likely to give you in fighting a cheap press at this moment.

I remain, my dear Archbishop,
Your faithful servant and fellow-worker,
PUNCH.

TIME OUT OF JOINT.

THERE are some people who are said to know what is o'clock, but the writer of this notice (printed in the *Daily Telegraph*), does not seem to be one of them:—

ASTLEY'S.—MR. E. T. SMITH, anxious to comply with the wishes of country friends, will give a MORNING PERFORMANCE of MAZEPPA, THIS EVENING (Wednesday), November 2. Commence at Two.

Morning calls are often made a little after it is noon; but this is the first time we have heard of a morning performance in the evening. Perhaps we next shall hear of midnight meetings being held at six o'clock, A.M., or of an evening party beginning about daybreak.

Some Compliment to Punch.

AN Article in the *Spiritual Magazine*, gravely maintaining that the tricks of the DAVENPORT jugglers are played by Spirits, does *Punch* the honour to remark that he "has long ceased to have anything comic in his columns." It is reassuring to find that anything comic in these columns is invisible to the intelligence that sees anything serious in the DAVENPORTS' impostures.

GLOSSARY FOR GARROTTERS.—*A Sensation Punishment.*—A Flogging.

Digitized by Google





MEDIUM AND RE-MEDIUM.

ENGLAND.—"The Spiritualists, as they call themselves, are very successful in duping fools into the belief that they see supernatural performances. Idiots of fashion and 'literary' donkeys resort to them, and the quacks make a rich golden harvest."—*English Papers.*

IRELAND.—"A Woman, who gave herself out as a Witch, has been tried for pretending to show apparitions to her ignorant dupes. She has been found guilty, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment, with hard labour."—*Irish Papers.*

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE COADJUTORS.

Dedicated to all those who are interested in the "Curate Question."

THE REV. WILLIE WYNKYN, his years were twenty-four,
And he had been to Oxford to gather Pagan lore—
To gather Pagan lore, because since he must be a Priest,
'Twas fitting he should study most the thing he'd need the least.

Now to the Bishop he repairs and being that day in luck,
Passes straightway the Chaplain dread—a man without "a pluck;"
So is ordained a "Deacon"—a Deacon frank and free,
Balderdash-cum-Swinkumswash—that was his Curacy.

The REV. WILLIE'S Rector was a delightful man,—
Of all his black-coat neighbours by far the blackest swan—
A man of humble thoughts was he, yet not without his pride—
Pride for himself, and humble thoughts of all the world beside.

"How do?" "how do?" the Rector spake, as WILLIE hove in sight,
"You'll find this place of mine embued, yea, steeped in holy light;
For from myself for twenty years they've weekly preachings had,
And all my flock are pure, save those who 've taken to the bad.

"Your cottage is but poor I own, the furniture not rich,
But all the blinds are new, and new the lobby door-mat, which
Will tend towards your comfort much; the Study smokes, but still
'Tis only when the door is shut and when the air is chill."

The REV. WILLIE WYNKYN here put on a cheerful face,
And, smiling, said he was prepared to like the peaceful place;
He 'd heard of Balderdash before, and what d'ye call it? too,
And hoped to dig the vineyard well with ministrations true.

"I'd offer you a glass of wine, but have mislaid the key;
But Curates do not care for wine; nor need it as do we;
A biscuit? No? A crust of bread? Still, No? Well! *au revoir*,
I'd ring the bell, but scarce worth while—you'll easy find the door."

And so he bow'd the Curate out with much of nonchalance,
And drew his hand back as he saw the Curate's hand advance;
But that was right, for he was worth two thousand pounds a-year,
And that 's a sum can not abide a humble sixty near.

To his new home young WYNKIN walked, revolving in his mind,
How well 'twould be could he obtain some little boy to grind—
His stipend was but sixty pounds! well, that he might endure;
But twenty pounds must be deduct "for use of furniture."

The REV. WILLIE WYNKIN sat down upon a chair,
Then rose to open wide the door to give the chimney air;
Then sate him down once more, then rose again to watch it snow,—
A Bishop might have been down-cast, a Curate mayn't you know.

A knock! a note is handed in. "The Rectory!" how kind!
The Rector, doubtless, is concerned lest I not yet have dined;
How very thoughtful! let me see. Ah, yes! "His compliments,
A case of cholera presses sore—a son of THOMAS KENT'S!"

'Twas sudden! he had scarce arrived, was hungry and athirst;
Besides, the Shepherd (so it seemed) should seek his lamb the first;
The Shepherd "couldn't see it," so the Shepherd's dog was sent!
To keep a dog and bark himself that Shepherd never meant.

But stay! Another paragraph! Perchance it may be found
The Rector's time is pre-engaged, for sickness may abound;
"Sorry to trouble you, but since the cholera is so rife,
'Twere wiser *one* should visit *all*, than risk a second life.

"I have not been accustomed my health and strength to spare;
Who knows me best best know how I the 'vineyard' labours share;
Still at this sad conjuncture 'a line' were best no doubt,
So you shall take the cholera, and I will have the gout.

"I mean, that is, this rule shall hold as soon as I return,
But now for change of air and scene I positively yearn;
A fortnight I have been delayed, awaiting your advent,
But morrow morn I start for Town, and you will go to KENT."

A week, and then a letter followed on the Rector's track—
A letter couched, in moving terms, to bring the Rector back;
Poor KENT was dead; his sisters too; three SMITHS were taken ill,
A ROBSON and a RUNNYMEAD, two HARLANDS and a HILL.

Bailiffs had seized Nurse NAGGS, her all, and turned her out to beg,
And DANNY DUMP had broke the pump, and SAMUEL SINK his leg:
And HIGGINSON had beat his wife, and DABCHEEK'S horse was drown'd,
The Small-pox was in Leather Lane, and three pigs in the pound.

To him the Rector by return—"For twenty years and more
I've held a Cure and I have learned these matters to ignore;
The world is full of troubles, I myself have quite enew—
For railway fares I find are rose, and Income-Tax is due.

"So tell my people every day, and twice when Sunday comes,
Affliction doth the spirit brace—prosperity benumbs;
That Balderdash is not exempt from the plain lot of man,
But while their Rector holds his health praise Heav'n they surely can.

"And tell the Plumber I would wish the grape-house spout renew'd,
And that he mend the hot-bed frame broken by children rude;
And JENKINS will the horses singe, and MARTIN sweep the snow
All round the shrubbery walks, and you—look after them, you know!

"Another month at very least I shall remain in Town;
But best that you expect me not before you see me down:
Meanwhile you'll visit 'house to house,' and teach the suffering poor
How blest are they—the privileged—some chastenings who endure."

VULGAR ERRORS.

IT is a Vulgar Error, a very Vulgar Error, to omit or introduce improperly the letter H in conversation.

It is a Vulgar Error to suppose—

That a Barrister will be, as the notice on his door states, "Back in ten minutes."

That, when anyone gives you a general invitation, to "come whenever you like, we shall always be glad to see you," he means what he says, unreservedly.

That more attention can be paid to a sermon when the eyes are shut.

That actors off the stage are totally different to what they are "on."

It is a Vulgar Error for a Low Comedy man to think that he is kept out of his proper sphere of action, by the leading Tragedian in the same theatre.

It is a Vulgar Error to suppose—

That comic singing is conducive to merriment.

It is a Common Error for ladies—

To suppose that they really need everything they buy.

That they are purchasing a Bargain at a Selling-off Shop.

To suppose that their husbands tell them everything (and *vice versâ*).

It is a Common Error to suppose—

That Christmas is the only day that comes once a-year.

That a Performance of any sort for a Charity is only beneficial to that Charity.

That the position of an Editor is the happiest, cheeriest, and most pleasant in the world.

That everything announced by a Manager as a "Tremendous Hit," is even a moderate success.

BODY AND SPIRIT.

WE seem to think that we have had almost enough of MR. BANTING, and of the DAVENPORTS, and we may now remit all four (MR. BANTING may surely count as two) to the inevitable pantomimes. Perhaps they might continue to be interesting if they would combine their attractions. If MR. BANTING would go into the cupboard and come out two BANTINGS, of DAVENPORT size, while the two DAVENPORTS should also enter and come out one DAVENPORT, of BANTING size, we should say that the Spirits were clever. The feat ought not to be impossible, for the showman of the Brothers deliberately told us that he had seen the Brothers "duplicated." We do not think that he meant that he had seen them coming away from their Uncle, bearing the document which that relative is accustomed to grant, or that our informant intended to imply that a "brick in his hat" had caused him to see double, in which case there must have been Four Brothers present to his vision. We throw out the suggestion, for we are weary of hearing the names of the parties—and so is our friend the Public.

"Oh, that this too, too Solid Flesh would Melt!"

THERE has been a good deal of speculation as to the origin of the Parisian street cry, "*Où est Lambert?*" It is a native of this side the Channel, and grew out of the BANTING movement—the allusion being to the late DANIEL LAMBERT, of obese notoriety.

THE 'IDDEN 'AND.

THE Olympic has opened with a capital piece of thrilling interest. There is a good deal of mystery in it; in fact, now we come to think of it, it is nearly all MISS-TERRY.

MOTTO FOR CROQUET.—"She Stoops to Conquer."

Digitized by Google



RAILWAY PLEASANTRIES.—SECOND CLASS.

Officer in Charge. "I SAY, YOU UP IN THE CORNER, JUST HELP HIM IN. YOU SEE HE CAN'T HELP HIMSELF WITH THE HANDCUFFS ON."

MEDIUM ET REMEDIUM.

TAKE a note of Fate's cruel distinctions—
If Mediums' names may be punned on—
Between MRS. DO-HANY in Carrick,
And MRS. DO-MANY in London.

DOHANY picks oakum on skilly:
DOMANY lives well, and sacks guineas;
Yet both take the same line of practice
On the folly of credulous ninnies.

Whether "sperrits" imbibe tea and whiskey,
And eat buttered toast and roast mutton,
Or spell, rap, turn tables, and jingle
Accordions, don't matter a button.

DOMANY asks gold for herself,
DOHANY supplies for the "sperrits;"
But both use the same false pretence,
And as rogues both may boast equal merits.

For once here is "Justice to Ireland"—
Where a rogue draws a rogue's proper ration;
And *Punch* recommends the example
To *our* Justices' prompt imitation.

ECCLESIASTICAL NEWS OF THE WEEK.

IN consequence of the preaching of Brother IGNATIUS, many tradespeople have expressed their desire to take orders, and in cases of long out-standing accounts their vows of poverty have been extreme.

The principal manœuvre to be performed by the new Papal army will consist in presenting alms to his Holiness.

The Inauguration of the new Cathedral at Novgorod will be conducted on a scale of the utmost magnificence. The whole Tartar population are already engaged in scouring the Steppes.

The REV. C. HILDYARD has introduced a strikingly new ceremony at St. Lawrence's. He first incenses the altar, and then incenses the Churchwardens.

The Annual Meeting of the Protestant Synod was held on the 5th inst., GUY FAWKES, ESQ., taking the chair.

ANOTHER NAME FOR UNDERTAKER BANTING.—Hearner Major.

A RUN BY RAILWAY.

"OH! you're going to Mudcliffe, eh?" says a friend. "Hum! Let me see! I don't know Mudcliffe."

"It's in Suffolk," I answer; and I'm glad to know that he is not acquainted with the place.

"How do you get there?" asks my friend.

I tell him how I intend to reach Mudcliffe. I will tell *you* how I *did* reach Mudcliffe.

The way by rail to Mudcliffe is a very maze of lines. During the first part of the journey, *i. e.* from London, the train progresses, I mean goes forward, in the usual manner. After this you go backwards, then forwards again, then on awkward inclines and unpleasant curves; in fact, you go as the nursery rhyme has it, "backwards and forwards and round and round," until you come to Mudcliffe. My companions were two gentlemen: one who put a cap on, and went comfortably to sleep directly he got in; the other a fidgety undecided person, who was evidently troubled with the fear of having left something behind.

The first stoppage is at Barnidge Station, porters, guards and newspaper boys do their best to confuse a nervous traveller like myself.

1st Guard (with gruff voice standing by a pillar). Ba-a-arnge! Ba-a-arnge! (*Thinks that he has done his duty, and turns his back to the train, looking at nothing in particular on the other side.*)

2nd Guard, or Inspector, or some official person with a metal chain, a whistle, and a key, (hurrying quickly from one end of the train to the other). Budge! Budge! Budge!

1st Guard (from pillar, sonorously, sticking to his own view of the proper pronunciation). Ba-a-arnge!

2nd Guard (evidently annoyed). Budge! Budge! Budge! (*Voice is lost in the distance.*)

Porter (shrill tenor). Barge! Barge! (*This is his idea of the name.*)

Newspaper Man (intoning). Morning pepperrr-rr! (*Last* r *dies away somewhere in his necktie.*) Morning pepperrrrrrr!

Newspaper Boy (sharply). Day's *Times, Telegraph, Stannard.* This Sweeksillus *Trayted Lunnonnews, Bellslife,* &c. &c.

Elderly Passenger. Here, boy, have you got a *Times?*

Boy (unable to stop himself). Day's *Times, Telegraph, Stannard.* This Sweeksillus *Trayted Lunnun News (gives paper) Bellslife.*

Elderly Passenger. Give me change! (*Gives sixpence to boy.*)

Boy, slightly incommoded with papers under his arms, dives with one hand for coppers; the sixpence being firmly held between his teeth, he still goes on mechanically through his nose, *Dayzzimes, Herrgraph, Annard, Issweeks-irri-irri-irre (gives change, gets sixpence out of his mouth and finishes freely,) illus Trayted Lunnunnews, Bellslife,* &c. &c.

Chorus of Guards, Porters and Inspectors. Ba-a-arnge! Budge! Barge! Bnige! Bunnidge!

In comes a train on the other side; all the old confusion over again, with an additional cry of "Change here for Hevenham, Halsted, Craybrough, Leighton, Skiton, Shepperton, Swoffley, Tharpe."

I did not know *then* what they said, but I do now. It sounded to me like "Change here for Heaven 'stedborrow late button Everton Toffey Harp," and then by way of making it clearer, another intelligent guard sang out, "All Passengers for Heavensbro' Sledlaytonsbuttons Hepton Soffley Tharpe."

Now whether Mudcliffe was among these names or not I defy the most acute ear to distinguish. I, the Nervous Traveller, put my head out of window to make inquiries.

Nervous Traveller (half out of window). Do I change for——

Brisk Porter (making a dash at the door). Change here for 'Evensbro', &c. (*Anything he likes to say: opens door suddenly, and Nervous Traveller is only saved from coming on his head by clutching at the window.*)

Nervous Traveller (on step remonstrating). Now, my good man, this is really very dangerous.

Guard (with metal chain, whistle, key, and a watch, coming up). Now then, Sir, get in, please.

Nervous Traveller. Oh! Then we don't change for——

Guard (sternly coming to the point). Where are you for, Sir?

Nervous Traveller. For—(*forgets*)—for—oh yes—for Mudcliffe.

Digitized by Google

Guard (*pooh-poohing the idea of changing for Mudcliffe as utterly absurd, and by the tone of his voice, rather looking down upon any person going to Mudcliffe*). Oh no, Sir. Don't change till you come to Sprawton. Now, Sir, get in, we're late.

I get in, and then he shuts the door with such a bang as gives me a headache for the next quarter of an hour.

Guard (*speaking to some one a long way off*). All right!

On some one a long way off intimating that he is all right, Guard holds up his hand, and blows his whistle; the engine gives a powerful steam imitation of this, and then the train begins to jerk itself into its course again.

Undecided Passenger (*waking up at the last moment*). Oh! ah! (Yes, I'll have a *Times*. Hi! Boy! Newspaper!

Porter. Here! Hi! Paper! (*Train moves on.*)

Boy (*running up as quickly as he can*). Day's *Times, Telegraph, Stannar*—(*out of breath. Train increasing its speed*).

Undecided Passenger. Here, I'll have a—no—I'll—have you got a *Sunday Times?*

Boy (*pertinaciously*). Day's *Times, Telegraph, Stannar*—(*Train getting to the end of the platform.*)

Undecided One (*catching last name*). Yes, a *Standard*. (*Gives a shilling. Boy gives Standard.*) Here, change! (*Boy struggles with his papers and pockets.*)

Guard (*pushing Boy from carriage*). Get away!

Undecided One (*frantically*). Here hi! Change! (*Engine screams. Train moves rapidly out of the Station.*)

Undecided One, still with a lingering hope that the *Boy* will be able to catch them up, or that he may see him again at the next Station, sits down, and tries to read his paper by the dim oil-lamp.

Sleepy Passenger (*suddenly waking up, slowly*). Where are we?

Nervous Traveller (*myself, cautiously*). We've just left Barnidge.

Sleepy Passenger. Hey! Barnidge! Why I ought to have got out at Barnidge!

Nobody pities him: in railway travelling nobody ever pities anybody under these circumstances.

The next Station is Sudness. Here they examine tickets and make little holes in them with a sharp instrument not unlike a Champagne wire-cutter.

Guard. Tickets, please!

Sleepy One (*now wide awake*). Oh! here's my ticket; you see it's for Barnidge. I ought to have got out at Barnidge, but I never heard them call. (*Forgets to state that he was fast asleep.*) You see I was going to get out at Barnidge, and—(*commences an elaborate statement, under the impression that, if he doesn't make some plausible defence of his conduct, he'll be brought up before an Inspector, or a Board of Directors, or fined forty shillings by a bye-law, or something unpleasant*).

Guard (*cutting the statement short*). You'd better get out, Sir, and go to Barnidge by the next train.

Sleepy One (*much relieved by the simplicity of the remedy*). Oh, yes! When's that?

Guard. In two hours' time. (*The Sleeper Awakened, says to himself, "Two hours, eh?" and begins taking off his cap*). Ticket, Sir, please. (*Insinuatingly to Undecided Passenger.*)

Undecided One (*who has been feeling in all his pockets during the above dialogue, recommences his search*). Dear me! I had it—only just now: somewhere. Now what the deuce did I do with it? (*Jumps up and inspects the cushion and the crevices ineffectually.*) I had it. (*Repeats the consoling fact to himself.*) I had it: I know I had it. (*Stands up and looks in the umbrella netting over his head. Sleepy Passenger, who was about to leave the carriage, becomes interested in the proceeding.*)

Guard (*impatiently*). Now, Sir!

With that true charity peculiar to railway travellers, we, for I am sure the sleepy companion shares my feelings, are inclined to chuckle over our fellow-traveller's misfortune: nor by the way do we in truth give him credit for too much honesty. If he finds his ticket, he has merely got that with which he ought to be provided; if he fails, it's nothing more than we have expected. The sleepy gentleman suggests several possible places where it might be, but isn't; so finally comes to the conclusion that "he must have dropped it out of window." It finally comes out of his pocket-handkerchief like a conjuring trick. "All right!" Whistle, and we are off again. The *Undecided One's* face beams with satisfaction; I do not think that we are particularly delighted, perhaps, on the whole, somewhat disappointed; but anyhow I had quite forgotten to ask whether I changed here for Mudcliffe. I suddenly thought of this one minute and a half after we had quitted the Station.

"Sir," said I, nervously, to the undecided gentleman, "Do you know where we change for Mudcliffe?"

"Mudcliffe," says he, as if puzzling over the name, "Mudcliffe, I don't think this train goes to Mudcliffe at all."

"Oh, yes, it does!" interrupts, dreamily, my sleepy friend, who has readjusted his cap and is again about to give himself up to slumber. I could have embraced him. "But you change somewhere."

Yes, I changed somewhere, I knew this.

"And," continues Sleepy, "I fancy you ought to have got out at the last Station." After the delivery of this cheerful opinion, he went to sleep.

"Look here," says *Undecided*, "Here's *Bradshaw*. You leave Lon'on at 2.45, and—no, that only goes to Barnidge—ah! here it is—Mudcliffe, it's on a loop line—yes—you leave London at 3."—

"Yes, I left London at 3·5."

"Yes, and—you go straight on to—yes—Barnidge—and (then to Sudness—and then—— It doesn't seem as if any train stopped at Mudcliffe! Oh, I beg pard—I've got the Sunday Trains."

Undecided One kindly begins now examining the Week-day Trains.

Undecided Passenger (*reading*). Sudness—yes—let me see. Sudness.

Sleepy One (*who has been snoozing, suddenly starts up*). Good gracious!

Ourselves (*much startled*). What!

Sleepy One (*in horror*). Why, I ought to have got out at Sudness!

And so he ought, seeing that his ticket was only for Barnidge. Another Station.

Bruffela! Bruffela; that can't be the name. No, I read it. Bromfield. "Change here for Halstn, Sisill, and Mliffe;" *i.e.*, for Halston, Siswell, and Mudcliffe.

And I get out, with my sleepy companion, accordingly.

"ANOTHER AND ANOTHER STILL SUCCEEDS."



S somebody is somewhere said to have told somebody that nothing in the world succeeds like success, perhaps in the dramatic world this axiom holds good, at any rate dramatic Managers appear to have some faith in it. Of course nobody would dream of being unpolite enough to say they ever have been known to stoop to downright plagiary; still it is curious to note the frequent cases of coincidence, wherein it happens that no sooner does a piece become successful than a piece precisely like it is brought out somewhere else. Directly a trump card is played at any theatre, there are a score of other players quite prepared to follow suit. No sooner did the *Colleen Bawn* attract at the Adelphi than sensation scenes became the order of the day—that is, the day dramatic, which begins at seven at night. Splendid "headers" might be seen in all parts of the Town, and splendid tailors went to see them, as well as other people. So again, as any student of the playbills may discover, now that Swells at the West End are rushing every evening to see *The Streets of London*, the Snobs of Shoreditch are invited to walk up and behold *The Thoroughfares of the Metropolis*, or some such named a piece. Probably ere long the success of *The King's Butterfly* will tempt some one or other to bring out *The Czar's Daddy Long-legs*, or *The Emperor's Dragon-fly*, or else *The Sultan's Moth*. If the game of Follow-my-Leader continue to be popular, we shall very likely find that the success of *Milky White* is succeeded somewhere else by the triumph of *Sky Blue;* while perhaps somewhere or other we shall shortly see announced a mystifying melodrama, which will be entitled *The Concealed Conjunction*, and will be produced in consequence of the success of what our Cockney friends persist in calling *The 'Idden 'And*.

Fashionable Intelligence.

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON has left Cambridge House, Piccadilly, for Knowsley Park, on a visit to the EARL OF DERBY.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and MR. DISRAELI have left London together on a tour in the agricultural and manufacturing districts.

MR. BRIGHT, MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, and MR ROEBUCK, are included in the select circle of visitors whom his Grace the DUKE OF RUTLAND is entertaining at Belvoir Castle.

LORD WESTBURY is enjoying the hospitality of the BISHOP OF OXFORD.

SPIRITUALISM has reached the hard-headed, hard-working Mill-owners. They are now advertising "Hands Wanted."

Digitized by Google



"CURED IN AN INSTANT!"

Phunky (who has accepted a recommendation to a Dentist to remove an aching tooth). "OH, CON-FOUND IT! HE NEVER TOLD ME THERE WERE THREE OF 'EM; ONE OF 'EM'S SURE TO BE AT HOME!!"

FLOWERS FROM LE FOLLET.

OF a truth *Le Follet* is a periodical which may, with peculiar justice, be said to be admirably conducted. The precision with which its contents are adapted to the fashionable female intellect is wonderful. It is a marvel to see how carefully they are limited for the most part to the weakest feminine capacity; how exclusively addressed to those intellectual faculties which lie just above the external senses, and to the sole sentiment of love-of-approbation. To be capable of weeding many pages of descriptive letter-press, any rational creature's writing, of nearly every expression of anything like thought or feeling, argues no fool. The ability to indite such matter without effort is a sort of genius. But the crowning grace of this sort of composition is the exceptional touch, occasionally introduced, of a remark that approaches to the nature of a reflection, and indicates a trace, as it were, of reason and moral sense. Because completeness is hereby given to a style the reflex of the mind which, amongst women, is occupied with dress, as that of the common run of men is engrossed with business. Subjoined is a rich illustration of the *Follet's* best manner:—

"Why do young, rich, and elegant ladies prefer wearing dresses decidedly mourning in their appearance, such as a black or black and grey robe, trimmed with jet, and earrings and buckle to match! It must be allowed that sombre colours are better for the complexion; and black, especially, is very becoming to almost every one. This, then, may be the true cause for its preference, and so good a one that we need seek no other."

There is a gentle effort of thought in the problem above proposed, and a contentment as to causality in the hypothesis of its explanation, which any man, whose experience of female society has included its fashionable part, will recognise as characteristic.

The next paragraph approaches to poetry:

"Now the steel-coloured and grey moire antique, silk grey gros grains, and grey terry velvet, are in demand; and who is not possessed of a black moire antique or a violet taffetas?"

Who, indeed? What a horrid person that must be who is not possessed of garments so indispensable to any one who can even hope to pass for a lady as a violet taffetas or a black moire antique?

We now come to a passage which excites curiosity:—

"Evening dresses are made with pans and basques formed of lace and silk."

The good old days of Adam and Eve, says a comic song of the last generation, were times

"When ladies' sides were hooped like barrels."

Those times have partly returned in these days of Crinoline. Does the *Follet* mean to say that ladies are now to figure of an evening in a sort of hooped pans?

The following observation on bonnets may be quoted for the benefit of youth happening to meet highly dressed beauty on what is genteelly termed the promenade, and at a loss for something to say to her:—

"A branch of flowers placed on the side, and partly veiled by lace or bouillonnes, comprise (?) the arrangement of these coquettish coiffures."

"That is a coquettish coiffure of yours," is a remark with which you may accost any fair acquaintance whose bonnet is adorned with the thing in question. If she asks you what you mean, you can reply that you mean to pay her an elegant compliment on the authority of *Le Follet*—without regard to DR. JOHNSON, whose definition of a coquette is of no consequence.

FAMISH AND NO RAG.

IN comes our Paper duty free,
An export-tax augments our bills
For foreign rags, and hence, you see,
Our stationary paper-mills.

Of cheapened foolscap form a crown
For sages who the Treaty made,
One-sided, which is bringing down
Ruin on England's Paper Trade.

Somebody's Coming!

A FORTNIGHT ago, the EMPEROR, we are told, visited Avignon. "He then carefully inspected the Palace of the Popes." Ahem! did he order the sheets to be well-aired and *the* slippers to be placed in front of the fire?

AMERICAN TRUMPS.

WHY are the DAVENPORT Brothers like an Ophicleide?—Because they are brazen—and blown.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 14, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London. Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, November 12, 1864.



RUDE INQUIRY.

Street Arabs. "HOO CUBLS YER 'AIR, GOV'NOUR?"

HEY FOR THE BAND OF HOPE!

JOIN the National Temperance League,
If you wish to turn souls to sobriety;
In its labour of love, no fatigue
Can retard that devoted Society.
Exhortation, discussion, discourse,
They push forward on every occasion,
But repudiate physical force,
And rely upon pure "moral suasion."

They attempt to control you with facts,
And they try to convince you by figures,
They distribute a great many tracts,
But demand no prohibitive rigours.
That 's the way to restrain you from beer,
And from spirits and wine to convert you,
For they don't even force you to hear;
And to listen at least will not hurt you.

But there 's wholly another affair,
An intemperate temperance faction,
Whose intention, they loudly declare,
Is to limit your freedom of action;
All your taverns they want to shut up
On the sober, that sots may not guzzle.
Brook their hand 'twixt your lip and your cup,
And you 'll very soon have on their muzzle.

Don't get into the boat of that crew,
Don't go pulling with those agitators;
They have odious dictation in view.
Never vote for Maine Law legislators.
Moral suasion obedience may coax,
But compulsion arouses defiance:
Join the League, if you will, then, good folks,
But by all means oppose the Alliance.

Liberal Reasoning.

(*Dedicated to the Middlesex Magistrates and* SERGEANT PAYNE.)

WHY ought Roman Catholic Priests to have the use of a Chapel in Prisons? Because they may justly complain of their Wrongs as long as they are defrauded of their Rites.

THE BLACK ART AT NEWCASTLE.

A NEWCASTLE Solon has dismissed an application from a gentleman who had paid his guinea to see the Brothers DAVENPORT in that enlightened centre of the coal trade. The application was made, we presume, under the statute 9th GEO. II., c. 5, which, while abolishing prosecutions for witchcraft, enacts penalties of imprisonment and pillory (the latter now defunct) against any person pretending to exercise or use any kind of witchcraft, sorcery, enchantment, or conjuration; or undertaking to tell fortunes, or pretending from skill or knowledge in any occult or crafty science to discover stolen goods.

We are loth to question the wisdom of the Bench—even of the Newcastle Bench: and perhaps pretending that the "Spirits" tie and untie the Brothers, and carry their guitars, trumpets, and trombones whizzing round the room in the dark, may be neither pretending to witchcraft, sorcery, enchantment, or conjuration in such a sense as to satisfy that form of the legal mind which dispenses justice on Tyne side. But if these offences are properly punishable—and we take MRS. DOHANY, the Irish witch, to witness that there is nothing so likely to keep the Spirits down as a diet of skilly and a protracted "exhibition" of oakum picking, with an occasional course of crank—we would respectfully submit to the legislative wisdom that the statute might be improved by including the operations of "the Spirits" within its four corners.

If it be worth while to protect the few silly women and sillier men who believe in such things, from pretended witches, wise women, and readers of the stars, it is surely not unreasonable to bring the strong grasp of the law down on those spiritual "hands" that are just now so busy in their vocation among the pockets of the weaker sort.

De minimis non curat lex is a good legal maxim: and many may think *De minimis non curat lex* as wholesome a rule of legislation. But if only wise men were legislated for, law-makers and lawyers would perish for want of work. Indeed, as no wise man, it is well said, ever goes to law, it must be taken for granted that fools are already abundantly recognised as having a claim to be taken in and done for by the law. We, therefore, humbly submit to the Legislature, that our gulls and geese may not unreasonably be protected from the decoys of such skilful fowlers as MESSRS. HOME, DAVENPORT BROTHERS, AND COMPANY, and should strongly recommend an infusion of "Sperrits" into the statute 9 GEO. II., c. 5.

It may be hard on such time-honoured impostors as witches, star-gazers, and wise women, to be bracketted with anything so new and so shallow as the Spirit-mongers, and we are willing to make considerable allowance for their feelings. We would even agree to waive the offensive link of *in pari materiâ*, and to give the older rogues a section to themselves; thus acknowledging the trade in illicit "Sperrits" to be the lowest form which the knave has as yet assumed in his world-wide and age-long warfare on the fool.

THE MILDEST OF HINTS TO A VERY GREAT PERSONAGE.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

EVERYTHING that you say deserves to be listened to with abject attention, and to be printed in letters of gold. For this reason, and because the actors on the stage make so much noise with their absurd dialogue, while you are discoursing wisdom in your private box, that the other night I could hear only about two-thirds of what you were saying (and yet you spoke with a noble loudness), I wish you would hang your handkerchief over the front of the box when you want to talk. Then the stupid players would see it, and take it as a signal to stop their bosh until you should have spoken all your pearls and diamonds. I am sure that you will take this hint in the spirit in which it is given, for you are the best of good fellows, and a very zealous Commander-in-Chief, and I have always been very kind to you—you know that.

Ever your affectionate Cousin,

St. Inkerman's Day. PUNCH.

LEGAL MEM.—A Barrister is only invited to sit on the Bench when he has had some considerable amount of standing at the Bar.

"LOCUS STANDI."—The Corner of Park Lane.

Digitized by Google

A NEW PLEA FOR AN OLD PAGEANT.



ISTER PUNCH please Sir some pals of mine as erred that some Phokes is atemting to Put Down the lord mares show and whot I ses is its a [strong word] Shame and its uncornstitushnle to hinter fear in this way With the Libatty of the subjick which the lord Mare have a puffick right to make a Exhibition of hisself & if he dont mind beink larfed at Y should fokes atempt to stop him. Besides the site is one as does a site of good to people as makes it a hexcuse for taking of a Nolliday, and its a anniwal sauce of hincome to us light phingered Gents has you may C from this here count of wot took plaice in the perlice court the day arter the Show :—

"MANSION-HOUSE.—Yesterday the new Lord Mayor (ALDERMAN HALE) took his seat on the bench for the first time in that capacity. The morning was chiefly occupied in hearing cases of robbery from the person, assaults upon the police, and rescuing persons in custody from the police as the LORD MAYOR'S procession was on its way from Guildhall to Westminster and back. In some it was proved that two of the officers were much ill-used in Cheapside and in front of the Royal Exchange. There appears to have been something like a riot in Cheapside just after the pageant had passed on its return to Guildhall. Several persons were robbed of their watches and purses, and some constables in plain clothes, one in particular named LEGG, who had interfered to arrest the thieves, were kicked and struck."

So you see the lord Mares show gav him a tidy morninks work nex day & as I sea to CHARLEY CLYPAKER says i CHARLY you & me as a reglar wested hinterest in this ere show says I & if they Bolishes of it I says they ort to give us Compensation which CHARLEY quite agree leastways he co umpsided & so We opes as U will put hour case afore the Publick whenever theres A tork of Bolishin the show which its a Naahnle Hinstitution & one as does a deal o' good—leastways to us Pickpokkets.

So i remane yours werry truly, but i needent sign my siggature as them Bobbies mite git old on it & i might peraps git quodded if they knowed I were in town again.

New Way of Learning Languages.

A WELL-KNOWN Optician says, that, when at sea, you can, with his glass, at a point most remote from the shore, easily make out the *Tongue of any Foreign land.*

KNOTTY POINTS IN SPIRITUALISM.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I AM an old woman living far away from your great Metropolis, and am, therefore, in point of personal knowledge of what is going on there, just on a par with my little Welsh maid. The rural postman very often crosses the ferry solely for my convenience, and on him we depend for our earliest and latest intelligence. I have my *Punch* supplied regularly, and am grateful to be able to read it, at seventy-five, without spectacles. This keeps me well posted in politics, and enables me to watch the movements of all the Crowned Heads of Europe. *On dits* and fashionable tittle tattle I get from my nephew, who is a punctual correspondent and a Special Pleader in Fox Court (am I right? my memory sometimes trips over names), Temple. I had almost forgotten my *Herald*, but of course without that I could not enjoy my afternoon's nap at all.

From these sources I learn that your London Lions just now are two spirited young men called the Devonport or Plymouth Brothers—I really can't remember which. As far as I can unravel their history, these wild young men repudiate all human ties, excepting, of course, those of a purely moral nature, such as honestry, integrity, and so on. This is singular, considering they come from the United States, where a majority make a whimsical virtue of holding tight, and are very angry with people who wish to let go.

If there is any truth in what I read, there is really no security for our packages at home or abroad. The Parcels' Companies are, I understand, at their wits' ends. This morning I received a hamper from my niece, who lives only six miles from here, and which should have been full of Ribston Pippins, but was not. When I complained to STUMPS, the carrier, about it, he answered me rather impertinently in these very words: "You see, Marm, since them there Sperets took to undoing of knots, we can't be answerable for any losses. They has a finger now in everything: and if they don't eat Pippins theirselves, they tips a wink to our dog, and encourages him to!"

I remember, when a girl, reading in History that GORDIUS, King of Phrygia, tied a knot of cords, on which the Empire of Asia depended, in so very intricate a manner that ALEXANDER THE GREAT, unable to unravel it, cut it in pieces. Now, it does appear very odd to me, that so powerful a potentate as ALEXANDER—not remarkable for temperance either—should not call for Spirits to undo that Gordian Knot, instead of letting himself down to a pair of scissors. But perhaps it may be said that such a holy alliance at that early period was impracticable. I suppose it is only volatile Spirits that, in imitation of mushrooms, spring up in a night; and that less ardent Spirits are like spinach, and take time to grow.

The Corporation will, of course, as is usual in reference to distinguished foreigners, present these Plymouth Brothers with their freedom, though it seems superfluous when they can obtain as much freedom as they desire without it. Two Companies, I understand, claim the honour of enrolling them—the Spectacle-Makers, and, unless my memory fails me, the Cordwinders. I should be glad, however, if something could be done to relieve the poor distressed Spirits who perform all the knotty work, for so much exertion in a rope-walk must be very fatiguing, and I wonder that among their liberal patrons no one has thought of finding some more creditable employment for them in a different line.

As you have great influence, my dear *Mr. Punch*, with the *beau-monde*, pray urge this humane mission upon them, and oblige

Your constant reader,

SARAH OLDCASTLE.

P.S. Don't you think we have very singular weather? My nephew writes me that on riding through the City early on Lord Mayor's Day, he was overtaken by hail-storms!—a remarkable phenomenon at this time of year. * * * Dear me! what mistakes I make! On looking again at my nephew's letter, I find it was not hail storms but STORMES HALE by whom he was overtaken. I'm sure I humbly beg his pardon.

Ceremony of Proroguing Parliament.

(*From the Times of* 1890.)

THIS morning the LORD CHANCELLOR'S Footman left a note with the Charwoman in charge of the House, to say, that if any one called, Parliament was prorogued. The only witness of the ceremony was a little Boy, who, having made a face behind the Footman's back, immediately retired.

DEFINITION.—Arguing in a Vicious Circle, might be defined as Preaching in a Thieves' Kitchen.

Digitized by Google

SUPPLEMENTAL SPEECH AT THE BANGOR DINNER.



HEN M. TOUTMONGIL had proposed the health of MR. SERJT. BUZFUZ,

MR. CHEEKS, Q.C., said he rose in the absence of SERJEANT BUZFUZ to return thanks. The learned Serjeant was not there. In fact he could not be there. SERJEANT BUZFUZ had been invented by the same distinguished genius as that which had invented MRS. HARRIS. There was, in short, no such person as SERJEANT BUZFUZ. At least, there was no such member of the Bar. There existed no barrister who could accept a brief, with fraud on the face of it, at the hands of a notoriously disreputable attorney. Counsel, it was true, accepted briefs asking no questions, but that was because they reposed unbounded confidence in a respectable attorney. Otherwise an advocate would be no better than a fence. They were satisfied that the attorney from whom they took the brief was incapable of constituting himself the agent of an obvious rogue in an attempt to extort money by perjury through the means of law. The barrister was an English gentleman, and would never constitute himself a skeleton-key in the hand of a legal house-breaker. A barrister would think twice, and much oftener than twice, before he would sell himself to conduct a prosecution that might entail ruin on an innocent man. To secure himself from thus being possibly unawares made the tool of malice or dishonesty, he would, as counsel for the plaintiff, always confine himself strictly to fair argument, based logically on the facts of his brief, and would ever carefully avoid the untruthfulness of affecting indignation, or any other sentiment which he did not actually feel, on behalf of his client. If ever, therefore, a defendant happened to be unjustly cast for damages, it was by one of those inscrutable dispensations by which occasional failure is incidental to even the most perfect of human institutions. Counsel, whether engaged for the prosecution or the defence, would never try to confuse a witness so as to get a lie told by the witness's mouth to the jury. "Consider," said the learned gentleman, "what a fearful state of society we should be living in were the morality of the Bar so lax that a cynic might with truth assert that there was nobody wishing to rob another either of property or of good name by a lawsuit who could not find an attorney to take his instructions, knowing them to be false, and a barrister hired by the attorney, who would carry them out to the best of his ability, and enforce them with all the arts of eloquence at his command, regardless of their truth or falsehood, and even suspecting their falsehood. No; the Bar is as pure as the Bench; but were fraudulent actions for breach of promise of marriage, and other false pretences, common things, it could with truth be said that the long robe passes for being as stainless as the ermine only because the stains do not show upon its colour."

AVOID AMERICANISMS.

SOLICITUDE for the English language compels us to quote the following telegraphic message from New York:—

"Fourteen of the Vermont raiders have been captured and imprisoned at St. John's, Canada East. Two of them claim to hold officers' commissions in the Confederate service."

"To claim," according to DR. JOHNSON, is "to demand of right, to require authoritatively." In the statement above cited, it is alleged that two "raiders," who had fallen into the hands of the Federals, claim to hold commissions in the service of the Federals' enemies. As if we were meant to understand that it was in the power of their captors not only to prevent them from serving as officers on the other side, but also to grant or refuse them commissions to serve on that side, and fight those who had captured them.

We beg that, whenever any of our readers, and especially our brethren of the minor Press, have occasion to say that a person pretends or professes to be or to do this, that, or the other, they will say that he pretends or professes, and not that he claims, to be or do it. What is our objection to the word "claim" in the sense of "pretend?" Why should we not welcome a word enriching our language with a synonym, even when it comes from America? Because "claim" in the sense in which it is, as above, employed by Americans, is a euphemism for words which plainly impute deception, and its customary use implies the habitual extenuation of fraudulence prevalent amongst the people who are accustomed to use it. If ever we get generally to say claim instead of pretend, there will be good reason to doubt that we are as honest and truthful a nation as we claim to be considered.

THE ORACLE OF DELPHI COMPANY (LIMITED).

PROSPECTUS.

THIS Society has been formed for the purpose of extracting coin of the realm from the pockets of a confiding public, and performing the wondrous operation of raising the wind by spiritual agency.

The facts of modern and ancient Spiritualism exhibit a closeness of resemblance which demonstrates the unity of their causation, and the identity of the classic Pythoness with the modern Medium. The difference between them is as that between a table and a three-legged stool; which is not essential.

Abundant experience of spiritualistic phenomena has convinced the promoters of the undertaking which, under the above title, is proposed to capitalists, that the tripod, *ex quovis ligno*, might, for every practical purpose, be successfully substituted for the mahogany.

They have secured the services of a powerful female Medium capable of going at will into convulsions so strong that it requires six men to hold her. They have also got a three-legged stool, and a structure which has been fabricated to contain the stool and the Medium who will sit upon it; the whole arrangement thus combined constituting the Oracle from which responses will be delivered, on stated terms.

The number of patients whom Spiritualism has contributed to lunatic asylums, and the yet greater number who are still at large, afford safe grounds of expectation that the success of the Oracle of Delphi Company will furnish its shareholders with a triumphant answer to the question, "What is the use of Spiritualism?"

As the afflatus supposed to actuate the Medium will not be ascribed to any heathen deity, but declared to emanate from Spirits, no fear need be entertained that the Oracle will offend the religious convictions of a serious public.

The impunity which the Brothers DAVENPORT have experienced must suffice to dispel all fear that the operations of this Company will subject those employed in carrying them out to the unpleasantness of imprisonment and hard labour. The known respectability of its projectors will preclude any idea, on the part of the most suspicious individuals, that, if remittances were sent to them for subscriptions, they would bolt with the money.

A SHAKSPEARIAN CORRECTION.

DEAR OLD FRIEND PUNCH,

WILL you be kind enough to call at Drury Lane Theatre, where they are playing something like my *Macbeth*, and just alter the prompter's copy, where I make *Lady M.* say,

"Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor Cat i' *the Adage*."

What rubbish have you been setting down for me all these years? There is an Italian river into which a mediæval cat fell, and to which, of course, I alluded. I mean to describe a helpless sort of state, and what can be more helpless than a cat in a river? Ask MISS FAUCIT to be good enough to say,

"Like the poor Cat i' *the Adige*."

I shall send you some more corrections one of these days, meantime believe me,

Yours sincerely,

Elysium, Nov. 11. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

"Lo, the Poor Indian!"

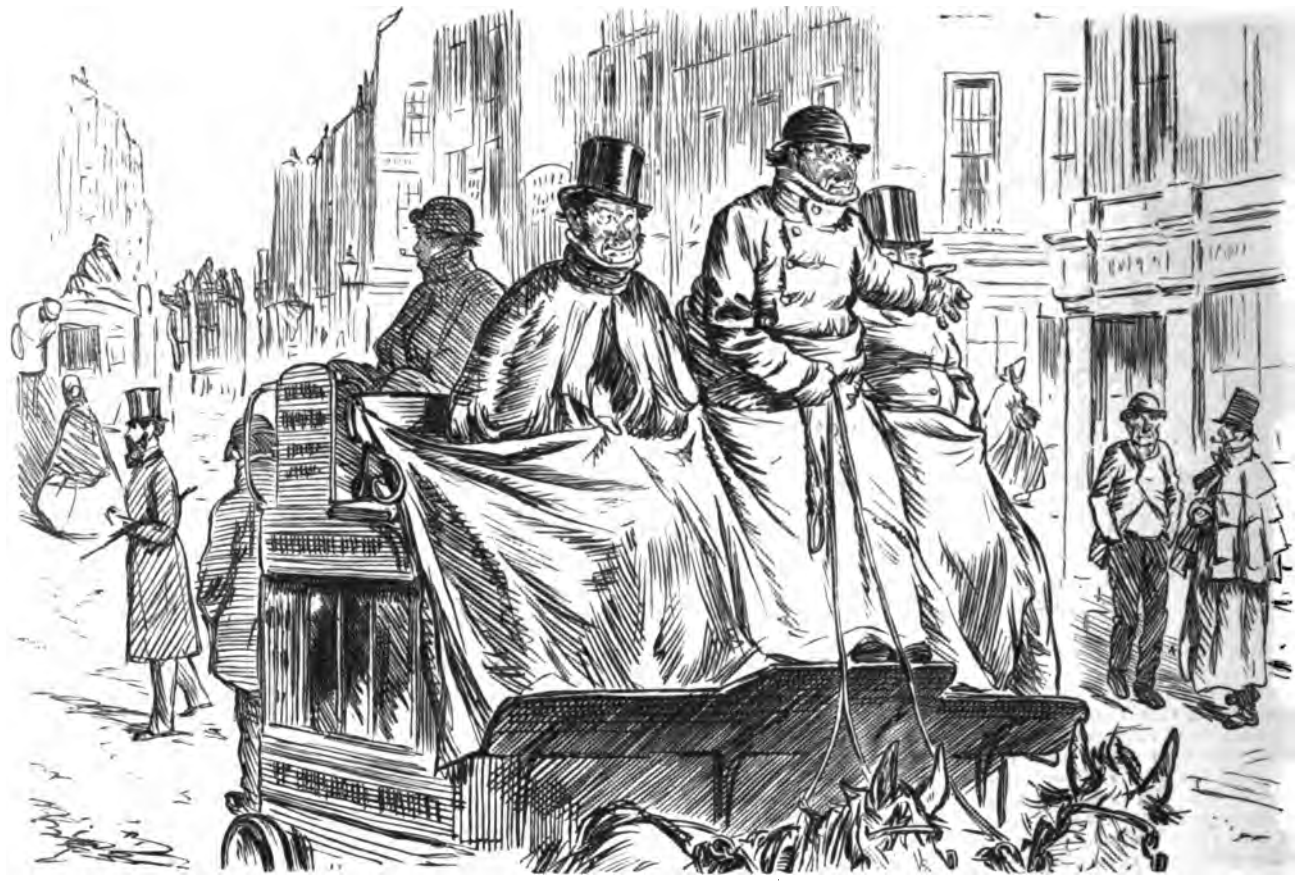
WE read, in the *Oswestry Advertiser*, this—or rather we can't exactly read it:—

"The REV. J. P. GARDINER, a missionary in Rupert's Land, gives the following word of eighteen syllables as an illustration of the peculiarities of the Indian language: 'Keguwecheahpetowkesiunemechesoometinawan'—'I will dine with you.'"

Is the REV. MR. GARDINER quite accurate? The "word" seems to us a good deal more like the inarticulate and coagulate utterance which means "I *have* dined with you, and a jolly good fellow you are at passing the bottle."

A STERN REALITY.—The Man at the Wheel.

Digitized by Google



DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Passenger (*in spite of the east wind*). "NICE SEASONABLE WEATHER!"

Driver (*shortly*). "JUS' SO, FOR ANY VUN AS LIKES BEING A HICICIL FOR FIFTEEN 'OURS OUT O' THE TWENTY-FOUR—PERFER THE SUMMER TIME FOR MY WORK!"

CRIMINALS' ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

PROSPECTUS.

(*Private and Confidential.*)

It being considered in accordance with the spirit of the age, the march of intellect, and the principles of progress, that those persons who are unfortunate enough to come under the unfavourable notice of tribunals established in unenlightened times, should be enabled to avail themselves of systematic arrangements for defeating the coarse and selfish tyranny of the Many, an Association is in course of formation with the following objects:—

To defend, in the best and most costly manner, all persons who, being Assured in the projected Society, shall be afflicted by prosecutions.

To supply, with the aid of practised writers, sensation articles to such newspapers as can be induced to accept them, such articles being framed in favour of convicted persons, and designed to produce a popular impression in their favour, by attacking the witnesses against them, vilifying hostile counsel, and ridiculing jurymen.

To procure other articles, in a graver tone, in which every mistake previously made by what is called Justice shall be held up as an awful warning, and in which intimidation shall be freely directed against Judges, Home Secretaries, and all who are charged with carrying the laws into effect.

To collect, after verdicts have been given, every kind of gossip, rumour, or invention that can discredit the case for the prosecution, and to circulate such things as largely as possible by means of the Press.

To get up petitions in favour of the convicted persons, some of such petitions to be framed so as to command the approbation of those who object to the special form of punishment that may have been awarded, and without reference to the innocence or guilt of the convicted parties.

It is believed, and experience warrants the belief, that by the irregular use of these and similar means, a criminal trial will speedily be deprived of its antiquated solemnity and terror, and that the odds in favour of the ultimate escape of the Assured will be very heavy indeed.

To the objection of the prejudiced, that such a system is unconstitutional, and tends to the subversion of the rules by which Society is now protected, the promoters would reply, that the march of intellect, the spirit of the age, and the principles of progress, render such a cavil futile in the extremest degree.

A more detailed prospectus will speedily be issued, with Assurance Tables prepared for the information of those who, with a wise forethought, look forward to their probably coming into collision with conventional arrangements, but who, owing to the uncertainties of life, may not be aware whether such collision will be occasioned by murder, manslaughter, burglary, highway robbery, garotting, embezzlement, theft, or any other departure from ordinary rules. The Rates will be carefully calculated, and brought within the means of all.

Further information may be obtained either of JONATHAN WILD, ESQ., Solicitor, Field Lane; or of MESSRS. ALIBI, DODGE, & CRAMMER, Private Inquiry Office, Spy Corner, Dirtcheap.

Natives and Settlers.

THERE has lately been an oyster-show in Paris, at the Garden of Acclimatisation. Among the oysters shown were some "small fat ones from Ostend," some "large ordinaries from Havre," and some "foreigners from London." For ordinaries of any sort we have little taste, nor have we much liking for the foreigners we sometimes come across in London. But for little fat oysters—infant Bantings we may call them—we always have a relish; and if the Acclimatising Gardeners, just by way of an experiment, would plant some in our larder, we should be most happy to give a good account of them.

LORD DUNDREARY'S LAST.—Why is a hair-cutter like a sheep? Because he is a bah-bah (*barber*).

Digitized by Google



THE BLACK DRAFT.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

IMAGINARY BIOGRAPHY.

BELL'S LIFE.

THE exact time and place of MR. BELL'S birth we have not been able to ferret out, but he is reported to have been born in Cambridgeshire, in the Second October (whenever that may be), and in Leap Year.

Connected as he was with Lords, there is good ground for asserting that his relations were decidedly aristocratic, and from the interest MR. BELL always took in the CESAREWITCH and the GRAND DUKE MICHAEL, it is not unlikely that there had been some intercourse between his family and the Court of Russia. That there were close ties between the WAGERS and himself is indisputable, for with them he was mixed up all his life. His mother, a skilful horsewoman, and remarkable for her elegant carriage, was a great *belle* and reigning toast of the day, beating all her rivals by a neck. Growing into a woman of ample proportions, and bearing the name of ELIZABETH, her distinguished son, when in a sportive mood, would speak of her as a heavy BET; and after her portrait was taken, and its merits were canvassed in the family circle, he invariably referred to the picture as a drawn BET.

The child is father to the man; and it is instructive to trace in the dawn of young BELL'S life indications of his future tastes and pursuits. "Coming *events*," &c. One of his contemporaries remembers that he would neglect all his other toys for a little mill, and that his favourite amusement was playing at horses. Another recalls his partiality for chestnuts (to the last MR. BELL'S favourite colour); his fondness (unlike most children) for sweeps; his aversion to paying forfeit in their Christmas games; and his eagerness to be pony when old enough to play at cards. Like many other celebrated Englishmen, the subject of this biography does not appear to have been in good form in his school career, for there is no record of his ever taking part in the half-yearly contests for elegantly-bound books at the Academy where he was a pupil. His interest in prize-fights arose at a later date.

On leaving school he got into harness at once, and buckling-to with a determination to win, soon distanced all his competitors in the race. Of MR. BELL'S successful exertions as a great paper-maker, it is needless to speak. His name is known everywhere: from Cowes to the Calf of Man, from Hudson's Bay to the Black Sea. In front parlours and back-woods; in the bush and on the branch railway; at the diggings and amongst minors; at the clubs and in the hands of Majors; in steam-packets and newspaper parcels; in business circles and fashionable squares; at steeple-chaces and beneath the Abbey towers; in woods and forests, and Government offices generally; by the cover-side and over the dinner-table; at the meet and after the pudding; on locks and quays; on piers and commons; in livery-stables and Opera-stalls; in shooting-boxes in the Highlands and before elephants' trunks in the jungle; at spas and fights; in grand stands and fine seats; on the Moors and at the "Spaniards;" amongst Turks and ottomans, smooth bores and rough customers; in the midst of savage tribes and aboriginal races; at the "Alhambra" and in the Vatican—we hear, read, see, and quote MR. BELL, and never cease to discuss and subscribe to his opinions.

He was fortunate enough to marry early in life, and to make a good match, and every year, as the Race week came round, he would refer to Ascot as "the course of true love," because it was there he first met MRS. BELL; and on each anniversary of the wedding-day it was as good as gold to listen to his recommendation of the Ring, as containing within its circle all imaginable happiness. Reference has been made to his jocular sayings. One or two more hits are placed to his score. A spectator of the greatest yacht-race but one of the whole year, he termed it the Leger-de-main; and on the same occasion excused himself for putting a question to the man at the wheel by saying that he understood him to be the spokesman. His epitaph on a noted pedestrian deserves a niche in this biography—"Requiescat in *pace;*" and the humorous turn of his mind displayed itself forcibly in the song he always made choice of to sing after the dinner which closed the season of the boating club of which he was a member—"*The Last Rows of Summer.*"

Thoroughly appreciating all our best authors, he gave the preference to those who were remarkable for a racy style, and in whose works the fancy predominated: of our poets he was biassed in favour of BOWLES. Orderly and methodical in his habits, he could not bear things to be at sixes and sevens, but he delighted in fives. JACKSON'S portrait of him (taken at Kennington) shows a man with a face of the oval shape, and a form "of the manliest beauty."

MR. BELL lived to an advanced age, although he was in the habit of taking his own life every week. To the finish he would issue forth with a good staff, and there was nothing he liked so well as a brisk circulation. Loved by his equals and respected by his betters, when at length his race was run, obituarists spoke of him as a stable friend, but not one to be jockeyed, as invariably preserving an even temper, though the odds might be heavily against him, and as a man who, if he trolled a catch never fished for a compliment—if he hedged a bet, never fenced a question.

Light lie the turf upon him! Peace to his *manes!*

ALDERMAN WUGSBY'S SPEECH.

(*Intended for the Civic Banquet, and rehearsed on the 8th of November before an admiring private circle, consisting of* MRS. WUGSBY, MASTER WUGSBY, *the* MISSES WUGSBY, *a few City friends, and our own Special Reporter. On the ninth the worthy Alderman was not called upon.*)

MY LORD MAYOR (*bowing to* MRS. WUGSBY),—Your Royal 'Ighnesses (*to the* MISSES WUGSBY), MISTER BERIER (*to* MASTER WUGSBY, *supposed to be impersonating that eminent French Barrister*), and Gentlemen (*our Special Reporter, and friends, collectively*), it is with the greatest pleasure as I rise to respond to the toast of the 'Onourable Corporation of our ancient City, which you 'ave done us the Honour (H *well aspirated*) of drinking! (*'Ear, 'ear! from the City friends*). When I looks around me and sees the many emanent pussonages of our nobility, gentry, and others, and You, MISTER BERIER, a sitting there (*to* MASTER WUGSBY, *who burst into tears, and was immediately threatened with bed*), I say, as I said afore, MISTER BERIER, a sitting there, which I take it werry kind on him to come all this distance, as the passage from Bullown to Folkestone ain't that pleasant to some people, as I well knows to my own cost. (*Here* MRS. WUGSBY *shook her head dismally.*) I says, as I said afore, that when I see so many distinguished phases, I feel proud of bein' a member of the ancient Corporation. (*'Ear, 'ear! from City friends, and approving nods from* MRS. WUGSBY *and the young ladies.*) I lay my 'and on my 'eart, and say it does me good to see a distinguished Furriner 'ere, not as an Nenemy, but in the kapacity of a friendly gent. (*'Ear, 'ear, 'ear!*) In 'is politics he 'as be'aved like a true Brittun, with all the pluck of a English Terrier; an' if my LORD MAYOR will pummit me, and you, your Royal 'Ighnesses, I will say, in a manner of speaking,

"There ain't no English Terrier,
As can compare with MR. BERIER

(*Cheers.*) My LORD MAYOR, your Royal 'Ighnesses, and MISTER BERIER, we meet every 'ear to do H-Honour to this anspishious occashion, and I am proud to drink the 'ealth of all 'ese; and you, MISTER BERIER, as a leading member of a Furrin Bar (*'Ear, 'ear, 'ear!*)—of a Furrin Bar (*'Ear, 'ear!*)—a Furrin Bar (*'Ear!*)—and I speak the sentiments of hall—of all of us, in saying, as we 'ope it aint the fust time, nor the last time, as we shall welcome you among us (*'Ear, 'ear! and cheers from everybody*). And I 'ope this appearance of yours 'ere, MISTER BERIER, will promote the *Ongkong Cordial* 'atween the two nations. (*'Ear, 'ear!*) I proposes the 'ealth of MISTER BERIER, coupled with the Furrin Bar.

(*On the worthy Alderman resuming his seat, supper was announced, and* MISTER BERIER, *in his own character of* MASTER WUGSBY, *having been sent to bed, the party sat down to a substantial meal.*)

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER BORROWING.

WE cannot help quoting the subjoined passage from the eloquent address delivered by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER on the closing of the North London Industrial Exhibition:—

"If it be closed, it is closed like the corn which you drop into the earth, and which is placed there in order that its death may be the precursor of renovated life and new fertility."

MR. GLADSTONE'S hearers cheered this comparison, and well they might. It was not exactly original; but never mind. Although you must not rob PETER to pay PAUL, you are at liberty, however, to borrow from PAUL; and even in robbing PAUL of an illustration, the learned Member for Oxford might justly say, *Furto lætamur in ipso.* We trust that he will some day devise a system of equitable taxation, which, if it now existed, would enable us to say that nobody but PAUL is robbed by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Dramatic Duet.

Sharp Person (*asks, singing*). In what hand should a Cricketer write?
Dull Person (*answers, also singing*). I don't quite understand.
Sharp Person (*annoyed*). Shall I repeat—
Sharper Person (*briskly sings*). Oh no! I see't,
He'll write in a *bowl'd round hand.*

[*Exit* SHARP PERSON L.H. SHARPER PERSON *dances off* R.H. DULL PERSON *is left thinking.*

MOTTO FOR THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—"The Cart before the Horse."

"DOING" BANTING.—Getting fat.

Digitized by Google



OH, HOW ARTFUL!

Wife. "WHENEVER I WANT A NICE SNUG DAY, ALL TO MYSELF, I TELL GEORGE MY MOTHER IS COMING; AND THEN I SEE NOTHING OF HIM TILL ONE IN THE MORNING."

STRANGE STAGE WANTS.

WHAT queer jumbles one sees in theatrical advertisements! Look at this, for instance:—

WANTED, a LEADING MAN, and a COMIC SINGER, to combine Utility. State terms. No answer a negative.

LORD PALMERSTON and MR. GLADSTONE may both of them undoubtedly be viewed as leading men, but it hardly seems respectful to name them in the same breath with a comic singer, or to expect them to "combine utility" with any such a person. What this latter phrase may mean we do not thoroughly perceive, but perhaps the leading man is merely wanted for the purpose of joining in the chorus when the comic singer sings. We can fancy what an audience would be attracted to a theatre, were it announced that LORD PALMERSTON would appear in the Pantomime, and assist the Clown in singing the ballad of *Hot Codlins*, by bawling out the "Tol lol iddy iddy ido" at the tip-top of his voice.

WHO WILL PROP THE POPE?

THE French withdrawn, what new allies will come
To prop the tottering autocrat of Rome?
Say, will his props be Poles? or will he seek
An Austrian friendship, or a Dutch, or Greek?
Haply the Turks for temporal aid he'll bother,
And of the Two Sick Men one help the other.
Haply for troops he'll sue the Portuguese,
Or send to ask them of the far Feejees.
Haply to Norway he'll proclaim his need,
Or hope that aid may turn-up from the Swede;
Or else perchance to Yankee land he'll send,
And beg each foe of slavery be his friend.
Whate'er his troops, we may be sure that they
Will not stand by him if he does not pay:
So of all help his hopes will surely vanish,
Unless he be supported by the Spanish.

A Spirited Remark.

"Too much spirit in the ports, indeed!" exclaimed old BERSWINE to a friend. "I tell you there are ports without a particle of spirit. For instance, my dear fellow, just look at the DAVEN-PORTS."

CONSCIENCE MONEY.

(HIGHLY PROBABLE.)

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of the following sums, which have been sent him as Conscience Money, to be applied to the reduction of the Income-Tax:—

A VIRTUOUS CABMAN.—Sixpence: a half-crown having been given him by mistake instead of his just fare, a florin.

A DONE OLD CLOTHES-MAN.—A farthing, which he found in the pocket of a pair of trousers, for which he gave very little under their value, because he felt the coin during negotiations, and thought it might be a sovereign.

A BOOKKEEPER.—Nine-and-sixpence; being the balance of a half-sovereign paid to him as a sixpence by an inebriated patron of the Sensation Drama.

A STUDENT.—An old five-pound note, found in a copy of the *Whole Duty of Man* which he procured at a book-stall, and would have paid for, but that the old lady-proprietor was not looking his way.

A BATHING-WOMAN.—Five shillings; being the proceeds, less deduction for necessary expenses, of the produce of a gold watch found in a bathing-machine, and which watch the lady who asserted that she had lost it failed to describe with the perfect accuracy necessary to satisfy the finder's conscience that it would be right to give up the article.

A MARGATE LODGING-KEEPER.—Five *sous*, discovered (with English money) in a dressing-glass drawer.

A TURNPIKE MAN.—Fourpence, which he charged a second time, owing to his having accidentally forgotten the number of the day, and having compelled a person who remembered it to pay twice.

A PENITENT PEW-OPENER.—One shilling, thoughtlessly taken from a couple of little children who had been told to put it into the plate, and who supposed that she was the collector.

A TOUTING PHOTOGRAPHER.—Half-a-crown, paid by a poor maid-servant for a portrait so abominably bad that she cried, and would not take it away.

A SUMMONER OF JURIES.—A sovereign, given by an author whom the S. J. had already summoned nine times in ten months, knowing that he was good pay for exemption.

AN OLD PARTY IN CHARGE OF A HOUSE.—A penny, paid to her (instead of for a jam tart) by a little boy whose cap had been thrown into the area by a big lad, and which cap the Old Party said—and is sorry she said—that she wasn't going to be bothered to pitch up for nothing.

THE LEADER OF THE LIBERALS.

SAID the *Times*, the other day, anent the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH and his Italian policy:—

"He pays the penalty sure to be incurred by such Princes as have the misfortune to be more liberal and enlightened than their subjects. He is obliged to adopt a line of policy which does not satisfy himself, and yet which there is the greatest reason to believe will not satisfy them. He is obliged to defer to prejudices to which he is superior, and to feelings with which he has no sympathy. Anxious to place France in the position which she ought to occupy as a leader of the liberal opinion of Europe, he is constantly encountered by the fact that the nation, the destiny of which he directs, is devotedly attached to that very Papal Government from the support of whose temporal power he is gradually seeking to withdraw himself."

Has the EMPEROR, we wonder, any relish for a joke? Because, if so, he must have had a hearty laugh at this. After having gagged the Press, the mouthpiece of enlightenment, thus to find himself described as "more enlightened than his subjects;" ha! ha! *que c'est drôle ça.* And then to learn that he is "anxious to assist" the liberal party, whose newspapers he prohibits! Ha! ha! *ha!* A funny way of helping, truly. What a wag the writer must be who can pen so droll a pleasantry.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN TWO POTENTATES.

Mr. Punch to the Lord Mayor. HALE, fellow, well met!
The Lord Mayor to the Police. Here!

A CLERICAL ERROR.—Brother IGNATIUS.

Digitized by Google

PRINCE BABY'S COURT CIRCULAR.



THE great satisfaction which was given to the mothers of England by the faithful narrations about PRINCE BABY which were supplied during the recent tour of PRINCE BABY'S Royal parents, and the delight which was felt in reading, in a subsequent Court Circular, that he had been out for an airing, has induced his friend and godfather, *Mr. Punch*, to make arrangements for the regular preparation of a Court Circular that shall be devoted only to PRINCE BABY. The following is the chronicle of the past week:—

Sunday. H.R.H. very good indeed. Slightly incensed after church at being interrupted in sucking the velvet on Mamma's Prayer-book; but instantly pacified. Grabbed at a wine-glass and threw it down, but only laughed at the pieces, and wanted another.

Monday. H.R.H. did not cry during the whole day. Observing, from the window, his Royal parents going out for a ride, distinctly remarked "Ta-ta," innocently unconscious that they were out of hearing.

Tuesday. H.R.H.'s usual amiability was disturbed by a special petition, on the part of his head-nurse, that he would put the coral into his mouth instead of SHEM, HAM, and JAPHET, whom he endeavoured to introduce there all at once. He was graciously pleased, however, to substitute the elephants for the family of NOAH.

Wednesday. H.R.H. evinced a great desire to eat his toes. During a ride in the afternoon, he distinctly pointed at a horse, and made a remark, which the head-nurse is inclined to believe was "see," but which the second nurse considers to have been "gee."

Thursday. H.R.H. very sleepy; but the medical attendants did not think that the symptoms were in the least alarming, though his remonstrances on being moved certainly were. He was pleased to break a Sèvres cup in the afternoon, and to laugh very much at the crash.

Friday. H.R.H. much displeased at a bib being inserted under his double chin, and he spat out his nutriment with much vigour. Afterwards, a sudden clutch at his Royal mother's Dagmar brooch slightly hurt his hand, but he was delighted when the naughty brooch was well whipped.

Saturday. H.R.H. in the highest spirits, and kicking vehemently. An attempt to swallow his red sock was happily frustrated, and his Royal father's watch went into his mouth instead. He enjoyed his evening bath exceedingly, and utterly refused to allow himself to be removed from the water. At length an Angola kitten effected a diversion, and H.R.H. concluded the week by going to sleep with the affectionate kitten's tail in his hand.

DEVOTION TO MARS.

THE subjoined outburst of devotional enthusiasm, according to the *Moniteur de l'Armée*, proceeded from the lips of LIEUTENANT PANONDU HAZIER, commander of the French transport *Licorne*, at the head of a pilgrimage made by his crew to the temporary tomb of NAPOLEON THE FIRST at St. Helena, on the anniversary of the birth of that benefactor of Europe and mankind:—

"This God of Battles had his agony and his Calvary! A terrible agony—a mysterious grief which none of us can comprehend. But let us reject these melancholy reflections while recollecting that this God of Battles has had his resurrection."

The resurrection of LIEUTENANT HAZIER'S God of Battles was one such as, before the Anatomy Act, used to be accomplished by resurrectionists. It consisted in the removal of his remains to France—a sufficient paradise for such a divinity. The pious Lieutenant's Christianity is evidently that of the War Christians. He seems to confound the God of Battles with the Prince of Peace. Apparently, he considers the God of Battles to have been embodied in the form of NAPOLEON THE FIRST, and he makes the mistake of worshipping that God of Battles. Let us hope that he will find out his mistake in time.

HEAD-DRESS.—Powder, an exploded fashion.

THE GOSHAWK AND THE HEN HARRIER.

(*To the* HONOURABLE GRANTLEY BERKELEY.)

GRANTLEY,

You 're a Spoortsman and I'm a Poacher, What 's the difference 'tween a patridge and a sparrer? That's what I says. I did once say I took a patridge for a sparrerhawk. 'Twas when a Geam keeper found me wi' the patridge. If you'll believe me, I thought it was a sparrerhawk.

You 'll say you knows better. Better about hawks? Come, now, GRANTLEY. How about the Goshawk? Hears you wrote a letter about un in the *Times*. Understand you says you shot five on 'em tother day in this here county. Five Goshawks. Goshawks, common birds in Hampshur. Hen Harriers! Them's your Hampshur Goshawks, GRANTLEY. "By the word 'goshawk,' I suppose is meant the 'hen harrier,' or 'ring-tailed falcon,' the male of which bird is blue." That's what you says. Which is wuss, GRANTLEY BERKELEY, my mistake or yourn?

We ought to know summut about hawks, both on us. Birds of a feather, hawks, you, and me. Consarned in the pursuit o' geam. But I hunts wi' the owl too, when the moon 's up, for a shiny night is my delight in the sason o' the year. The Owl is the bird o' wisdom, GRANTLEY. He knows a hawk from a hen harrier. I wonder you don't, of all English gentleman. Thought you know'd all 'bout woodcraft. Falconry! Fancied you was up to all whatsomedever about that there, anyhow. What would are a one o' any of them there old ancesters o' yourn, as spent their time in hawkun, and used to goo about wi' falcons on their fistes, a thought o' you if he could a foreseed you takun a hen harrier for a goshawk! Dost n't know that the Goshawk was reckoned one of the first-rate hawks by them there ancient Barons as wore coats of arms, and went to war on hossback cased in iron, wi' shields and battle-axes? Dost n't know that there was long-winged hawks, that is true falcons, and short-winged hawks, my friend the Sparrerhawk, and the Goshawk, yourn, GRANTLEY? And dost n't know that kites, and buzzards, and harriers, was counted 'mungst what they called the ignoble falcons? I got an old book at whoam, mun, tells all about it, bless 'ee.

Goshawk, *Astur Palumbarius*. Got a new book, too, tells all 'bout that likewise. Hen Harrier, *Circus Cyaneus*. Them's the larned neams o' nateral history. Book 'em, GRANTLEY. Goo to British Museum up in Lunnun. There thee 'st zee Goshawk and Hen Harrier, both on 'em, stuffed, and by'n by lara to tell one from t'other.

I got another book at whoam. A old book, wi' leather covers. Bigger than books be now-a-days. Printed in different fashioned letters, most wi' e's at the ends on 'em. SHAKESPEARE! There, in a play, *Hamlet*, Prince of Denmark, says he know'd a hawk from a handsaw. GRANTLEY, I doubt if thee ever didst; but arter the infamation which I've a gin thee, I hopes in futur, at laste, thee know a hawk from a harrier.

I be, or a med say wuz, BOB MOODY.

The Cellarage, St. Swithin's Walk.

P.S. I should be glad to drink your Honner's health, if you would chuck half-a-crown or so down this here way. B. M.

SHAKSPEARE'S LIBRARY.

SHAKSPEARE'S Books, it seems, are being discovered in various directions. His *Prayer Book* is reported to have turned up somewhere in Wales, and it is probable that he took it with him there in case he might have to go to church while on the journey he took to get up facts about the Welsh lady in *Henry IV*. He was very particular about going to church, as must be clear to all students of his history and writings. The Dramatic Authors' Society have good hopes of discovering his BOYER'S *French Dictionary* one of these days. We trust also to hear of the recovery of his *Book of Cab-fares*, which, as is well known, suggested to him the line in *Macbeth*, "fare is foul and foul is fare." We fear that his last *Bradshaw* is destroyed, at least we have no evidence that the Poet imitated the one careful man of our own time, who binds his old *Bradshaws*, but his *Euclid*, from which he drew the beautiful image in the *Winter's Tale*, about "the Angle that plucks our son thither," may yet be heard of, and we shall rejoice with unfeigned joy to learn that his *Book of Etiquette* has re-appeared, from which no doubt he got the idea for the rule he prescribes (in *Henry VIII.*) to gentlemen who go for a walk with ladies:—

"I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you."

TO BILLIARD PLAYERS.—If you would obey the *rules* of Billiards, always attend to the *Cannons* of the game.

DEATH FROM MUSHROOMS.—DÆDALUS, when he tried Champignons (Sham-pinions).

Digitized by Google



OH, BY ALL MEANS REVISE THE CODE!

Teacher (certificated). "'ENERY, 'ENERY! WHERE'S YER 'ANDS?"

A LETTER TO LORD WESTBURY.

MY LORD,

THE man who fails to recognise your Lordship's eminent sagacity in everything you do is a fool whom it were flattery to call a brainless ass. For my part, so impressed am I with wonder at your wisdom, that I cannot for an instant entertain the rude belief that any act of yours has ever fallen short of expectation, or failed in its wise aim. Other persons may, however, be less awestruck than myself, and may with weak credulity believe there is some truth in the following remarks upon your Lordship's Law of Bankruptcy. You may read them in the *Standard* of the 2nd ult.:—

"The failure of the Act of 1861 was prophesied from the first by every one competent to form an opinion, and is now admitted even by its author. The evils it has wrought are known to every lawyer, and have been experienced by every trader in the country."

It is just possible, perhaps, that your pet Act, my Lord, has failed to prove so perfect as we, your admirers, thought it would; but it is not credible that you yourself have been betrayed into admission of its failure. Hear, however, what the *Standard* further has to say respecting it:—

"Every *Gazette* tells how the late Act has multiplied the number of bankruptcies; every creditor feels, every knavish debtor knows, how easy it has made the process of 'whitewashing.' Accounts which should have been rendered in 1862 were not forthcoming till last February. The expenses of the Court rose from £81,000 in 1860 to £125,000 in 1863—an advance of more than 50 per cent.; while the sums collected fell in the same period from £1,250,000 to less than £700,000, an absolute falling off of more than half a million, though the business of the Court had enormously increased."

My Lord, these statements are all false, as everybody ought to know: at least, for one, shall stick to it they are so; and shall continue to regard your Lordship's law of Bankruptcy as the brightest emanation from your Lordship's brilliant brain. But, as I have hinted, other people are alive whose faith in your unerring wisdom is not so fine as mine; and as these persons all have tongues and pens to publish their opinions and to damage your fair fame, it were well to take the edge off their weapons of attack. Of course your Lordship will not deign to squabble with a scribbler, whom a word of yours would crush. But for the benefit of poor benighted readers of the *Standard*, who may be weak enough to think there is some particle of truth in the remarks which I have quoted, you might command some one in Basinghall Street, who is well acquainted with the working of your Act, to put forth an official report of its success, and to furnish such good proofs of it as will refute the foolish slanders wherewith it is attacked.

If to this report your Lordship will but add a few expressions of your sublime contempt for the miserable drivellers who have wakened your just wrath, I have no doubt that the pamphlet will be greedily inquired for, and perused with great delight.

Repeating my belief in your never failing wisdom, which I may almost say it were sheer blasphemy to doubt, I have the honour to remain,

My Lord, your Lordship's most obedient and admiring servant,

PUNCH.

THE SENTIMENTS OF ONE "LONDON CRITIC."

MR. PUNCH acknowledges the receipt of a pamphlet containing tolerant notice and vulgar puff of a Jewess who is attracting the least respectable portion of playgoers by an exhibition not quite so disgraceful as the pictures that invite them, but sufficiently vulgar and indecent to deserve such patronage. Her nationality is vaunted, or he should not allude to it, the less that modesty is, both from religion and from habit, a strong characteristic of the females of her race. He, the true and tried friend of the Hebrews, is in no danger of being misunderstood when he expresses a satisfaction that the poor creature is not called a Christian. He has no more to say upon an odious subject, out of his jurisdiction.

Serenade for November.

YOUR Troubadour's toes are beginning to freeze,
Your Troubadour's nose is beginning to sneeze,
A violent cold does his singing mar,
As he chants to the tune of a light *catarrh*.

QUERY FOR PROFESSOR OWEN.—Is Neptune a Kingfisher?

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, November 19, 1864.



CONDESCENSION.

Ostler (confidentially). "*THAT'S* THE AYLESBURY CHICKEN."
Old Gent (much refreshed). "OH!"
Ostler (taken aback). "I—I SAID THAT WAS THE AYLESBURY CHICKEN."
Old Gent. "YES! YES! YOU TOLD ME THAT BEFORE."
Ostler. "WELL, THEN—THEN, WHY DON'T YER SHAKE HANDS WITH 'IM—*'E'LL LET YER!!!*"

AN INQUEST ON AN INQUEST.

AN inquest was held on Tuesday last week by *Mr. Punch*, upon an inquest which had been held the day before by MR. W. PAYNE on a body. The circumstances of the case were these:—

A Clergyman, the REV. JOHN HUNT, Curate of St. Botolph's, Aldgate, had systematically studied anatomy, for the very best of reasons, among them because "he held it to be his sacred duty as a theologian to inquire into every quarter of Nature's kingdom, to search out her mysteries, and see her glorious and miraculous works." He obtained, from a physician, the necessary means for acquiring anatomical knowledge, and in so doing neither infringed the Anatomy Act nor violated the decencies of life or death. That which he had procured for his purpose was the most unobjectionable thing for it that could possibly be conceived. However, a churchwarden, a MR. DAVID KING, found the thing in his possession, had suspicions about it, thought it formed a matter for investigation, refused to allow the case to drop, and would not have hushed it up for £1000." Accordingly, he sent to the Coroner; an inquest followed; everything was quite satisfactorily explained. The Coroner, in charging the jury, was pleased to remark that "it was clear the rev. gentleman had pursued medical studies; but whether wisely, or not, it was not for him to say." He added, however, the following considerably more pertinent observation:—

"Certainly in a country district a Clergyman might be called in to a woman to give her religious consolation, and it might so happen that she might become suddenly ill, and his medical assistance would be of great use."

The jury then laid their heads together to consider their verdict, and the conclusion which they arrived at was as follows:—

"That the deceased was stillborn, and the jury, while admitting the right of the REV. MR. HUNT to study medicine, are of opinion that it would be better if he confined his studies to matters of a clerical character to the exclusion of the study of anatomy."

Mr. Punch, after having pointed out the logical difficulty of accepting the statement that the "deceased" was "stillborn," said he would only remark that ignorance of natural knowledge, and especially of anatomy, was particularly objected in the present day against the clergy, and greatly impaired their influence and usefulness. His jury would now consider the verdict of that other jury, and give their own thereon.

Without a moment's deliberation the jury empanelled by *Mr. Punch* returned a verdict of "Snobbish Impertinence." They added that, whilst admitting the lamentable fact that vulgar blockheads are eligible to serve on Coroners' juries, they are of opinion that it would be better that such persons should cease to be so, and should be obliged to mind their own business, and confine their attention to their awls, or their geese, or to dispensing candles, red herrings, penn'orths of cheese, balls of twine, small parcels of sugar, tea, coffee, tobacco, snuff, vinegar, and pepper, and other groceries, or the like commodities, over the counter, to the exclusion of any office whose performance affords them an opportunity of making uncalled-for, offensive, and ridiculous remarks on the meritorious conduct of gentlemen.

Question and Answer.

(*Translated from* A-NORSE *Song.*)

WHAT colour, Sir, should be a horse
That 's yours, and yours alone?
D' you give it up? Why, Sir, of course,
That horse must be *your roan.*

VERY NATIONAL SYMPATHY.

THE efforts made by the German Legal Protection Society on behalf of their countryman MÜLLER show how the Germans all hang together. Their treatment of Denmark had shown that they should.

MR. PUNCH'S HANDY-BOOK OF THE STAGE.



THERE have been Handy-books published on all imaginable subjects, including some of those best as well as worst-fitted, apparently, for packing into the dimensions of a duodecimo.

Thus, there are Handy-books on Law, teaching you everything from the mysteries of an action of ejectment to the art of making your own will—a practice much to be recommended to any person with a proper respect for the legal institutions of the country, and a benevolent wish to distribute his property, after death, among the members of the legal profession.

So we have a Handy-book on the duties of Executors—well calculated to open the eyes of any one who is about to act in that capacity, to a sense of his situation; to show him the traps and pit-falls kindly laid by the Law to warn him off the very dangerous ground he is about to venture on; and, in a word, to make him generally uncomfortable.

Then there are Handy-books for Unprotected Females, impressing such useful lessons as that all 'busses do *not* go to the Bank; that crossing a cheque is not quite as difficult an operation as crossing Regent Street during the height of the Season; and points of practice in business and money matters equally useful and comforting to the feminine mind.

Why need we speak of Handy-books for the Piggery, the Poultry-yard, the Orchard, the Dairy, and all the other Domestic Offices—

Or of Handy-books for the Crystal Palace, and the British Museum, the Tower, and Kew Gardens, and all the sights of London—

Or of Handy-books for the Civil Service—

Handy-books of the British Constitution—

Handy-books of Dates—

Handy-books of Cookery—

Handy-books of Candidates for Direct Commissions . . . .

Or—if Hand-books and Handy-books may claim cousinship, and we only see one reason (y) they should not—of that greatest achievement in the way of handiness and condensation—

Murray's Hand-books, the staff and stay of the British Tourist!

But there is one Handy-book which remains to be written. This is the Handy-book of the Theatre. *Mr. Punch*, as the author, leading actor, proprietor, and manager of about the oldest theatre and most popular play in existence, is clearly *the* person to write it.

There are reasons which make the subject particularly opportune at this moment. In the first place, everybody assures us that "the Theatre is looking up."

Looking at the facts, this can hardly mean that the Drama is aiming too high—firing over people's heads, trying to be sublime, or poetical, or imaginative, or full of purpose, making any absurd pretension to high art, or any such transcendental nonsense. No; the harshest critic of the Stage cannot say that our Theatre is looking up in *this* sense.

But the Theatre is prosperous, popular—even fashionable—especially since it has had the advantage of an infusion of Parisian blood among the actors as well as the pieces.

It is evident that something like a new life is stirring both before and behind the curtain.

Sensation has galvanised the Stage into vitality, as it has all other branches of art and literature to which its enlivening stimulus has been applied. The Theatre never before employed such enormous capitals—at least the Posters and their print, were never so large. Pieces can run their hundreds of nights now, which in less advanced times would have been unable to totter through a sickly month of existence; nay, would hardly have succeeded in keeping their legs for a first night.

We have a highly intelligent and eagerly appreciative public, which can see force, meaning, and point, where our obtuse ancestors would have only discerned extravagance, nonsense, and vulgarity. Hardly any piece is brought out now-a-days but we learn, on the authority of the bills and the newspapers, that it is "an enormous success." And even if bills and articles were silent, we should be led to the same conclusion by the appearance of the theatre before the curtain—crowded stalls, private boxes all filled, well-tenanted dress-circles and pits—as much as is left of them. As for galleries, except at Drury Lane, we won't answer. They appear to be considered low. Probably the people who used to go to the galleries on this side the water, now go to the boxes over the Bridges.

The malignity of rivals, or the incredulity of cynicism, may suggest "paper," as the explanation of at least some of these well-filled houses. One hears such sneering remarks as that "Order is Manager's first law;" and we know that pasteboard has been used for making houses elsewhere than in Japan. But if we doubted the evidence of audiences, we have only to read the criticisms. Criticism is emphatically a growth of our own generation. Everybody now-a-days is a critic. Look at the *Saturday Review*, if you want to see the critical lash well laid on. And there is a whole legion of weeklies following suit of the *Saturday*, though they don't use the knout with so much vigour, or apply the cayenne and chili-vinegar, after flogging, with such evident relish. Then look at the Quarterlies. The fathers of the race—who used to have a monopoly of critical red and gauge, and quite sufficed our simple fathers in the way of literary butchery—have to struggle for life with a host of young and vigorous competitors, and can hardly hold their own. So, if no play is ever damned now-a-days, and newspaper notices of new pieces are, in nineteen cases out of every score, one string of praises and pæans over author, actor, and manager, it must be because the pieces are good, and not the critics unwilling or unable to find fault.

Perhaps MR. BOUCICAULT may have gone a little too far when he fixed the profits of a well-conducted West-End theatre, of fair dimensions, at twenty thousand pounds per annum. His own successes have been colossal, and, besides, he has the sanguine temperament of a great imaginative creator, and may be excused for seeing things theatrical in a high light. He lives in a blaze of triumph, and naturally surveys the profits as well as catastrophes of the Drama through a magnifying binocular glass, and under effects of blue and red fire. But there can be no doubt, to any ingenuous mind looking patent facts in the face, that the London theatres *are* flourishing—in every sense of the word.

But not only is the Theatre prosperous and popular—it is in a transitional state—just the condition for a useful application of sound precepts and directions to all parties concerned in its prosperity—whether actors, managers, authors, critics, or spectators.

For example, the weighty conclusions of old experience are, we fear, falling into a dangerous desuetude among actors. There are signs, here and there, of a fatal disposition to forget that acting is an art, and, as an art, must be carefully kept apart from Nature. Not that this mischief has gone *very* far; but we have a few actors and actresses, otherwise of promise, who seem to be dropping into natural tones and movements, and stooping to an imitation of every-day life, which is quite out of keeping with the conditions of the Stage. Thus, we have even seen actors of late forgetting themselves so far as to remove their hats when they enter a drawing-room, or pausing to salute a lady before beginning the words set down for them; and actresses have been heard to object to walking in the streets at all times of the day in evening dress, and without bonnets.

These are, evidently, vicious concessions to that realism which is fatal, we fear, to all art, and which has already invaded the scenic department of the Theatre. Happily it has not yet got farther, or only in very few cases. Managers have not yet, we are thankful to say, insisted on natural action and unexaggerated delivery—much less on probable incident or possible story—in these rooms which the scene-painters build so solidly, and furnish with such completeness; or before the landscapes, in which the skill of a BEVERLEY, a GRIEVE, a TELBIN, or a CALLCOT struggles not unsuccessfully with Nature. The piece and the acting still bring us back to that domain of the imagination, in which Nature is felt to be out of keeping, and imitation of realities impertinent.

Even managers are by no means beyond the need of some useful hints. Fortunately the good old rules, which prescribed the discomfort of audiences, the dirt and dinginess of private boxes, and the extortions of boxkeepers, as the best conditions for enhancing the enjoyment of the play, by operation of the well-known law of contrast, are still adhered to by the majority of this class. But a few misguided persons have not scrupled to substitute for these chastening influences, comfort, cleanliness, and civility. The effect, we need hardly say, has been to encourage a captious and fault-finding spirit in the visitors to other, and more intelligently administered, Theatres.

Again, among actor-managers,—a class that now almost monopolises the direction of our theatres—there are a few who show no sense of the responsibilities of their double character. They are content to figure as merely stock-members of their own companies; their names are not printed in larger letters than those of the men and women whom they hire and pay. Pieces are not selected with a view to the display of their individual talent. They seem content ignobly to stand on common ground with the rank and file of their profession, instead of taking up a becoming position of pre-eminence upon the pedestal of their managerial dignity.

Actor-managers must not be allowed thus to forget themselves, with-

Digitized by Google

out an appeal to the noble example set them in these respects by men who have a truer sense of the duties of their position.

For other reasons, authors, critics, and spectators of stage-plays need warning, instruction, and guidance, just as much as managers and actors.

To all these classes *Mr. Punch* hopes to offer practical advice of a highly valuable kind in his "Handy-book of the Stage," of which this may be regarded as the preface.



Actor (*excitedly*). "FOR *TWO* LONG *YEARS* HAVE I——"
A Voice from above. "SO YOU 'AVE, GUV'NOR!"

LETTER FROM A MAN.

MY DEAR PUNCH,

WOMAN is our Master, there is no doubt about that. But we have not ceded the last shred of our liberty. One privilege is reserved to us, as if to remind us that we had once been the stronger. By the law of England we may beat, rob, insult, and in fact, inflict any outrage upon a woman, and (in the absence of other testimony than hers) do exercise these manly rights with impunity, if it happen that, by reason of defective theological education, she is unable to declare in a court of justice, that she believes in the dogma recently condemned by the Privy Council.

I earnestly hope that a bold and strong stand will be made against the meditated attempt to deprive us of this right. I regret to see that the REV. F. MAURICE joins in the cry that a woman ought not to be deprived of the protection of the laws merely because she does not believe in the Devil. Who is she, to set herself up against Him?

An article in the *Morning Star* also advocates a change in the law, and considering that the original Morning Star was LUCIFER, I consider the conduct of the journal as exceedingly ungrateful and unfilial. In other respects the article has ability and merit, and I extract a passage:—

"A prisoner may call as a witness his mother or his daughter, his sweetheart or his mistress, and the jury will pay all proper attention, and attach all befitting weight to the testimony; but no British jury must be allowed to hear one word which a wife can say to establish the innocence of her husband."

Here I think the law may advantageously be altered, because men are often sufferers by the existing system. And I have the less objection to the change, as, from what I have heard of wives, I believe there is no great danger of their abusing, by carrying to excess, the right of saying anything in favour of their husbands.

Believe me, yours truly,

Themis Lodge, Justitia Road. A MAN.

"CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN."—LORD RUSSELL'S Lecture on the British Constitution.

THE WONDERS OF MODERN TRAVEL.

TO THE STATION.

WONDER if my watch is right, or slow, or fast.
Wonder if that church clock is right.
Wonder if the cabman will take eighteenpence from my house to the Station.

THE STATION.

Wonder if the porter understood what I said to him about the luggage.
Wonder if I shall see him again.
Wonder if I shall know him when I *do* see him again.
Wonder if I gave my writing-case to the porter, or left it in the cab.
Wonder where I take my ticket.
Wonder in which pocket I put my gold.
Wonder where I got that bad half-crown which the clerk won't take.
Wonder if that 's another that I 've just put down.
Wonder where the porter is who took my luggage.
Wonder where my luggage is.
Wonder again whether I gave my writing-case to the porter, or left it in the cab.
Wonder which is my train.
Wonder if the guard knows anything about that porter with the writing-case.
Wonder if it *will* be "all right" as the guard says it will be.
Wonder if my luggage, being now labelled, will be put into the proper van.
Wonder if I 've got time to get a sandwich and a glass of Sherry.
Wonder if they 've got the *Times* of the day before yesterday, which I haven't seen.
Wonder if *Punch* of this week is out yet.
Wonder why they don't keep nice sandwiches and Sherry.
Wonder if there 's time for a cup of coffee instead.
Wonder if that 's our bell for starting.
Wonder which is the carriage where I left my rug and umbrella, so as to know it again.
Wonder where the guard is to whom I gave a shilling to keep a carriage for me.
Wonder why he didn't keep it; by "it," I mean the carriage.
Wonder where they 've put my luggage.

THE JOURNEY.

Wonder if my change is all right.
Wonder for the second time in which pocket I put my gold.
Wonder if I gave the cabman a sovereign for a shilling.
Wonder if that was the reason why he grumbled less than usual and drove off rapidly.
Wonder if any one objects to smoking.
Wonder that nobody does.
Wonder where I put my lights.
Wonder whether I put them in my writing-case.
Wonder for the third time whether I gave my writing-case to the porter or left it in the cab.
Wonder if anybody in the carriage has got any lights.
Wonder that nobody has.
Wonder when we can get some.
Wonder if there 's anything in the paper.
Wonder why they don't cut it.
Wonder if I put my knife in my writing-case.
Wonder for the fourth time whether I gave, &c.
Wonder if I can cut the paper with my ticket.
Wonder where I put my ticket.
Wonder where I *could* have put my ticket.
Wonder where the deuce I put my ticket.

Academical.

Is the Master of Caius, Cambridge, of necessity a married man? Whether this is the case or no, the Mistress of Keys (Caius) should hold in perpetuity the venerable title of Mother Bunch.

COMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS.

SIR HENRY STORKS is appointed to Malta. This will give an opportunity for contrasting the rule of King Storks there with King Log in the Ionian Islands.

QUESTION FOR IRISHMEN.

PAT, what 's the best *way* of travelling?
Troth, sure, an' isn't it the "rale" way (*railway*).

Digitized by Google



FIRST CLASS TRAVELLING.[1]

VARIOUS EVOLUTIONS PERFORMED BY MR. M'LANKIE, AFTER THE EIGHTH HOUR OF THE JOURNEY FROM EDINBURGH TO LONDON, IN THE VAIN ENDEAVOUR TO OBTAIN RELIEF FOR HIS LEGS.

THE GUILDHALL ECLOGUE.

'TWAS midnight in Guildhall. Two voices broke
Into the darkness: GOG and MAGOG spoke.
Who heard their conversation? Ask you who?
Let Echo answer, What is that to you?
Perchance *perdu* some penny-a-liner lay
Recovering from his drunk on Lord-Mayor's-Day;
And crouching low where PITT and BECKFORD stand,
Noted the talk in tremulous short-hand.
Take thou this truth, enough for man to know,
Punch hears of all things in this world below.

Gog. My brother!
Magog. You're another.
Gog. Repartee,
Pleasant at times, just now delights not me.
Restrain your wit, my MAGOG, and with ears
Hear me; then, if you can, restrain your tears.
Magog. Down Pluto's iron cheek distil the brine,
But blow me if it wets this wood of mine.
Gog. 'Tis sternly said, yet sternness oft can turn
To softness. Who has blubbered more than STERNE?
Magog. Beshrew thy quips and cranks and puns grotesque,
Or send them for the Royalty burlesque.
State in a jiffy what thou hast to state,
Or let me sleep, because it's precious late.
Gog. My brother!
Magog. Bother! You said that before.
GOG, you become a sentimental bore.
Gog. Hear, then, and listen to a mournful tale.
You saw the new LORD MAYOR. His name is HALE.
Magog. Do I not know it? How the changes rung
Upon it, on the ninth, from Cockney tongue.
"He brews good hale." "Hail in November 's due."
"'Ope he won't ail his turn of hoffice through."
"Nay, he looks hale." "Hail, fellow, and well met,"
With other epigrams which I forget.
Gog. Why then rejoice the more. But now, I guess,
I rather think that you'll rejoice the less.
That HALE, whose name should hint a flowing can,
Has turned—
Magog. What, sour?
Gog. No, worse. A Temperance Man!
Magog. You scoffed at me for jesting. At the best
This is a very dull and pointless jest.
Gog. O, MAGOG, that it were! My tale is true.
He hath allied him with the Temperance crew;
And at the Mansion House, yes, MAGOG, there,
Hath bid them muster—nay, has filled the chair.
Magog. I'm loth to doubt my brother, yet I try.
GOG, are you telling me a ——
Gog. Brother, fie!
No, MAGOG, it's the truth. Our hearts may burst,
But this is so. Tea-cups have done their worst.
The Mayor—the idea, the marrow, and the pith
Of hospitality—is now a Myth.
Yes, 'twas in Egypt's Hall for him to frame
Unto himself a pyramid of shame:
Yes, in that Hall whose every echo brings
Thoughts of the shout the voice of Bacchus flings,
Amid those columns at whose base would sink
The Alderman disguised in robes and drink,
Upon that dais, found, on festive eve,
A step to climb, a precipice to leave,
Stood London's Mayor, and, MAGOG, woe is me!
Preached moderation and a cup of tea.
Magog. O CUMMING! CUMMING! CUMMING!
Gog. Come along.
Magog. Joking is coming it a deal too strong.
I called upon the Doctor. It is clear
He's right—the world's done up, or very near.

Google



THE LOVING (TEA) CUP.

GOG. "SOMETHING LIKE A LOVING CUP THIS, BROTHER MAGOG, EH?" MAGOG. "HM! THAT'S A MATTER OF OPINION, BROTHER GOG."

[*See* LORD MAYOR'S *Speech as Chairman of the Temperance League*

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Gog. Respect good grammar, though you feel severely.
And mend that final word of yours to nearly.
Magog. Orthography be hanged, and syntax stowed,
And prosody and what 's his name be blowed.
Henceforth the very Alphabet shall be
Accurst, for it includes the letter T.
What, shall the Loving Cup be made of brew
Which women sip while talking what 's not true?
Shall Lord Mayors' guests drink gruel thick and slab,
And leave so sober they can hail a cab?
O'er hiccups, say, shall tea-cups now prevail,
And all along of that owdacious HALE?
Gog. Your violence, my MAGOG, is as low
As was your levity an hour ago.
We must submit to Fortune.
Magog. Mean you, mate,
FORTUNE who wrote on tea?
Gog. I mean to Fate.
Magog. Whom must we *fête?*
Gog. Nay, wilt thou not have done?
A pun, and Paul's Cathedral striking one.
Magog. It strikes not one but all who view the pile,
'Twas reared by WREN, and is in classic style;
In CHARLES THE SECOND'S time 'twas partly built,
And on the top 's a ball and cross, both gilt.
Gog. He has gone mad. This news has been too much.
I wish I had that weapon in his clutch.
MAGOG, my brother!
Magog. O, I know your tricks
And manners. But in sixteen sixty-six
This Hall was burned, rebuilt in sixty-nine,
Since when it 's witnessed many a glorious shine.
WILLIAM OF ORANGE came here to a feast,
And never got excited in the least.
So did the Sovereigns, when we 'd put down NAP,
So did his Nephew, that long-headed chap,
So did PRINCE ALBERT, and it 's very plain
We shall not look upon their like again.
Gog. There, go to sleep—you 're maundering, which is sad.
I own that things are looking precious bad,
But HALE 's an annual, and our friends may choose
Next time a magistrate of sounder views.
Magog. No; mark my words, and bid thy heart despair,
Next year will bring us a Tea-total Mayor.
Gog. Why then, indeed, it will be time to weep
Water for water. Now let 's go to sleep.

AN IN-SOLENT REMARK.

A NEW YORK journal states that CAPTAIN (Alabama) SEMMES—

"Has obtained another ship, and under the name of SMITH has reached Havannah in the Solent."

Havannah in the Solent! We suppose we next shall hear of Manilla in the Thames! But the fright that the New Yorkers must have been thrown in by the mention of the name of CAPTAIN SEMMES, may have possibly prevented their discovering the little geographical mistake. We can relieve their minds by stating, on "reliable" authority (we use their own pet word), that CAPTAIN SEMMES is snug and safe in the Solent, near Southampton, and that the new vessel which he has just "obtained," is one of the new Ryde and Portsmouth ferry steamboats. CAPTAIN SEMMES, as we all know, has, for some months past, been in command of the *Victoria and Albert*, in the Ryde and Portsmouth service, and has lately been promoted to be captain of the *Emmet*, which is a bigger boat.

As for the ridiculous report about his "having reached Havannah in the Solent," we presume it has arisen from the fact that one fine evening, a little while ago, as his vessel crossed the Solent, the gallant captain felt inclined for a cigar. So he went into his cabin to fetch one of the fine Havannahs he imports; and, as for safety's sake he keeps the box on a high shelf, he of course had to assume such an attitude as justifies the statement that he "reached" it.

Admirable Imitation.

WE may venture to give publicity to a report that the generous example set by EARL SPENCER in taking measures for the perpetual reservation of Wimbledon Common for the benefit of the public, has produced such an effect upon an honourable baronet that similar steps are about to be taken with respect to Hampstead Heath, so as to secure it as a pleasure-ground for the people for ever, according to the dying wish of the father of SIR THOMAS MARYON WILSON.

DOG LATIN.—*Cave Canem.*

THE DAVENPORTS DONE UP.

OH, have you heard the tale of sport
About the Brothers DAVENPORT,
How their career has been cut short?
The way it was effected
By DR. SCOFFERN you shall learn;
He has their goose cooked to a turn,
He has exposed the whole concern,
The humbug has detected.

The Doctor, like a knowing one,
Determined he would not be done,
Went to the Hall at Islington,
To watch their exhibition;
He called on them with truth to state
If they knew how they operate,
But, finding them prevaricate,
Suspected imposition.

He asked that he their hands might tie,
Their showmen would not let him try,
And said as much as "Ax my eye,"
When he made application
That he might be allowed to get
Within the wooden Cabinet;
For no impostor, ever yet,
Would stand investigation.

But SCOFFERN, bent the trick to trace,
Upon the platform took his place,
The "structure" treating as a case
Of phthisical affection,
With ear as to a patient's breast,
What 's going on therein to test,
He stood and listened at the chest,
To their extreme objection.

A bar of metal, from inside,
The Doctor at his head had shied,
By hands that were of course untied,
And then, when he presented
Himself the meeting to address,
The Yankees did around him press,
And, hustling him with downright stress,
Awhile his speech prevented.

But, in the body of the Hall,
The people heard him at his call,
Cried "Off!" as loud as they could bawl;
In Quacks made unbelievers,
They hissed and hooted them away,
The DAVENPORTS, and MR. FAY;
So there 's an end to public pay
Of impudent deceivers.

THE FUSIBILITY OF THE PEOPLES.

IN the debate on the Convention in the Italian Parliament, GENERAL LAMARMORA said that the fusion of the Italians is a fact throughout the army. It may be asked if the fusion of the Italians is a fact throughout the marines. It may also be asked whether, if the fusion of the Italians throughout the army is a fact, the inexorable logic of facts does not compel us to believe the possibility of the liquefaction of the blood of ST. JANUARIUS at Naples. The fusion of the Italians, if a fact, is an extraordinary fact to have been accomplished at this time of year; might have been expected to take place, if at all, in the summer. Now, however, suppose the Italians are fused, a question which may be asked is, "Will Italy run into Greece?"

Economical Munificence.

WITH the sole addition of merited italics, we copy the following statement from the *London and China Telegraph*:—

"A pension of £300 a-year has been voted to the BISHOP OF VICTORIA, *subject to a deduction of any sum he may derive from an appointment in England.*"

Shabby!

PRO-PUNCH AND TURTLE.

FROM the portentous fact of a Temperance Meeting held at the Mansion House, it may be surmised that the LORD MAYOR and Aldermen are about to embrace tea-turtle principles.



A HINT TO YOUNG LADIES.

Mother. "NOW, LAURA, IT'S NO USE DENYING THAT YOU'VE SEEN CHARLES. HE IS THE ONLY PERSON WE KNOW WHO SMOKES COMMON TOBACCO, AND YOUR CLOTHES SMELL LIKE A TAP-ROOM."

WIMBLEDON PRESERVED.

ANTÆUS, of life's struggle in this town
Exhausted, ever must renew his force
Upon Earth's bosom, though he lie not down
Like the old Giant; must have due recourse
To field and forest; there, at Nature's source,
Draw vigour, drink, unfaithful care to drown.

If we would live, and not decline and fade,
We must regard the lilies of the field,
At least with open eyes, for they were made
Reading, which should inspirit Man, to yield,
Heaven's hieroglyphics in Earth's book unsealed,
They and the flowers in glory all arrayed.

But how, if always spreading, day by day
The City creep o'er meadow, heath, and moor,
Weary, hot, feverish, to get away,
Out of the sultry crowd and its dull roar,
To common, furze, and brake, where song-birds pour
The melody which makes the sad heart gay?

There is for us, and shall be, one retreat,
If but that only one, saved stucco-free;
Wimbledon, evermore for pilgrims' feet
Kept sacred, noble SPENCER, thanks to thee!
Thy generous charter gives us scope to flee
Still thither from the hubbub and the heat.

P-promise and Pep-performance.

MR. PEPPER, of the Polytechnic, gives notice, that, by the time the ice is on the ground, he hopes to have made several new slides for his own entertainment.

OLD NURSERY RHYME.
(Re-arranged by a Dancing Master.)

HI diddle diddle,
The *kit* and the fiddle.

SPORTING FASHION.—*Dangerous Style of Tie for a Fox-hunter.*—A Fall for the Neck.

WHAT is the most sensational Periodical of the day?
The Powder Magazine.

MEPHISTOPHELES TO THE REICHSRATH.

THE existence of MEPHISTOPHELES is denied or doubted in the present day by many of your Honours and Worships, and by some, even, of your Reverences. MEPHISTOPHELES does, nevertheless, exist, and if his queer foot and cock's-tail feather are invisible, his working can be discerned by the clear eye. MEPHISTOPHELES first eggs on his fools to kill and take possession, and then inspires them to satirise their own deeds. Thus, for instance, does the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, with the mouth of MEPHISTOPHELES at his ear, address his Reichsrath:—

"A subject of dispute for many years in the north of Germany has just been settled in the most honourable manner. The representatives of my empire will participate with truly patriotic feeling in my satisfaction that a close has been put to the war between the German Powers and Denmark by the Treaty of Peace, signed at Vienna on the 30th of October, and the ratification of which is expected in a few days."

Schleswig and Holstein have been stolen "in the most honourable manner." Marry, how? FRANCIS-JOSEPH tells the Austrian Parliament, thus:—

"The courage of the allied troops and the navies of Austria and Prussia has conquered that splendid prize; and the wise and just reticence of the Allied Powers has facilitated the final understanding."

The mouth which emitted this terrible irony was indeed the mouth of FRANCIS-JOSEPH, but the tongue within that mouth was twisted to talk mockery by MEPHISTOPHELES. FRANCIS-JOSEPH speaks of having "conquered that splendid prize," Schleswig-Holstein, exactly as FRANCIS MÜLLER might have spoken of conquering that splendid prize, the watch and chain of MR. BRIGGS. However, the cases of FRANCIS-JOSEPH and FRANCIS MÜLLER differ in this, that MÜLLER robbed and murdered MR. BRIGGS single-handed, whilst the Danes were dealt with by "the allied troops and the navies of Austria and Prussia." Moreover, MÜLLER was hanged last Monday week.

Neologians may say what they like, but with Sönderborg and Dybböl unavenged in this world, there must be a MEPHISTOPHELES. The snarl of the mocking fiend is audible in the gibes which the infatuated KAISER is impelled to utter under the idea that they are eulogy and glorification of himself and his Royal accomplice. Meanwhile, MEPHISTOPHELES bides his time.

FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS.

MR. PUNCH has seen, with a sensation which he can hardly describe, a most contemptible card of verses intended as a preface to Photograph Albums. The composition is fearfully snobbish. It contains the word "Phiz," which is never used in decent society except when reference is made to the distinguished artist who, in mockery of Snobs, selected the name. And it has also the word "Quiz," which is never used except at Islington and in the back streets of the City Road. That no person may have an excuse for using, for a moment, the vulgar affair in question, he subjoins some verses in the same metre, but of a different kind, and he presents the copyright to the Collectors of Photographs:—

Yes, here is my Album,
And my Affidavit:
If you beg for one picture,
I'm blessed if you'll have it.
And don't offer your own,
But just take it for granted,
That if not in the book,
It's because you're not wanted.

QUESTION FOR AGRICULTURISTS.

WHAT vegetable *only* petitions not to be eaten?
Why, of course, the Lettuce alone (*let us alone*).

NEW NIGGER SONG, UNPOPULAR WITH SCHOOL BOYS.—"The happy land of *Canaan*."

Digitized by Google

A FRAGMENT.



A FRAGMENT of the long lost Eleventh Chapter of the *Compleat Angler* has been discovered at the Rye House. We subjoin it *in extenso*:—

VENATOR *and* PISCATOR *at the Water-side.*

P. And now, friend VENATOR, I will tell you somewhat concerning the Chubb. This fish is most found in safe places and in locks, where it often attains to large size. It can then only be taken in the night time, and is much prized; but very difficult to pick. You may, however, sometimes get one with a ledger line. Some anglers maintain that this fish is a variety of the Brannah or Bream. Next of the "Parr," of which I myself know little noteworthy, but GESSNER relates, that one has been known to live upwards of a hundred years. Of the Bleak I can only say that it loves an east wind—but soft—I have a rise. No. I have missed him. I fear these flies are too large for the water, but I have a cast in my eye.

V. Ay, marry indeed thou hast.

P. Peace, friend, and be not personal in thy remarks; and now let me tell you what I know of the Pike or Parr, which is solitary, morose, and very voracious; you may see it lurking behind a weed, and taking toll of all that pass. It is so savage that it will rise to you, even if you have not stopped to bait. A fly is almost sure to fetch him out, but he will not take twice in the same day. Never strike this fish, or you will come to grief. The male Pike is often called Jack, and takes kindly to his gill: a drag will always draw him. Now concerning the Rod-pole or Perch. I must tell you that this fish runs much of a size, and is frequently caught by small boys, so that at schools the tables are well supplied with it.

V. But, MASTER PISCATOR, methinks it begins to rain somewhat heavily, shall we not take shelter?

P. Ay, truly, and in yonder water-shed that seems to have been erected for the use of our brotherhood. [*Exeunt ambo.*

"I HAVE HEARD OF YOUR PAINTINGS, TOO!"

OH, that HAMLET had lived in these days! How he *would* have flogged the ladies! He had only face-painting, and ogling and ambling, and mincing and lisping, to abuse in *his* time. What a field he would have had in crinoline and porter's-knots of false hair, and enamelled faces, and painted eyelids, and Brummagem golden locks, and all the thousand and one exaggerations and falsifications and sophistications that now go to the "making up" of a woman! Still, clever as our female face and figure forgers may be, they manage these things better in France. In the way of hair-dye, for instance, the maxim of your British *belle* as a rule is, "never say dye" till she begins to get grizzled. The British *brunette* is generally content with the glorious crown of brown or black hair with which nature invested her—though we *do* know exceptions. But your Parisian *petite maîtresse* defies fact and deifies fashion. Nature puts her out—as FUSELI said. French figures and faces are absolutely regulated by the fashion-book. You must be fat or lean, full-bosomed or flat, long-faced or squab, as *La Folie* may rule, and the milliners pronounce their fiat. Here is a case in point. When *Mrs. Punch* was in Paris—now some years ago—she wrung from *Mr. P.* his "slow leave" to employ a dress-maker in the *Rue de la Paix*. When the dress came home, *Mrs. P.*, who bears a bosom worthy to suckle young *Punches*, could not breathe in the dimensions MADAME LA MODE had allowed her, and timidly told her so! "*Mais, Madame, on ne porte plus de gorge*" (bosoms are not worn), was the stern rejoinder. "But, what do the ladies do?" asked poor *Mrs. P.* "*Dame, on ôte la ouate*" (they take out the wadding). On the same principle, if *Blondes* are *la mode*, everybody insists on being *blonde*. Nature is expelled, not with a fork, but with the *friseur's* irons, and black or brown hair is made to strike its colours and come out as *blonde cendré*, *blonde dorée*, *blonde rousse*, or *any* particular *nuance* of *blonde* that the lady may fancy, or her *coiffeur* has the secret of.

"We have no Wighs (Whigs)," writes from Paris an enthusiastic Anglo-maniacal French correspondent of *Mr. Punch*, who amongst other British fashions affects puns; "but we have *énormement of dorées*" (Tories.)

From dyeing ladies to dyeing lap-dogs is only a step. And *that* step has been taken, if we may believe the Parisian correspondent of the *Globe*—punningest and pleasantest of foreign letter-writers. The Parisian poodle is no more allowed to go about in his native colours now-a-days than his fair owner. While the *soubrette* converts her mistress from *brunette* to *blonde*, the mistress glorifies her unhappy pet—poodle or Skye, or King Charles, or Italian greyhound—with a coat of sky blue, pea green, or rose du Barri!

Puppy is thus at least put on a level with *petite maîtresse*. Like the poor Indian (with a difference),—

> "She thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
> Her faithful dog may keep her company."

The quotation is so far pertinent, that if POPE was talking of Heaven, the Parisian lady is thinking of the Elysian Fields.

If Paris be the Heaven of Yankees ("Good Americans," it has been said, "when they die, go to Paris!"), the Champs Elysées is the Seventh Heaven of that Heaven, and is eminently worthy of its celestial hierarchy of *demi-monde* angels with dyed hair and rose-coloured poodles.

THE GREAT SEWAGE QUESTION.

MY favourite notions are rudely upset
By the movements at work in the City:
Here I read of a Temperance gathering met
In the Mansion House, more is the pity.
And fact number two as much wonder affords
As a Lord Mayor the loving-cup shirking;
The new Board of Works has, of late, giv'n up words,
And really taken to working!

Then our friends GOG and MAGOG, who've sat there so long,
Serene within sniff of Thames brewage,
Are laying about them, so hot and so strong,
About Metropolitan sewage:
Getting all by the ears with THWAITES and his peers
For not making due calculation
What price is expedient for this rich ingredient
In the wide pale of civilisation.

Time was, in most places, Town Boards set their faces
'Gainst sewers, and said "rather not,"
When asked to lay mains down to take poor folks drains down,
Or when begged to have rubbish clean shot.
But if London 's beginning to think gold of winning
From her drains, she won't long be left *solus:*
We shall cherish each sewer—the more rich the less pure—
As a rather strong branch of Pactolus.

With our iron and coal fields, we 'll boast of our gold-fields,
Irrigated by streams (od) auriferous;
On our own banks of guano draw drafts, *pieno mano*,
Productive, if somewhat pestiferous.
As to spreading the wet—by ditch, pipe, hose and jet?—
On these points Time will make the world wiser;
But ere scents go scot free, let us hope we may see
Every man his own deodoriser.

Many battles we 've seen, that of late times have been,
Which though bloodless awakened their rages,
And called out both reasons and rhymes too, I ween,
As the battles of styles, schools, and gauges,
For a new battle now see two hosts face to face,
On a quarrel that well fits this new age
Which defines Dirt as "matter left in the wrong place"—
The battle of schemes for the sewage.

In the open already the skirmishers show
Though they shoot rather wide and still want a cue;
'Tis a fair stand-up fight of THWAITES, NAPIER & Co.,
Against ELLIS and BRADY and MONTAGUE;
May the best win—the winners' shares go up like rockets,
While capital's purse-strings are undone,
And the end not be draining their shareholders' pockets
As well as the levels of London.

THREE RAILWAY GAUGES.—Trains are made for the Broad Gauge, the Narrow Gauge, and the Lug-gage.

Digitized by Google



PRETTY INNOCENT!

Miss Muff. "PLEASE, SIR, I WANT TO BE MARRIED."

Registrar. "QUITE RIGHT. WHAT'S HIS NAME!"

Miss Muff. "PLEASE, SIR, I DON'T KNOW. I THOUGHT YOURS WAS LIKE EVERY OTHER REGISTRY OFFICE—I PUT MY NAME ON YOUR BOOKS, AND YOU FIND SOMEBODY WHO WANTS ME." [*The Registrar immediately left Town, and has not been seen since.*

WAR WITH GERMANY.

WHAT is the use of LORD RUSSELL's taking so much pains to keep us out of a war with All Germany, when SIR GEORGE GREY's cynicism impels us in the opposite direction. Does the HOME SECRETARY read the papers, or the despatches of his colleagues? Is he not aware that within the last year a great band of Germans broke burglariously into Denmark, and committed murder by wholesale on the persons of helpless Danes. If so, and aware of the sympathy which the fate of a German murderer would excite in Father-Land, how dared SIR GEORGE to outrage the Great and Good nation by refusing to interfere with the course of English justice in the case of MÜLLER. Now we shall be plunged into war. Here is the Declaration, which we extract from the *Berlin Reform*, a liberal paper of large circulation. Speaking of the last scene in the life of HERR VON MÜLLER, Germany says:—

"But it was worse than murder—it was a murder on the ground of national prejudice and hatred. The Schleswig-Holstein war, and the impotent rage of the English aristocratic mob, tied the noose by which was hung the man MÜLLER. The drop was made to fall by the noble zeal of the German Legal Protection Society, which by the journalistic hounds was denounced as an attempt against the ancient dignity of English judicial proceedings. And that venerable assembly which uses to attend on hanging days in front of Newgate prison, that most respectable conglomeration of thieves and robbers, would have stormed the scaffold and destroyed the victim had the QUEEN dared entertain the prayers of her crowned cousins of Germany, who a few days previous had been dragged in effigy through the mire of the capital to invest the celebration of Guy Fawkes Day with fresh charms."

Now we are in for it. The Rubicon is passed. The German fleet has been ordered to be ready for an invasion, and where shall we all be this day six months? It is true that the Penny steamers in the Thames have undertaken to demolish that fleet, and will probably do so, but what are we to do with the armies which will be led on by the Crowned Cousins, HERR VON MÜLLER's patrons? We are glad that the Government has the sense to take some precautions, and has ordered MESSRS. MEUX, MESSRS. TRUMAN and HANBURY, and other gigantic brewers to send thousands of Beer barrels to the coasts nearest Germany, and it is to be hoped that the effect of the liquor, which will be furiously seized by the troops of Father-Land, will make them easy victims to our police. But who knows what may happen in war-time? The immediate dismissal of SIR GEORGE GREY is matter of course, and the German Legal Protection Society have been offered the free run of all the beer-shops and tobacconists' in London, and these concessions may avert the blow. But we are in an awful state of alarm, and beg our readers to prepare for the worst.

A Snip's Sensational Advertisement.

(*In the latest style.*)

"CLOTHES! Clothes! Clothes! Clothes!"
"Who's there but knows,"
"For soldiers, gents, or sailors."
"That none, you see,"
"Make togs like me."
"The others are all Failers!"

Note by Mr. Punch. We've had Sensation *Headers*, we Have now Sensation *Tailors*.

Temperance at the Mansion House.

THE LORD MAYOR has been lending the Mansion House for a Temperance demonstration. And why not? Extremes meet. Besides, there is already one point of resemblance *at least* between Lord Mayors' Feasts and Temperance tea-parties. At both there is an immense consumption of toast and butter.

NATIONAL PECULIARITIES.

IN FRANCE they wax their floors with "*flooring* wax;" in England we only hear of "*sealing* wax."

Digitized by Google

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 14, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London. Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, November 26, 1864.



A CAUTION

TO YOUNG LADIES WAITING FOR AN OMNIBUS.

A FLOURISH BY OUR FLORIST.

Now men November chill benumbs,
In bloom are the Chrysanthemums;
Now while its gloom the town beglums,
How bright are the Chrysanthemums!
So to the Temple Garden comes
The world to the Chrysanthemums:
By omnibuses, cabs, and "brums,"
All flock to the Chrysanthemums.
From splendid squares and squalid slums
They crush to the Chrysanthemums.
Hear how the crowd, admiring, hums
Its praise of the Chrysanthemums!
See how the children suck their thumbs
While viewing the Chrysanthemums!
Miss Laura her piano strums,
Then hies to the Chrysanthemums;
And Master Charles invites his chums
To see the famed Chrysanthemums.
Some white as snow, some red as plums,
Ne'er grew such grand Chrysanthemums.
In India there are no Begums
So gay as the Chrysanthemums.
Now sound the trumpets, beat the drums,
Let off your loudest a-la-rums,
For lo! great *Punch* the Conqueror comes
To visit the Chrysanthemums!

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE following works will be published, in the course of the Season, by the annexed eminent Firms:—

A History of Giants (LONGMANS).
The Manufacture of Port-wine (SMITH & ELDER).
The Court of King Arthur (VIRTUE & Co.).
A Manual of Heraldry (GRIFFINS).
The Undertaker's Vade-Mecum (HURST & BLACKETT).
A Treatise on the Skeleton (BOHN's Series).
The Philistine's Captive (SAMPSON LOW).

MOTTO FOR THE LATE TOLL-KEEPER OF SOUTHWARK BRIDGE.—"*Non toli me Tangere.*" Freely translated: "I touch no more Toll."

THE SAXON "PUNCH."—The *Wittynagemot*.

APOLOGY FOR THE GERMAN SOCIETY.

BY HERR VON SCHWEPENBIER.

THE spectacle of Germans loving one another out-and-out, and sticking fast to one another through thick and thin, notwithstanding aught that one another may have done to anybody else, dumfounds Englishmen with angry bewilderment. A clear explanation of this mystery shall therefore be offered to the beef-headed ones.

The common sonship of Fatherland unites all Germans in the paramount bond of a brotherhood of transcendental holiness. Every German individual unit is as one of the molecules of a mass of matter united with the cohesiveness of wax. Hence the homogeneity of the German people.

Every German has an inner subjective self, of divine essence, and an outer objectivity into which the subjective occasionally passes, and having there awhile submitted itself to the appetites and the impulses, returns into its pure Ipseity, none the worse for having perhaps been engaged in picking pockets or cutting throats in the meantime.

It is in the state of objective consciousness that the great German nation, as one man, actuated by an acquisitive enthusiasm, rushes in overwhelming force on a neighbouring State, and dismembers it of two provinces necessary to complete the idea of German unity, and realise a German fleet. What if, in the execution of that exploit, they kill and mutilate any number of the antagonists who offer them resistance? For when Germany has returned from the objective into serene subjectiveness, what has been has ceased to be in the thought of Germans, and is not any more, so they innocently wonder to hear themselves accused of robbery and murder.

So when, in a momentary excursion from the Inner of Moral Consciousness, the German mind, rendered for the time objective by the attraction of a watch and chain, or a portemonnaie, impels the German hand to grab those articles, and to knock their owner on the head for brevity and precaution, the German, having satisfied his objective craving, retires into his subjective tranquillity, and resumes his habitually mild and gentle demeanour. The assassination and robbery which his objective personality has committed, are a mere episode of his essential life. They are dismissed from his subjective mind, and he goes about as light-hearted as though nothing had happened. He and his countrymen regard those acts as the work of a past entity, and not his present own. They, therefore, think it monstrously cruel to hang him on the ground that he is guilty of them. The inner I of the German ever retains its essential purity unsullied, under all circumstances, and, consequently, his brothers use their utmost endeavours to prevent brutal foreigners from putting out his I, as if he were a common objective ruffian, by the capital punishment of stretching his neck, for the trifling offence of cracking an old gentleman's skull, by the way.

It is hoped that this elucidation of a sentiment which has been blindly mistaken for the mutual sympathy of rascals, may prove satisfactory.

Note on Dress.

IN an article that appeared lately in the *Times* on "Left-off Clothes," there was an omission of some moment. No mention was made of the fancy Watchmakers have for *second-hand* things. They were also the last to leave off wearing clocks on their stockings.

A VEXED AND VERY VEXATIOUS QUESTION.

THERE is a question of another Italian loan of three millions. This seems destined to be the perpetual great difficulty that Italy, as an united kingdom, will have to contend with, viz., the settlement of its Capital.

ONE WAY OF RISING IN THE NAVY.—Being mast-headed.

Digitized by Google

MR. PUNCH'S HANDY-BOOK OF THE STAGE.

CHAPTER I.—DIRECTIONS TO ACTORS.



HIS Handy-book will deal first with the Actors, not only because they are the objects of most public interest in a theatre, but because they are the real foundation-stones of the theatrical edifice.

"THE ACTORS MAKE THE THEATRE."

Let this fundamental principle be deeply impressed on the mind of every one who follows that noble profession, which can boast the names of a SHAKSPEARE, a BEN JONSON, and a GARRICK. It will encourage self-respect, which the lingering influence of a wretched social prejudice might otherwise impair in the Actor, and teach him a lesson he needs above all men—to set a proper value on himself. Besides, a conviction of this truth is, in a great measure, the secret of the Actor's public importance—the key-stone of his position. We may be told that the Manager and Author are just as essential to the fortunes of a theatre as the Actors. But where would the Manager or Author be without the performers? The one has merely to settle the plans of his theatrical campaign, to find pieces and capital, to pay his company, to hear their complaints, arrange their little difficulties, protect their interests, and find them proper opportunities for the display of their abilities. Anybody can make a Manager. Don't we see, every day, men who have failed in every other calling, taking up this, and doing just as well in it, apparently, as those who have been at it all their lives? In comparison with the Actor's the Manager's work is child's play. And besides being easy, it is mole-like, dull, obscure, and mechanical. You can no more put the two on the same parallel than you can level distinctions between the crawling grub or torpid chrysalis and the brilliant butterfly. As for putting the Author before the Actor, you might as well say the tailor was greater than the man who wears clothes. The Author is the poor drudge who laboriously fashions the pale outer husk and dead case of the part, which it is the Actor's business to endow with life, colour, and motion. *He* is the true creator, who breathes over the dry bones of the play-wright, and bids them put on flesh, and rise and walk. That this is the right estimate of the two callings, is shown by their relative position and remuneration. Compare the social position of the Actor—courted, *fêted*, caressed, the darling of the public—with that of the Author, an obscure drudge, too often shy, shabby, altogether the sort of person to fight shy of rather than *fête* or ask to dinner. Put the rewards of the successful Play-actor by those of the successful Play-writer. The one shall be receiving his £50 a night, perhaps, for his performance in a play the Author of which thinks himself well paid by a fiftieth part of that sum. Look at the Author—even the successful Author—before the Manager. What do we see? A poor creature, submissive, if not abject, thankful for an audience, grateful for a payment on account, submitting to snubs and sneers, glad to clip, and carve, and remodel his work at his customers' dictation—too thankful to have it tried upon any terms, and the bill paid. Then see the Actor in the Manager's room, dictating the terms of an engagement—throwing up a part, or exacting satisfaction for a grievance or failure of proper respect. You find in him a man animated by a becoming sense of his importance to the theatre, dealing with his Manager rather as a superior than an equal, imposing his own terms, buoyant, and self-confident with that noble assurance which springs from the proud sense of power, and the invigorating consciousness of universal recognition.

As, then, the Actor is the back-bone of the theatre—the working pivot of the whole stage machinery—it is with the Actor that our Handy-book first deals.

But the reading and rehearsal of a Play must precede the acting of it, and in both the Actor has some concern.

A few rules, therefore, for his guidance on these occasions, may properly precede our hints for his conduct on the Stage:—

AT THE READING OF A PLAY

Do not trouble yourself to be punctual to a few minutes—if your position in the theatre renders you safe from a fine. Nothing is so foreign to the spirit of an essentially artistic calling as a mechanical, business-like exactitude. Time was made for slaves—such as clerks, men-of-business, lawyers, tradesmen, and railway guards—not for the volunteers enlisted in the delightful service of the Arts.

Besides, a little waiting will give the Author time to collect himself. If he know his place, he will feel timid and nervous, as inferiors must be expected to feel in the presence of their betters: if he do *not* know his place, it will be wholesome to teach him; and for this purpose nothing is better than to let him kick his heels for a little time on a cold stage, or in an empty green-room.

Be careful in your demeanour, and in any remarks you may address to the Author—I do not object to your speaking to him, though I must caution you against any undue familiarity, *which is pretty sure to be presumed upon*—to show that you thoroughly understand his position and your own. Do not let him for a moment forget that he is conversing with a superior.

When summoned to the reading do not take your seat hurriedly, and never submit to any discomfort, such as a place near the door or the fire, or a possible exposure to draught. To do so, shows a disposition to put up with slight and disrespect, which is fatal in a theatre. Always take the best place, and then find fault with it. This will show you are not a person to be put upon, and will prepare the Author for that critical severity in your judgment of his piece which is the kindest service you can render him.

If a lady, you will, of course, take the opportunity of the Author's opening his manuscript, to recognise your particular friends in the company, exchange the civilities of the morning—which should never be omitted in a theatre, where good-breeding ought ever to find a home—and any remarks which may be naturally suggested by last night's performance, the play-bills of the day, or the morning papers. These little neighbourly attentions cannot be so well paid later in the reading, and they will help to put the Author at his ease, and show him he is among friends who make no ceremony with him.

Be careful how you choose your place. Always command a mirror, and avoid a strong light. You will thus be able to observe the play of emotion on your own features during the reading—the most improving study for the Actor—and you will avoid exposing your complexion to that disagreeable observation, from which even the cordial good-feeling and mutual forbearance generally to be found among members of the same company will not always preserve you.

I need hardly caution you against feeling—much more showing—an interest in the scenes as the reading proceeds. Interest is the most uncritical of all possible moods of mind, and as completely unfits you for clear judgment, as a keen appetite for the appreciation of refined cookery. If you feel an interest growing up, in spite of your better judgment, struggle against it. Think of something else. Blow your nose noisily. Shift your position. Whisper to a neighbour. Rise to shut or open the window . . . or pretend to fall into a dose, and wake suddenly, with an exclamation. You will thus break the chain not only of your own ideas, but of your companions', and, probably, the Author's, and recall him to the region of hard fact, from which he may be beginning to stray under the united operation of his self-conceit and the mischievous excitement of reading.

One useful rule for destroying any interest the piece may be awakening is not to listen to any part but your own. The unerring instinct of the artist will, of course, soon guide you to the character intended for yourself. Follow that closely and critically, and see that, in justice to himself, as well as to you, the Author does not trifle with it. Remember that golden rule of your art—to think that the success of the piece rests entirely on *your* shoulders. In this way, only, can thorough devotion to your part be secured. Any attention to the other parts will naturally weaken your interest in your own, and so diminish your contribution to the effect of the piece.

If every Actor follow this rule, the result will, of course, be, that all the parts will be strengthened, and the effect of the *ensemble* raised in proportion.

But even if your part should leave nothing to be desired, you will, of course, be careful not to let the Author see that you think so. Besides the general impolicy of encouraging a class at all times too ready to presume, it is clearly against your interest *ever* to be satisfied, as you may thus bar the way against future requirements. The best part is likely to have its weak points. Carried away by the general effect, you may at first overlook these. But be cautious how you yield to your first impression. Never commit yourself to strong approbation. Shrug your shoulders; grumble inaudibly; tell the Author you have failed to discover the part meant for you; and when he tells you, smile, and appear surprised, and say that somehow you do not see yourself in it.

You will thus prepare the Author's mind for any demands you may afterwards find it your duty to make upon him for the enrichment or strengthening of your part; or in the improbable event of your remaining satisfied with it as written, his mind will be more relieved than if you had never grumbled.

Digitized by Google

If you find that the Author has wronged you by giving any of his good things to the other characters, do not submit to the injustice, but insist at once, and firmly, on having them transferred to your own part. Even if it were not your duty to consider your own interests first, and supposing that anything which gives prominence to the other personages were not, so far, an injury to you, you will thus be advancing the interests of your theatre. For if the Author takes the plums from other parts to stick them into yours, he will have to provide other plums in lieu of those thus transferred, and the piece will thus be benefited.

However good your part may be, always speak diffidently, or even despairingly, of your power of doing anything with it. Let no false delicacy induce you to keep back the weak points of his work from the Author. Candour is a duty in your relative positions, and the more you decry the part, the more the Author will feel what he owes to your acting of it should it be successful.

Should the Author so far forget himself as to ask your opinion of his piece after the reading, do not encourage rash hopes by premature approbation. It is safe to suggest that it seemed rather long, as the pruning-knife is sure to be called in during rehearsal.

Generally, remember that true kindness to the Author requires on your part everything in word, act, look, and demeanour, which is likely to send him away hopeless and depressed under a deep conviction of impending failure. If he fail, you will know that you have done nothing to foster unfounded hopes. If he succeed, you will enjoy the pleasure of thinking that you have enhanced his triumph, by contrast with the discouragement you have done your best to engender. I need hardly point out how much gratification this reflection is calculated to afford to the benevolent mind.

The Actor's proper conduct at rehearsal must be the subject of another chapter.

THE POODLE'S PETITION.

AIR—"*My Mother bids me bind my Hair.*"

"The French ladies, after having their own hair dyed, have taken to dyeing their lap-dogs."—*Parisian Correspondent of the Globe.*



OH, Mistress, do not dye my hair,
Your own though dyeing too:
Tie up my tail with ribbons rare,
But paint it not sky-blue.
'Tis sad to hang a pea-green head,
A rose-hued tail to sway,
I feel 'twere better to be dead,
Than dyeing every day!

Oh, for the days ere fashion said,
To all "try change of hair;"
Pronouncing, by her *fiat* dread,
All foul that is not fair.
I'm proud of my flesh-coloured nose,
Proud of my pinky eyes;
But must I go *couleur de rose*,
Because my Mistress dyes?

A Nice Thing in Caps.

A LETTER appeared the other day in the *Times* with the signature of "One who knows what he is writing about," and headed "Volunteer Percussion Caps." It is not to be supposed that caps so called are, as their name might be supposed to intimate, accustomed to go off of their own accord. Some of them, indeed, do not go off at all, but those that do mostly go off into small pieces, which fly about in all directions, occasionally into the rifleman's eye.

DOUBLE TROUBLE,

OR THE TWO MACBETHS.

ANNOUNCEMENT IN THE BILL OF THE SAME THEATRE ROYAL.

Macbeth (on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday) . . MR. *
Macbeth (on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday) . . MR. * *
Macduff (on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday) . . MR. *
Macduff (on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday) . . MR. * *

SCENE 1.—ACT II. OF MACBETH.

N.B.—Time: Tuesday Night (refer to Bill).

Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday Macbeth (Tu. Th. Sat. Macbeth) is on the stage, and having just dismissed his attendant, is preparing for his soliloquy.

Enter, oblivious of Tu. Th. Sat. Macbeth's presence, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Macbeth, dressed of course as Macduff. (*See Bill.*)

M. W. F. Macbeth (losing no time over it). Is this a dagger which——

T. Th. Sat. Macbeth (turning sharply and angrily upon him; aside). No! No! You're Monday, Wednesday, and——

M. W. F. Mac. (aside). Beg pardon: I've been thinking it was Wednesday all day.

[*Exit scowling, and slowly, to give the audience the idea that his entrance was no mistake, but an intentional new reading. He remains at the wing to criticise the performance.*

T. Th. Sat. Mac. (on stage).

Is this a dagger which I see before me?
The handle toward my hand? Come let me clutch thee:——

M. W. F. Mac. (at wing). Bah! not a bit like it.

[*Gives his own rendering to himself, sotto voce, with appropriate action.*

T. Th. Sat. Mac. (seeing M. W. F. Mac. at the wing; annoyed).

"I have thee not, and yet I see thee still."

(*To himself.* "I wish he'd go away.")

"Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight?"

(*To himself.* "Confound the fellow!" *Eyes M. W. F. Mac. viciously, and continues*)—

"Or art thou but
A dagger of the mind—a false creation?"

M. W. F. Mac. (at wing, sarcastically). False creation! Gad! I should think so.

T. Th. Sat. Mac. (on stage, continuing soliloquy)—

"I see thee yet ——"

(*Eyeing M. W. F. Mac. more savagely than ever*)—

"—— in form as palpable
As that which now I draw."

M. W. F. Mac. (at wing). Draw, indeed! Won't draw a shilling. Better let *me* play it every night.

[*Retires from wing, and the soliloquy is continued.*

Last Scene (same night).

M. W. F. Macbeth as Macduff. "Turn, hell-hound, turn!"

Both (together, excitedly). "Of all men else I have——"

M. W. F. Macbeth as Macduff (giving in—aside to T. Th. Sat. Mac.). Quite forgot.

T. Th. Sat. Mac. (going on regularly.) "I have avoided *thee.*"

(*To himself.*) "And *will* in future."

(*Aloud.*) "But get thee back," &c. &c. [*They fight viciously.*

M. W. F. Macbeth, as Macduff, taking a mean advantage of T. Th. Sat. Macbeth's pause for breath, determines to show a Tuesday night audience that they ought to hear HIM *as Macbeth, cries furiously,*

"Accursed be the tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed my better part of man.
And be these," &c. &c.
"I'll not fight with thee."

T. Th. Sat. Mac. (forgetting, in his excitement, what day of the week it is.) "Then yield thee, coward," &c. &c.

M. W. F. Mac. (not caring what day of the week it is)—

"I'll not yield,
To kiss the ground," &c. &c.
"Lay on, *Macduff*,
And damn'd be he that first cries *hold, enough!*"

[*They fight, and, after a furious encounter, T. Th. Sat. Macbeth kills Macduff (i. e. M. W. F. Macbeth).*

M. W. F. Mac. (dead and breathing hard on ground, to T. Th. S. Mac.). I—say—my boy—it's—TUESDAY NIGHT! [*Dies happy.*

[*Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Macbeth suddenly realises the horrid truth as the Curtain descends.*

Finis.

Digitized by Google



UNANSWERABLE.

Old Girl. "OH, I'VE BROUGHT BACK THESE CARTES OF MINE, MR. KAMMEBER. MY FRIENDS ARE VERY DISSATISFIED. THEY——"
Photographer. "DEAR ME, MUM, I'M EXTREMELY SORRY; I THOUGHT THE PORTRAIT VERY——"
Old Girl. "OH! IMPOSSIBLE; IT'S HIDEOUS!"

THE FEDERAL PHŒNIX.

WHEN HERODOTUS, surnamed "The Father of History"
(We are not informed who was History's mother),
Went a travelling to Egypt, that region of mystery,
Where each step presented some marvel or other,

In a great city there, called (in Greek) Heliopolis,
The priests put him up to a strange story—rather—
Of a bird, who came up to that priestly metropolis,
Once in five hundred years, to inter its own father.

When to filial feeling apparently callous,
Not a plume ruffled (as *we* should say, not a hair rent),
In a *pot-pourri* made of sweet-spice, myrrh, and aloes,
He flagrantly, burnt, after burying, his parent.

But POMPONIUS MELA has managed to gather
Of this curious story a modified version,
In which the bird burns up itself, not its father,
And soars to new life from its fiery immersion.

This bird has oft figured in emblems and prophecies—
And though SNYDERS ne'er painted its picture, nor WEENIX,
Its portraits on plates of a well-known fire-office is,
Which, after this bird's name, is christened the Phœnix.

Henceforth a new Phœnix, from o'er the Atlantic,
Our old fire-office friend from his brass-plate displaces;
With a plumage of greenbacks, all ruffled, and antic
In OLD ABE's rueful phiz and OLD ABE's shambling graces.

As the bird of Arabia wrought resurrection
By a flame all whose virtues grew out of what fed it,
So the Federal Phœnix has earned re-election
By a holocaust huge of rights, commerce, and credit.

TWO QUACKS IN QUOD.

Two of the Advertising Quacks have caught it. Well done, BARON BRAMWELL, and we wish that many more of them may come under your "unforgiving eye." DOCTOR HENERY and his accomplice ANDERSON, the extortionists, who traded on the silly fears of a young officer, are sentenced to hard labour for two years. We hope that the governor of the gaol will see that it is very hard, and will remember that felons with a smattering of medical science may easily feign illness, for which a mild whipping will be the best cure. But have we only two rascals caged? There are scores at liberty, who are advertising themselves freely, to the disgrace of certain newspapers. Silly young officers and all other silly persons, recollect that extortion is more or less the game of the whole gang. *Mr. Punch's* file impales heaps of information which has been sent to him touching the doings of many who have not yet been brought before BARON BRAMWELL. Woe to the first on whom *Mr. Punch* shall lay the Iron Flail! But it is the fools who make the knaves. We dislike the subject so much that it is only from a sense of duty that we mention it. Dearly beloved young donkeys, do take warning and eschew these cold-blooded extortioners and quacks. "Country papers, please copy," and London papers, too.

"Angels and Ministers."

MR. DISRAELI, in a speech of much religious unction, has just declared this to be the question now asked by science of society. "Is man Ape or Angel?" "I," says MR. DISRAELI, "am on the side of the Angel." The Ministers had best look out, for in March the House will "ring to the roar of an Angel onset." DISRAELI, D.C.L., shall henceforth be our "Angelic Doctor." We are not surprised at his declaration—we never thought him in the least like an Ape-man, but we fancied him a little of *Apemantus*:—

"Immortal gods, I crave no pelf,
I pray for no man but myself."

Digitized by Google



THE FEDERAL PHŒNIX.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



THE PATENT RESTORER FOR THE HAIR.

(*Vide Advertisements.*)

(TESTIMONIAL.)

"DEAR SIR,—After six months' use of your valuable preparation, my hair has already recovered its former luxuriance," &c, &c.

UNACCOUNTABLE BUNKUM.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the other day, recommended his people to thank Heaven for having averted from them foreign intervention. According to MR. SEWARD, "foreign wars loom over" the Yankees, and he declares that he, for his part, will never surrender to the rebels, "though they come backed in their unholy quarrel by one or more foreign states."

What foreign intervention did ABRAHAM refer to, what foreign wars are those which MR. SEWARD apprehends, and which are the foreign States which he deems disposed to back those whom he calls rebels? This country, surely, cannot be one of them. Is it not a fact, of which MR. LINCOLN's and MR. SEWARD's magnanimous countrymen are sufficiently satisfied, that the mean, spiritless, contemptible JOHN BULL is not even to be "kicked into war." Cannot they, at all events, rest assured that he will never go to war with them, until they kick him?

AN ECCENTRICITY OF ZERO.

THE following, extracted from the *Times*, is a somewhat extraordinary announcement:—

"THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of the second halves of bank-notes, to the amount of £350 from 'O.'"

The axiom *Ex nihil, ex nihilo*, if bank-notes to the amount of £350 have really been received from O by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, would seem to be a rule which admits of a remarkable exception. But the wonder is, not so much that O sends anything, as that aught but O is ever sent to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, since O is the outside of all which that Minister of his own accord ever refunds.

MR. COBDEN AND HIS CLIENTS.

WELL, COBDEN, what you say is true, the North is in the right,
The men of Yankeedoodledom are fighting the good fight.
The Southern States are fewer, and the Northern States are more,
And that 's as plain a case as 'tis that two and two make four.

A Heaven-ordained republic is a great and holy thing,
Endowed with that divinity which doth *not* hedge a King.
Secession, just, from GEORGE THE THIRD did independence win;
Rebellion against LINCOLN is as witchcraft's deadly sin.

All wars of conquest ever waged were wicked save this one,
The first exception to the rule that heretofore had none,
Its aim the stiff-necked South beneath the North's mild yoke to bend,
And sanctified are all the means to work that righteous end.

Then let your friends, that they may the revolted States regain,
Hound on them all the rascalry of Ireland and Almain;
Soldiers who, though they triumph not, do service in defeat,
And when they fail of victory will plunder in retreat.

Let TURCHIN's valiant myrmidons, and BUTLER's gallant bands,
The rebels' homes set blazing, and lay waste the rebels' lands,
What if they meet repulse from men on many a battle plain,
The women they can war upon, and manhood lightly stain.

The Yankees' arms if Fortune with success refuse to crown,
Let them undam a river and at once a whole State drown.
This is a war of giants, this the way such war to wage,
Warfare that shames the chivalry of this degenerate age.

To bayonet and rifle, not deciding this great strife,
Why don't they join the tomahawk, and add the scalping-knife?
Tie to a stake six prisoners, and in cold blood shoot them dead!
What 's that? First torture captives; go the whole hog, go ahead!

Good, if wrongheaded, COBDEN, of your clients give you joy,
How long, think you, are they to sink, burn, slaughter, and destroy?
None, let us hope, the longer for aught you and friend BRIGHT say;
Then you 'll have cause to blame yourselves not much another day.

A STRINGED DUETT.—The Brothers DAVENPORT.

AN INFANT PHENOMENON.

CONSTANT readers of the newspapers see strange things now and then. Only look at this announcement, which the other morning appeared among the "Births:"—

"On the 11th inst. at Plymouth, the wife of 'Parallax,' founder of the 'Zetetic Philosophy,' of a daughter."

Who, ye Stars! is PARALLAX? What in wonder's name is the Zetetic Philosophy? Such questions is the notice intended to provoke; for of course its object simply is to advertise the works of the Zetetic Philosopher, if any works of his there be. At any rate we trust that the infant above advertised will be fitly named. What does her fond father say to letting her be christened PARALLAXIA ZETETICA?

MÜLLER AND HIS MEN.

THE Germans who clapped when the Diet dared draw
Execution to deal on the Duchies,
Howl against execution, awarded by law,
To MÜLLER, in CALCRAFT's stern clutches.

Can the reason that Vaterland thus makes black white,
From applause to abuse shifts its song;
Be that our execution was proveably right,
And their own as demonstrably wrong?

EMANCIPATE YOUR GAS.

BRITONS! This is the cry of our time. Let us, ha! ha! let us—hee, hee, throw a little light upon the subject, ha! ha! ha! The point is this. Gas is four shillings and sixpence per thousand cubic feet. Never mind what cubic feet are—but understand this. You ought to get the same quantity (and much better) for two shillings and ninepence. The difference goes into the pockets of the monopolist companies, who despise and defy you. Now, are you going on bearing this? If not, join the cheap gas movement, headed by the gallant GEORGE FLINTOFF. Paddington is up in arms, and has flung down the gage of battle. Up, up, and put the tyrannic Companies' pipes out. *Punch* will lead you on. You have recoiled from their charge too long, now is your time. Charge for Cheap Gas, and Down with Dear Ditto.



LOOKING AHEAD.

Harry. "I WISH I WERE YOU, AUNT!"

Aunt. "WHY?"

Harry. "BECAUSE I SHOULD HAVE SUCH A JOLLY CHAP FOR A NEPHEW! WOULDN'T I GIVE HIM A LOT O' THINGS NEXT CHRISTMAS!"

THE WEATHER AND THE PARKS.

WE have it now in our power to lay before the public from time to time exclusive information on the topics mentioned in the heading of this notice. Our correspondents, whose names, for very obvious reasons, we are not permitted to make known, have already furnished us with the following most interesting and important intelligence, coming from reliable sources, totally inaccessible to the daily or weekly journals.

The Weather.—London, Nov. 24. We have but just heard from a friend whose official position gives an incalculable weight to any statement he may make, that it was, at the time of his communication, *a very cold day.*

The statement made, in an off-hand manner, by MR. COBDEN, at Rochdale, to the effect that "it was seasonable weather," was not, as we have since ascertained, strictly in accordance with fact.

It is whispered that a certain noble Lord observed at the commencement of last month that the days would now begin to draw in. Be this as it may, it is undeniable that the days *have been drawing in considerably ever since.*

The Barometer.—The Astronomer Royal has, we hear, lately ordered in two dozen barometers, "to try." Yesterday morning, before leaving his house, he tapped one of the samples. A wet night is expected.

There were great rejoicings at MR. BISHOP'S Observatory some little time ago, on account of the barometer being 21 in the shade last birthday.

The Parks.—The Gardens of Kensington are still used, even during the winter months, as the Metropolitan Nursery Grounds.

The late gales have been severely felt on the Serpentine, and several fine vessels would have been utterly lost in sight of their owners, who were standing anxiously on the shore, but for the laudable exertions of the Dogs belonging to the Newfoundland Breed. Smaller craft foundered in crossing, but it being their admirable custom never to carry any one on board, no lives have been lost; of course, those members of Lloyd's who do the Serpentine Ship Insurance business will be heavy sufferers. On Thursday last a trim rakish-looking cutter was suddenly capsized by an irritated swan. This will, as usual, lead to complicated legal proceedings.

THE LAST FREEDOM CONFERRED BY THE CITY.—The Freedom of Southwark Bridge.

MOTTO FOR FINSBURY.—"*Cox* et præterea nihil."

PUNCH'S SCIENTIFIC REGISTER.

AT the re-iterated desire of the Scientific World, a desire signified, we must say, in letters of extreme illegibility (yet NEWTON wrote, and FARADAY writes, beautifully) *Mr. Punch* has consented to devote a portion of his invaluable space to a record of the proceedings of the various societies which meet to bewilder themselves with wisdom. The expense of preparing this register is awful, but when did a gentleman trouble his head about such a trumpery detail as the price of anything he wanted. He edits the *resumé* himself, so that the slightest inaccuracy would be impossible if anything were impossible to *Mr. Punch.* Henceforth, scientific society will look to *Mr. Punch's* pages alone for the latest and best information on science, as all the rest of creation does for everything else.

Geological Society, Dec. 1.—The PRESIDENT in the Chair. An interesting paper was read by MR. FONDLESQUAW upon Corals. He stated that in passing down Cockspur Street, in London, he came upon a large number of interesting miocene corals, in various beautiful forms, and that they were deposited behind a transparent medium resembling plate glass. Having fractured this with several blows of his heavy stick, he proceeded to collect some specimens of coral. He was somewhat impeded by the aborigines of the place, who remonstrated energetically, and invoked the aid of one of their deities, whom they appealed to as "BOBBY," but after some negotiation, and making a present of some coins, he was permitted to remove some types of the productions, which were embedded in several strata of a soft substance, not unlike velvet. He described them, but had been unable to bring them to the meeting in consequence of the magnetic attraction which they possess, and which rendered it impossible to detach them from the persons of some feminine members of his household to whom he had unguardedly entrusted them. A vote of thanks was given to MR. FONDLESQUAW, and he was requested to bring the ladies themselves to the next meeting, if the corals could not otherwise be obtained. MR. LOBSCOUSE then produced some other specimens of coral which he had discovered in a species of fish, known in commerce as the lobster, and an interesting discussion ensued. Their lithological character was disputed, and they were eaten by the President, who stated that though he did not agree with the discoverer, he hoped that the coral would agree with himself.

Archæological Institute.—The VICE-PRESIDENT in the Chair. MR. BUGGLETON exhibited an autograph letter from Tubal Cain, written in cuneiform Semitic, and desiring a person to come and tune his organ. MR. NUMPS exhibited the original MSS. of HOMER'S *Iliad*, with marginal notes by ALEXANDER THE GREAT, as also the casket in which the latter is recorded to have kept the work. MR. GRUNDY exhibited an ancient heir-loom, which had evidently been used for weaving hair. MR. M'OSSIAN exhibited the harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed. MR. JONES exhibited a valuable picture by Van Eyck in his eleventh manner, and on the Meeting insisting on scratching the painting off to see what was under it, MR. JONES also exhibited a great deal of temper. The Vice-President remarked that the picture was probably in tempera. MR. BROWN exhibited the dagger with which JULIUS CÆSAR was assassinated by CASSIUS. It was of British manufacture, and had probably been given by CÆSAR to his friend as "a Trifle from Britain." The inscription was partly illegible, but the letters

M.TTH.WS.SH.FF.LD could be traced. The steel was very fine, showing the advance of the English in manufactures, even at that early date. MR. ROBINSON exhibited the Key of the Iron Gate on the Danube. It was brought over by KOSSUTH after the Hungarian revolution. MR. WOBBLES had nothing to exhibit, but told a very long and interesting story of a dream which he had had, and in which it was revealed to him that if the Tower of London were removed, and the foundations dug up, some odd things would be found. The meeting, having exhibited contempt for MR. ROBINSON, adjourned.

Zoological Society.—PROFESSOR PORPUS in the Chair. MR. STRATELACE read a Paper on the exceedingly vulgar language used by some of the cockatoos in the Society's Gardens, and upon the probable origin of it. MR. BRUCE, who had just returned from Abyssinia, gave an interesting account of its fauna, and stated that the natives when travelling use elephants' trunks for portmanteaux. He also informed the meeting that he had frequently been knocked down by the wild animals he had met, on which the Chairman observed that the fauna was a floorer. MR. EPICURUS ROTUNDUS exhibited three plover's eggs which he had obtained at TUCKER'S, and ate them, in order to test the wholesomeness of the article. He remained perfectly well up to the adjournment of the meeting. PROFESSOR PHLUNKEY exhibited an exceedingly fine large toad, which he had captured in a pond at Hampstead, and which he stated to be edible. The meeting resolved unanimously that the Professor himself was entitled to the honour of trying, and he was instructed to attend at the next meeting and report results. MR. CRANKY exhibited the scull of a boat, and was proceeding to describe the difference between it and the scull of a man, when he was shoved out of the room. The proceedings concluded with the reading of an interesting Paper by MR. STANSFELD, on the question of the affinity between MR. COX, M.P. for Finsbury, and the ordinary donkey with his foot in a plug-hole.

Geographical Society.—The PRESIDENT in the Chair. A deeply interesting and valuable letter was read from MR. WOOL GATHERER, a corresponding member in foreign parts, who stated that he did not exactly know where he was at present, but that when he found out he would let the Society know. Thanks and the Gold Medal were voted to him, and the letter was ordered to be entered in the Minutes. MR. BAFFIN exhibited a beautiful map, by himself, of the interior of Pomerania and its watersheds, and a lively discussion ensued on his stating, first, that Pomerania was in Africa, and secondly, that he had never been there. MR. MURKATOR produced a chart of the world on his little boy's projection, the infant having thrown it out of window. MR. HORNSEY WOOD read a paper giving an account of a river which had just been discovered at Islington, partly subterraneous, and abounding in catfish, or in fish very like dead cats, and it was resolved that this should be named the New River. The President stated that most gratifying news had been received from PROFESSOR BRICK, who had been sent out by the Society to discover the true source of the Nile. He was in perfect health, and had got as far as Gravesend, where he had been sojourning for some weeks, and had been received with much hospitality at the Falcon. A letter was read from PROFESSOR MEANDER, who stated that he had discovered a new and stupendous range of mountains in the Isle of Wight, but he declined to say where unless he received some more money. They were volcanic, and were all smoking, and he had therefore named them the Kitchen Range.

Photographic Society.—The Lord Chief Baron in the Chair. A Paper was read on the Best Mode of Keeping Babies Still for the Photographic Sitting, and a debate ensued. Some unmarried members thought the best way was to frighten them by an awful shout at the moment of exposure, but the married members objected that maternal resistance to this course would probably be offered. Moreover, an ugly face was produced by terror. Chloroform was also suggested, and it was resolved that experiments should be tried with it. A member said that if the mothers would only stay away, there would be no difficulty, as all babies were exactly alike, and a single type could be reproduced from an old picture. Thousands of photographs of the last Royal baby were sold which had never been taken from that princely infant. MR. SNUBBER read a Paper on the Negative, as employed in answer to touts. MR. POSER explained his process for photographing ladies who had large ugly hands. He tied their arms behind them, and placed beautifully modelled WAX arms under the shawl or mantilla, with the hands exposed. This he considered legitimate idealisation. It was stated that MR. GLADSTONE, in his next Budget, intends to impose a penny stamp upon every photograph sold, which will bring many thousands to the revenue without injuring any person. MR. NOCULAR exhibited a fine photograph of the Milky Way after a storm, so exquisitely faithful that the rain-drops could be seen mixing with the milk.

Astronomical Society.—The VICE-PRESIDENT in the Chair. A memorial was presented by the officials at the Admiralty, praying that the constellation called the Great Bear should have its name changed to the First Lord. MR. DE TRANSIT read his "Observations upon the last Solar Eclipse," which he had been unable to see, owing to its being invisible in England. He conjectured that if he had been in some other portion of the world, he might have seen it. MR. PETER WILKINS read a bold and interesting Paper, in which he contended that the Moon was square—a truth which had been known to SHAKSPEARE, one of whose witches spoke of "the corner of the moon." Considerable debate followed, in the course of which a Member stated that the original discoverer of the moon was a tinman named RICHARD, whence the classic authors called that planet Dictynna. MR. PEEPER read a Paper on the question, "Are the Tails of Comets Inhabited?" and MR. MUFF read one on the question, whether a chronometer will go if taken in the pocket through a crowd? He was authorised to try the experiment at his own expense. Forty-seven Members then announced that they had all discovered comets, which it was resolved should be named after the members of the Court of Aldermen, as far as they would go, and the rest after the members of the Metropolitan Board of Works.

THE FELLOW-FEELING OF PRUSSIA.



THE generous KING OF PRUSSIA is paying his people handsomely for the loyal support which they wisely afforded him in the invasion and spoliation of Denmark. See, in the subjoined extract from the *Post*, what the Prussians are getting by their devoted fidelity to their Sovereign:—

"THE PRESS IN PRUSSIA.—The prosecutions against the Press in Prussia are still conducted with great rigour, and amongst the announcements daily made on the subject is one that the editor of the *Kladderadatsch* (the Berlin *Punch*) on Thursday last commenced to undergo the sentence of imprisonment, for a month and a week, passed on him for an article which he had published, which was considered to be calumniatory of the PRINCE OF REUSS-GREIZ, a Sovereign with whom Prussia is on terms of amity."

When our Brother of Berlin comes out of the dungeon into which he has been cast for exceeding the ample liberties which the gracious WILLIAM, by the advice of the liberal BISMARCK, has conceded to the Prussian Press, he will take care how he again offends his Royal Master by writing anything that can possibly be considered calumniatory of any Sovereign with whom Prussia is on terms of amity. For instance, should he venture to review CAPTAIN BURTON'S lately published work, *A Mission to Gelele, King of Dahome*, he will doubtless studiously refrain from any disparaging remarks on the Grand Customs of the dark potentate to whom it relates, or on the exploits of his dusky MAJESTY'S army of Amazons; the rather that any unfavourable comment on those achievements might fairly be considered as implying still severer censure of the gallant deeds of the heroes who triumphed at Dybböl and Sönderborg, and were quartered upon Jutland. Knowing, indeed, what it is to censure a Prince with whom Prussia is on friendly terms, surely the Editor of the *Kladderadatsch* will be careful not to say anything uncivil of the very Prince of Darkness.

A MAN OF PEACE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

IN sending to the Mediterranean, as flag-ship of the Admiral in command, the *Victoria*, three-decker, carrying 121 guns, 1,100 men, and engines of 1,000 horse-power, but being a wooden vessel, which a little ironclad could destroy in a brace of shakes, the Admiralty has sorely puzzled all those persons who imagine that she is sent there to fight, if necessary. She is sent there as a hostage, or security, that the Mediterranean fleet will observe a policy of strict non-intervention; and the Admiral's flag which she carries is of the nature of a flag of truce. The Admiral on board of that flag-ship will, in fact, be Admiral of the White.

Oh! Oh!

SCENE—*Smoking Room of Club. Enter somebody with a Riddle.*

Somebody. What description of soldier would be most unwelcome to MISS BATEMAN?

Everybody. Give it up. Well?

Somebody. Why, a Fusilier of course. Don't you take, *a Few-see-Leak.*

[*Exit* SOMEBODY *quickly.*

Digitized by Google

A REGULAR MAKE-SHIFT.—The Sewing Machine.



HALT! HALT! HALT!

THE VOLUNTEERS ARE THE MOST TRACTABLE TROOPS IN THE WORLD, PROVIDING MISS ROSEBINGTON, OR ANY OTHER LADY, DOES NOT FALL INTO THE POND WHILST THEY ARE BEING DRILLED.

MÉNU OF THE FUTURE.

A Possible Result of the Efforts of the Acclimatisation Society.

SOUPS.

Boa Constrictor. | Horse.
Frog. | Rhinoceros.

FISH.

Boiled Sea-Devil. | Fried Jewfish.
Crimped Kraken. | Filletted Trumpeters.
Pickled Polypus. | Broiled Barracouta.

ENTRÉES.

Scorpion and Dead Sea Apple Sauce.
American Oysters and Treacle.
Chinese Birds' Nests.
Surinam Toads and Guava Jelly.

JOINTS.

Saddle of Tapir.
Roast Leg of Giraffe.

Cat and minced Kittens.

Ostrich's and Horned Owl's Eggs.
Coral Insects and Melted Amber.
Potted Bear. Dodo's Liver.
Bread Fruit. Upas Onions.

Pickled Scales of Sea-Serpent.
Gorilla's Ears in Sherbet.

White Beer. Nectar. Palm Wine.

N.B. Cannibal Gentlemen and Ladies will be attended to at the Side-board.

MORE MYSTERIES.

EVERYBODY knows what a puzzle *Bradshaw* is; and this advertisement, from *Bradshaw*, is almost as perplexing as the work itself:—

"C—— COFFEE HOUSE, —— —— will be found on trial one of the best in the Metropolis for accommodation, price, and central situation. Beds in separate rooms for one person, is 1*s.* 6*d.* each; double-bedded ditto less, which are particularly healthy, the establishment having been a gentleman's mansion. Refreshments unusually low, a list of which is exhibited in the Coffee Room. An attendant up all night. Held by the same proprietor 17 years."

Beds for one person in separate rooms! How on earth can any one person ever be in separate rooms when he wants to go to bed? and how many separate rooms and beds is he, or she, required to occupy? Then, pray what are the "double-bedded ditto?" Are they rooms or persons that are "particularly healthy?" and what proof is there that they are so in the fact that the establishment was once upon a time the mansion of a gentleman? Moreover, we should fancy the "proprietor" must be getting rather tired, if it be true that he has "held an attendant up all night" for seventeen years, as the wording of the notice would lead one to imagine.

Lines to be Lugged into the next Burlesque.

"THE barber's beery: place him in the arbour,
You see he 's really now an *Aley Barber!*
Aley! alas, the word quite makes me pale,
Beer's at a discount under LORD MAYOR 'ALE!"

A FAST PERFORMANCE.—One HERR TOLLMACH, a clever conjuror *à la* DAVENPORT, is the greatest traveller of the present day. He exceeds in speed the *Persia*, or any of the fastest Cunard boats, for he can go at the rate of from sixty to a hundred *knots* an hour.

RAILWAY LITERATURE.—*The Reading Station.*—The crowds outside *Mr. Punch's* shop window in Fleet Street.

Digitized by Google

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, December 3, 1864.



A DAY AFTER THE SHOW.

Farmer. "TAKE US TO THE CATTLE SHOW."

Cabby (who does not care about the Job). "IT'S NO USE OF ME A TAKING YOU; THE LAST DAY TO RECEIVE WAS SATURDAY."

[*Of course the Farmer will have nothing to do with such a Blackguard.*

NO RELIEF ON SUNDAY!

THE North British Railway Company has terribly frightened SIR JAMES GARDINER BAIRD, the REV. SIR HENRY MONCRIEFF, REV. MR. MANSON, of Perth, REV. MR. GRAHAM, of Newhaven, REV. DR. MACFARLANE, of Dalkeith, and a multitude of Scotch Sabbatarians to whom those pastors minister thistles. They resolved that they, "considering the Divine law of the Sabbath to be one of the essential supports to vital and practical Christianity, feel it incumbent on them to make every exertion for the maintenance of that law as it has hitherto been understood by the Scottish people." Accordingly, if an ox, or if one of themselves, were to fall into a pit on a Sunday, they would doubtless forbid anybody to pull him out.

Of course, these Scottish Sabbatarians will have been much edified by the following statement of "A Medical Officer" in the *Times*, who, after detailing some facts illustrative of the parochial treatment of the poor in "a large London Union," says:—

"I also came across last Sunday a most dreadful case of malignant fever, requiring wine, which I directed the people to fetch from the relieving officer. The reply was, he was not at home, and if he had been, nothing would be given on Sunday."

A poor creature is sinking for want of a drop of wine, but could not have it in any case, because even if the relieving officer were at home, "nothing would be given on Sunday." Is there any difference between sinking from malignant fever and tumbling into a pit? Some, perhaps, in the opinion of the people who thought it wicked to heal on the Sabbath Day. None, of course, in that of those who understand the Divine law of the Sabbath "as it has hitherto been understood," if they are to be credited, "by the Scottish people." It seems that the guardians of "a large London Union" understand it in the same sense. Pious souls! May none of them ever feel the want of a drop of wine or a drop of—water!

A NEW FREIGHT.—The Parcels Delivery Company had recently a novelty entrusted to their charge—a Lady wrapt up in her Baby.

THE NAME OF THE PUBLISHER OF MR. BANTING'S PORTRAIT.—M'LEAN.

THE SONG OF THE DRAINS.

DEAR! I thought the Thames business was over,
Do you mean there 's a question remains?
They 've one sewer, and they 'll soon have another,
And don't know what to do with the drains!

Why lor! says an M.P., what stuff!
You 've forgotten those fast special trains,
And the lunch both for blue and for buff
That they gave us down there in the drains.

May be so, says an unlucky liver
Down at Erith,—yet still he complains
You have poisoned us all on the river,
By the mess you have made with the drains.

Then the waste! Oh, the scandal and shame!
Cries a farmer intent on his gains,
Why I 'd make both my fortune and fame
With the stuff that you waste in the drains.

So LORD ROBERT he took up the case,
Though quite at the end of his brains,
And he tried to put on a good face
About all they had done with the drains.

And his Lordship at once called a meeting
With many long-winded refrains,
And after much drinking and eating,
Asked, what 's to be done with the drains?

Then a noise and confusion arose,
He scarcely a hearing obtains,
For mudlarking contractors and those
Who all of them wanted the drains.

And the people of Edinburgh city
Cried, see all our trouble and pains:
'Tis a shame and a terrible pity
You don't do as we do with the drains.

The contractors of Rugby cry, look;
Why we 're quite independent of rains.
Let them dry up the river and brook,
We just water our land with the drains.

There 's NAPIER and HOPE are so leary,
That, as sure as Her Majesty reigns,
They 'll make of those quicksands so dreary
A Paradise all from the drains.

Then there 's Highgate and Hampstead as well,
Where the owners of lands and terrains
Say, we don't care a fig for the smell,
But we want the contents of the drains.

Then they write to the *Times* every day,
Squabbling over their filthy old mains!
Oh, good gracious! do settle 't some way,
For we 're all of us sick of the drains.

And by Neptune we swear that whoever
Cleans the water from Sheerness to Staines,
And sweetens our jolly old river,
We 'll make him the King of the Drains.

A COVERED INSULT!

WHEN the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA addressed the Reichsrath, he delivered his speech sitting, and *with his hat on.* Take care, FRANCIS JOSEPH! Indulge in many more such unmannerly arrogant pranks, and the day may come when you may be left without as much as a covering to your head, or perhaps even a head to cover. Perhaps it is better, however, to take a charitable view of the matter, and to suppose that there is a motive that offers some palliating excuse for this bit of aristocratic impertinence. It may be that the EMPEROR purposely wore his hat, to avoid showing his extreme baldness as a reigning Sovereign; or probably it was done for the purpose of hiding the crack that there has notoriously been for some time past in his Crown.

MINISTERS OF THE INTERIOR—WITH A SEAT IN THE CABINET.—The DAVENPORT Brothers.

Google

INDIGNATION MEETING OF QUACKS.



HERE took place yesterday, at the Hall in the Haymarket, a meeting attended by all the advertising quacks in the kingdom. The occasion of this concourse was the sentence of two years' imprisonment and hard labour on two of their number, MESSRS. HENERY and ANDERSON, for the crime of extortion. Amongst the blackguards present were noticed MR. STOAT, MR. SKUNK, MR. FOUMART, DR. CUTTS, MR. LAROGUE, DR. DE LA RUSE AND CO., and others whose names are notorious.

The chair was taken by MR. STOAT, who said he was sure that all present would sympathise with their brethren in bonds, their brother HENERY and their brother ANDERSON, whose case might be their own if not to-morrow, anyhow at the next sitting of the Central Criminal Court, or the approaching Assizes. The worthy speaker concluded by using strong language with relation to the Judge and the Jury by whom the prisoners in question had been tried, applying to them each and all a term and an epithet too habitually employed in controversy by the lower orders.

MR. FOUMART said the exposure which had attended the trial of HENERY and ANDERSON was a very bad job. It had aroused the attention of the most powerful part of the Press, which was now exerting its power in a manner calculated to crush them, if any power on earth could. But he had great confidence in certain newspaper proprietors' love of gain, which, he trusted, would, in spite of anything their Editors might say, secure their persistence in allowing to be inserted in their columns those advertisements which writers inspired with virtuous indignation called obscene (*a laugh*), and infamous (*renewed laughter*), but which were the necessities of their position, of their very existence as practitioners. (*Hear, hear!*) If they could no longer advertise, it would be all up with them. But so long as their advertisements were permitted to appear in papers of respectability (*laughter*) there would be plenty of readers, whom no disclosures, and no cautions or warnings, would deter or restrain from consulting the advertisers. He was happy to say that in spite of all that had been said, the papers that had hitherto published, still continued to publish those announcements that served them for the same purpose as limed twigs did the bird-catchers. (*Cheers.*)

MR. LAROGUE, matriculated member of the University of Perth! was afraid that the so-called respectable part of the Press would proceed from bad to worse. The *Lancet* had mentioned names. The same course might be taken by a leading newspaper. One or two of the principal papers might unite not only in denouncing advertisers by name, but also in calling public attention to the papers which continued to insert their advertisements, pointing the advertisements out, and stigmatising the papers in which they appeared as unfit to lie on breakfast or drawing-room tables. That would be enough to smash them all.

DR. DE LA RUSE said that must be looked to. However, if the papers were closed to their advertisements they might still fall back on posters and handbills. As yet, happily, there was no law which rendered the authors and distributors of the puffs which so vexed the righteous (*laughter*) liable to hard labour in the House of Correction. (*Hear!*)

MR. SKUNK agreed with all that had fallen from the Chairman relative to the Judge and Jury that had sent poor HENERY and ANDERSON to oakum and the treadmill. But there were other Judges and other Juries, and, thank Parliament, there was the Law of Libel still strong enough, he hoped, to enable them to set the Press at defiance. His (MR. SKUNK'S) name might be a by-word of infamy, but he didn't care for that one damp, and he exulted at the thought that, notorious as he was, and noisome as his reputation might be, if anybody dared in print to apply to him individually the language that public writers applied to advertisers of his stamp in general, he should, if he chose to bring an 'action against that party, have no difficulty in finding a barrister to undertake his cause, and very likely persuade a British jury to give him heavy damages. (*Loud cheers.*) He would move that the Meeting resolve itself into a Mutual Protection Society, whose object should be to provide means to enable any one of its Members who might happen to be exposed in any of the papers, or other publications, to bring an action against the proprietors of the print in which his practices were reprehended, or any attempt was made to prevent the sale of his medicines. (*Hear, hear!*)

The resolution having been carried unanimously, the Meeting dispersed, and, the room having been cleared,

An Officer of the Board of Health (attending by order) entered, and sprinkled the place with chloride of lime.

MR. JOHN THOMAS AT THE CATTLE-SHOW.

DEAR CHAWLES i ope you keeps in ealth which it leave me at present,
Haltho the Whether lately has bene reelly most unplesink;
For its daily bin a blowing and a blustring and a raining,
Hend people as is Delliket in course have been complaining.
Which to men of our Purfession it is sertingly a mussy
That we 're alive and kicking still and isn't wiecy wussy:
For a footman 's got no trousers to protect his carves from damp,
And its horful what we suffers from the roomatiz and cramp.
Hend though we 've great coles, some of us, has reaches to our eels,
When the wind gets underneath M why its full effex we feels.

You manshinged in your last as you were hanxious for your figger,
Which you reether felt alarmed to find your waste were getting bigger,
Hend you asked if MR. BANTINCK would do you any good,
Whereto I may make hanswer that I dessay as E wood:
Only mind, you 'll hev to give up beer & portwine & sham pain,
And content yourself with claret, which when good I dont complain.
Hend you mustnt eat potatoes nor ave sugar in your T,
Or a puffick DANIEL LAMBERT is a few years U may B.
And you maynt eat bread and butter, but only hard dry toast,
Which if you perseweres you 'll get as thin as any post.

But talking of Obeastity, i 've been to see the Beasts
As are phatted up for christmas time & all its jolly Pheasts.
Our guvnor's a I breeder now, but this is *onter noo*,
So E & i went in of course to see the private voo.
The show's not eld in baker street as formerly it were,
Nex door to madam Toossoo's—which I ear that Muller's there—
But they've moved it to the Haggriculchitoorallooral All,
For the hanimals they growed so big the old shop got too small.

Dear chawles I walked round hurly there with all the other judges,
And we tested of the beasts with knowing pinches, pokes, and nudges:
Hend we poked our phingers in the pigs, which only gave a grunt,
As if to say "we wunt get up—we Wunt—we Wunt—we Wunt!"
So plump their phaces were they couldn't C out of their I's,
For the bridges of their noses they was each a Bridge of Size;
Their tails would hardly curl for phat, and reelly you'd have said
Them prize pigs looked as heavy as if they'd been pigs of lead.
Hi can't say if twas impidence that made 'em grunt and squeak,
But sertingly they showed a most uncommon deal of Cheek.

The sheep were very Andsome too and had a lot of fleece,
Hend looked so Fat you'd say they'd all been bread and born in Greece,
But tho they'd such a look of Greece, at this peraps you'll smile,
I heard the guvnor say as all weer natives of our Ile.
Pore things! they seemed so short of breath, a gasping and a panting,
I thought how much they'd benefit by tryink MR. BANTING.

But pigs and sheep were pigmies quite compared to the Prize Oxes,
Which they ad been brort to their Stalls by rail in Private Boxes.
Short Orns were there, and Long Orns too, black scots and devons red,
Hend moddles all for simmertry and eligance of Ed.
Big beasts there came from Erriford and littler ones from whales,
I smacked my lips and thought of Soup while viewing of their tales!
Ho, Chawles! I got a happy tite exceedink common bounds
To see them there prospective stakes, and future ribs and rounds!
And then to C them Cows so plump, their coats without a seam,
Hi reelly thort with so much Phat their milk would all be Cream.

If ever I gets skinny, which men must do if they starves,
I'd like to meet with such a cow to fatten up my Carves!

But I ain't no fear of starvink, in my present place at least,
For our guvnor E ave promised us to taste of his Prize Beast:
Which its back is like a table, its so even and so flat,
And as for dining off it—R! a score might well do that.
Twos said there wernt no roots this year, because of all the drout,
And as for beef at christmas we shood ave to go without,
But lor! if you'd been with me at the Culchilooral Hall,
You'd ave seen that of Short commings then there wern't no fear a Tall;
And the Pharmers looked so plump and phat, in spite of their distress,
They didn't seem a bit afraid their shadders mite grow less.
So if you'd like to taste Prize meat, which butchers say its Prime,
You'd better come and stay a week with hus at Christmas time,
Hend wishink you a happy tight, which roast beef takes it from us,
With best respex to Mary Hann believe me yours JOHN THOMAS.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S INAUGURAL SPEECH.

(By Ultramarine Telegraph.)

WELL, we've done it, gentlemen. Bully for us. Cowhided the Copperheads considerable. *Non nobis*, of course, but still I reckon we have had a hand in the glory, some. That reminds me of the Old world story about the Hand of Glory, which I take to have been the limb of a gentleman who had been justified on the gallows, and which the witches turned into a patent moderator lamp, as would lead a burglar safe into any domicile which he might wish to plunder. We ain't burglars, quite t'other, but I fancy that if ULY GRANT could get hold of that kind and description of thing to help him into Richmond, he'd not be so un-Christian proud as to refuse the hand of a malefactor. (*Right, right!*) Well, right or left hand, that's no odds, gentlemen. (*Laughter.*) Now I am sovereign of the sovereign people of this great and united republic for four years next ensuing the date hereof, as I used to say when I was a lawyer. (*You are! Bully for you!*) Yes, gentlemen, but you must do something more than bully for me, you must fight for me, if you please, and whether you please or not. As the old joke says, there's no compulsion, only you must. Must is for the King, they say in the rotten Old world. Well, I'm King, and you shall be Viceroys over me. But I tell you again, and in fact I repeat it, that there's man's work to do to beat these rebels. They *may* run away, no doubt. As the Irishman says, pigs may fly, but they're darned onlikely birds to do it. They must be well whipped, gentlemen, and I must trouble you for the whipcord. (*You shall have it!*) Rebellion is a wicked thing, gentlemen, an awful wicked thing, and the mere nomenclating thereof would make my hair stand on end, if it could be more standonender than it is. (*Laughter.*) Truly awful, that is when it is performed against mild, free, constitutional sway like that of the White House, but of course right and glorious when perpetrated against ferocious, cruel, bloodthirsty old tyrants like GEORGE THE THIRD. We must punish these rebels for their own good, and to teach them the blessings of this mighty and transcendental Union. (*We will, we will!*) All very tall talking, gentlemen, but talking won't take Richmond. If it would, and there had been six Richmonds in the field, we should long since have took them all. If Richmond would fall like Jericho, by every man blowing of his own trumpet, we've brass enough in our band for that little feat in acoustics. But when a cow sticks, as GRANT does, in the mud, how then? (*Great laughter.*) Incontestably, gentlemen, this great and mighty nation must give her a shove on. Shove for Richmond, gentlemen. (*That's the talk!*) Now about these eternal blacks, you expect me to say something touching them, though I suppose we're none of us too fond of touching them, for reasons in that case made and provided, as I used to say. Well, listen. We've got them on our hands, that's a fact, and it reminds me of a nigger story. Two of these blacks met, and one had a fine new hat. "Where you got dat hat," SAMBO? says t'other. "Out ob a shop, nigger," says SAMBO. "'Spex so," says t'other, "and what might be the price ob dat hat?" "Can't say, zactly, nigger, the shopkeeper didn't happen to be on the premises." (*Laughter.*) Well, we've got the niggers, and I can't exactly say—or at least I don't think you'd like to hear—what might be the price of those articles. But we must utilise our hats, gentlemen. We must make them dig and fight, that's a fact. There's no shame in digging, I suppose. Adam digged, and he is a gentleman of older line than any of the bloated and slavish aristocracies of Europe. And as for fighting, they must feel honoured at doing that for the glorious old flag that has braved for eighty-nine years and a-half, be the same little more or less, the battle and the breeze. (*Cheers.*) Yes, and when the rebellion's put down, we'll see what's to be done with them. Perhaps if the naughty boys down South get uncommon contrite hearts, we may make them a little present of the blacks, not as slaves, of course, but as legal apprentices with undefined salaries determinable on misconduct. (*Cheers.*) Meantime, gentlemen, I won't deny that the niggers are useful in the way of moral support. They give this here war a holy character, and we can call it a crusade for freedom. A man may call his house an island if he likes, as has been said by one of those fiendish British writers who abuse our hospitality by not cracking us up. (*War with England!*) Well, all in good time, gentlemen. Let our generals learn their business first. I don't blame them, mind you, that they haven't learned it yet, for when a man has kept a whiskey-store, or a bar, or an oyster-cellar, or an old-clothes' shop for years, he can't be expected, merely because he puts on a uniform, to become a Hannibal or a Napoleon, or even a Marlborough or a Wellington. Likewise, they must learn to keep reasonable sober. Friends at a distance will please accept this intimation. (*Roars of Laughter.*) When that's done, and the rebels are whipped, and we are in want of more fighting, we'll see whether Richmond in England, where the QUEEN's palace of Windsor Castle is situate lying and being, is a harder nut to crack than Richmond nearer us. (*Cheers.*) Gentlemen, one thing more. Did you ever hear the story of the farmer who had been insulted by an exciseman? "He wur so rude," said the farmer, "that I wur obliged to remonstrate with him." "And to what effect did you remonstrate?" asked a friend. "Well, I don't know about effect, but I bent the poker so that I was obliged to get a hammer to straighten it." Gentlemen, we must straighten this glorious Union, and the hammer is taxes. (*Laughter.*) You may laugh, but you must pay. I don't mean to be hard upon this mighty nation, and our friend MR. COBDEN (*cheers*) has already indirectly informed the besotted masses of British slaves that we intend to repudiate our greenbacks, except to the amount they may be worth in the market when redeemed. But the poker wants a deal of hammering, nevertheless, and you must pay up. You'll hear more about this from a friend of mine in the Government, so I only give you the hint, as the man said when he kicked his uncle down-stairs. (*Laughter.*) I believe that's about all I had to say, and this almighty Union will be conserved to shine throughout the countless ages an ineffable beacon and symbol of blessed and everlasting light and glory if you will only mind the proverb of Sancho Panza, which says, "Pray to God devoutly, and hammer on stoutly." (*Laughter, cheers, and cries of "Bully for you!"*)

"HARK! HARK! THE LARK!"

A COVENT GARDEN SERENADE, FOR THE CATTLE SHOW WEEK, AFTER SHAKSPEARE—

(Respectfully dedicated by MR. PUNCH *to his friend,* PATRICK GREEN, ESQ.*)*

HARK! hark! the lark at EVANS' gate sings,
And Gents rush for supplies
Of gin-and-water, and those springs
In BARCLAY's butts that rise.
And winking waiters now begin
To ope their owlish eyes—
With glees to sing that pretty bin,
My PADDY GREEN, arise!
My PADDY GREEN, arise!
Arise!

As it Should be.

WE could not but feel pleased the other day to see the following:—

"ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.—W. H. C. NATION, ESQ., of Kensington, has given fifty guineas to this College, in aid of the funds."

The College is quite worthy of national support, and we advise the nation generally to follow the example of its namesake.

NOLO ARCHIEPISCOPARI.

"LORD DERBY has succeeded brilliantly with Greek," said a nobleman to the BISHOP OF OXFORD, "I wonder whether he could translate Hebrew." "I dare say he could," replied the witty hierarch. "I wish he were in a position to begin with a translation of SAMUEL."



THE SNUB-CONNUBIAL.

Loving Wife. "CHARLES, DEAR, I WISH YOU WOULD PUT DOWN THAT HORRID NOVEL AND TALK TO ME; I FEEL SO DULL; AND—— OH, CHARLES! MY FOOT'S ASLEEP—"

Charles. "HUSH——SH! MY DEAR, YOU MIGHT WAKE IT!"

"APE OR ANGEL?"

"What is the highest nature? Man is the highest nature, and when I compare the interpretation of that highest nature by the most advanced, the most fashionable, and modest school of modern science with some later teaching, with which we are all familiar, I am not prepared to say that the latter is the more scientific. What is the question? It is now placed before Society with, I might say, a glib assurance which to me is astonishing—the question is, is man an ape or an angel? (*A laugh.*) Now, I am on the side of the angels. (*Cheers.*)"—MR. DISRAELI'S *Oxford Speech, Friday, November* 25.

"ON the side of the angels," my DIZZY?—ah, then
How happy the angels should be,
The ally whom they least could have looked for of men
In their army enlisted to see!

The Angelical Doctor's eclipsed in the blaze
Of a new Arch-Angelical DIZZY—
Now that brain big with schemes, and that tongue glib of phrase,
On their mission angelic are busy.

Lifting 'gainst the Broad Church a contemptuous heel,
At Reviewers and Essayists pointing
The dagger scarce drawn since you fleshed it on PEEL,
Wit's edge with Hate's poison anointing.

Poet, novelist, journalist, hustings-cry maker,
Copt of Grand-Caucasian mystery—
Agriculturist, Chancellor of the Exchequer,
Now author, now actor, of history—

Yet scarce the best mimes can from Nature escape,
And what 's Simious to Saintly brooks change ill:
Have a care lest thou then shouldst be most of the Ape,
When most bent on enacting the Angel.

NOTES AND QUERIES.—American greenbacks and Austrian bank-notes.

A FAIR CHALLENGE.

WE admit that the DAVENPORT gang have at last offered a fair trial of their preternatural powers. They have printed a book, in which they state that having been arrested at Oswego as unlicensed jugglers, they were sent to gaol for a month. Here, episodically, but respectfully, we drink the health of the magistrates of Oswego. Committed for a month, the jugglers remained in gaol for twenty-nine days, when, in the evening of the twenty-ninth, angels came to them, and one spoke thus to the showman:—

"'*Rand, you are to go out of this place this night. Put on your coat and hat—be ready.*' Immediately the door was thrown open and the voice again spake and said, '*Now walk quickly out and on to the attic window yonder, and let thyself down by a rope, and flee from this place. We will take care of the boys. There are many angels present, though but one speaks.*' The angelic command was strictly obeyed."

This has been *sworn*, and a Justice of Peace attests the oath. They publish the statement as a challenge to unbelievers. Now, as there can be no doubt that whatever the angels attendant upon these jugglers may think of them, the law of England regards them as persons who obtain money under false pretences, the crucial test may be applied with perfect fairness. Let somebody summon them before the police-magistrate in whose district they perform, and let that gentleman commit them to prison. If an angel delivers them five minutes before the time at which their sentence expires, the miracle will be so splendid that their fortunes will be made for ever. If no angel come, why

"Despair their charm,
And let the angel whom they still have served
Tell them they 're lucky to escape the doom—
'Severely whipped.'"

To Bookworms.

MAGDALEN College, Cambridge, possesses a Pepysian Library. Would it be correct to call a collection of books, belonging to a doctor whose specialty was indigestion, a Dyspepsian library?

Digitized by Google



DRESSING FOR AN OXFORD BAL MASQUÉ.

"THE QUESTION IS, IS MAN AN APE OR AN ANGEL? (*A Laugh.*) NOW, I AM ON THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS. (*Cheers.*)"—MR. DISRAELI'S *Oxford Speech, Friday, November* 25.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE WONDERS OF MODERN TRAVEL.

THE JOURNEY—(Continued).

Wonder how I came to put my ticket in my right-hand waistcoat pocket.

Wonder if I can read by this lamp-light in the tunnel.

Wonder (to myself) why they don't light the carriages in a better way.

Wonder (to my fellow passengers) that the Company don't provide better lights for their carriages. Fellow-passengers say they wonder at that, too. We all wonder.

Wonder what makes the carriage wiggle-waggle about so.

Wonder if we're going off the line.

Wonder what station we stop at first.

Wonder if there will be a refreshment-room there.

Wonder (for the fifth time) whether I gave my writing-case to the porter, or left it in the cab.

Wonder if I left the key of my writing-case in the lock.

Wonder what the deuce I shall do if I've lost it.

FIRST STATION.

Wonder if this is Tringham or Upper Tringham.

Wonder if it's Tringham Junction.

Wonder if we change here for Stonnhurst.

Wonder if any one understands what the guard says.

Wonder if any one understands what the porter says.

Wonder where the refreshment-room is.

Wonder if I run across eight lines of rail, and over two platforms, to where I see the refreshment-room is, whether I shall ever be able to get back to my own carriage.

Wonder (while I am crossing) whether any of the eight trains, on any of the eight lines, will come in suddenly.

REFRESHMENT-ROOM.

Wonder what's the best thing to take.

Wonder whether soup's a good thing.

Wonder whether the waiter heard me ask for soup, because I've changed my mind, and will have some tea.

Wonder if the young lady at the counter knows that I've asked for tea, twice.

Wonder if those buns are stale.

Wonder if tea goes well with buns.

Wonder what *does* go with buns.

Wonder, having begun on buns, whether it wouldn't have been better to ask for sherry.

Wonder if this tea will ever be cool.

Wonder if that's our bell for starting.

Wonder if the young lady at the counter is deceiving me when she says I've got exactly a minute and a half.

Wonder if anybody's looking at me while I put my tea in the saucer.

Wonder if that *is* our bell.

Wonder if I shall have time to get back to my carriage.

Wonder how much tea and buns come to.

Wonder where I put my small change.

Wonder, having nothing under half-a-crown, if I could get off without paying.

Wonder they don't keep change ready.

Wonder as I'm recrossing the lines whether any train will come in suddenly.

THE PLATFORM.

Wonder which is my carriage.

Wonder (to guard familiarly) why they don't provide better lights for the carriages. Guard says, he wonders at that, too. Every one seems to wonder at that.

Wonder (to guard again) if I can get a hot-water bottle for my feet anywhere. Guard wonders they don't keep 'em.

Wonder (to guard once more) if I've time to go across the line, get my change out of the half-crown for buns and tea, and return to my carriage.

Wonder if the guard is right in saying that we shall start directly.

Wonder I forgot to ask the guard all about my luggage.

THE CARRIAGE.

Wonder, being safely in my seat, that there are not more accidents from people crossing the rails in a large station.

Wonder why there's not a refreshment-room on either side.

Wonder why they always come for your tickets after you've made yourself comfortable.

Wonder where the dickens I put my ticket.

Wonder, supposing I can't find it, whether the man will believe I ever had one.

Wonder, on this matter being settled satisfactorily, which is the best pocket for keeping tickets in.

Wonder why they can't shut the carriage-doors without banging them.

THE JOURNEY—(Continued).

Wonder if anybody thought of getting any lights.

Wonder if I should have had time to cross over to the refreshment-room and get the change out of my half-crown.

Wonder (to my opposite neighbour) what county we're passing through. He wonders, too. We both look out of our own side windows, and go on wondering.

Wonder if that protracted shrill steam-whistle means danger. Opposite neighbour wonders if it does.

Wonder why we're stopping; 'tisn't a station.

Wonder what's the matter.

Wonder what it is.

Wonder what it *can* be.

Wonder if it's dangerous to put one's head out of window.

Wonder if the engine has broken down.

Wonder if there's anything on the line.

Wonder if the Express is behind us.

Wonder if that man on the line is making a danger signal.

Wonder (as we are moving again) what it was.

Wonder passengers can't have some direct means of communicating with a guard.

Wonder how long we shall be before we get to Stonnhurst.

AN ANTI-GAS LEAGUE.

ENGLISHMEN, AND ENGLISHWOMEN,

CAN it be that you like to pay Four Shillings and Sixpence for a bad article when you can have a good one for Two Shillings and Ninepence?

Do you need to be reminded—(ladies, I am sure that you do not, for it is you who are the thoughtful and thrifty guardians of our homes)—that One and Ninepence saved is One and Ninepence got?

Then, Out with the Gas until the Companies cease to cheat you.

Remember how the grocers tried to do us, and we gave up sugar, until the grocers fell on their knees, and sugar fell also.

Remember how the butter-men cheated us, and we gave up butter, and down came the butter-men and their demands.

Let it be unto gas as it was unto sugar and butter, and again we shall triumph.

Are there not the beautiful oil, the sparkling camphine, the sanatory Photogenic Generator, the rosy paraffin, the elegant wax, the charming composite, the useful long six? For the time, let any and all help us to defeat the extortionate vendors of bad gas, which poisons the air, spoils the books and pictures, makes our little ones pale, and kills our eyes.

Ere long we shall have Magnesium, the loveliest light in the world, but as yet this is too dear.

But meantime we will have gas cheap and good, or none at all.

Let us have an Anti-Gas League. Ladies, the saving will give you the most delightful tours next summer. Men—you ought to need no stimulant but a burning sense of wrong, which should kindle every evening when the taper touches the burner.

Punch leads the way to light you to light pay; *Punch* leads you on with waxen brand far flashing in his dread right hand; *Punch* will relieve you from the yoke, he said, then seized a torch and broke the gas-man's head. To show how terribly in earnest he is, he yesterday *blew up a gas-collector*.

Up my Britons, on my chariot, on my charged-ones, trample them under us, go it Icenian, Catieuchlanian, Coritanian, Trinobant!

Yours to the last,

To the British. PUNCH.

GLOVER *v.* PERSIGNY.

DEAR SERJEANT, that trial abundantly proves
What your own muddle-pate couldn't let you discover,
That Frenchmen, so fond of their neat nice new gloves,
Are not to be caught by a clumsy old GLOVER.

But a much deeper moral, in letters of gold
Is writ, in the *Chronicle's* tale of disasters:
The public won't buy what is privately sold;
And the worst pay of all is the pay of Two Masters.

A Fitting Comparison.

ANOTHER Lady burnt to death last week! Considering the number of fatal accidents that have occurred to ladies' dresses, it is painfully true to say that a lady is never so literally "dressed to death" as when she is wearing Crinoline.

BETTER HALVES, BEWARE.—Several husbands have lately been quartering their wives' arms.

Digitized by Google



A REVIEW AT CHATHAM.

First Boy. "BRING ANY O' YOUR 'OSSES DOWN?"
Second Boy. "NO, I ONLY COME DOWN TO DRESS!"

THE JUDGMENT OF THE JUGS.

A POEM, RESPECTFULLY BUT GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED TO MESSRS. JUSTICES CROMPTON, MELLOR, AND SHEE, FOR THEIR DECISION GIVEN 26TH NOVEMBER, 1864.

Jolly old Judges, they sat in a row,
Barristers bothered and bellowed below.

"LORDSHIPS, we 're forced to appeal to your ermine as
Magistrates menace the Briton's free Pot:
Pray, when a traveller comes to a Terminus,
Has he a right to refreshment, or not?
Water, no doubt, he may drink like a hermit, if
Willing—but few men on water can live.
Humbly, my Lords, I submit the affirmative
Is the decision your Lordships should give."
Jolly old Judges, they sat in a row,
Barristers bellowed and bothered below.

"Lordships, I trust that, this question unravelling,
You to an opposite sentence will come:
Why should men tipple because they are travelling?
If they want drink, let them get it at home.
Sight of bright beer as it foams in a bubbley can
Forms a temptation few mortals can bear:
Do what you can to discourage the Publican,
He makes the Sinner, as Beaks are aware."
Jolly old Judges, they sat in a row,
Barristers bellowed and bothered below.

"Brothers! A man when he 's purchased his ticket is
Fully invested with traveller's rights:
We shall not dock them by judgment inikitous,
Whether he enters a train, or alights.
Bother all cant, be it cleric or laical."
"Ditto, and how would you like it yourself?"
"Ditto, and let 's have no trash Pharisaical."
"Beer to all jugs, be they China or delf."
Jolly old Judges, they sat in a row,
And gave this just judgment, we 'd have you to know.

ADVICE TO MEDICAL MEN.—Never doctor your wine. You will find no one patient enough to bear it.

THE BROTHERS MOSES.

IN one column of the *Morning Post*, of November 30, we find an advertisement, of which this is part:—

DAVENPORT BROTHERS.—Farewell *Séances* prior to their departure for the Continent. Great success of the Public Cabinet *Séances*. THIS EVENING (WEDNESDAY) and Friday next at eight, at the Hanover Square Rooms.—Sofa Stalls, 7*s.* 6*d.*; Stalls, 5*s.*; Body of Hall, 3*s.*

Another column of the same paper begins with a letter headed "The DAVENPORTS and the Press," signed "WILLIAM HOWITT," and containing the subjoined passage:—

"For the rest I am delighted to see the rampant attitude which the Press has assumed. It is the most convincing sign of their inward and inescapeable belief. They are no longer indifferent—no longer in a mere mocking key, they are frantic with rage. They see and feel that all their oracular wisdom on the subject of the folly and fanaticism of spiritualism has gone for nothing. The great inextinguishable fact rises before them, higher, broader, firmer in its adamantine solidity. From end to end of Europe it is, every day, spreading like a forest on fire, striking its roots deeper into the soil of the human heart. Give the opponents rope enough, hurrá them on, for the more they commit themselves the better."

Well but, MR. HOWITT, your friends the DAVENPORTS, and their showmen—your friends, too, apparently—refuse to do what you say they should do. They will not give the opponents of Spiritualism rope enough—to bind the DAVENPORTS in a satisfactory manner. They refuse to allow anybody to pinion them *secundum artem*, in the style of CALCRAFT. A man of science challenges them to let him subject the DAVENPORTS to decisive tests. Their showman, PALMER, replies by abusing the man of science with the characteristic scurrility of the insolent charlatan, and declining the challenge. Rope enough, MR. HOWITT? Yes, certainly, give your opponents rope enough; they have not had it yet. The Spiritualists have; and some of them appear to have made the customary use of that privilege. Among these there is too much reason to fear that your best friends will number the writer of the following words which occur in the same letter as that above quoted:—

"BYRON has said, 'A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.' What is the fellow feeling between the Press and the conjurors, which makes it on all possible occasions exult in the very clumsiest imitations by the conjurors of the genuine manifestations of the Mediums! Makes them extol the 'Brummagem' counterfeits at the expense of the true originals? The cause is the same which made the Egyptian *savants* applaud JANNES and JAMBRES, who withstood MOSES—JANNES and JAMBRES, the ANDERSONS and TOLLEMAQUES of the time."

If PROFESSOR ANDERSON and M. TOLLEMAQUE are JANNES and JAMBRES, who is MOSES? Is it IRA DAVENPORT or WILLIAM DAVENPORT? or, suppose IRA to be MOSES, do you call his brother WILLIAM AARON? Or is the whole concern—DAVENPORT BROTHERS and Co, or DAVENPORTS, FERGUSON, FAY, and PALMER—a Joint-Stock MOSES? A rare MOSES, with the "structure" for an Ark!

You are a man of knowledge, MR. HOWITT, and you know, amongst other things, that there is an infirmity named "colour blindness." The person affected with this weakness can see all objects distinctly in every particular, except certain colours. You have been endowed with many bright faculties, but your mind in one respect appears to be as dark as the deepest hole in the moon. Nature seems to have denied you the discernment of quacks—the sense that detects humbug in its demeanour and style. Here is the remainder of the DAVENPORTS' advertisement, which appeared, together with your letter, in the *Post*:—

"N.B. After each Public *Séance* there will be given a Dark *Séance*, for which only a very limited number of tickets will be sold at a half-guinea each. Dark *Séance* will commence at a quarter past nine o'clock. Tickets for the Dark *Séance* only, or the Stalls for the Public *Séance*, can be obtained during the day at the office of the Rooms, or in the evening at the doors. On Saturday afternoon at Three.

Really, MR. HOWITT, this evidence of the "success" of Spiritualism is not the sort of thing to exasperate the Press by forcing thereon any belief in that ism. Public writers are only vexed to see an eminent brother-chip incapable of seeing through the transparent gammon of a regular and common puff, worded in the generic phraseology of mountebanks, whom he calls MOSES; thereby doing, unconsciously, no doubt, very gross injustice to E. MOSES and SON.

Appropriate Analogy.

THE MARQUIS DE MIRABEAU said, "*J'ai épousé la Discorde, et* (in allusion to his son, the great orator) *nous avons enfanté le Pillage.*" Couldn't America, at the present moment, piteously say the same thing in precisely the same words. "Our Union has been Discord, and our only offspring Plunder."

Digitized by Google

MR. PUNCH'S HANDY-BOOK OF THE STAGE.

CHAP. II.—RULES FOR THE ACTOR AT REHEARSAL.



HAVING mastered the rules for behaviour at the reading of a play, they will go a long way to prepare you for the proper conduct to follow at rehearsal. Rehearsals are inevitable evils, which the tyranny of Managers and the absurd exigence of Authors have combined to impose on the Actor. It should be your business to show, by your conduct under the infliction, that you feel this, and resent it, as a person with proper self-respect should. Let your manner throughout rehearsal be a silent protest against a practice which deadens the fire of inspiration, and tends to level the distinction between laborious mediocrity and genius.

It would hardly be too much to call rehearsal an un-English usage. Like so many other regulations of an arbitrary kind, in and out of the theatre, we may almost be said to owe this cruel inroad on the Actor's leisure to France. It is on the odious strictness of rehearsals in that despotically governed country, that a few Managers, and most Authors, found their pretensions to impose the same tyranny here. In Paris, a period of two or three months is often spent in the rehearsals of a new piece. Such is a Frenchman's notion of the value of time, and his indifference to the treatment of those who minister to his amusement! But this is not the most odious feature in French theatrical tyranny. The earlier rehearsals of a French piece are, in fact, readings by the Company, who are *actually* compelled to sit round a table, and to read their parts *while the Author is allowed to suggest, find fault, check, impose his own notion of emphasis, and not only to explain his meaning, but to impose it on the Actor!* Our astonishment at this inversion of the natural relations of Performer and Author, may be diminished when we remember that it is not so long since Actors in France were denied Christian burial!

I will not insult your profession even by supposing it possible that this humiliation should be inflicted on an English company. The English Actor respects himself too much, the English Manager knows too well the tenure by which he holds his authority, for the importation of *this* indignity ever to be attempted.

But though these table-readings are, happily, unknown in our theatres, we may often hear praises—not loud, but deep—of the laborious carefulness of the French rehearsals. They are invariably attended by the Author, who, in this, as in so many other respects, is allowed a monstrous amount of weight in the French theatre, and a ridiculously large share in its profits. He gives himself airs of authority, orders and alters business, regulates the action, and, in short, usurps most of the proper functions of a Stage-Manager. With that petty attention to details, which belongs to the centralised and regulation-ridden Frenchman, the position of the Actors, their crossings, retirings up and comings forward, the bye-play, every getting up or sitting down, the way of coming into a room, of lifting or putting down a hat, are all elaborately planned and repeated, over and over again, till they are gone through as mechanically as a soldier's drill. The programme thus tediously traced must be slavishly followed by the unfortunate Actor. Woe to him if he yield to a flash of inspiration—triple woe if he be a creature of genius, scorning the beaten track, and getting at his effects—as we so often see him on our stage, and as HAZLITT used to say the Elder KEAN got at the soul of SHAKSPEARE—by flashes of lightning! Of course, if there be such Actors on the French stage, their genius is quickly smothered—Pegasus may soon be seen jogging contentedly along in the stone-cart, alongside of the tamest horses in the theatrical team.

The result of all this deadening mechanical discipline is, of course, a smooth, and, to our eyes, tame performance, which is hardly to be distinguished from life itself. The Actors speak and move, in all respects, like ordinary men and women. There is little or no *effect*—none of that broadly-marked distinction between Art and Nature, which is still, we are happy to say, the rule in the English theatre. You hardly detect the *rouge* on the French Actor's face, or the elocution in his voice. The Art, as well as the Inspiration, has been washed out and killed, in the wearisome routine of the rehearsals.

We have had English Managers—we may still have a few—who have forgotten their nationality so far as to go to France for their practice at rehearsals as for their pieces, and—in recent times at least—their Actors and Actresses. Let us hope that the first practice will be no more encouraging in its results than the last. Happily, the free English nature instinctively revolts against restraint; and the English Actor is eminently a creature of impulse. He knows that Licence is the life-breath of Genius, and in the occasional absence of genius, will go far to supply its place.

You will, therefore, never forget that rehearsal is an unwarrantable inroad on the domain of inspiration, and you will do your best to restrain and resist it. Be even more careful to mark this by unpunctuality at rehearsal than at reading. The latter can hardly be avoided: the former should be, whenever possible.

Besides, your absence will give you importance. Many a man whose presence would be passed over with heartless indifference by Author and Manager, may make both sensible of his value by keeping out of the way.

A medical certificate, however, should always be procured. There is no occasion you should be punished by a fine because you revolt against a rehearsal. And a medical certificate will shield you from any imputation of idleness or irregularity—the reasons for absence which are sure to be seized upon by a sordid and cynical Manager.

Besides, occasional absence is a duty you owe to your comrades as well as yourself. Such gaps at a rehearsal teach an Author his dependence on the Actor, and lead, thus, to those little attentions and marks of respect on his part, which must be gratifying to you, even more as tributes to your profession than to yourself.

I need hardly caution you against acting at rehearsal.

Acting is an inspiration. It cannot be cold-drawn, like castor-oil, or turned on at will, like the gas in a public-house bar, or the beer in the machine at the counter.

Besides, even if you could command your inspiration, why should you do so with an empty theatre before you? Applause is the breath of the Actor's nostrils. But for its invigorating and ennobling stimulus, he sinks into a mere drudge. Where there is no applause to win, acting is a waste of energy.

Again, it is your duty to spare yourself fatigue, and to keep your effects in the dark. The stars and the moon only shine at night; and the Actor belongs to the stellar and planetary system.

If you show in the morning what you mean to do at night, you deprive the Author of the excitement of suspense, and the gratification of surprise. He takes your measure coldly and critically; sparingly praises, or respectfully (it is to be hoped) censures. But in either case you are submitting yourself to his judgment, and so far stooping to the position of an inferior.

Think, on the other hand, of the calm superiority implied in a cold, monotonous, and careless delivery, an avoidance of all action and excitement, a studied languor, and a listless apathy at rehearsal.

Nobody, Manager, Brother-actor, or Author, knows what you are going to do. All are kept in a flutter. The chances of the night are a subject of animated speculation, of stimulating excitement. You give no undue advantage to your companions by letting them know *your* points, and calculating their own from them. You husband your strength, and leave the channel open for the countless springs of inspiration, which well up in your artistic nature, and make a volcano of your temperament, cold even to freezing, perhaps, externally, but a seething lava flood, within.

Then, at night, if the inspiration comes, you sweep all before you. The Manager is in the seventh heavens; the Author delirious with delight; your comrades, baffled and disappointed, have been compelled to minister to your triumph, instead of using you as the instrument of their own.

Compare the combination of effects thus produced, with anything you could have achieved by the most slavish regularity, the most energetic acting, at rehearsals!

Of course if the inspiration do not come, you are not answerable for its absence. If your part is worthy of your powers, it ought to come; and, if it fail, you will have a right to ascribe its absence to the wretched material furnished you by the Author. On him will fall, as it ought, the weight of the punishment. You will have a fresh opportunity for distinction soon afforded you. His trash will fail and be withdrawn, to make way for something better.

WAXING WRATH.

WE are credibly informed that the Prussian ambassador at this Court has formally, and in the very strongest terms, protested against MADAME TUSSAUD being indecently allowed to exhibit poor MÜLLER in her Chambers of Horrors. He is so incensed at this gross indignity, that he has plainly told LORD JOHN, in the event of the libellous representation of that injured German innocent not being removed within four-and-twenty hours, or the features so altered as to figure for an English criminal, that he must ask for his papers, and leave a country that takes every possible opportunity of vilifying his Fatherland. The affair is certainly assuming a very ugly aspect, and our only hope is, that LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S well-known diplomatic skill may prevent its leading to a *casus belli*.



REACTION.

Swell No. 1. "YOU DON'T LOOK UP TO THE MARK THIS MORNING." *Swell No.* 2. "NO, I'M NOT; I PROPOSED YESTERDAY."
Swell No. 1. "REJECTED?" *Swell No.* 2. "NO, BY JOVE! ACCEPTED."

A LETTER-BEGGAR'S PETITION.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sure that you will permit me so to address you, for one your exquisitely kindly spirit will spurn no demonstration of affec-onate regard. Sir, *Mr. Punch*, I have been reading your last number, d I cannot refrain from expressing my opinion, humble though it be, at of all the beautifully majestic and augustly sublime publications nich I have ever read, that number is the most ineffably transcendent d irrevocably gorgeous. I do not write to you in the language of ttery, which your stupendous nature would spurn, but would simply ter my heartfelt feelings of unutterable reverence. Sir, *Mr. Punch*, soul like yours must be open as the day to melting charity, and when tell you that even so small a sum (alas! not small to *me!*) as eighteen-nce, would relieve my——

I really beg your pardon, *Mr. Punch*, Sir. The force of habit has duced me to construct this last sentence without thinking. It so ppens that this is not a letter begging for money, for I have had some od hauls this week, especially three. As one who lost his all by the ith explosion, as a young girl thrust from a happy home by a cruel pmother, and as a paralytic clergyman silenced by his tyrannic Bishop r opposing Puseyism, I have obtained a lot of money about Clapham d elsewhere, and I don't ask pecuniary aid, unless you like to leave a trifle at the office, directed "CAPTAIN MONTMORENCY MONT-MERIE," in return for this letter. How very good oysters are now, d a shilling a dozen is not really dear, to a man of taste.

But what I want is to ask you to let me protest against a new and utally mean system which is now too common among parties who ceive applications from strangers for assistance, and which are coarsely lled begging-letters. Sir, *Mr. Punch*, do you know that men are found o are cunning and base enough to *keep* these letters, even for years, d to refer to them when they receive new petitions. Anything more stardly I cannot conceive. How can I recollect what names I have gned during half-a-dozen years of begging? Do you think I have a ter-book, duly indexed, like a low person of business? I may at one ne have called myself BROWN, another year JONES, and now I may oose to be ROBINSON; but what encouragement is there for ingenuity if a sordid churl keeps my letters, and, putting them together, finds that the handwriting, bad spelling, and turns of phrase are all alike? I received a brutal repulse the other day, when I had written a beautifully touching and complimentary letter to an author (of whom I know nothing, and could not even spell his name right, so he ought to have borne me no malice), offering him the opportunity of doing good. The beast answered me with a list of my aliases! He knew them a deal better than I did, for I rejoice to say I have a soul above such pettiness. Has *he* never written under a false name? Sir, *Mr. Punch*, if you will take pity on my miserable destitution—I really beg pardon, habit again—if you will allow me to lash the rascally system naked through the world, I shall be so much obliged. And I am

Yours very devotedly,

Tuesday Morning, 11 *o'clock*. RODERICK DOO.

P.S. I have tasted nothing to-day, except three sausages, potted meat, a couple of eggs, and some muffins. The smallest donation would earn my prayers and gratitude for ever.

The Right Man in the Right Place.

WE hear that MR. BANTING, whose crusade against obesity has attracted so much notice, has signified his willingness to attend at the Cattle Show, and deliver a short Lecture on the art of getting fat, and the evils which attend it. His remarks will be chiefly addressed to the prize quadrupeds, and especially the pigs; and if there be any bipeds of a porcine nature present, they will be allowed to listen if they think fit so to do.

SOMETHING OF BILLY'S FOR CERTAIN SILLIES.

To the Spiritualists, who can juggle only in darkness, and say that they employ evil angels, we say with *Falstaff*, "No, your ill angel is—Light."

EPITAPH ON A CRICKETER.—"Over!"

Digitized by Google

inted by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, December 10, 1864.



THE FORTHCOMING PANTOMIME.

Astonished Friend. "WHY!—WHY! WHAT ON EARTH ARE THESE?"
Manager. "THESE? OH! THESE ARE *FAIRIES!!*"

SEVERE SCHOLARSHIP.

IN the "Table Talk" of the *Guardian* there are some remarks on "Bad Latin," exemplified by instances quoted from certain contemporaries as blunders, some of which are evidently misprints, others slips of the pen that occurred in hasty composition, and one is not exactly a case of Latin that can be properly called bad. It is this:—

"The editor of the *Saturday Review* seems either to ignore, or at least to forget his *Horace*, to judge from the following remark: 'We may just notice in passing, that if MR. CLAY's shelf had contained a Latin dictionary, he might have known better than to use *curriculum* for a chariot. The courteous CICERO would have been dreadfully puzzled at such an expression as driving a *curriculum*.' CICERO may or may not have used '*curriculum*' in this sense, but at all events HORACE does, in the very first Ode of his very first Book—'*Suni quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum collegisse juvat.*'"

Take an AINSWORTH'S *Latin Dictionary* down from your shelf, turn out the word *curriculum*, and you will find it defined as "a place to run in the lists," and also "as a cart or chariot." Next, take down a Delphin *Horace*, if you have one, and read the note to the first Ode, which is as follows:—

"*Curriculo*] *Pro curru, vel ipso cursu, vel etiam loco in quo decurritur, accipitur ista vox.*"

The *Saturday Review*, by the foregoing authority, is justified in assigning another meaning to *curriculum* than that given thereto by MR. CLAY. The same authority, which is not esteemed worthless, may be held to justify MR. CLAY in using that word in a sense different from that in which the *Saturday Review* understands it. But we will not hear the *Saturday Review* accused of bad Latin.

Have we not had rather too much, lately, of criticism on errors of quotation which are plainly clerical, errors which an average schoolboy would not commit plodding over his exercise, but which the profoundest scholar might find on coming to revise an article which he had written in haste? Somewhat too much, perhaps, of criticisms conceived by accurate, attentive, little minds, that can imagine no cause of error but ignorance; criticisms conceived in the spirit of a stupid but sarcastic school-usher.

TO AUCTIONEERS.

THE Regulations regarding Sales are not to be found in any *Bye* Laws.

ORACULAR.

THE brilliant success which our friend, the *Morning Advertiser*, has achieved in classical fields, and the memories of NEBUCHADNEZZAR, the King of the Jews, of marvellous inscriptions, and of tributes to our friend's interpretations of prophecy, justly entitle it to be heard touching LORD DERBY'S *Homer*. Without losing time, as more timid critics have done, our friend promptly taps the new cask of Greek wine, and pronounces it flat. Whether "earth and time" will "confirm the stern decree," remains to be seen. In the meantime, might we, in all humility, ask what is meant by the following mysterious passage in the *Advertiser's* criticism?—

"With such expedients as these, which we can all recal as the agonised resorts of our youthful minds *striving against the evident purpose of Providence to be poetical at college*, EARL DERBY," &c.

As a classical, poetical, and theological authority, the *Advertiser* has a right to be listened to as one listens to the thunder; but it is permitted to ask the meaning of an oracle, and this utterance is ultra-Delphic.

The Wind-Pipe.

PIPES, say anti-tobacconists, are all more or less injurious. Some pipes, such as wooden pipes, have, it is pretended, an asthmatical tendency, affecting the breath more than others. Among these must be reckoned the sailors' favourite pipe, the hornpipe, when indulged in too violently.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

IN the absence of all Sporting events at Epsom during the Winter, there will be a weekly review, all in the Downs, of the celebrated old Epsom Salts.

THE MOST NOTORIOUS *TIMES*'-SERVERS OF THE PRESENT DAY.—MESSRS. W. H. SMITH AND CO., of the Strand, and nearly every railway stall in the kingdom.



WISE PRECAUTION.

Digitized by Google



Ignorant Operator. "'AIR'S GETTING RATHER THIN ON THE TOP OF YER 'ED, SIR. TRY SOME OF OUR HESSENCE." (*The Patient is a follower of Brother Ignatius.*)

TO A FIRM TOO FOND OF "THE STREETS OF LONDON."

MOWLEM, BURT, and FREEMAN,
Aggravating three men,
Ar'n't I like a demon?
Or a naughty seaman?
When I hear your rammers,
When I see your hammers,
And your picks and axes
Raising local taxes,
All down Piccadilly,
When I, willy-nilly,
"Late—too late," must crawl on,
Though my hopes hang all on
Being in time for dinner
With *her* aunt at Pinner,
Who has kindly paved the way
For the offer which to-day
I had made, if you had mended
All our ways, but now—'tis ended:
Gravelled—floored—dead beat—
"Cabby, home!—Decorum Street."

Extension of Capital Punishment.

THE Commission on Capital Punishment had a meeting yesterday at which they came, it is understood, to a resolution, recommending the extension of the highest penalty of the law to the offence of making boots with loops which are not strong enough, and which break in a short time on pulling the boots on; and also for the crime of stopping bottles with bad corks, which crumble under the corkscrew, and fall inside the bottle, and, in the case of ink-bottles, and other bottles which contain any nasty fluid, cause it to spirt up and soil a person's fingers.

LINES BY A TY-COON.

THEY say the Brothers DAVENPORT
Will stop in Town until
They've bought a House; methinks they ought
To live at *Notting* Hill.

SABBATARIAN STRONG LANGUAGE AT KIRKCALDY.

THERE are, in the Free Kirk of Scotland, officers called moderators. There was even one presiding at an assembly of the Free Kirk of Kirkcaldy the other day, when the following examples of Sabbatarian strong language were uttered by a MR. DOUGLASS, of that ilk. MR. DOUGLASS, one of the DOUGLASSES of the a double s family, it may be stated, denounced for the sin of running Sunday trains—

"Railway Companies converting their lines into machines for catering to the wants of the profane and dissolute, and irrigating the country with the scum of the community."

By irrigating the country with the scum of the community, MR. DOUGLASS did not mean performing an operation subservient to Scotch farming, but simply conveying passengers not of the Sabbatarian persuasion. He went on, indeed, to explain his meaning, thus:—

"He said there was a section of the community opposed to the proper observance of the Lord's-day, and they knew of whom that section was composed; if they could gather them together, the mass would be found to consist of infidels, of latitudinarians, and the blackguardism of the country; that class of men who take for their rule of life the opinions of Paris and other Continental cities, instead of the doctrines of the Bible."

If those to whom MR. DOUGLASS imputes blackguardism were disposed to return railing for railing, what would they call MR. DOUGLASS? The doctrines of the Bible, if by that he means the Old Testament, prescribes the observance of the Jewish Sabbath. The doctrines of the New prescribe nothing about the Sabbath. MR. DOUGLASS, when he asserts that the doctrines of the Bible forbid Sunday travelling by railway, says the thing that is not. The travellers and excursionists whom he calls blackguards, might reply by calling him an ill name of two syllables. They will be content to say that he is mistaken.

The doughty DOUGLASS further declaimed as follows:—

"Railway Companies are not exempted from the binding obligations of the Fourth Commandment more than others, and these puny mortals who hold their existence from that God who says, 'Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy,' are not at liberty to turn round and say, 'We will do in this matter just as we like, we will take our own way in this Sabbath question."

Here the DOUGLASS is mistaken again. People are at liberty to regard the day which he calls the Sabbath, or not regard it, according to their consciences. If Christianity and the law of the land were not what they are, but what the DOUGLASSES and their kind would make them, that liberty would be destroyed. But instead of that, it is enjoyed, at least in some measure.

As a rule, MR. DOUGLASS does not approve of mutiny, but unruly Sabbatarians would form an exception to his rule:—

"He was against strikes generally, but he would hail with joy the intelligence that all the officials of the North British Railway had combined not to do a stroke of work during the twenty-four hours of the Sunday."

Perhaps MR. DOUGLASS would also hail with joy the intelligence that all the officers and men of the British Army and Navy had also struck on a Sunday. Perhaps, too, if MR. DOUGLASS, far from home, were suddenly seized on Sunday with cholera, for example, and were at the point of death, he would hail with joy the intelligence that, as the officials of the railway and electric telegraph office had all combined not to do a stroke of work on the twenty-four hours of that day, the doctor could not be sent for. He would rejoice in the martyrdom which would await him, in consequence of their combination to strike, and not do a stroke of work on Sunday.

The Moderator of the Free Kirk of Kirkcaldy, the next time he presides over a Sabbatarian meeting at which MR. DOUGLASS is to speak, will perhaps endeavour to moderate the rancour of that gentleman's tongue.

Too Good to be True.

THE New York Correspondent of a contemporary states that:—

"BUTLER had a crushing reception at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on Monday evening."

If he had, he deserved it. But we are afraid that GENERAL BUTLER is not smashed as yet, and is nothing like so flat as he ought to be.

QUESTION FOR MR. BUCKLAND.

WHAT constitutes the visitors to the *Phœnix* at the Zoological Gardens a body corporate? Perpetual Succession and a Common Seal.

Digitized by Google

AMERICA FELIX.



ALL our housekeepers complain here of the dearness of provisions, and the scarcity of good fat juicy tender beef and mutton. But what would their complaints be were they living in America, in such a neighbourhood, for instance, as that which GENERAL SHERIDAN thus describes in a despatch?—

"I commenced moving back from Port Republic, Mount Crawford, Bridgewater and Harrisonburg yesterday morning. The grain and forage in advance of these points had previously been destroyed. In moving back to this point the whole country from the Blue Ridge to the North Mountain has been made *entirely untenable for a rebel army*. I have destroyed over 2,000 barns filled with wheat and hay and farming implements; over seventy mills filled with flour and wheat; have driven in front of the army over 4,000 head of stock, and have killed and issued to the Troops not less than 3,000 sheep."

Not much chance, eh, MRS. BULL? of getting a good joint of beef for Christmas in such a place as this? And if you wished for a plum-pudding, you'd have to send a longish way for flour and suet. But listen to the further boasts of SHERIDAN THE DESTROYER:—

"LIEUTENANT JOHN R. MEIGS, my engineer officer, was murdered beyond Harrisonburg, near Dayton. For this atrocious act all the houses within an area of five miles were burnt."

THALABA THE DESTROYER might have suggested such an act of cowardly incendiarism. But here are more brave words from SHERIDAN:—

"Since I came into the Valley from Harper's Ferry, every train, every small party, and every straggler has been bushwhacked by the people, many of whom have protection-passes from commanders who have been hitherto in that valley. The people here are getting sick of the war."

"Getting sick of the war!" Yes, we should rather think they must be. And who that has a scrap of Christian feeling left in him can help being likewise rather sick of GENERAL SHERIDAN?

New Fashion.

IT is proposed to make the Opera-crush-hats of a more durable and cheaper stuff, called "Rep." If this idea is ever fully developed, the fashionable gentry of our highly civilised nineteenth century will be walking about the streets, like Snake-charmers, with *Rep-tiles* on their heads.

CITY ARTICLE.

THE reduction in the rate of discount caused great relief, for the money-market was in such a feverish state that there were fears lest the Bank's "rest" should be broken.

GREAT SHOCK.—A Lady we know was startled the other day by being told, that some one was waiting below for her "body."—Dressmakers should be careful.

THE PRESENT SPIRITUALISTIC EXCITEMENT.—The *Tie-fuse* fever.

THE PRIMATE'S PASTORAL.

"An influential deputation has waited on the ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY and YORK, to thank their Graces for their recently issued Pastorals."—*Times*.

"We have obtained a copy of one of these Pastorals, which we think does the Most Reverend Poet much credit, therefore we publish it."—*Punch*.

Cant. MY York, you're wanted. In alternate rhymes
Let's chant the Church's Troubles of the Times.
York. Yes, Primate of All England, I am game,
The rather that I bear a poet's name.
Begin, as twenty years my senior, you,
As challenger, and my superior, too.
Cant. Gladly I 'd cede the *pas*, for, though you're young,
Most truths divine come mended from your tongue.
York. *Nolo episcopari* 'twixt us twain,
Is rather like the Augurs——
Cant. Good again.
Then I begin, and sing that, first of all,
I see the Church Rate nodding to its fall.
York. Ere long will landed gentry cease to snooze
In their exclusive and well-cushioned pews:
On equal benches all will say their prayers,
Even if we 'scape the Popish plan of chairs.
Cant. How long the grim Dissenter shall we keep
From sleeping where his own forefathers sleep?
York. The Beadle dynasty is nearly past
The next new gold-laced hats will be the last.
Cant. Yes, and the Parish Clerk will follow soon:
The untutored accent and the nasal tune.
York. Yet these are trifles which, I think, at need,
A prudent priest might hasten to concede.
But what of Convocation?
Cant. BETHELL stands,
A bill marked "Abolition" in his hands:
Perchance 'twere better so than bear the gibes
That BETHELL launches at the ghostly tribes.
York. Most threatened things live long, nor do I think
The parsons' Parliament on ruin's brink,
But yet 'tis *umbra nominis*, in fact,
For, scarcely met, it hears the Riot Act.
Cant. Priestly supremacy gets bruise on bruise.
That judgment on the *Essays and Reviews*.
Which lets a priest say less than *Duncan's* bell,
That summoned——.
York. Yes, there sounded Dogma's knell.
And yet I know not (setting natural pride
And all professional regards aside)
The Church is loser by it, keeping those
Who might have left her, and become her foes.
Cant. There's comfort yet. But what remains to do
With him who listened to the mild Zulu?
That cynical yet most polite divine,
Who proves that three times three is only nine?
York. Let him alone severely. Men, you see,
Want more religion than the rule of three.
Let's run the *Golden Rule*, 'twill do the trick,
And a bad second leave *Arithmetic*.
Cant. 'Tis very clear, from each Doncastrian phrase,
A sporting diocese my EBOR sways;
Yet we have precedent that gives us claims
To borrow lessons from the Olympian games.
York. Well, on the whole, Most Reverend, it appears
The Church's Troubles are but idle fears.
Details of little moment, if she act
With much good feeling and a little tact.
Cant. And were they twenty-fold, be they defied!
Have we not now an Angel on our side?
York. The Angel BENJAMIN. Yes, he has come—
And my opinion's—hum—
Cant. Mine, too, is—hum.

Question in Ancient Zoology.

(From a University Examination.)

Q. Who was the biggest Don that ever lived?
A. The Masto-don.

"GO IT, YE CRIPPLES!"

THE foot-lights at Covent Garden are to see a one-legged dancer, engaged by the English Opera Company. A proper step of the Directors?

Digitized by Google

ARISTOCRATIC LOOKER-ON.—The EARL OF *STAIR*.



THE MORNING CALL.

The Rev. Alban Rochet (High). "WON'T IT COME TO ITS PRIEST THEN!!!" *(Baby doesn't seem to see it.)*

THE QUACK IN THE PILLORY.

OH, this is a very unpleasant position! This confinement of the arms and neck causes such a confounded aching, or else I shouldn't mind it so much. The ignominy of it I should care not a dump for, if it wasn't for the pain I feel, and the nasty things they throw at me—but I can stand those, too, so long as they are soft. Policeman! policeman! Don't let them throw apples unless rotten.

Oh dear! oh dear! I wish I had stuck to the sale of the specific, and to screwing out all the fees I could by legal means. I wish I had never committed myself in writing. Ah! what a fool, what an ass I was, to threaten violation of confidence in black and white, and so furnish evidence of extortion against myself! I deserve the pillory for being such a donkey. I ought to be whipped as well as pilloried. I ought to have confined my threats of betraying that last patient to private interviews. Yes, pelt me, go on, it serves me right—bless ye, my people!

Yah!—how they grin! Two could play at that game, if dirt would let them see my grimaces. Ha, another bottle of my own filth! Well, if I could blush, my blushes would be hidden too. Nobody could see them neither. I might look upon this unpleasantness that covers my features as a mercy—ha, ha, ha!—if I had any sense of shame; for this frame around my face prevents me from hiding it. But I can shut my eyes, if I like, and—oh dear, oh! smash on my nose again! I think I had better.

Yelling, howling rabble! Set of brutes! If it were not for the pain of this posture, and all this offensiveness, and the penal servitude I have to undergo, I could laugh in the teeth of ye. If I were presently to be set at liberty, and could return to my practices, this exposure would do me less harm than good. Considering how many fools there are amongst you, I cannot help feeling that, standing here all filth as I am, I constitute the very best advertisement of myself that could possibly be exhibited.

APPROPRIATE TESTIMONIAL TO THE BROTHERS DAVENPORT.—Two ropes'-ends—and the sack.

FLATTERY AND FLUNKEYISM.

WE object, for more reasons than one, to the subjoined announcement, which appeared the other day in the *Court Journal*:—

"THE QUEEN.—It will be noticed that MR. and MRS. WIGAN had this week the honour of reading before Her Majesty at Windsor Castle. It is flattering in the extreme to these artists that they have been selected as the first who have been permitted to appear before Her Majesty."

In the first place, the QUEEN does not flatter her subjects, though subjects may be so ignoble as to offer flattery to Sovereigns. In the next place, if the selection of certain artists as the first to appear before Her Majesty is gratifying to those artists, it cannot be flattering in their estimation; for to feel flattered is to feel more than duly appreciated. Thirdly, there is, so far from anything flattering, not even anything necessarily complimentary in being the first artists who have been permitted to appear before Her Majesty. The QUEEN might choose to see those whom she deems the best, first, or she might prefer to see them last. Of these two equally possible cases the case in question is very likely the former; but we deprecate slipslop.

"Speech is Silver, but Silence is Golden."

A NEW Club, it is said, has just been organised in Paris. It is called *Le Club Muet*, the rule being that its members, while within its portals, are not allowed to speak. The House of Commons has been called the nicest Club in London, if it were not for its Members. It would be perfect, therefore, if its Members were to follow the rule of *Le Club Muet*, and were elected on condition that they were not to speak!

PHYSICAL PHENOMENON.

AN Eminent Oculist lately informed us, that an intimate friend—one of his most intimate friends, finds great relief in *casting his eyes, when they are tired, upon a green covered sofa, and allowing them to rest for some time upon it.*



A QUACK IN THE RIGHT PLACE;

Or, What we Should Like to See.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

CABINET COUNCIL ON REFORM.

SCENE, *Downing Street*.. PRESENT, *The Cabinet*.

Lord Granville. Ha! Ha! Very good, indeed. But you know they always said *that* of her. Ha! Ha! Order! Order! Now, shall we go to business? I think we decided that we should consider the Reform question to-day, and nothing else.

Lord Palmerston. Suppose we don't call it a question, yet, GRANVILLE. It has hardly assumed a concrete form. *Quieta non movere*, as old SIR ROBERT WALPOLE used to say.!

Mr. Milner Gibson. But I deny your *quieta*. There are a great lot of meetings, more or less influential, and we must do something.

Lord Russell. I cannot think why the matter is to be taken out of my hands. I shall do nothing prematurely; but at the proper time, and in the proper place, I shall be prepared with the proper Bill.

Mr. Gladstone. I cannot withhold my admiration from the triple condition in which your Lordship has crystallised the proposition, but if I understand it to imply that the rest of the Cabinet is to be only a bed of justice——

Lord Palmerston. I'm blessed if it's a bed of roses. Do you remember LORD MELBOURNE's first inquiry, when people told him of a difficulty? "Can't you let it alone?"

Mr. Milner Gibson. We can't let this alone.

Lord Palmerston. My dear GIBSON, no man knows his power of abstinence until he has tried it. Ask MR. BANTING.

Sir George Grey. The matter is not in my department, but——

Lord Palmerston. Then, GREY, rest and be thankful. Haven't you enough to do?

Sir G. G. Yes, and I don't want more, which the HOME SECRETARY will have, if you allow agitation to excite people to demand what you intend to deny.

Lord Palm. Very neat, but not to the purpose. Who's a-deniging anything, MRS. GAMP? But it's one thing to say that you will listen to a person's claim, when properly urged, and another to run out into the street without your hat to meet him, and give him what he asks.

Mr. Gladstone. The ancient Sibyl, repulsed, increased her demand.

Lord Palm. Old women *are* deuced impudent.

Duke of Somerset. I say to-day, as I said last week, and mean to say again next week, that I protest against any new subject being taken up until we have decided whether there is to be any reduction of the Naval Estimates, and what? I will not be hurried, or compelled to arrange changes at short notice.

Earl de Grey and Ripon. I have no right or desire to imitate the peremptory tone of the Duke, but I could wish to have an early idea of what is to be done with the Army Estimates.

Lord Palm. Both of you ask GLADSTONE to tell you, as the commercial traveller said in one of *Punch's* pictures, what is the least sum he can give the waiters without being considered mean?

Mr. Gladstone. I need hardly say, that such questions are not to be treated with levity or answered in haste; but if it will be any guide to the noble Duke and the noble Lord, I may say that any budget which does not include a certain reduction in the Estimates connected with the department of the former, and a still larger decrease in the calculation of expenditure in the department of the latter, will not be a budget which I should have any envy to introduce to the Legislature, or any great hope of advocating with success.

Lord Palm. There, now you know all about it.

Duke of Somerset. I say that I know nothing.

Lord de Grey and Ripon. And I must represent that I am entirely without practical information.

Lord Granville. Really this is a complete departure from our arrangement, which was that we should discuss the question whether any notice of the Reform agitation should be taken.

Lord Russell. I thought that I had settled that. Leave it to me.

Lord Palm. I see no objections.

Mr. Milner Gibson. But I see a great many. Nobody in the world has more admiration for LORD RUSSELL's character, public and private, than I have, and if I had him on board my yacht, he should steer it if he liked. (*Laughter.*) Well, I would forgive him, even if he ran us ashore. But he will allow me to say that he has not been so successful in the manufacture of Reform Bills as to justify the Liberal party in handing over the whole business to his charge.

Duke of Somerset. Whom do you call Liberal; or, rather, am not I a Liberal?

Lord Russell. And I?

Lord Stanley of Alderley. I hate rudeness, as everybody knows; but I don't know what the —— what in the world the right honourable gentleman means by his inuendo.

Lord Palm. There, there, what nonsense. We are all Liberals, *par sang*, Liberals to the marrow, as the Spanish say. Who doubts that? Didn't we turn out the Conservatives, and how could we have done that if we had not been Liberals? (*Great laughter.*)

Lord Granville. If I could only induce you to settle one thing at a time. The PREMIER is for doing nothing, the Foreign Secretary is for doing the thing all by himself, the Army and Navy are for being attended to first, and the Board of Trade is for an immediate promise of a larger Reform Bill. Now, do let us discuss these points *seriatim*. Who is for doing nothing?

Lord Palm. My dear GRANVILLE, you, of course unintentionally, rather misrepresent me, or at least fail quite to convey my meaning. I strongly advise that before we take up this question, we should be quite sure that it is necessary to do so, and that we don't mistake a few meetings of nobodies, which can always be got up at the shortest notice, for the voice of the country.

Lord Russell. I shall not be misunderstood, I trust, when I say that my noble friend may not contemplate remaining in office so long as some other persons may feel it their duty to do, and that this circumstance may induce him, unconsciously, to disregard the necessity for—for placing ourselves in an advantageous position in the eyes of the nation.

Mr. Gladstone. Entirely, but respectfully, repudiating any participation in the imputation that a certain interested motive exists in the bosom of the Noble Lord at the head of the Government, I would also say that I think the caution of the noble lord the Minister for Foreign Affairs is somewhat in excess of necessity, as in my very humble judgment the people of this country may, in an hour of crisis, look elsewhere for leadership than in the direction anticipated by himself.

Lord Clarendon. Perhaps so.

The Lord Chancellor. If I have hitherto refrained from mingling in this discussion, it has not been because I did not feel its importance, but from my conviction that it was being conducted in a way which rendered seriousness superfluous. Now that it appears to take a rational form, I have no objection to say that if we are to stand as a Liberal Government (it is needless for me to add, that I do not in the least care whether we do or do not) we must issue a Reform scheme, but it must be a sound and complete one. I will draw one up, and you can give your formal assent to it at our next meeting. Excuse my going, as I have engagements of importance. [*Exit.*

Lord Palm. I like WESTBURY, do you know?

Mr. Milner Gibson. Of course we know it. (*Laughing.*) But he is right about the necessity of a bill.

Lord Palm. I don't see the necessity, but anyhow, let us see his bill. Suppose we meet again in a fortnight.

Several Voices. Sooner, sooner.

Lord Palm. Very well. Settle it with GRANVILLE. But we understand—mind—nobody is pledged to anything.

Lord Granville. If we were, how could we exist as a Cabinet?

Lord Palm. That's true. We are charmingly independent, yet affectionately united. Human perfectibility, as we used to say about sixty years ago. But, I repeat, *quieta non movere*. [*Exit, whistling.*

Mr. Milner Gibson. The wind will rise without a whistle. [*Exit.*

(*The Council broke up.*)

CLERGYMEN MADE SCARCE.

IT used to be a saying, "Make the greatest fool in the family a parson." That saying still holds good, with a condition. Make the greatest fool in the family a parson, if he will let you. For he will not let you unless he is such a fool as the greatest fool in a very foolish family. That is, if you have not got a good fat living for him to step into as soon as he is ordained.

It is a bore to be obliged to wear a white "choker," when you prefer a black tie or bird's-eye "fogle." So it is to be obliged to refrain from going about smoking a short pipe if you wish to do so. It is a monstrous bore to have your personal habits controlled and your natural freedom limited in any degree by the opinion of old women, or the power of old womanly bishops. No consideration but a very high pecuniary one would induce a man who has the least respect for himself to submit to any such dictation.

Fancy yourself being in such a position as to be liable to the censure of a set of snobs constituting a coroner's jury, because you, a curate, choose to study anatomy!

Then fancy your Rector, who ought to stand by you, and back you against those vulgar and impertinent blockheads, truckling to them and to their kind, and giving you the sack, to starve, or get your living how you can—that is, by begging or stealing, unless you possess a patrimony; for once a parson always a parson; and having once entered the clerical profession, no other is open to you; neither can you keep a shop or a public-house.

But no. This last case is not to be fancied. No clergyman can be capable of the conduct supposed in it. The rumour that the Rector of St. Botolph's, Aldgate, has, under circumstances such as those above stated, discharged his Curate, the REV. MR. HUNT, is evidently an invention of the Jesuits, designed to damage the Church of England.

Digitized by Google

WHO'S CUMMING?—Christmas.



OLD DODGERS.

First Testy Old Gent. "PRAY, SIR, WHICH SIDE OF THE PATH DO YOU INTEND TO KEEP?"

Second Ditto. "VERY QUESTION I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU, SIR!"

[*They set as before.*

A LETTER FROM ELYSIUM.

OFTENTIMES, sweet *Master Punch*, hast thou done me a fair turn by saving me from such as fain would call themselves my friends; and especial do I mind me of that fearsome time of peril through which I passed awhile agone when thou didst rescue me from hands that would have stuck me up a statue, or done other ill-timed foolery much to my distaste.

Wilt thou now defend me from those snivelling "friends" of mine who borrow of my poor plays to prank their poorer works withal, and so mangle my best thoughts. Your musicians, look you now, are performing a *cantata*, as they do call it in their slang, which is entitled *Kenilworth*; and to enliven his dull words, the poet (save the mark!) has introduced "the exquisite summer night scene," as it pleaseth him to term it, from my *Merchaunt of Venice*. By way of fitting prelude to ye stillness of my scene, he claps a roaring song before it as a prelude, whereof I quote thee ye last verse:—

"Who dares to brag and taunt afar,
Like thunder-clouds that threaten rain?
What need we care if jealous war
Be brooding in the ports of Spain?
Our Queen may let such bodings pass,
And answer with a haughty smile;
No Don shall touch one blade of grass
In any border of our isle!
The very highway stones would rise,
The shepherds' hills rain ruin down,
Were we not there against surprise
To guard our glorious England's crown?"

Beshrew me, *Master Punch*, but these be wondrous words! Didst ever hear before of a bragging thunder-cloud? To me it seemeth rather misty. Nathless, good Sir Poet, here's to thy better health; and if war be "brooding in the ports," I pray thee stick unto ye sherries. I' faith it seemeth that "our Queen" did pay small heed unto her garden, an it be true that she did let ye grass grow in ye borders. And where, I pray thee, was the "there" where thou sayest that "we were to guard our England's Crown?" and whose was ye surprise against which it surpriseth me to learn we were to guard it?

An thou solvest me these riddles, *Master Punch*, thou art cleverer than I am. And so believe me thine most lovingly, albeit in the shade, WILL SHAKSPEARE.

Elysian Fields, Tuesday.

MR. PUNCH'S HANDY-BOOK OF THE STAGE.

CHAPTER III.—RULES FOR THE ACTOR AT REHEARSAL (CONTINUED).

BUT though you should avoid acting at rehearsal, be as particular as you like about minute points of action, and business. Minutiæ are the dots over the *i*'s and the crosses over the *t*'s of Art. They give it distinctness and legibility. Never fail to point out any difficulty that may occur to you about the management of the scene in which the action takes place. See that the Author is strictly consistent with topographical probabilities in the position of his doors, windows and passages. And do not, for a moment, be put off with a suggestion, that it is possible for a person to go off at one entrance and come on at another, by help of an outer staircase, or by passing through other rooms.

These little discussions will animate the rehearsal; and keep the Author alive to the importance of strictly keeping up the realistic illusion, on which so much depends now-a-days.

Never let the piece proceed till you are satisfied on any point that may seem to you to want clearing up, or any little matter of action that may give a good opening for an argument or a difference of opinion. You should never miss an opportunity for the discussion of your art.

No matter what annoyance supers or ballet-girls may be put to by the delay this occasions. Their convenience must succumb to your improvement. I am thankful to say that the usage of most English theatres is not likely to stand much in the way of your observance of this, or indeed any other of these rules for your guidance at rehearsal.

I have known a group of girls, at rehearsal, hung up for the purpose of a tableau in the flies, in a steel-frame work, with a blaze of gas close to their heads. The rehearsal was very properly stopped to allow of the discussion of one of those interesting arguments on some point in the action of the principals. Did the Manager allow any consideration for the insignificant girls hanging in their steel-girths, in a temperature of 100°, to interfere with this "necessary question of the play?" He knew too well what was due to the great principle of subordination, which must be omnipotent in a theatre as in a man-of-war. The discussion was long; the action difficult to arrange. After being kept nearly an hour in the slings, one of the girls was childish enough to faint: her companions knew the laws of theatrical discipline too well to complain, perhaps they didn't know what had happened. But when the little accident was discovered, the mischief was done; the *tableau* was ruined, the stupid child had to be got down, and a substitute provided, at much inconvenience to the management, and to the serious injury of the picture. But the important point in the action had, in the mean time, been satisfactorily settled.

Always bring your part to rehearsal, keep it in your hand, and use it to the last. If you trust to your memory you will run the risk of being continually at fault; and, if the Manager *will* have rehearsals, there can be no occasion why you should give him your time at home as well as in the theatre.

Besides, with your part in your hand, you can always answer any complaint of the Author, if you talk bad grammar, or neglect punctuation, by throwing the blame on the copyist. If the copyist have written nonsense, as is highly probable, be scrupulous in speaking it. It is not *your* business to correct his blunders, and you have a right to say that all *you* have to do is to deliver what is put into your hands, not to make sense of it. It will be your duty to impress this pointedly on the Author, and so revenge yourself, pleasantly, for any indignity he may have put upon you, by calling you back, or finding fault, as is the way with such people.

Should the Author, notwithstanding these hints, and the unspoken warning of your manner, persist in such interference, do not let him be left in any doubt as to your proper resentment for such unwarrantable liberties. Shrug your shoulders, be silent altogether, caricature his directions or delivery, suggest that perhaps if he is dissatisfied with *your* manner of playing the part, he will find some other Actor to play it. The very least you can do, if your position render you timid of adopting

this dignified mode of remonstrance, is to shut him up with an emphatic assurance that "it will be all right at night."

Whenever you are not speaking, or actively engaged in the business of the scene, there can be no reason why you should overstrain your mind by attention to what is passing among the other characters. These little breaks will give you an opportunity for relieving the tedium of rehearsal by a cheering gossip with your brother and sister performers, or a little gentlemanly flirtation. When you are off the stage, take care that it shall be a matter of some difficulty to find you, when again wanted. Nothing enhances an Actor's consequence more than to have his name shouted aloud all about the theatre. It is besides some little compensation for your wearisome detention to be able in this way to inflict on Manager, Stage-Manager and Author some portion of the annoyance which they are so unfeelingly inflicting upon you.

If there is a house of entertainment contiguous to the stage-door, as there always ought to be, you may seize these intervals of repose to get the refreshment your harassed mind and weary body will certainly require. You will also find the nearest bar a good place for artistic gossip, and for cultivating agreeable social relations, for which the Actor has but too few opportunities outside the theatre.



SIMPLICITY OF CHILDHOOD!

NOW BEING SOLD IN ALL THE FIRST-RATE LONDON HOUSES.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

WANTED, by several Dramatic Authors, Situations of Thrilling and Sensational Interest. Must be Novelties, with as much Reality as possible, capable of introduction into any part of any piece: dialogue and plot no object. Here they are:—

SCENE—*At the end of some Act or other, the bottom of the Sea, anywhere. The entire width of the Stage will be occupied by a large Aquarium, reaching up to within eight feet of the "Flies." This will contain real Sharks, young Whales, Porpoises, and other smaller fish, all alive, alive oh! There will also be real Rocks, and real Submarine Vegetation. The Submarine Telegraph wires will be seen passing across the Stage. Music: tremolo and mysterious, just like what* WOULD *be heard in the depths of the Ocean.*

On the opening of the Scene, real sand-burrowing Bivalves discovered amusing themselves: real Grey Mullets, real Madrepores, and genuine Actiniadæ flitting about in the distance. Wild Periwinkles, Chitons, and Scallops seen clinging to the rocks; and, in the foreground, a Goby is discovered feeding on a Codium tomentosum; while other really happy Zoophytes disport themselves in their native element. Music: "The Sea! the Sea!"

Enter above, that is, on the surface of the water, a small boat, containing RICHARD GRADGRASS, *the villain of the piece, and young* WHESTLEY, *the rightful heir to the property, whatever it is.* MARIAN, *the heroine, in love with* WHESTLEY—*with a song—is steering the boat while* RICHARD *is rowing.*

Marian (*speaking through the music*). What is this mysterious place? (*Looking first at the "flies," then at the real water.*)

Richard (*darkly*). The Ocean!

Young Whestley. I have heard of it in childhood. Well do I remember how my old nurse——

Richard. She told you right. In these depths lie the only legal proofs of your inheritance.

Marian. Ha! (*Nearly upsets the boat in her emotion. Sensation.*) I beg pardon.

Richard. 'Tis so—the will——

Marian and Whestley. Ay! the will—is——

Richard. At the bottom of the sea.

Whestley. Then will I plunge in, and drag it from its coral hiding-place! (*Is about to prepare for bathing, but remembers that* MARIAN *is present.* MARIAN *hides her face in her hands.*)

Richard. Nay, not so. Behold! (*Produces a diver's dress, air-pump, ropes, and lines, &c., &c.*)

Whestley. How can I ever sufficiently thank you! (*Adjusts the air-tube, puts on the helmet, and looks lovingly at* MARIAN *through the glass eyes, then gets out of the boat, and is seen slowly descending to the bottom of the sea.*)

Richard (*seizing* MARIAN). Now you are mine!

Marian. Never!

[*Struggle, during which* MARIAN *works the air-pump, and* WHESTLEY *is below, attempting to rescue the will from a fierce Shark, who will be trained for the purpose.* MARIAN *is becoming exhausted, when a shot, from somewhere or other, is fired, and* RICHARD *falls, capsizing, however, the boat.* RICHARD *sinks to the bottom, the Shark leaves the will, and attacks him;* WHESTLEY *clutches the document,* MARIAN *clings with one hand to the boat, now topsy-turvey, and on air-pump, which she works. Her arm gets weaker and weaker.*

Marian. I faint! I die! Help!

[WHESTLEY *having received no air for a few seconds, rushes madly to and fro. The Shark, diving off with* RICHARD *in his mouth, is caught by Submarine Telegraph wires.* WHESTLEY *in pantomime, expresses that a good idea has just struck him. He seizes the wires, and swings himself up, so as to grip the boat with his legs; then, with another effort, he gains the surface, putting his arm round* MARIAN *just as she is sinking, sits on the boat, keel uppermost, supporting* MARIAN'S *senseless form with his right arm, and with the hand waving aloft, in triumph, the important will. Two Sharks and a whale dispute for* RICHARD GRADGRASS *at the Act-drop descends.*

We present this, as a novelty, to the consideration of the Sensationalist School. If nothing else will draw, the boat ought to: say, about a foot of water.

LOVE SONG.

BY A GARDENER.

YES, I own the soft impeachment; yes, I pine for Widow GREEN,
Ripe and rosy, blithe and blooming, fit to be a "British Queen:"
When in all her full-blown beauty she makes summer in the street,
I'm quite nervous when I meet her, and I turn as red as beet.

My carnations set me thinking of the damask on her cheek,
The blush rose wears her colours and the tulips all but speak;
If the flower in white, the lily, will be fair he must allow
That the snow and he are flattered by being likened to her brow.

She's the standard of perfection, she's a nonpareil, I swear,
With her violet eyes bewitching and her stream of chestnut hair,
She's the pink of—no, that's hackneyed—and she lives at Dalston now,
Where on Sundays, spruce and smiling, I transplant myself from Slough.

A gage *d'amour* I carry her—the sweetest plum that grows—
And blooms that win me prizes at the Horticultural shows;
Or, looking lackadaisical, I offer "cherry pie,"
To her I call my pippin and the apple of my eye.

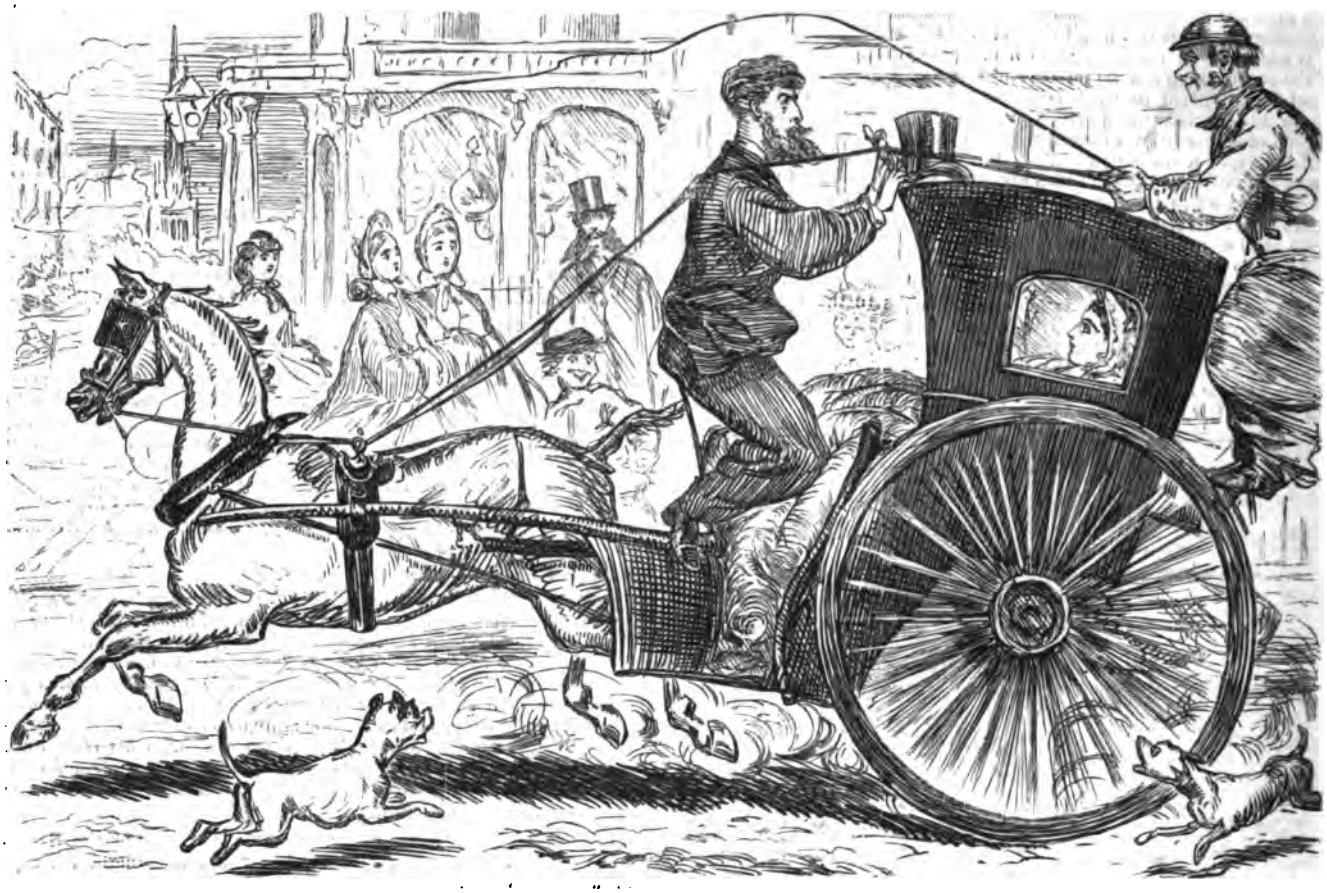
Early was the passion planted, deeply rooted it became,
And I made a new auricula perennial with her name;
But she raked up some old grievance, and a meddler came between,
So I wore the (weeping) willow, and said cutting things of GREEN.

He was bulbous in his figure and but seedy in his clothes,
His hair was rather carrotty, and it matched his turn-up nose,
He was older than the lady, and did something at a club,
And I've heard, but this *sub rosâ*, that he liked a little shrub.

Peace be to him, and his ashes, though he never cared for trees,
And tied his stock(s) up tightly in the hands of two trustees:
He was happy, with one drawback, no young branches to the vine,
Which I bear with resignation, as they would have soon been mine.

She has doffed her weeds to please me and resumed geranium bows,
Through the vista of the future all appears *couleur de rose*;
For she calls me (christened PETER) her sweet P., and bliss divine,
Has named the day when I shall say that she is JESSIE mine.

Digitized by Google



SELF SACRIFICE.

OH, YES, IT'S VERY NICE TAKING YOUR PRETTY COUSIN ABOUT TOWN, PARTICULARLY WHEN YOU HAVE TO RIDE ON THE SPLASHER, BECAUSE HER CRINOLINE FILLS ALL THE CAB.

HOW TO QUASH THE QUACKS.

MY DEAR DR. PUNCH,

THERE is a cry against Quack Doctors. How can they be crushed? For the protection of our fools, they ought to be stamped out: just as we stamp upon the stoats for the protection of our pheasants. I think I see three ways in which the heel might be brought down upon them:—

1. The Medical Council has the power to proceed against all persons giving medical advice, who are not qualified to do so.

2. The Law Courts have the power to nonsuit any claimant of a fee for such advice, if such claimant (as most Quacks are) be unqualified to practise.

3. And the Press has the power to reject all quack advertisements, and to expose as much as possible the foul proceedings of the Quacks, by stinging leading articles, and by copious reports of cases where they come to grief, as a brace of them did lately, much to my delight.

As regards the Press, decency is surely the best policy. I never buy a paper that inserts vile quack advertisements, and I have very little doubt that there are hundreds like myself, who make this a strict rule. Any one who buys a newspaper that publishes quack puffs, I regard as an aider and abettor of the Quacks. Cease to buy such newspapers, and their proprietors will cease to publish such advertisements; and thereby the Quacks will cease to prey upon the fools, who, by the lure of puffery, are drawn into their dens.

Wishing for success in your philanthropic efforts to annihilate these vermin, believe me, my dear *Dr. Punch*, yours admiringly,

A. CRUSHER.

P.S. I hear that nearly every Quack now keeps his private carriage, with the money he obtains under false medical pretences. If such rascals had their rights, there should rather be one public carriage only for them all. To a man of your sagacity I hardly need to add, that I allude to the police van.

INTERESTING DEPARTURE.

"There has been an unusual absence of ozone lately."—*Meteorological Correspondence, passim.*

OH where, and oh where, is our usual ozone gone?
Its absence surely must have been remarked by every one.
Can nobody inform us why and whither it has flown?

Oh where, and oh where, did our usual ozone dwell?
'Twas somewhere in the atmosphere, but where I cannot tell:
You must ask PROFESSOR AIREY, or some other learned swell.

Suppose, oh! suppose, that our ozone 's in the sky!—
Just for a change it may perhaps have thither tried to fly—
Can we exist without it, I wonder, if we try?

SHAKSPEARE IN BIRMINGHAM.

SHAKSPEARIAN discoveries proceed rapidly. We had, the other day, the pleasure of announcing several, and we read in the papers of the day, that at Birmingham, an intellectual lawyer's clerk has found some documents throwing a new light upon the history of the poet. We have instituted inquiries into their character, but are not at liberty to say more than that SHAKSPEARE clearly resided in Birmingham for some time, visited all the manufactories, was much pleased with ELKINGTON'S and GILLOTT'S establishments, and one wet evening, at the Hen and Chickens, amused himself by inventing the steam-engine. This fact throws a gracious light upon his celebrated "WATT'S in a name," and upon the passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii., Sc. iii.—

"What thing's again most dear in thee is steam."

Horrible!

CANNIBALISM! £200 reward. Missing, an elderly gentleman with green spectacles. The last time he was seen, we are informed, he was *S-eating himself leisurely in the Park!*

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, December 17, 1864.



WORTHY THE NOTICE OF THE ANTI-TOBACCO SOCIETY.

Miss Fitz-Fast. "PORTER, HOW IS IT THERE IS NOT ANY SMOKING CARRIAGE TO THIS TRAIN?"

A CHANCE FOR AN EDITOR.

THINKING is dull work, but it has to be done at times. The following statement, which we find in a daily contemporary, has driven us to think:—

TO LITERARY MEN and PRINTERS.—A small Capital can PURCHASE a profitable NEWSPAPER on the South Coast. Easily managed. Literary ability not necessary.—Apply, &c.

Of course, we know that a very small capital, in fact, three pence, can purchase the most profitable of all newspapers—that in the reader's hand. It can be purchased on the South Coast, of course, and also on the East and West Coasts, and in the midland counties, and everywhere else, where civilisation is found. But we can hardly believe that a stranger to us would kindly take the trouble to advertise to the world a fact already sufficiently patent. We suppose (or as vulgarians say, we expect) that his meaning is, that he wishes to sell his property in some paper. By way of compliment to the Literary Men whom he addresses, he says that literary ability is not necessary, and that the affair is "easily managed." This must be one of MR. COBDEN'S favourite journals, something made up of cuttings from other papers, and without leading articles. Or, perhaps, the usual leading article may be a congratulation to the inhabitants of the town enlightened by the newspaper in question, that the Great Travelling Circus is to be with them on Tuesday, "when," the accomplished Editor is sure, "it will receive that patronage which Stickinthemud never refuses to *legitimate* and *honourable* enterprise." These Italics are a well-merited kick at a conjuror who departed without paying for the editorial puffs. Or, for we have not, of course, the faintest idea as to what part of the South Coast is blessed with a journal requiring no literary ability, the Editor will have to apply his fine faculties to scathing satire against the sanitary authorities, "whose vulgar and *un-English* intermeddling attempt to prevent our respected townsman, MR. PIGG JOBBER, from keeping swine where his venerated father kept them before him, next door to the hospital, excites the just indignation of those who know the *facts*." This is the usual style of country newspapers which require no literary ability in the Editor, and we allow that such journals are easily managed. Literary men will, we are sure, be grateful for the chance that is offered them, and for the advertiser's sweet appreciation of the literary character and responsibilities.

SONG OF THE ADVERTISING SURGEON.

I'M a Quack, I'm a Quack, in an infamous trade,
By which a large income I yearly have made:
Other Quacks you may find even richer than me,
And we live by the vilest of plunder, you see.
I thrive by extortion, I heed not the law,
I grab all the cash from my dupes I can draw;
I keep a smart brougham with the money I steal,
And I live in a style that is highly genteel.

Chorus.

I'm a Quack! I'm a Quack! Here's success to the trade,
By which dirty hands are yet dirtier made!
I'm a Quack! I'm a scamp! I'm a skunk! I'm a thief!
And of all filthy scoundrels I rank with the chief!

I've dubbed myself "Doctor," but that's all my eye,
My diploma's a sham one, my title's a lie;
I've no knowledge of drugs, and no medical skill,
If attempting to cure you, the chance is I'd kill.
I frighten the nervous—I thrive by their fears—
I pretend there's disease where no symptom appears:
My advertisements daily bring patients to me,
I'm a Quack! I'm a thief!—yet from prison I'm free!

Chorus.—I'm a Quack! I'm a Quack! &c.

Immunity of Aliens.

To a Correspondent.—GENERAL TOM THUMB and COMMODORE NUTT (whom nobody but a vile punster would call Colonel) are not liable to be summoned on the *petit* jury.



A FACT.

Strange Curate. "WHERE DOES THIS PATH GO TO, MY MAN!"

Half-witted Rustic. "DON'T KNOW WHERE 'E GOES TO, BUT 'E'S GENERALLY 'ERRABOUTS THIS TIME O' DAY."

LETTER FROM MR. WHALLEY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

YOU laugh at me, but I think that you have a sense of justice, and will own that upon the present occasion I am right in sounding a warning to England.

A new invention has been introduced into Society. It is called a *Rafraîchisseur*. I have seen the advertisement in your own columns, but I am sure that you will never, for the sake of a miserable fifty guineas, allow the announcement to appear again. The article consists of two glass tubes nearly joined at a right angle, and held together by a cross piece, and its *avowed* object is to enable a lady (*at present*. ladies only use it) to blow perfume, from a bottle, over the face of any friend whom she may wish to honour by that attention.

Sir, can the most stupid person fail to see that this is a Popish device, intended to familiarise people with sprinkling? From the Jockey Club Perfume, or the Ess *Bouquet*, to what is called HOLY WATER, is but one step downwards. The Jesuits have introduced the thing; a foreigner, and probably a Catholic, sells it; and it is called by a name from the language of France, the Eldest Daughter of the Church of Rome.

Pray, Sir, be serious, and smash this Papistical abomination.

Yours (in Protestantism)

Plas Madoc, Ruabon. G. H. WHALLEY.

[We shan't. We rather like the operation, when the operatrix is as lovely as any lady should be who presumes to approach The Presence.—PUNCH.]

The Greatest Wonder of Spiritualism.

IN a book published on behalf of the DAVENPORTS, those jugglers are declared to have been, in America, transported through the air. Considering their spiritual pretensions, we may wonder that, since their arrival in this country, so far from having been transported, they have never yet even been taken up.

A LEGAL QUERY, AND ITS ANSWER.—Where are Petitions filed? At Sheffield.

THE CHEAP PRESS AND ITS VICTIMS.

To *Mr. Punch* Esquire dear sir I am a young lady in a genteel sityouation being ousemaid to a clergyming which his name I will not menshing but only int that he is equally respected as myself halthough I say it who should not and meaning sir of course each in our proper Spears of Hastion which mine is runnink upanddown stares till my legs I beg your parding sir I should ave said my lower lims is amost wore up in fack by continual Halpine climbing which Mont Blong I says is nothing to it and if it wasnt for a our or so of rest and O be thankful for it of an evenink I dont no what would ave become of my intellectual phackulties which I every night employ them in readink of a penny weakly paper I takes in leastways I should have said subscribes to which its most improving to ones mind to read the arrowing romances and tails of Love and Murder! & fashionable Mystery! which phil its pages weakly exceptink the outside one as is occupied each week with notices to corespondents as ave writen to the Headditur asking of advice upon most interesting toppics such as Courtship & Complexions & ow to treat a lovier & ow to die the Air & I were told they kep a Lawyer to answer legal questions but what I says is I'd Beware of im if I were U! for I see in Masters Noosepaper this mornin that at the Scentral Criminal police court which I suppose they call it Scentral because when full of criminals it cant smell very sweet—there sir a "young person of boyish appearance" were brort up & tried for Biggamy which unbeknown to master Ive cut out with my sissars the follering short hextrack to show you what took place

"The second wife, a very young woman, was called for the prosecution, and asked if she knew the prisoner was already married when she married him. Thinking she had misunderstood the question by her answer, the RECORDER asked it again. She replied, with apparent effrontery, that she was well aware that he was married.

"The RECORDER told her that she was not much better than the prisoner.

"The witness, in reply to MR. KEMP, said the prisoner had always treated her well, and that having been told that at the time of the first marriage he was under age, she had fancied the first marriage was illegal, as he himself had so believed.

"MR. KEMP said when the prisoner was about to contract the second marriage, he addressed a written query to a cheap periodical, which professed to answer legal questions, whether, being under age at the time, his first marriage was valid, and the reply was in the negative. (*A Laugh.*)

"The RECORDER sentenced the prisoner to nine months' hard labour."

Please Sir isnt it a Shame that this here pore young woman should ave to lose er usbing because E were told wrong by the cheap periodical & so has to go to Prison to ard labour for 9 months Please sir me & Jane the nussmaid & Margaret the cook we all agrees in thinkink as the pore young man and woman as been most crewelly deceived by this here perioddical & we say the Headditer ought sertingly to ave been sent to Prison instead of the young usbing oom he ave misled. I hone that for myself I shant put no more faith in these cheap perioddicalls leastways as regarding their advice to co respondents & I wood advise young ladies like myself who is looking out for Usbings to be preshus careful as their loviers isnt married on the faith of a cheap noosepaper afore they goes to church with them which Ill take care it dont apen to your obejnt umbel Servant which my real name is MATILDER but missus she for her own reasings prefers to call me

Wensday December forteen HANN.

P.S. I spose youll say that them as puts their trust in penny papers is only penny wise & it only sarves them right when they is found foolish

Found at the Cattle Show.

"LO! the rich Farmer, whose untutored mind
Sees nought in fields but soil,—and *sees the wind:*
Believes, admitted to an equal stye,
His fattened pig shall bear him company."

POP GOES THE GOOSEBERRY!

AFTER the disclosures relative to the Wine Trade, which occurred in the case of ABRAHAMS *v.* ATTENBOROUGH (the extensive pawnbroker), the race-course champagne, bought at 13*s.* a dozen, and sold at 20*s.* a bottle, will of course be called "Pop."

THE IMPERIAL UNCLE.—The *Mont de Piété* at Paris, as a State Pawnbroker's Shop, may be thought to be an example of avuncular government.

Digitized by Google

FINE FEATHERS FOR FINE BIRDS.



VERY wondrous are the ways of women, and more wondrous still their *modes!* Only look at this description of the style of out-door head-dress which is now the rage in Paris:—

"The *casquette* is no longer the most fashionable style of hat, the melon or jockey cap being considered much newer. It is not nearly so becoming, and has no grace of form about it; but it is the fashion, so why waste words on its demerits. These melon caps are mostly made of grey felt, trimmed round simply with a *gros grain* ribbon, striped with white and black, red and black, &c. To add to their coquettish appearance, either a bird's wing or a falcon's plume is added. * * * A veil embroidered with jet is always added to the brim. It does not hang over the face: so I am often tempted to inquire of what use it is. Birds of prey are in much request for ornamenting hats; the heads only being used, surrounded with a small aureole of feathers. The heads of parroquets and pigeons, which are not so ugly as those of screech owls, hawks, and falcons, are also sometimes used as hat decorations."

A hawk's head on a lady's hat must look a little hawkward: and a cap with an owl's beak on it cannot be very captivating. It may be thought, too, that a bird's wing, when worn upon a woman's head, must look a little flighty. *Mais n'importe, La Mode le veut:* and who will dare dispute the dictates of Queen Fashion? "No matter how ugly, so long as it be something new." Such is usually her royal mandate to the milliners. And the milliners are prompt in obeying her behests, for, the oftener the fashions change, the better for their fortunes. Some new device in dress is started well nigh every week, quite as frightful as the owls' heads on the ugly melon caps, and as useless as the veils which are only worn for ornament. But when we ever notice our wife wearing any novel decoration, we never dream of being rude enough to ask her what's the use of it. We know quite well its use is just to tempt ladies to purchase it, and so put money in the purses of the *Mesdames Mantalini.*

The human race is quite as *avida novitatis* in this present year of grace, as it was said to be when people used to talk in Latin of the latest fashions out: and the greed that women naturally feel for a new dress, of course becomes a source of profit to their milliners. Husbands and fathers may deplore this taste for novelty, because they have to pay for it: and as fine ladies very often make sad havoc with the money of the men who have to dress them, their wearing of hawks' feathers is remarkably appropriate. Many a little duck, directly she gets married, becomes a bird of prey, merely through her wish to make herself, in her gay new plumage, look like a bird of paradise.

Jowett Confuted.

DR. PUSEY has, in a letter to the *Times*, maintaining a severe theological doctrine, declared questionable by the Privy Council, demonstrated that doctrine in a single word. His letter contains the word "reliable." It is manifest that the use of such a word as "reliable" by any one who, like DR. PUSEY, ought to know better, is an offence which, if not repented of, must entail unlimited liability.

A GOOD MAN FOR A LONG VOYAGE.—A Cork Cutter.

FORENSIC MEDICINE AND POLITICAL PATHOLOGY.

TITLES and Truth separated many years ago by mutual consent. A Bank which, from its firmness, was originally symbolical of earth, might now with more felicity be called a Butterboat, seeing how suddenly it may be broken. Mottoes make no pretensions to veracity. *In vino veritas* is branded with fraud, unless, indeed, veritas and cognac are synonymous terms.

We make these remarks simply to introduce two popular manuals, from which we propose to extract a few pungent paragraphs. One requires no comment; and if its neighbour, *Political Pathology*, fails to convey any clear idea, it is satisfactory to reflect that many sciences, including Medicine and Music, have long enjoyed a similar privilege—that of concealing in curious phraseology their cherished mysteries:—

Rickets in Bankruptcy.—To a humane mind there is no more affecting spectacle than that which is presented by rickets in Bankruptcy; and philanthropists may well pause and weep over the stunted objects of legislative negligence which crowd the so-called "Superior" Courts of our vast Metropolis. In passing along Basinghall Street, we are daily in danger of tumbling over one of those cachectic infants, whose natural flaccidity has been aggravated by its being injudiciously puffed. Some hydropathic doctors, we observe, have recently been throwing cold water upon it; but this mode of treatment, while it seriously alarms its anxious parent, has hitherto failed to inspire it with any additional vigour. Solicitous for its welfare, he alone listens with patience to all its little appeals.

Tongue-tied.—Real Property.—A *lusus naturæ* is now being exhibited in Lincoln's Inn Fields, near the Royal College of Surgeons, which has perplexed many distinguished physiologists. The offspring of parents largely interested in land, with beautiful features of exquisite symmetry, and wearing a most inviting smile, strange to say, it has no power over the organs essential to articulation. The little thing seems pleased when any one notices it, which is very seldom, and is delighted when being transferred from hand to hand, to facilitate which, machinery is provided of the most ingenious description. With all this, one remarkable fact remains: little BETHELL (as it is fondly called), though addressed in the most endearing terms by him who takes a parental interest in it, has never yet answered! Would not an operation of some sort be desirable under these painful circumstances? We should be glad to hear it make its existence known, even if it did so by something very like that token of emptiness—a wail.

Cacoëthes loquendi—Maxillary Convulsions.—St. Vitus's dance, startling as it is, must yield in vehemence to St. Stephens's. It commonly attacks the youngest members of the legislative family—the sufferer being seized with an irrepressible desire to get on his legs. No sooner is this effected, than his utterance becomes oracular, and after throwing off a large amount of declamation, the patient is sensibly relieved; while his friends, overcome by sympathy, feel themselves completely exhausted. If long confined to the House, the unhappy man will probably sink into a state of chronic boredom. He should, therefore, as soon as convenient, be removed to a purer atmosphere.

Spontaneous Eruptions—Autumnal Rash.—To this disorder Englishmen are said to be more subject than Foreigners.—It sometimes shows itself at Mechanics' Institutions, but more frequently at Agricultural Meetings, when South-downs are brought on the *tapis* simultaneously with China and Japan, and PRESIDENT LINCOLN is impaled on the Shorthorns of a dilemma. The patient, if a Minister, becomes garrulous, and betrays a sweet simplicity in telling all his little affairs to those that sit under him. For example, he will speak at great length about the House of which his seven years' lease will shortly expire, and show how he has performed his covenants by exhibiting his Policy. If he complains of a chill from the House being too cold for him, it is an almost unerring sign of approaching dissolution.

Tories' Nostalgia—Home-Office Sickness.—Mountaineers campaigning in distant climes are often overtaken by an intense longing for their native hills. The malady is called home-sickness. Tories' Nostalgia is, in like manner, a morbid condition caused by long involuntary absence from place. The melancholy Member, separated from patronage and all that he holds most dear, will sit for hours on a bench, gazing at vacancy. As the memory of lapsed bishoprics dawns upon him, some natural tears he sheds, akin to those which fell when he and his lost companions, long ago, with faltering steps and slow, from office took their solitary way. Sometimes he fancies he can improve his condition by going down to the country, and getting up an exhibition of dissolving views, and, emboldened by a little genial applause, will often terrify his rustic audience by conjuring with an empty sack which once held wheat at eighty shillings a quarter.



THE ARISTOCRACY MANUFACTURING THEIR WARES FOR AN INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

THE DUKE IS KNITTING A STOCKING; THE DUCHESS IS MAKING A PAIR OF STRONG BOOTS; THE DUKE'S BROTHER IS EMBROIDERING (FOR A PETTICOAT); THE DUKE'S SISTER-IN-LAW HAS BEEN BUILDING A MODEL IRONCLAD; AND THE DUKE'S LITTLE GIRLS ARE HELPING WITH SUGGESTIONS.

RIVAL TRANSLATORS.

(*A Corridor in an Aristocrat's Mansion. Bust of* HOMER *on the Wall. Enter the* EARL OF DERBY, *meeting* LORDS PALMERSTON *and* SHAFTESBURY.)

Lord Derby. Ah! how are you both? Horrid cold wind, isn't it?

Lord Palmerston. Atrocious!—bites one to the marrow.

Lord Shaftesbury. It is not pleasant to our carnal natures, but we have no right to object to any of the arrangements of Providence.

Lord D. Very proper observation—highly proper. And what 's the news, gentlemen of the Ministry?

Lord S. I am not a Minister, my dear LORD DERBY.

Lord D. What 's in a name? The thing we call a Bishop-maker by any other name would look as sweet. Tell us what 's going on?

Lord P. I am; for I don't like this draught.

Lord D. There—the man has shut the red door—all right. Besides, you ought to be afraid of nothing. The *Morning Advertiser* says you are semperviren t.

Lord P. I am as much obliged to him as if I had the least idea what he means. You are a great translator, tell me.

Lord D. Have you read my *Homer?*

Lord P. I am keeping it for a treat in the Christmas holidays. But I am told that it is a grand thing.

Lord S. I only regret that so much energy and ability have been wasted on a Pagan writer.

Lord D. HOMER wasn't a Pagan—ask GLADSTONE, who has found the Thirty-nine Articles in the *Iliad*, and the Athanasian Creed in the *Odyssey*.

Lord S. You make me smile, but I must deprecate levity.

Lord D. Do you hear that, PALMERSTON? But there is nothing like levity about *you*, is there?

Lord P. I trust not. We meet on the seventh of February, by the way. Friends at a distance will please accept this notification.

Lord D. Absit omen—is the Cabinet moribund? Receive the assurance that I have no sinister intentions. Are we to have a Reform Bill?

Lord P. How should I know?

Lord D. That 's true. But you will give us a hint, I am sure, when RUSSELL and GIBSON have made up their minds. It would only be chivalrous.

Lord P. My dear DERBY, you have been with GLAUCUS and DIOMED until you have forgotten that we live with BRAND and TAYLOR.

Lord D. Have I, have I? You shall see, a couple of months hence. Our souls are in arms, and eager for a division. The Angel will be down upon you at the shortest notice.

Lord S. I must request that you will not call MR. DISRAELI by that name. It is indecorous for so many reasons.

Lord P. Hang it, ANTHONY, he chose it at Oxford, and the parsons made no objection, but laughed like fun, and so they did when he made the joke about everlasting——

Lord S. (*interrupting*). Pray, my dear friend, let us show ourselves more serious than he. Surely, we can find other topics for conversation. I hope, LORD DERBY, that you have quite recovered from your gout.

Lord D. Jubes renovare dolorem—I had rather you talked about my friend DISRAELI's infirmities than mine. But I am much obliged to you; and, as the children say, I am quite better. I trust that you, my dear SHAFTESBURY, will never be visited with the same affliction, as it might tempt you to use Anglo-Saxon in a way for which you might be penitent afterwards.

Lord P. Yes, isn't it pleasant? And HORACE WALPOLE calls it a remedy, and says we ought not to try to cure it.

Lord S. There he is wrong, because we ought never voluntarily to remain in a condition which prevents our attending to our duties.

Lord P. That 's just the argument which the Abbess of some French convent used against vaccination—it involved a voluntary abstinence from mass.

Lord S. The blinded, benighted, bigoted Papist!

Lord D. I thought he was going to be still more alliterative—and call her a —— booby, which would have been rude.

Digitized by Google



RIVAL TRANSLATORS.

DERBY. "SEEN MY *HOMER?* ARE EITHER OF YOU TRANSLATING?"

SHAFTESBURY. "WHAT! I AND PALMERSTON? *WE* TRANSLATE NOTHING BUT BISHOPS."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Lord P. He is never rude, except to the Bishops, whom he does chasten occasionally with a very sound scolding, especially when they will not come to his meetings. To be sure, a good many of them are bound to submit meekly to their patron's castigations.

Lord S. I have no superstitious respect for a Bishop, who is, after all, merely a Church official, and if I think that he neglects his duty, I do not hesitate to tell him so.

Lord P. (*gravely*). Quite right, too.

Lord D. But tell me something. Are you going to disarm?

Lord P. Did you see what MUSURUS said the other day, when they launched the Sultan's frigate? It is easier to keep order in a society of Lions than in a mixed community of Sheep and Wolves. None of *your* Greeks ever said a neater thing than that.

Lord D. Then we don't disarm.

Lord P. Who said that he approved of the abolition of capital punishment, but thought that *Messieurs les Assassins* ought to begin?

Lord D. And whom do you call assassins? Not your friends who broke into Schleswig-Holstein, I hope.

Lord P. Of course not, nor your friends who have restored order in Poland and Circassia.

Lord D. Nor everybody's friend, (the POPE included,) who is ready to restore order everywhere. Well, as no gentleman could mean disagreeable allusion to those quarters, you must mean——

Lord P. Will you keep it to yourself, if I tell you?

Lord D. I am HARPOCRATES.

Lord P. Well then, I do not see how we can advise Parliament to agree to a reduction of our armaments while that infamous and bloodthirsty tyrant, the KING OF BONNY, menaces the world, and while that ambitious and anti-Christian female, the QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR, is building two new canoes, and arming fifteen additional cannibals.

Lord D. I think that you are quite right.

Lord P. Ah, but will you say so elsewhere?

Lord D. Nothing is so immoral as making promises, unless you intend to break them, which I never do. It is discounting your life. But if I hear anything satisfactory about the Reform Bill, touching which I am sure you will let me know the decision when it is intimated to yourself, *M. le Premier*,——

Lord P. You are a first-rate translator, my dear DERBY, but POPE also has his merits as a poet. Doesn't he say something like this?

> "It grieves me much (replied the Peer again),
> Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain."

Lord D. Very good. But don't gird at my occupying my leisure in rendering a service to the lovers of grand poetry. Better imitate me, and translate something yourself.

Lord S. No (*after a pause*). *We* translate nothing but Bishops.

Lord D. SHAFTESBURY has joked. *Ruat cœlum!*

MR. PUNCH'S HANDY-BOOK OF THE STAGE.

CHAP. IV.—SOME GENERAL RULES FOR ACTING.

BEFORE attempting to lay down rules for the guidance of Actors in particular lines of business, there are some general principles, applicable to all acting, which must be carefully borne in mind.

It is very commonly said, that the object of the stage is "to hold the mirror up to Nature, and show the age and body of the time its form and purpose." This is a maxim of SHAKSPEARE's, and like the rest of his directions to the players in *Hamlet*, may have been all very well in the infancy of the theatre, but you might just as well say that we should bring back the naked boards with plain curtains at the back, the indication of changes of scene by printed placards, and the few ragged serving-men, who did duty for our crowds of supers, because such were the appointments of SHAKSPEARE's stage, as that we should accept his immature conceptions of the Actor's art.

Like all other branches of the fine arts, the representation of the stage begins without Art, and ends without Nature. It passes from child-like imitation to imaginative invention. SHAKSPEARE's Actors were in the first stage; you are, or should be, in the last. You may therefore safely conclude that if holding the mirror up to Nature be compatible with other and higher objects, there is no objection to it; but that if Nature puts you out, as she is pretty sure to put out all who are not slavishly subservient to her, she may be thrust on one side, without hesitation.

Never forget that while on the stage, you ought to consider yourself the most important figure in the picture. In the same way that you should, as a general rule, avoid distracting your mind by any consideration of the other parts in the piece, and concentrate yourself on your own, it is important, as regards appearance, that you should think, above all things, of yourself. Never mind the part. *That* is the Author's business. It is yours to produce a favourable impression on the public, and to enhance your value in the eyes of the Manager. For this purpose, you must never allow yourself to be disfigured. This rule applies especially to the ladies. If the Author forget himself so far as to give you the part of an old, ugly, or disagreeable female, do your best to defeat his malignant intention, by making up as youthfully, prettily, and coquettishly as possible. For the same reason, decline whenever possible, characters which the Author means to be odious, or if you must act them, take out as much as you can of their offensive elements. You will thus be a pleasant, instead of a repulsive figure, in the picture; the public eye and mind will be pleased; and should the Author, as he very probably will, grumble—for these people are never satisfied—you can have the satisfaction of feeling that you have done him a kindness against his will.

The stage is, even now, not without examples of artists so deplorably mistaken as habitually to forget themselves in their parts. They are so deficient in self-respect, that they allow themselves to become mere puppets in the Author's hands, and to be made odious, ugly, old, or disagreeable at his pleasure. What is the consequence? The public talks a great deal about the part, but it overlooks the personality of the Actor, whose mistake thus properly punishes itself by reducing him to insignificance.

Always reserve yourself till you have to speak. In real life people habitually betray emotion or passion by their looks and gestures, while others are speaking, or while watching an action; but the Author has given you words to express what you feel, and it is never wise to anticipate them. One may now and then see Actors whose looks and byeplay are a perpetual comment on the action of the scene, just as they are in real life. This is at once an impertinence to their comrades, and an intrusion on the attention of the audience, which ought to be concentrated on the speaker. Guard yourself, therefore, against letting out what you feel, till your cue comes, then suddenly throw off your immobility of face and figure, and "up and at them." This will give relief and vivacity to your impersonation.

The intervals during which the other Actors are speaking should be to you so many opportunities of repose—breathing times for fresh effort. Make up the most agreeable face, and take the most graceful gesture you can, and keep it, whenever you are not delivering what is set down for you.

Never allow yourself to be thrust into the back-ground by those who are with you on the stage. Get well back, whenever possible, so as to bring your own face well in the public eye, and to keep your interlocutor out of it.

Applause is the real test of the Actor's success. Go in for it with determination. There are many little arts which may be successfully employed to awaken the apathy of a dull house.

Among the surest is to be loud and emphatic towards the conclusion of a rapidly-delivered speech, being careful to "take the stage" at the same moment, and to strike an attitude as near the proscenium as possible. This, with an appealing look at the house, seldom fails to bring down a good round.

Always insist on having a good speech for your exit. It is cruel to send an Actor off the stage in dead silence, as Authors will often do, if not properly looked after, on the selfish plea that a striking speech at this particular point, would be inconsistent with the character, or incompatible with the general effect.

See that your walk on the stage is carefully distinguished from that of people in actual life. This applies both to serious and comic acting. The stage walk is, however, so generally practised in the profession, that it is hardly necessary to insist on this rule.

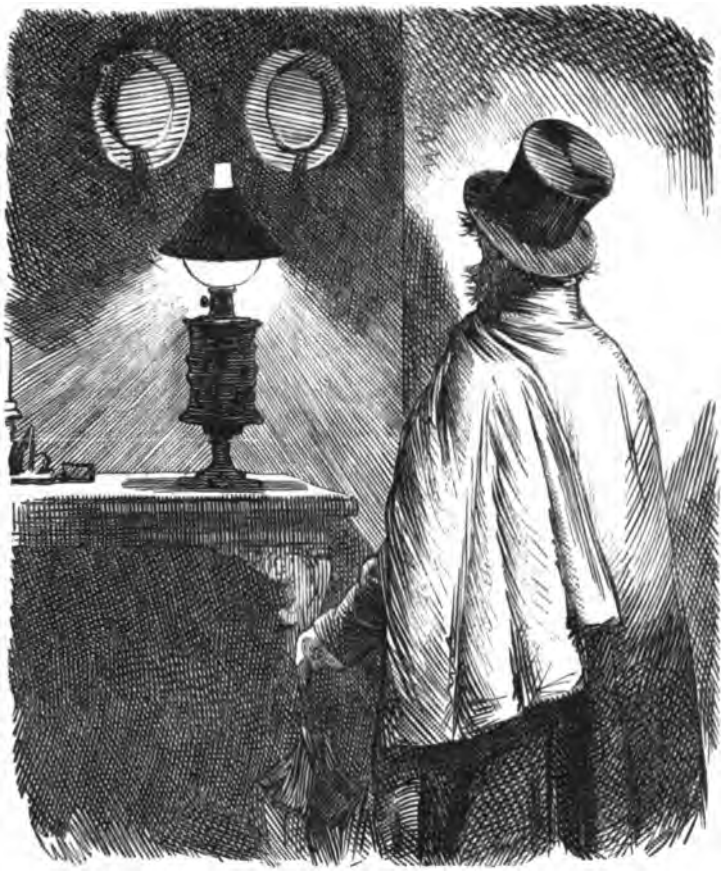
Your stage voice should be equally distinguishable from that used by you when off the stage. I do not refer merely to the greater distinctness of enunciation required to make yourself audible in a large space, but to the management of the larynx, and organs of speech altogether. Ladies will find it useful to practise a special stage gamut, both for pathos and fun, which, as a general rule, should bring into play a set of notes hardly ever resorted to in real life.

If your part is a bad one, do not be led away by the Author's invidious assurance that something may still be done with it. You have only two courses before you—to let it down by the run, or to force it up into exaggerated importance. Which course is to be followed in any case, must be determined by circumstances. Either will be a caution to the Author to treat you with more consideration in future.

"Cauls" used to be much trusted in as preservatives from drowning. They are still often useful in keeping afloat theatrical reputations.

Always work for a call at the fall of the curtain. If one comes, however faint and doubtful, take it boldly. It will be sure to swell to enthusiasm on your appearance behind the float. The public loves to recognise everything which shows a genial confidence in its judgment and generosity. If the call do not come of itself, it is as well to have some friends in the house to remind the public of what it owes you. It is rare, indeed, that a generous example is not followed by a British public. In the case of the ladies, it is hardly necessary to say, that a little timely precaution may always secure not only a call, but a shower of *bouquets*. They may be purchased at a moderate rate, but of imposing size and brilliant appearance, for this purpose, in Covent Garden Market, which is so conveniently situated for our principal theatres.

Digitized by Google



THE AWFUL APPARITION

THAT APPEARED TO MR. SKEARY, ON GETTING HOME AFTER THE SPIRITUAL SEANCE (AND LITTLE SUPPER), AND WHICH HAD SUCH AN EFFECT ON HIS NERVES THAT HE COULD NOT GO TO BUSINESS THE NEXT DAY.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE AT SOUTHAMPTON.

THE Place is the Postmastership. The Man is MR. WILLIAM COOPER. The qualification of the latter for the former consists in a service of thirty years as Chief Clerk in the Southampton Post Office, and a special knowledge of its business acquired during that time. MR. COOPER is a sound Liberal, but the claims of the man to occupy the place are so much greater than those of anybody else, that they would be recognised by any Conservative Government which dispensed patronage with the least regard to merit. A Government professing Liberal principles would, if it acted on any principle at all but that of favouritism, appoint MR. COOPER to the Southampton Postmastership, although, instead of being on the right side, he were an out-and-out Derbyite, and it were his fault that Southampton, as far as she is represented at all, is represented by a Tory. These things being considered, we should not wonder if the right man, MR. COOPER, were actually put by the Postmaster-General under LORD PALMERSTON into the right place—the Postmastership of Southampton.

MORE GERMAN-ENGLISH.

THE satisfaction which *Mr. Punch* expressed, some time ago, at the progress of the English language in Bonn, has excited emulation in other parts of the Continent. He has received several interesting letters from worthy Germans, eager to show that they too have mastered our tongue, and he selects a notice which is hung up in the bed-rooms of an hotel in the City of Evil Smells, on the Rhine. He has not tried the place, and therefore abstains from crowding it with the myriads of travellers who would rush thither, did he name it. But if the physical entertainment offered there be as good as the literary entertainment afforded by the notification, the Hotel must be a very excellent one:—

"TO MY GUEST.

"In the interest of the Visitors who will honour my hotel with their presence, I dont fail to inform that they have not to give any Drinkings Money the people employed in my house, and that also the charge to bring their Luggages to the Diligences and Steamers is inclused in the Account they have to Pay and therefore nobody can request somewhat to a Traveller by what Pretext it would be."

EPITAPH ON AN ANGLER.—"Hooked it."

THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT.

SUCCESS in Parliamentary practice is not to be obtained in a day, and we in England, who after hundreds of troublesome years, are now bringing our Legislative Assemblies into something like working order, should not withhold from our Continental friends any assistance that may encourage them in the excellent constitutional course they have lately adopted.

We regret to observe that a want of harmony characterises the proceedings of the Italian Parliament. O Italy! Land of song! can such things be! Melancholy, but true. Is there not a remedy? Ay, there is. Where are those musical swallows flying, flying South after the London Season is over? We wish no possible harm to VICTOR-EMMANUEL, but wouldn't he, just to oblige a lady, abdicate in favour of MADAME GRISI, to be henceforth known only as Queen of Italy. Could HIS HOLINESS object to this? Wherever the capital of Italy, wouldn't every one, ay even *now*, flock to hear QUEEN JULIA THE FIRST open the Session with "*Casta Diva?*" CIALDINI might be entrusted with a double bass, a big drum, or a trumpet, on any one of which he might learn a few notes, unobjectionable to an audience and pleasant to himself.

The cast of the new Administration should be as follows:—

Minister of War	SIGNOR MARIO (*as the Count Almaviva*).
Leader of the Opposition	MLLE. ALBONI (*as the Page in the Huguenots, with the Song of "No, No, No, No!"*)
Minister of Finance	SIGNOR RONCONI.
Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs .	SIGNOR TAGLIAFICO.
Home Secretary	SIGNOR GIUGLINI.
Minister of Religion, &c.	SIGNOR CIAMPI.
Usher (the Gentleman known in books of the Libretto as	N. N. (NOBODY NOWS.) *To be filled up as occasion may require.*

The whole under the personal Direction of SIGNOR COSTA.

The report of the first Sitting might be something of this sort:—

The proceedings were commenced by SIGNOR COSTA taking his seat in the orchestra, which is so situated as to divide the Members of the Opposition from those siding with the Government. The entrance of this distinguished leader was the signal for a burst of irrepressible applause, in which the wives, daughters, cousins, and other female relations of the Senators, thronging the galleries, most enthusiastically joined. Order being restored, SIGNOR COSTA spoke a few words good humouredly to the First Violin, who replied in a semi-tone, which was inaudible in the reporters' gallery, and, after tapping his desk sharply with his *bâton*, he flourished it once in the air, and then, as one man, the orchestra gave the first note of the overture to *Italiani in Algeria*. The performance of this great work was most admirable.

The motion that "This House do form itself into a Committee of Druids" having been acceded to, SIGNOR CIAMPI, the Minister of Religion, having in the kindest manner undertaken the music of *Oroveso*, led the "*Ah, del tedio al giogo indegno,*" in which the entire Senate solemnly joined. We would suggest that another time the Members of the Opposition should have their white beards and wigs ready to slip on *directly* the chorus commences, as some delay was occasioned by their want of foresight.

At "*Norma viene, le cinge la chioma*" the House rose in a body, and QUEEN JULIA majestically entered the building, and having ascended the steps leading to the Throne, at once commenced the immortal "*Casta Diva.*"

It will not be out of place to remind those Members of the Legislature, who are unacquainted with, or unable to sing the music, that they ought not to attempt to join in here and there, nor to venture upon any other melody than that set down for them. We would respectfully point out to the ladies in the gallery, that they should avoid turning over the leaves of their books during the solos. All these defects will, doubtless, be remedied before our next Sitting.

After the song and chorus the Queen retired, and SIGNOR MARIO (for whose hoarseness a printed apology was circulated throughout the

House) declared, in recitative, the Parliament opened. Strange to say, we never heard him in finer voice.

SIGNOR RONCONI, who was greeted with long and loud applause, then rose and sang. The first part of his speech, on the Budget, was chiefly addressed to the country members; he began—"*Udite, udite, O Rustici, attenti, non fiatate.*" (*Bravo, Figaro, Bravo!*) The honourable Member begged to remind the gentlemen, whose applause was no doubt ironical, that he appeared there as *Doctor Dulcamara*. (*Bravo! Bravissimo!*) He continued—"*Ch' io sono quel gran medico, dottore Enciclopedico chiamato Dulcamara.*" Here the Minister of Finance went off from *andante* into *prestissimo*, and we were totally unable to follow him. The honourable gentleman concluded the movement with (as near as we could catch the words) "*più d' un' afflitta vedova di piangere cessò.*"

Chorus. (Oh!)

He then made some further explanations. But what with the volubility of the singer, the unsteadiness of the chorus, who however managed to chime in effectively at the finale, and the fact of the band being just a trifle too loud, we were unable to hear distinctly more than the first words, which sounded to us remarkably like "*Con chiaro.*" At the conclusion there was a great deal of applause, which was immediately repressed by N. N. and the other ushers.

The remainder of the debate, we, for the benefit of the English who are so greatly interested in our progress, transfer to our columns from the note-book of an eminent Translator of Libretti, who was present in an official capacity.

The Minister of War (*recitative*). My friends (*chord*) and dear companions, who are around me! (*chord.*) I love to see ye, and with welcome greet ye (*chord*). And now to work, to business! (*Tyrum, tyrum, two decisive chords, after which the Aria.*)

How sweetly throbs
My beating heart!
(*Aside.*) But tear myself away
Oh, how that task perform!

Chorus. Oh, heavens!

Minister of War (*continues*). Italia, oh Italia!
A thousand voices raise
Their cry. But ah!
Revenge no bounds knows.

Chorus. What rapture! He is some great one!

Secretary of State. Upon the hills of Rome
The banners of the foe advance.

Leader of Opposition (*aside*). With rage my heart is bursting.

Chorus (*vaguely*). How? Oh, torment!

Minister of Religion (*rising*). Hear me, you wicked Syren.
Pity for you, never. 'Tis I
Who have changed their dealing with this hand.

Chorus. Unhappy one!

Signor Mario. The Sitting (*chord*) is (*chord*) concluded!
(*Chord, chord*).

All. Joy! joy! Oh happy day!
Leader of Opposition and Chorus aside. With rage, my / his / our heart is bursting!
Hurrah! hurrah!
We must be silent! Huzza!
Joy! joy! Let the bottle make up for our labours.

[*They retire, and the Ushers clear the gallery and close the House for night.*

And if after this Italians neglect the hint, all we can say is, we are sorry for them.

MR. MANTALINI IN HYSTERICS.



AND has it come to this? We have lived to be attacked by *Mr. Mantalini*. Even the man-milliner's gentle soul has been aroused against us. "The little dogs, Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart," barked at *King Lear*, he said, but what a very little dog whines against *Mr. Punch*. If it were not rather a vulgar little dog, we should say it was the tiny one which the Prince in the fairy tale had to find for his Papa.

Mr. Mantalini (as the other milliners know), when wearied of turning the mangle, looked out for other occupation, and ultimately became editor of *Le Follet*. We knew this, but never told, and we have been very kind to him, for the sake of many merry memories. But we regret to say, that "ALFRED" has turned naughty, and scolds us demnably. He is a very naughty ALFRED, for he sets out with a declaration that he wishes to imitate another ALFRED, now extinct, who presided over "a thousand worlds, peopled with millions of little opera-dancers." What would *Madame Mantalini* say to that?

ALFRED is very spiteful, and much as we like him, we must ask *Madame Mantalini* to give him ever so little a rap with a stay-bone on his little knuckles, for spoiling so pretty a paper as *Le Follet* with this wilful, wayward writing:—

"*Punch* used to be demnably funny, and his pippetty-poppetty pokes made one laugh like—like demnition. But what a demd falling off. None but a very low and ungenteel mind could have found anything rude in what proceeded from our angel of a little gold pen, and perfumed ink (oh, so nice, dem it), when we were writing a little tickley-wickley article about our patronesses, the adored and enchanting ladies of fashion. The rude beast—he shall be horsewhipped till he cries out demnably. Our first will not prove to be our last word with *Punch*, though such low company gives us a headache, as if fifty thousand bonnet boxes had tumbled down upon our head at once."

Now, ALFRED, this is very unkind. When have we been so cruel and wicked, dear fellow, as to accuse you of meaning anything at all? And why will you, abandoning your own sweet manner, break out in the manner of the other and extinct ALFRED, whose effort in the satirical line, as you say, caused *Mr. Punch* to leave him thenceforth and for ever in his own cesspool. You are very smart, we allow. Your little onslaught is exactly in the usual gentlemanly style in which *Mr. Punch* is abused. But then, most other people ALFRED, who launch these epigrams, have reasons for it. *Mr. Punch* has either refused their rubbish, or castigated their folly, or done them a kindness, or in some way justified their spite. But for you, *Mantalini*, dear, he has never had anything but the prettiest compliments—sugar-plum critiques—rosewater crackers. There is a compliment in the very article you are pettish about, pet, if you could only understand it. What has gone wrong with the poppet of *Le Follet?* Has it been eating too many mince-pies for luck before Christmas? That is sad, but Madame must give it some gruel. We cannot be angry with our ALFRED, but he is a demnition gooseygander.

METEOROLOGICAL APPOINTMENT.

EVERYBODY has heard of the Clerk of the Weather Office, but nobody ever supposed that the Office so called was one of the Government Offices, notwithstanding the existence of ADMIRAL FITZROY'S department. Still the gallant Admiral who presides over that department is not generally imagined to have any control over the weather. It is, however, easy to foresee the questions which will occur to many single-minded persons on reading this announcement, extracted from the *Edinburgh Courant*:—

"SUPERINTENDENCE OF NORTHERN LIGHTS.—MR. YOUNG, Engineer of the Light-house Steamer *Pharos*, has received the appointment of Superintendant of Northern Lights, vacant by the resignation of MR. SCOTT."

Is it possible that the Northern Lights, of which MR. SCOTT has resigned the superintendence, are the same as those referred to by a namesake of MR. SCOTT'S in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel?*—

"And he knew by the streamers that shot so bright,
That the Spirits were riding the Northern Light."

And has the Admiralty actually appointed MR. YOUNG to superintend the Aurora Borealis?

To Cambridge Students.

THE Cambridge authorities have given out this as the subject for the Latin epigram this year:—

"Mille adde catenas,
"Effugiet tamen hæc *sceleratus* vincula Proteus."

They request *Mr. Punch* to inform competitors that there is to be no allusion to the DAVENPORT humbug, suggestive though the adjective may be.

Digitized by Google



POOR SPRIGGLES (WHO IS AN ENERGETIC DANCER) HAS MET WITH A SAD MISHAP. IN FACT, HE HAS BURST HIS BRACES.
[*General Commiseration misapplied and unavailing.*

THE WONDERS OF MODERN TRAVEL.

THE JOURNEY—(CONCLUDED).

WONDER if that's my portmanteau that that elderly gentleman is taking away with him.

Wonder if they'll send to meet me at the station.

Wonder (if they don't send) whether there's a fly or an omnibus.

Wonder where their house is.

Wonder if the station-master knows where their house is.

Wonder what a fly will charge.

Wonder what I shall do if they don't send, and there isn't a fly or an omnibus.

Wonder what time they dine.

Wonder if I shall have time to write a letter before dinner.

Wonder, for the sixth time, whether I gave my writing-case to the guard, or left it in the cab.

Wonder if I *did* leave it in the cab.

Wonder if this is where I get out.

SMALL STATION.

Wonder if the guard is right in saying that as, I'm going to Redditon, it doesn't matter whether I get out at the next station Stonnhurst, or Morley Vale, the next but one.

Wonder for which place my luggage was labelled.

Wonder whether after getting out at Stonnhurst I shall have to go back for my luggage to Morley Vale.

Wonder if I do right in deciding upon getting out at Stonnhurst.

STONNHURST.

Wonder if my luggage has gone on to Morley Vale.

Wonder if I left my umbrella in the carriage, or forgot to bring it.

Wonder how far it is from Stonnhurst to Morley Vale.

Wonder if they've sent a trap to meet me at Morley Vale.

Wonder why, when people invite one to come down to some out-of-the-way place, they don't tell one all these difficulties in their letter.

Wonder if they'll have sense enough to drive to Stonnhurst from Morley Vale.

Wonder if I shall meet them on the road, if I walk there.

Wonder which *is* the road.

Wonder, in answer to demand at the station-door where I put my ticket.

Wonder if I dropped it in the carriage.

Wonder what I can have done with it.

Wonder if I put it into the side pocket of my over-coat when I took out my lights.

Wonder where the deuce my over-coat is.

SHYLOCK AND SOAPSUDS.

IN a recent police case, a matron of the washerwomanish persuasion was charged with passing a bad half-crown in payment to a small tradesman of the nation absurdly called the Jewish persuasion. She did not seem to disclaim knowledge that the coin was not from the QUEEN'S Mint, but defended herself by alleging that the complainant had a bit of lead under the scale in which he put the article sold. It was SHERIDAN over again—the coachman said, "A bad shilling, your Honour!"—"All right; yours is a bad coach." The tradesman gave false weight, the customer gave false money. Was this a case for legal interference, or was it not an instance of the healthy way in which commerce adjusts itself, if only let alone? The plaint was dismissed on low grounds, as usual, but the Magistrate might have appealed to the laws of high political economy. We rather admire that washerwoman, but should not care to entrust her with our best shirt.

Unpublished Anecdote.

FOOTE fell asleep while OPIE was taking his portrait. On leaving, the painter pressed the wit to give him another sitting. "On one condition," said FOOTE, "that you do not give me another opiate."

"DOING BANTING."—Pocketing half a dozen of his pamphlets, and not stopping to pay for them.

Digitized by Google

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, December 24, 1864.



COOL, BUT SEASONABLE.

Swell. "WELL, JONES, WHO ON EARTH ARE YOU NOW IN FOR?"

Sheriff's Officer. "I AIN'T IN FOR NO ONE; BUT I CALLED TO SEE WHETHER YOUR HONOUR WOULDN'T GIVE ME A CHRISTMAS BOX, CAUSE I HAVE BEEN HERE A MANY TIMES DURING THE YEAR."

NO MORE BURSTING OF WATER-PIPES!

SIR,—Permit me to offer the public a hint, which, at the present festive but wintry season, is calculated to prevent great inconvenience in families, and save a large and respectable class of tradesmen from an overwhelming excess of business.

Persons who attend to those signs of the *Times* which ADMIRAL FITZROY daily publishes in that journal, and also keep a weather-eye open to their own cheek, will generally be enabled to foresee the approach of a frost. If they will then immediately take the precaution of turning the stopcocks of their waterpipes, so as to set the water dripping, if ever so slowly, that will suffice effectually to prevent the water in the pipes from freezing, and the pipes from consequently bursting.

This suggestion, to be sure, has not the merit of novelty, but it may never have been known to some, and may have been forgotten by others, and it may be felt to come with more weight from

A PLUMBER AND GLAZIER.

Solder Street, Christmas, 1864.

[We have much pleasure in requesting our generous correspondent to consider himself decorated with the medal of the Society for the Encouragement of Disinterested Benevolence.—PUNCH.]

No Cure and High Pay.

QUACK medicine not only does not cure the simpletons who have recourse to it, but makes them worse. The practice of a Quack Doctor is the most objectionable of all sine-cures.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA TO HIS ARMY.

THE glorious warfare with Denmark is ended;
Hurrah for the strong with the weak who contended!
You've won glorious prey with your rifles and sabres;
And have you not gloriously slaughter'd our neighbours?

Nigh fifty years Prussia's arms ne'er have been gory,
Save once, for a spurt; you've renewed their old glory;
The privilege yours of that grand operation,
Dismemberment, done on the small Danish nation.

Proud Prussia, be thanked your heroic endeavour,
Shall Düppel and Alsen remember for ever!
Whilst up to your noses in bloodshed you waded,
My fleet, undismayed, the brave massacre aided.

My august ally's forces with you, too, were landed,
Together you conquered the Danes single-handed.
Heaven's blessing rests on you for special occasion,
You've been faithful, obedient, and brave in invasion.

While you against Denmark, on pretext of righting
Oppressed nationality, bravely were fighting,
One part of my army, with prowess surprising,
Prevented my bad Polish subjects from rising.

With joy and with pride I survey you, my glorious
Whole forces, returning with plunder, victorious;
May Heaven further watch over Prussia, and bless her,
And still of her neighbours' possessions possess her.

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

"THE revival of the Monastic System within the English Church, would," said the REVEREND VICAR OF BRAY, "bring back evil times to the Church." "Nay, my friend," quoth BROTHER IGNATIUS, "'t would restore not the evil but the mediæval times." So saying, he retired.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.—*The Tip of the Year.*

SOMETHING LIKE A SCULLING MATCH!

ROWING readers of the *Bristol Mercury*, on Saturday, the seventeenth, must have been a little startled by the following:—

GREAT BOAT RACE.—The race between FRANK KILBY and DAVID COOMBES (son of the late ex-champion), for £200, from Putney *to Margate*, came off on Tuesday. The betting finally settled at 6 and 7 to 4 on COOMBES. They got off to an excellent start. COOMBES won by 45 seconds.

The writer well may call this a "great" race, if it be true that the two men did really row from Putney all the way to Margate. And how surprising that the winner in such a match as this should have headed his opponent by but five and forty seconds! It must have been a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull well together. Matches usually take place from Putney merely up to Mortlake: but instead of fancying there has been a misprint, we prefer to put on record, for the benefit of some MACAULAY of the future, this proof of the gigantic powers of our oarsmen which this British print describes.

CANNIBALISM IN THE LAND OF CAKES.

AT the last meeting of the Anthropological Society, according to a report of that learned body's proceedings, "the question of cannibalism was taken up rather warmly by MR. M. CLAY, a native of Caithness, who was anxious to exculpate his ancestors from such a charge." MR. CLAY argued that "the fact of the finding of a single jaw-bone of a child among shells and bones, the refuse of food, was no proof of cannibalism." Certainly. An isolated fact is no proof. It is questionable evidence. But what if that particular fact did prove cannibalism? Of itself it would establish nothing more than the existence of a pre-historic SAWNEY BEAN, no ancestor, necessarily, of MR. CLAY. At present cannibalism is unknown in the Land of Cakes. Horse has been eaten by some Frenchmen; but no Scotch Sabbatarian has as yet dined off donkey.

THE GREAT ROPE-TYING MISS-TERY is pictorially explained in the last page of *Punch's Almanack*, which contains a faithful picture of how Professor PUNCH was tied in such a way that he had no power to free himself. Don't be fool enough to go and give a guinea for a *séance*, when the Professor here for Threepence shows you how to do the trick.

NOTE FROM A COOKOO.



CERTAINLY the following advertisement deserves attention:—

WANTED, for a County Lunatic Asylum, a MAN COOK, wages £65; a Woman Cook, wages about £25; also several Laundrymaids or Washers, wages £14, with all found.

and it seems to have attracted the attention of our Colwell Hatchney correspondent. He has sent us the following communication to be laid before the proper authorities:—

Sirs,—Your Petitioner is a Man Cook, and likes the occupation, having had experience in the kitchens of the King of the Cannibal Islands and other magnificoes. He can also be a woman cook: can join in a glee, and wages no object, if paid regularly. He will cook also several laundry-maids and washers, if they are, as the advertisement states, all found. Your Petitioner begs to submit to your Honourable House and others, a sketch of a Banquet arranged by the humble Petitioner for the Lord Mayor's Day, which honourable Banquet sheweth, &c., &c., &c. Here, if you please, is the—

ORDER OF THE BANQUET.

The Third Course.—Pumphandles rampant, with a Bar-sinister stewed. Gules in the corner crying.

The First Course.—Mutton, by mistake. During this the band, from the nearest footman's hat, will play a morsel.

Second Dish.—Nothing, with a cover over it.

Side Dishes to be eaten in silence under the table. Lights out, and all hands tied. Speeches not admitted after seven. Ghosts in bonnets not allowed on the hearthrug. The *Sauce piquante* for this dish must be, boat and all, forced down the throat of the hireling Greengrocer.

Fifth Dish.—Jack Puddings. Directions for eating; open your mouth, shut your eyes, and see what you'll get. Hands across, and return to your places.

Entremets.—Black beetles in chains. Hot spectacles fresh from Vesuvius. Custards (*heard outside*).

To follow.—The Original Bones.

Piece of Resistance.—Struggle with the butler who brings in the beef. Upset the gravy. Give no quarter! Down with him even to the dust (if any)! Coalscuttle him, and when firmly seated, recite to him in an undertone the homily on the repairing and keeping clean of churches. Let him move if he dare.

The Vegetables will of course be under the able direction of MR. ALFRED MELLON.

Dessert.—Great attention has been paid to this department; so there will not be any.

No expense has been spared to render this repast the most perfect of its kind ever yet witnessed, out of metropolitan and the surrounding districts (*hear, hear!*), and if the Statues of the Metropolis (*ironical cheers*) will but smile upon our endeavours (*tumultuous applause, which was quelled by a gentleman insisting upon giving his name and address*), then I may safely say (*hisses and groans*) that (*what?*) Box and Cox are satisfied. (*Question! Uproar, during which the Rhinoceros, having finished shaving, left the room.*)

And your Petitioner will, as he said before, ever pray, except when doing something else, &c., &c., and begs, in accordance with a time-honoured custom, to sign himself

Q. E. D.

Seasonable Sentiment.

LET Charity reign supreme from the twenty-fifth of December, and let all party-feeling be dropped, except a Christmas-party feeling, very jolly, good-natured, and happy.

NO MORE QUACK MEDICINE. *Punch's Almanack* will cure the Gout, the Cholic, and the Phthisic; and for Nervousness, Low Spirits, Indigestion, Ague, Asthma, Cramp, Blue Devils, and Rheumatism it is generally allowed to be the very best of physic. So buy no more quack brain pills, or other useless medicines; but consult good Doctor PUNCH, and purchase his all-curing *Almanack*, which has given relief to Thousands upon Thousands of poor sufferers, and will prove a priceless boon to many a million more.

THE COLENSO CASE.

(*N.B.—During the hearing of this case the galleries have been thronged by Ladies.*)

SCENE—*Drawing-room in* MRS. CODDLE'S *house. Time, four o'clock. The* REV. NATHANIEL PAMBY, *a young Curate from the Country, has just dropped in to partake of "the cup that cheers."*

Mrs. Coddle (*using a hand-screen*). As you say, MR. PAMBY, this BISHOP COLENSO affair is a very serious matter.

The Rev. Pamby (*staring at the fire vacantly*). Yes. It's a—er—(*suddenly*)—I haven't seen the papers for a day or two. I should like to hear the arguments on either side. (*Ruminating on toast.*) Most im-port-ant.

Mrs. Coddle. Ah! it's *so* interesting. You *ought* to read it. And—(*inspired*)—oh! MR. PAMBY, now you're here, I *must* ask you, what *is* the whole state of the case?

Rev. Mr. Pamby (*rather taken aback*). The COLENSO case?

Mrs. Coddle. Yes. Of course I know he wrote books about the—the—(*means "the Pentateuch," but isn't quite decided as to the pronunciation*).

Rev. Mr. Pamby (*coming to the rescue, and asserting his superiority*). The Pentateuch?

Mrs. Coddle (*much relieved—gratefully*). Yes, that's it. (*Doesn't trust herself with the word.*)

Rev. Mr. Pamby. Well—er—you see it's a long and somewhat intricate matter; one, perhaps, that would hardly—er—bear—(*wanders, but refreshes his intellect with a sip of tea*)—well, the point is this——

[*Servant enters, and announces "*MRS. MUDDLE." *After the usual greetings, and the necessary introduction, the conversation is thus continued—*

Mrs. Muddle. I am *so* tired! I've been in Court all day.

Mrs. Coddle. In Court?

Mrs. Muddle. Yes, hearing the case which of course interests *you*, MR.——(*is going to say "*DANBY," *but checks herself, and confesses her ignorance*). I beg your pardon (*turning to* MRS. CODDLE), I didn't quite catch the——

Rev. Mr. Pamby (*humbly and meekly*). PAMBY.

Mrs. Muddle. MR. PAMBY—(*the Reverend gentleman bows smilingly*)—of course it interests you?

Mrs. Coddle. MR. PAMBY was just telling me, my dear, as you came in, the whole point of the case.

Rev. Mr. Pamby (*waiving his right to be heard*). But you, Madam, have just come from it, and so of course are better able to—to——

Mrs. Muddle. I've followed it closely in what they call an official capacity.

Mrs. Coddle. Official, my dear——

Mrs. Muddle. Yes; I'm sure MR.—MR.—(*gives it up, and substitutes a form*)—this gentleman will keep my confidence. (*The Reverend gentleman intimates by something between a smile and a snort, that he's ready for anything in the way of feminine confidences.*) Well, I'm reporting the case for the *Ecclesiastical Englishwoman's Anglican Weekly Journal*, and here (*producing pocket-book*) are my notes.

Mrs. Coddle. Oh, *do* let's hear them.

Rev. Mr. Pamby. I should so like, if it would not be too much trouble——

Mrs. Muddle (*making a show of reluctance*). Ah, it will be boring you.

Mrs. Coddle. Boring, my dear! I was only just saying, as you came in, that, &c., &c.

Mrs. Pamby. Yes, we were only just saying, &c. (*Joins in the duet, and corroborates* MRS. CODDLE'S statement).

Mrs. Muddle. Well, then, the case is this. (*Refers to her notes.*) First, the BISHOP——oh no, I won't begin with *that*. No—you must know that the ARCHBISHOP OF—or, rather, I should say, to make it clearer, for it is a little difficult to make you understand the whole case at once (*her friends nod approvingly, and smile encouragingly*)—yes—well, you see, the BISHOP OF CAPE TOWN held a Synod with two others and one who hadn't anything to do with the place, and they deposed DR. GRAY—no, I mean DR. COLENSO, who's the Bishop of Natal; and then when a Suffering Bishop (REV. MR. PAMBY *thinks that she means "Suffragan" perhaps*) is sent away, he has a right to appeal to the Crown in Council, at least the question is, whether there was a Patent—yes, a patent, you know, or president—(*refers to her notes*)—no (*spelling the notes*) a p-r-e—it's half rubbed out—no, precedent. And SIR HUGH CAIRNS says that there was a LUCY (he didn't mention the surname) who quarrelled with the BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S. I couldn't exactly catch whether LUCY was his wife, or not, or any relation to DR. COLENSO, but they all said it was of great importance; but of course the position of the Church in the Colonies is the chief thing to be considered.

Mrs. Coddle (*sagely*). Ah!

(REV. MR. PAMBY *says "Ah!" too, and thinks he ought to get the subject up thoroughly.*)

Mrs. Muddle. Oh, it's most interesting. You see the QUEEN in

Digitized by Google

Council at least—(*tries to read her notes*). I've got something here about a statute. (*Thinks.*) Now, what was that?—a statue of HENRY THE EIGHTH? (*Musingly.*) It can't be Charing Cross—no, that's CHARLES THE FIRST. Ah!—well—(*gives up the point*)—at all events the question is, whether the Colony of Natal was conquered by the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY——

Rev. Mr. Pamby (*a little surprised*). But surely——

Mrs. Muddle. I assure you that's the *legal* view—I followed every word. (*The* REV. MR. PAMBY *makes up his mind to get up the subject thoroughly.*) And—let me see—if the ARCHBISHOP conquered it, then DR. GRAY is no Bishop at all, or DR. COLENSO is no Bishop at all—one or the other—and there's no jurisdiction anywhere.

Mrs. Coddle (*horrified*). You don't say so!

Mrs. Muddle. Yes, my dear, that's THE thing. So that (*refers to notes*)—let me see—"Oath"—"Contract"—"Chancery"—ah, yes! I recollect—(*resumes*)—so that if BISHOP COLENSO took his oath to the BISHOP OF CAPE NATAL—I mean TOWN—then the contract between them would be brought before the KING in Chancery—if there happened to be any King in Chancery at the time; and if not, then the Primate and his delicates. (*Refers to notes*). No—(*spells*) D-e—Oh, yes! delegates—the Primate and the delegates act under the Metropolitan, and then he is a Bishop in any case, and has a right to be deprived, or not, as he likes, without reference to the QUEEN in Council. Do you see?

Mrs. Coddle (*afraid that if she says she doesn't, she'll have it all over again*). Yes, I think I see it now.—(*With truth.*) But it is a very difficult subject to understand.

All Three (*shaking heads*). Yes, very difficult indeed.

Rev. Mr. Pamby (*buttoning up his coat*). I fear I must be going. Many thanks for your kind, &c., &c. Good-bye, &c., &c. *Don't* disturb yourself, &c., &c. Good-bye, &c., &c.

[*Exit* REV. MR. PAMBY, *determined to get up the subject thoroughly.*

Scene closes.

THE SANDWICHES' PETITION.

"700 BOARD-MEN have been thrown out of work by a recent order of the Police Commissioners against these perambulating advertisers."

PITY the sorrows of an animated Sandwich,
Wich his outside wages, well-beknown to all, 's a bob a day:
But is often done by contract, wich its wery 'ard lines, *and* which
The party as purwides the boards stops a brown off your pay.

The Crushers they are down on us, the pavement 'cos we cumbers,—
The world—wus luck,—'as always found men o' letters in the way:
And though we're bound in boards, and keep coming out in numbers,
We're hanything but pop'lar periodikles of the day.

We're dropped on by SIR RICHARD MAYNE, and the main-force he've command of,
Pra'ps he ain't aware our wittles depends upon our board.
How would *he* like our board-work to take an *'Idden 'And* of,
Placarded all with posters, just like a Builder's 'Oard.

With a letter of the Halfabet above your shoulders braced,
Just parade the Great Metropolis in Capitals, like we,
Or try a pair o' posters a pulling round your waist,
As we do, for a bob, all day, and a deal bored you would be!

'Ard is our boards, but 'arder still is cruel Boards o' Guardians;
You can't save on a bob a day, cold wittles though you heat;
As we braves all weathers, all year round, we're annuals and 'ardy 'uns,
But you can't have livin' Sandwiches, if they're muster'd without meat.

You that sleeps on snug *four*-posters, think on us that lives on *two*,
With to make a livin' out of 'em's at best an 'ardish job;
SIR RICHARD, put us back agin into our irons, do,
And unharridged by your bobbies, leave us to arn our bob!

Queries for the Naval Schools.

WHEN a boat puts off for fresh meat, does it go on "a leg of mutton sail?"

How should you proceed if you were ordered to rig—the market?

Has the "christening" of a ship anything to do with its "conversion?"

SPIRITS! SPIRITS!! SPIRITS!!! *Punch's Almanack* will be found the best Medium in the world for introducing Spirits into stupid social *séances*. Directly you observe your guests beginning to look bored, send out and buy a score or two or three of *Punch's Almanacks*. Place one in the hands of every person present, and you will soon perceive that every one is put under the influence of good Spirits.

FROM BIRCHIN LANE.—Strange that schoolboys should like Christmas, seeing that it comes at the fag-end of the year.

PUNCH'S PANTOMIME!

(*Illustrating our Large Illustration.*)

GRAND POLITICAL TRANSFORMATION SCENE!!

BLAZE OF GLORY FOR THE END OF

1864!!!

[THE GENIUS BRITANNIA *arises, and by her side her beautiful and favourite child,* PUNCH. *The various characters in the Drama of the Year throw off their disguises, and are announced as follows:—*

Britannia. Christmas again! Let's yield to mirth and laughter.
Punch. Sermons and soda-water the day after.

Britannia. NAPOLEON!—man of many-coloured aims—
As *Harlequin* lead off the Christmas games.

The Emperor. My best ally, to hear is to obey!
Houp-la! Eh, LAMBERT? *L'Empire c'est la paix!*

Britannia. Fair Italy, the pet of gallant France,
Be *Columbine,* and join him in the dance.

Italy. He's a sad flirt, but now he means, I hope,
To keep to me, and snub that cross old POPE.

Britannia. My ugly LINCOLN, you, so long and lean,
Must now, I fear, as *Pantaloon* be seen.

The President. Bully for you! Before I leave the saddle
I'm bound to make each rebel cuss skedaddle.

Britannia. PAM, since your jokes invariably go down,
Come, ever-green, and be our matchless *Clown.*

Lord Palm. Madam, at your command I feel much bolder—
A blest sight younger, and a bottle-*holder.*

Britannia. Old Year, be off! We're weary of your face.
[1864 *sinks.*]
New Year, appear, and take the old one's place!
[1865 *rises.*]

New Year. I'm all alive, may everybody thrive—
Wive, strive, and hive in Eighteen Sixty-Five.

Punch. Now let the sports begin for which you're panting,
Laugh and grow fat, and bother MR. BANTING!
I wish you all no end of jovial cheer,
A Happy Christmas and a Gay New Year!

FRANTIC MIRTH

AND

MAGNIFICENT AND IMPOSING TABLEAU REPRESENTING

PUNCH TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF

INTO

1865.

THE ADVERTISING-BOARDMAN'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(*Dedicated to the Police generally.*)

IN this *jolly* Christmas weather
Must I try the Work'us fare?
Keep body and soul together—
But I'm not yet going *there.*

From one doorstep to another
The police I keep on dodging;
For when they my *board* have taken,
They have also ta'en my *lodging.*

ABE LINCOLN'S ENIGMA.

THE following passage from MR. LINCOLN'S Message to Congress, may be puzzling, but is intelligible:—

"While corps and divisions and brigades and regiments have formed, and fought and dwindled, and gone out of existence, a great majority of the men who composed them are still living."

How is it that certain corps and divisions and brigades and regiments, have, whilst a great majority of the men who composed them are still living, gone out of existence? That we can easily understand by considering them to have been Irish. The non-existence of the troops, and the existence of most of the men of whom they consisted, are not, of course, to be reconciled by the supposition that the latter skedaddled.

Digitized by Google

"COMPANION TO *THE* ALMANACK."—*The* Pocket-Book.

EDUCATION FOR THE MIDDLE CLASSES.



SCENE—*Toy-Shop. Enter highly educated Youth of Twelve.*

"OH, I WANT SOME TOY, OR CONJURING TRICK, OR SOMETHING THAT WOULD DO FOR AN OLD GENTLEMAN OF FIFTY OR THEREABOUTS; MY GRANDFATHER, IN POINT OF FACT,—YOU KNOW THE KIND OF THING, I DESSAY."



Papa. "WELL, LUCY, WHAT HAS MISS TRIMMER SET YOU TO DO FOR TO-MORROW?"

Lucy. "OH, PAPA, DEAR, IT'S ON PNEUMATICS IN RELATION TO—BUT YOU REALLY *WOULDN'T* UNDERSTAND IT, IF I TOLD YOU."

ARE YOU INVITED to a Christmas Party? Then be sure before you go to purchase *Punch's Almanack*. No pretty girl will dance with you if you have not bought it. Everything worth talking of will be found in its contents, and no evening's conversation can be complete without allusion to it.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—In consequence of the great success of *Phormio* at Westminster, the Upper Eton Boys are thinking of getting up an original Comedy, to be entitled *Sixth-formio*.

"PUT THAT IN YOUR PIPE, AND SMOKE IT."

(*Being* PUNCH'S *Advice to* MR. THOMAS REYNOLDS, *Ex-Tailor, and now Secretary of "The British Anti-Tobacco Association."*)

AN old saw, sharp and slick,
Says "a cobbler should stick
To his last," and now PUNCH would invoke it,
To teach Snip, though let loose,
He should stick to his goose—
Put *that* in your pipe, Sir, and smoke it.

Lest *your* virtue should fail,
Why stop my cakes and ale?
Keep *me* thirsty for fear *you* should soak it?
Why must I stay at school
Because *you* are a fool?—
Put *that* in your pipe, Sir, and smoke it.

From a good thing's abuse
To rave 'gainst its use,
Is mere folly, however zeal cloak it:
Ass his ears most betrays
When from platform he brays—
Put *that* in your pipe, Sir, and smoke it.

Heaven sent self-restraint
To mark sinner from saint,
Whilst the law gave the lash for who broke it:
I would rather trust Heaven,
Than your sour platform leaven—
Put *that* in your pipe, Sir, and smoke it.

Pot and pipe on the pyre
Of your self-righteous fire
You lay, and with zeal's hot coals stoke it:
But you nurse up the weeds
That conceit on cant breeds—
Put *that* in your pipe, Sir, and smoke it.

Tobacco hath past
Through a King's counterblast,
Lives to laugh at the crown'd fool who woke it:
Nor will now go to grass
For the kick of an ass—
Put *that* in your pipe, Sir, and smoke it.

Though you call to your aid
The informer's base trade,
We'll not dance to the scrape of your bowkit:
Still our cloud we will blow
Spite of REYNOLDS & Co. . . . .
So, put *that* in your pipe, Sir, and smoke it.

MEDALS FOR MERRY MEN.

ON the entry into Berlin of the Guards returning from the pillage of Denmark, and the slaughter of the Danes, according to one of REUTER'S telegrams:—

"The KING OF PRUSSIA made a speech in which he said that the Guards had added a new leaf to their glorious history. He announced that medals of commemoration would be granted to them, and special medals to those regiments who had borne a part in the assaults on Düppel and Alsen."

The new leaf which the heroes, who, as the agents of his Prussian Majesty, have wrested Schleswig and Holstein from Denmark, and plundered Jutland, will be generally considered to have added to the history of Prussia, is a leaf which we may take leave to call a cabbage-leaf. The history of Prussia is what a King who glories in robbery calls glorious, in as far as it consists of similar leaves. The medal which the KING OF PRUSSIA intends to bestow on his merry men should be stamped with the device of a cabbage-leaf, and the special medal whereby he designs to reward those of them that were concerned in the blood-shed of Alsen and Düppel, should be emblazoned with a very crimson leaf of the red cabbage.



GRAND TRANSFORMATION SCENE FOR THE END OF THE YEAR 1864.

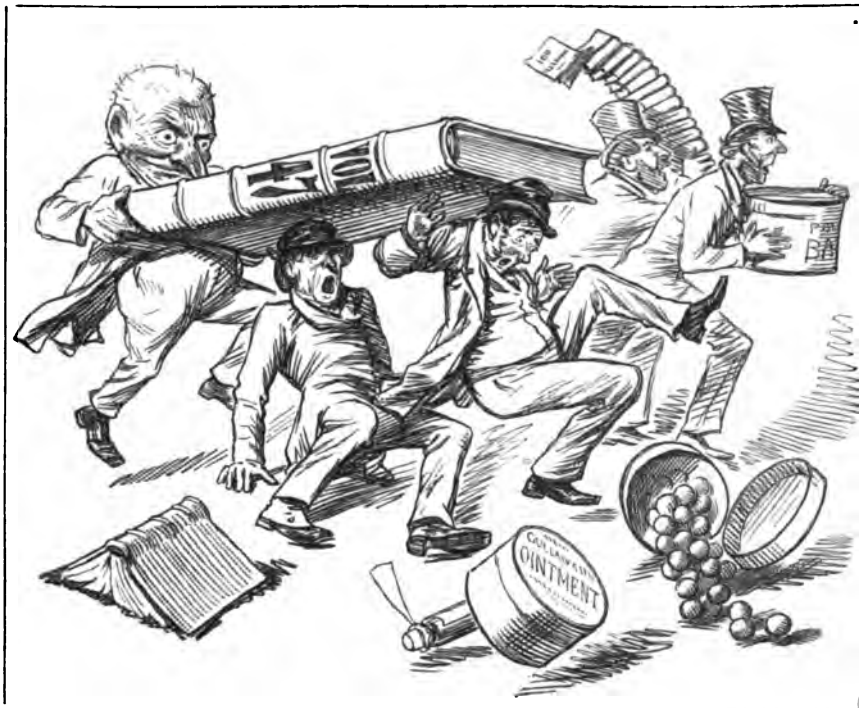
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



ABE LINCOLN'S Enigma, 207
Abe Lincoln's Last, 33
Admirable Imitation, 221
Advertising-Boardman's Christmas Carol (The), 267
Advice to an Apparition, 196
After-Dinner Papers, 120
After-Dinner Reporting, 185
Alderman Wugsby's Speech, 211
All in a Brotherly Way, 141
Amateur Theatricals, 37
Amends to Leicester, 101
America Felix, 247
American Question (The), 10
"Angels and Ministers," 228
"Another and Another still Succeeds," 203
Another Organ-Fiend, 143
Another Railway Alarm, 133
Anti-Gas League (An), 241
Anti-Railway Assault and Robbery Guarantee Company (The), 89
Antonelli's Last, 143
"Ape or Angel?" 238
"Apologia pro vita sua," 98
Apology for the German Society, 225
Appeal to England (An), 11
Army-Surgeon Famine (The), 54
Asses on Inquests, 61
Astrology at Fault, 156
Avoid Americanisms, 207
Awful Operation (An), 153
Awful Snob at Liverpool (An), 141
BALLAD for the British Volunteer, 110
Banting Restaurant Joint-Stock Company (The), 143
Barcelonian Boobies, 37
Beautiful Stars, 43
Bees and Beehives, 68
"Bees are Humming, I am Coming," 102
Bishop's Tribute to Tennyson (A), 186
Black Art at Newcastle (The), 205
Black Letter Literature, 89
Body and Spirit, 201
Bravo, Grouse! 89
Brigandage at Sydenham, 44
British Influence Abroad, 12
Brothers Moses (The), 243
Buttercup and Daisy League (The), 80
CABINET Council on Reform, 251
Cannibalism in the Land of Cakes, 265
Cap that will Fit (A), 192
Case for the next Donkey Show (A), 141
Centenary Insurance Company (The), 8
Chance for an Editor (A), 255
Chancellor of the Exchequer Borrowing (The), 211
Chat about the Netley Monument (A), 78
Cheap Press and its Victims (The), 256
Chemin-de-Fer et de l'Enfer, 84
Clergymen in Borrowed Robes, 141
Clergymen made Scarce, 251
Close of the Exhibition, 168
Club Conversation, 108
Clumsy Clown (A), 142
Coadjutors (The), 201
"Cold Curate," 145
Colenso Case (The), 256
Coming Comet (The), 41
Condition of the Army Medical Officer, 150
Confidence and no Confidence, 13
Conscience Money, 212
Conservative Magazines, 177
Conservative's Progress (The), 120
Court Nursery Circular, 188
Covered Insult (A), 255
Creators of Religious Riots, 92
Cricket Music, 27
Criminals' Assurance Society, 228
Croquêt, 3, 19, 28, &c.
Cure of Souls at Homburg (The), 168
Curiosity (A), 112
DADDY'S Prize, 130
Dannie Grange on the Drought, 88
Davenports Done up (The), 221
Deceit in the Wash-tub, 8
Demons of the Future, 177
Devotion to Mars, 213
Dickey-Sam Latin, 186
Difference about Denmark (The), 183
Diplomatic Munchausen (A), 28
Disease of Stealing (The), 152
Disparagement, 121
Disraeli's Policy, 23
Dogs worth having, 146
Domestic Recipe (A), 20
Donkey and the Davenports (The), 193
Don't say Non Possumus! 164
Double Trouble, 227
Doubtful Recommendation (A), 184
Drama in the Drawing-Room (The), 27
Dramatic Duet, 211
Drawing-rooms and Watering-place Sporting Intelligence, 111
Dreadful Moral Duncos, 8
Dundeemons (The), 136
EARL Grey in a Belt, 30
Early Birds, 32
Early Dancing Movement Wanted (An), 167
Eccentricity of Zero (An), 231
Ecclesiastical, 24, 43, 165
Ecclesiastical News of the Week, 202
Ecclesiastical Change of Name, 193
Eleemosynary Eau de Cologne, 28
Emancipate your Gas, 231
England and the Enemy, 39
English and Irish, 196
Entire Animal (The), 122
Equality before the Tax-gatherer, 181
Ethnology of Capitular Barbarism, 141
Etiquette, 33
Evening in Olympus (An), 122
Examinations for Ladies, 87
Extension of Capital Punishment, 246
Extortion of Inland Revenue, 62
Extortion under Government, 30
FALSE Fine Eyes, 23
Famish and no Rag, 204
Fashionable Arrivals, 182
Fashionable Departures, 134
Fashionable Intelligence, 203
Federal Hercules (A), 99
Federal Phœnix (The), 228
Fellow-Feeling of Prussia (The), 223
Fine and Final Moral Declaration, 70
Fine Feathers for Fine Birds, 257
First Warning, 99
Flattery and Flunkeyism, 248
Flourish by our Florist (A), 225
Flowers and Slaughter, 58
Flowers from *Le Follet*, 204
Flunkiettes at Schwalbach, 152
Flying Ladies, 123
Food for Confederate Powder, 184
Forensic Medicine and Political Pathology, 257
Form and Substance, 109
For the Use of Schools, 105
Fragment (A), 223
France, 69
Friendly little Article (A), 119
From Denmark, 140
From our Ill-used Contributor, 91, 104, 124, &c.
From our Musical Critic, 133
From the "St. Stephen's Hue and Cry," 84
Fusibility of the Peoples (The), 221
Future of the United States (The), 177
GALLANTRY of British Jurymen, 99
German Band (The), 48
"Get thee to a Monkery!" 121
Glover v. Persigny, 241
Goblin Child with the Rat's-tail Hair, 2
Going some Length, 112
Goshawk and the Hen Harrier (The), 213
Grand Hotels, 73
Great Annual Cricket-Match (The), 22
Great Bottle Stopper (The), 167
Great Fight (The), 24
Great Restorative Party (The), 82
Great Rope-tying Miss-tery (The), 265
Great Sewage Question (The), 223
Greek and Danish Questions (The), 99
"Gridirons is Looking up," 69
Guildhall Eclogue (The), 218
"HARK! Hark! The Lark!" 237
"Harvest Cart" in Suffolk, 115
Hat for Hat, 151
Happy Land! 182
Heavy Charge, 99
Hey, for the Band of Hope, 205
High Breeding in the Highlands, 174
Hint for Cleaning Windows, 40
Hints on the Management of Female Servants, 59
Hint to Fellahs who call on us, 24
Hippophagy again, 115
Holy v. Unholy, or Alliance against Alliance, 30
Homeric News, 168
Honour to Scotland, 102
Honour to the Brave, 4
Howling Garotters, 60
How Lucks Differ, 172
How to Observe, 163
How to know when Parliament is up, 83
How to Quash the Quacks, 254
How to Talk to the Farmers, 176
"I HAVE heard of your Paintings, too!" 223
Imaginary Biography, 211
Important to Spanish Bondholders, 20
Indifference and Indignation, 182
Indignation Meeting of Quacks, 236
Indisposition of a Clerical Performer, 196
Infant Phenomenon (An), 231
Ingenuity Thrown Away, 2
In Memoriam, 18
Inquest on an Inquest (An), 215
In-solent Remark (An), 221
Interesting Departure, 254
Interesting Interview, 172
In this Old Hat, 109
Irish Mare's Nest (An), 101
Irish Scotch, 112
Irish Theatricals, 192
Irremovable Deposit Joint Stock Banking Company (The), 78
Isn't he in a Rage? 99
Italian Parliament (The), 262
JAMES Mace and Paul Cullen, 164
Jars, 88
John Leech, 195
Jolly Puff for Jolly Nose (A), 29
Jowett Confuted, 257
Judgment of the Jugs (The), 242
KIDNAPPING.—Caution to Mothers, 9
King among Peers (A), 33
King of Prussia's Hounds (The), 71
King of Prussia to his Army (The), 265
Knotty Points in Spiritualism, 206
LADIES in Parliament, 53
"Lang Leggit Callant Awanting th Breeks" (A), 129
Large and Small Germans, 150
Last Haul of the Fisherman (The), 146
Last of the Beneficent Lash (The), 58
Late Mr. Wilks (The), 36
Latest American Telegrams, 21
Latest News from Washington (The), 28
Lather and Smoke, 62
Laughable Image (A), 99

Lawson and Liquors, 8
Lay from Llangollen, 61
Leader of the Liberals (The), 212
Letter-Beggar's Petition (A), 244
Letter from a Ghost, 194
Letter from a Man, 217
Letter from Elysium (A), 252
Letter from Mr. Boswell, 126
Letter from Mr. Whalley, 256
Letter to Lord Westbury, 214
Liberty and Fermented Liquor, 196
Licence for Exeter Hall, 164
Lines to be Lugged into the next Burlesque, 234
Literary Intelligence, 225
Lofty Speculations, 41
Lord's Cricket Ground in Danger, 29
"Lo, the poor Indian!" 207
Love Song, 253
MAIN Drainage in Vain, 140
Man of Peace in the Mediterranean (A), 238
Marriage in Law Life, 155
Martinet out of Order (A), 59
Maxims for the Mean, 21
Medals for Merry Men, 268
Medium et Remedium, 202
Ménu of the Future, 234
Mephistopheles to the Reichsrath, 222
Mercenaries well Paid, 48
Mermaid's Diary (A), 114
Meteorological Appointment, 263
Mildest of Hints to a very great Personage (The), 205
Milk for Pigs, 105
Mixed Punch, 105
Modern Friar of Orders Gray, 123
Monasticism at Norwich, 187
Moral of the Whitebait (The), 47
Moral Risks of Railways, 48
More Mysteries, 234
More German-English, 262
Mother Goose on Modern Science, 146
Mother Medium, 186
Mr. Cobden and his Clients, 231
Mr. John Thomas at the Cattle Show, 236
Mr. Punch's Handy-book of the Stage, 216, 226, 248, &c.
Mr. Punch to the Archbishop of York, 198
Mr. Mantalini in Hysterics, 263
Mrs. Harris Bangs the Bishops, 89
Müller and his Men, 231
Mushrooms and Property, 135
Musical Farmer (The), 139
NAGGLETONS on Spiritualism (The), 188
Naggletons on Volunteering (The), 71
Naggletons upon Rome (The), 65
Narrow-Minded Old Thing, 139
Nasal Education, 125
National Defensive Economy, 12
National Grievance (A), 183
National Theatre, Denmark, 175
Natives and Settlers, 208
Negative Portrait of a Minance Minister, 176
New Colours (The), 88
New Draft (The), 62
New Idea in Ethnology, 142
New Pies for an Old Pageant (A), 206
New Railway Signals, 68
New Viceroy (The), 156
Next Vote of Censure (The), 88
Noble Army of Yankees, 100
New Whist-Rules (The), 79
No more Bursting of Water-Pipes! 265
No Relief on Sunday! 235
No Popery, 151
Nostrum and Vestrum, or Mutual Attestations, 79
Note from a Cookoo, 266
Notes and Queries, 109
Notice to Correspondents, 40
Nursery Rhyme, 166
ODD's Snails, 166
Old, Old Story (The), 64
Old Story Spoiled (An), 81
On and Off the Stage, 181
On Dit, 123
One for Him! 90
One who Wrote before his Time, 175
Oracle of Delphi Company (The), 207
Oracular, 245
Orient Pearls at Random Strung, 145
Osteology of an Old Saint, 57
Our Dramatic Correspondent 88, 140
Our Equestrian Order, 165
Our own Review, 101
PADDY before Richmond, 74
Pam's Holiday, 53
Panseotism, 146
Paved with Gold, 133
Perfidious Albion's last Perfidy, 168
Perils of Hippophagy, 151
Piano for Sale (A), 198
Pictorial Advertisements, 83
Pipe all Hands, 60
Pity the Sorrows of a Poor Old—Bishop, 178
Place for a Perfect Cure (A), 142
Poetry of Posters (The), 196
Polly Perkins, 105
Poodle's Petition (A), 227
Portrait Albums of Physiognomy, 167
Premature Smoking, 84
President Lincoln's Inaugural Speech, 237
Primate's Pastoral (The), 247
Prince Baby's Court Circular, 218
Professional Love Song, 51, 73, 162
Profitable Reading, 48
Progress of the Embankment, 69
Promising Performance (A), 191
Prospect of English Music, 163
Prospectus of a new Theatre Company, 49
"Pugs" on Pat (The) 173
Punch's Essence of Parliament, 1, 11, &c.
Punch's Notes and Queries, 7
Punch's Pantomime! 267
Punch's Scientific Register, 222
Punch's Spirit Meetings, 197
Punch's Tables of Precedence, 17
Punch's Telegrams, 165
"Put that in your Pipe, and Smoke it," 268
Putting Britannia on her Metal, 121
Puzzle by a Parson (A), 88
Puzzle in the Pork Trade (A), 156
QUACK in the Pillory (The), 248
Quacks and Contemporaries, 186
Question and Answer, 215
Quiet Watering-Places, 82, 94, 106, &c.
Quite Pat, 88
RACES without Horses, 70
Railway Difficulties, 125
Railway Joking, 20
Railway Suttee, 118
Rap for the Spirits (A), 198
Rayther too Cool, 176
Real American Poem, 150
Real Charity, 156
Reciprocity on One Side, 87
Receipt (A), 109
Refinement and Reform, 13
Representative Man (A), 99
Responsibility and Number One, 100
Right Man in the Right Place at Southampton (The), 262
Right Men in the Right Places (The), 69
Rival Translators, 258
Road to Ruin (The), 182
"Romance in a Draper's Shop," 110
Royal British Association (The), 139
Royal Notification, 168
Rules and Regulations on Visiting St. James's Park, 61
Run by Railway (A), 202
Russell's Rule of Two, 165
SABBATARIAN Strong Language at Kirkcaldy, 246
Safe Supply of Infantry, 3
Salvation of a Servant Gal, 51
Sam Oxon's Last, 192
Sandwiches' Petition (The), 267
Schoolmaster in Suffolk (The), 134
Scurvy Rogues, 116
Sea-Lions at School, 62
"Second Column" of Punch (The), 67
Sentiments of one "London Critic" (The) 214
Severe Scholarship, 245
Severity of the Scotch Sunday, 77
Shakspeare in Birmingham, 254
Shakspeare's Library, 213
Shakspearian, 72
Shakspearian Correction (A), 207
Shequestrian (The), 172
Short Whist, 109
Shylock and Soapsuds, 264
Sibylline Leaf (A), 161
Simplicity is Charming, 157
Situations Wanted, 253
Snip's Sensational Advertisement (A), 224
Snobs and Surgeons in the Army, 115
Soft Words and Political Parsnips, 14
Soldiers' School for Servants (The), 144
Solution of a Difficulty, 133
Some Compliment to Punch, 198
Something like a Sculling Match! 265
Something like English, 165
Something like Piracy, 8
Some Prospect of a Millennium, 48
Song of the Advertising Surgeon, 255
Song of the Drains (The), 235
Song of the Prussian Slaves, 9
Spirit-moving Trade Intelligence, 28
Spoiling the Game, 166
Sport and Sport, 154
Starvation Schooling, 194
Strange Stage Wants, 212
Street Architecture, 105
Supplemental Speech at the Bangor Dinner, 207
Sweet Vacation, 60
TEETOTALLERS and Traitors, 196
Testimonial to Lord Palmerston, 70
Tests of "Mediumship," 181
Texts Transposed, 51
Thankful for Small Mercies, 63
Theatrical Reflections, 187
Thieves' Congress (The), 178
Throwing Stones from Across the Water, 28
Ticket-of-Leave Queen (The), 165
Time for Ladies' Tailors, 29
Time out of Joint, 198
To a Firm too Fond of the Streets of London, 246
To Cambridge Students, 263
Trap laid for a Husband (A), 4
Traps to Catch Fools, 47
Travel-Talk, 132
Trifle too Smart (A), 18
Triumph of Homœopathy, 132
Turf Education, 23
Twa Gowks at Glasgie, 182
Twelve Thoughts for those Tempted to Travel, 19
Two Corrections, 177
Two Good Reasons for Two Things, 23
Two Pearls in One Setting, 132
Two Quacks in Quod, 223
UGLY for Ever! 60
Umbrella; its Use and Abuse (The), 193
Unaccountable Bunkum, 231
VARIETY! 90
Very Strong Prince (A), 88
Vegetable Hair-Dye (A), 168
Victor of Wimbledon (The), 47
Visit of Prince Punch to the Art-Scholars Bazaar, 10
Visit to Mynheer van Dunk (A), 109, 109
Visit to the Promenade Concerts (A), 100
Voices of the Night, 20
Von Bismarck's Word, 24
Vulgar Errors, 201
WAIF from Wimbledon (A), 50
Wanted, a Policy! 27
War with Germany, 224
Waxing Wrath, 243
Way to Meet the Times (The), 81
Weather and the Parks, (The), 232
Weather (The), 108
Well Hit, 165
Whalley the Wise, 67
What do you Want? 9
What we Learn in Foreign Parts, 119
Where Next? 129
"Where's Rebecca?" 81
Where there's Smoke there's Fire, 154
Who are the Sneaks? 14
"Who's Griffith?" 50
Who will Prop the Pope? 212
Who will Teach the Teachers? 174
Who would not be a Governess? 155
Why and Because, 77
Wicked Little Ones (The), 40
Wimbledon Preserved, 222
Wit and a Wedding (A), 192
Wives for Working Men, 43
Women and Walking-Sticks, 74
Wonders of Modern Travel (The), 217, 241, 264
Word to a Westry (A), 100
YOUNG Housekeepers, 129
ZOOLOGICAL Recreations, 89



LARGE ENGRAVINGS:—

AMERICAN Brothers; or, "How will they get Out of it?" 189
American Juggernaut (The), 96, 97
Brigands Dividing Spoil, 65
Black Draft (The), 209
Clearing the Streets, 55
Colonists and Convicts, 179
Columbia's Sewing-Machine, 137
Dressing for an Oxford Bal Masqué. 239
Federal Phœnix (The), 229
Fight at St. Stephen's Academy (The), 25
Grand Transformation Scene for the End of the Year, 269
Jack on the Crisis, 5
Liberty à la Persigny, 107
Loving (Tea) Cup (The), 219
Medium and Re-Medium, 199
Mrs. North and her Attorney, 127
Promissory Note (The), 15
Questionable Policy, 169
Quack in the Right Place, (A). 249
Relieving Guard at the Vatican, 147
Right Men in the Right Place (The), 117
Rival Translators, 259
Short Commons, or the Ministerial Whitebait Dinner, 45
Something for Paddy, 75
Very Probable, 85
Weinbrunnen - Schwalbach (The), 158
Winner of the Queen's Prize (The) 85

Digitized by Google

LONDON: BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
3 9015 05521 7155
C 595,597
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google